This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

**Usage guidelines**

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

**About Google Book Search**

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

HARVARD
COLLEGE
LIBRARY

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

HARVARD
COLLEGE
LIBRARY

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

HARVARD
COLLEGE
LIBRARY

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

HARVARD
COLLEGE
LIBRARY

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

# CYCLOPÆDIA

OF

# AMERICAN LITERATURE;

EMBRACING

PERSONAL AND CRITICAL NOTICES OF AUTHORS,

AND SELECTIONS FROM THEIR WRITINGS.

FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD TO THE PRESENT DAY.

WITH

PORTRAITS, AUTOGRAPHS, AND OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY

EVERT A. DUYCKINCK AND GEORGE L. DUYCKINCK.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

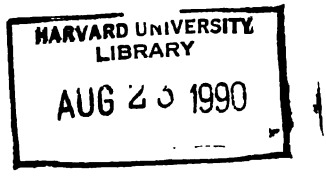
2, pt. 2

NEW YORK:
CHARLES SCRIBNER.

1855.

Digitized by Google

AL 1.70 (2, pt. 2)




Digitized by Google

I would not have the sight of those I love
Too well,—ev'n at this solemn hour, too well,—
Disturb my soul's communion with the blest!
My brother,—sob not so!

DIRGE.

Shed not the wild and hopeless tear
Upon our parted brother's bier;
With heart subdued and steadfast eye,
Oh, raise each thought to yonder sky!

Aching brow and throbbing breast
In the silent grave shall rest;
But the clinging dust in vain
Weaves around the soul its chain.

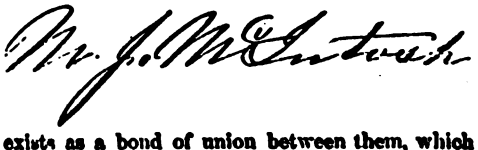
Spirit, quit this land of tears,
Hear the song of rolling spheres;
Shall our wild and selfish prayers
Call thee back to mortal cares?

Sainted spirit! fare thee well!
More than mortal tongue can tell
Is the joy that even now
Crowns our blessed martyr's brow!

*Euphas.* Paulus, arise!
We must away. Thy father's wrath——
*Paulus.* Oh, peace!
My Miriam,—speak to us!—she doth not stir!
*Euphas.* Methought I saw her ringlets move!
*First Christian.* Alas!
'Twas but the breeze that lifted those dark locks!
They never will wave more.
*Euphas.* It cannot be!
Let me but look upon her face!—Oh, God!
Death sits in that glazed eye!
*First Christian.* Aye, while we sung
Her father's dirge—across the young and fair
I saw death's shudder pass. Nay, turn not pale.
Borne on the solemn strain, her spirit soared
Most peacefully on high.——
Chastened ye are
And bowed by sorrow to your holy task.
Arise,—and in your youthful memories
Treasure the end of innocence.—Away,
Beneath far other skies, weep—if ye can—
The gain of those ye loved.
*Euphas.* Lift this fair dust.—
My brother! speechless, tearless grief for her
Who listeneth for thy pray'rs!
*Paulus.* My mind is dark.
The faith which she bequeathed must lighten it.
Come forth, and I will learn.—Oh, Miriam!
Can thy bright faith e'er comfort grief like mine!

### MARIA J. McINTOSH.

Miss McIntosh, the author of a series of fictions, characterized by their truthfulness and happy style, is the descendant of a Scottish family, which came among the first settlers to Georgia. Her ancestors in Scotland were distinguished by the handling of the sword rather than the pen, though an uncle of her grandfather, Brigadier-General William McIntosh, who led the Highland troops in the rising of 1715, during a fifteen years' imprisonment in the Castle of Edinburgh, where he died, wrote a treatise on "Inclosing, Fallowing, and Planting in Scotland." With fortunes greatly diminished by the adherence of his family to the Stuarts, her great-grandfather, Capt. John More McIntosh, with one hundred adherents, sailed from Inverness, in 1735, for the colony of Georgia, and landing on the banks of the Alatamaha, named the place at which they settled New Inverness, now Darien, in the county which still retains the name of McIntosh. This John More McIntosh was the same who originated and was the first signer of the protest made by the colonists to the Board of Trustees in England, against the introduction of African slaves into Georgia. Of his sons and grandsons, seven bore commissions in the American Army of the Revolution. Of these, Major Lachlan McIntosh was the father of our author. He combined the dissimilar professions of the law and of arms. His standing as a lawyer was high in his native state, and after the war of the Revolution, political honors were often thrust upon him, and his pen was often employed in defence of the measures of his party. He was admired for his social qualities, and his warm heart and conversational talents are still remembered. He was married to an accomplished lady, who united great energy of character to purely feminine traits. Major McIntosh resided after the Revolution in the village of Sunbury, forty miles south of Savannah, on the seacoast of Georgia, where our author was born. In a reminiscence of this spot she thus records her impressions of its scenery. "Sunbury was beautifully situated about five miles from the ocean, on a bold frith or arm of the sea, stretching up between St. Catherine's Island on the one side and the main land on the other, forming, apparently, the horns of a crescent, at the base of which the town stood. It was a beautiful spot, carpeted with the short-leaved Bermuda grass, and shaded with oak, cedar, locust, and a flowering tree, the Pride of India. It was then the summer resort of all the neighboring gentry, who went thither for the sea air. Within the last twenty years it has lost its character for health, and is now a desolate ruin; yet the hearts of those who grew up in its shades still cling to the memory of its loveliness; a recollection which



exists as a bond of union between them, which no distance can wholly sever. Its soil, still green and beautiful as ever, is occasionally visited by a

Digitized by Google

solitary pilgrim, who goes thither with something of the tender reverence with which he would visit the grave of a beloved friend."

In Sunbury, at an academy, which dispensed its favors to pupils of both sexes, Miss McIntosh received all of her education for which she was indebted to schools;* and there the first twenty years of her life were spent. After that time her home having been broken up by the death of her mother, she passed much of her time with a married sister, who resided in New York, and afterwards with her brother, Capt. James M. McIntosh of the U. S. navy, whose family had also removed to that city. In 1835, Miss McIntosh was induced to sell her property in Georgia, and invest the proceeds in New York. The investment proving injudicious, she was dependent on her friends or her pen. She characteristically chose the independence and intellectual development of the latter. Her first thought was to translate from the French. A friend advised her to attempt a juvenile series of publications, which should take the place in moral science which the popular "Peter Parley" books had taken in matters of fact, and suggested "Aunt Kitty" as a *nom de plume*. The story of *Blind Alice* was accordingly written in 1838, but did not find a publisher till 1841. Its success led to a second, *Jessie Grahame*, which was followed in quick succession by *Florence Arnott*, *Grace and Clara*, and *Ellen Leslie*. Each of these little works was designed for the inculcation and illustration of some moral sentiment. In Blind Alice it was the happiness springing from the exercise of benevolence; in Jessie Grahame, the love of truth; in Florence Arnott, the distinction between true generosity and its counterfeit; in Grace and Clara, the value of the homely quality of justice; and in Ellen Leslie, the influence of temper on domestic happiness. In 1844, *Conquest and Self-Conquest*, and *Woman an Enigma*, were published by the Harpers. In 1845, the same publishers brought out *Praise and Principle*, and a child's tale called *The Cousins*. Her next work, *To Seem and to Be*, was published in 1846 by the Appletons, who, in 1847, republished Aunt Kitty's Tales, collected from the previous editions into a single volume. In 1848, the same house published *Charms and Counter Charms*, and the next year, *Donaldson Manor*, a collection of articles written at various times for magazines, and strung together by a slight thread. In 1850, was brought out *Woman in America*, the only purely didactic work the author has pulished. In 1853, appeared *The Lofty and the Lowly*, a picture of the life of the slave and the master, in the southern portion of the United States.

In England, Miss McIntosh's books have enjoyed a good reputation, with a large popular sale. They were first introduced by the eminent tragedian, Mr. Macready, who, having obtained Aunt Kitty's Tales in this country to take home to his children, read them himself on the voyage, as he afterwards wrote to a friend in this city, with such pleasure, that soon after his arrival in London he placed them in the hands of a publisher, who reproduced them there. The author's other books have been published in England as they made their appearance in America, and in the competition for uncopyrighted foreign literature, by more than one London publisher; though with the liberty of occasionally changing the name.

### THE BROTHERS; OR, IN THE FASHION AND ABOVE THE FASHION.*

"Some men are born to greatness—some achieve greatness—and some have greatness thrust upon them." Henry Manning belonged to the second of these three great classes. The son of a mercantile adventurer, who won and lost a fortune by speculation, he found himself at sixteen years of age called on to choose between the life of a Western farmer, with its vigorous action, stirring incident, and rough usage—and the life of a clerk in one of the most noted establishments in Broadway, the great source and centre of fashion in New York. Mr. Morgan, the brother of Mrs. Manning, who had been recalled from the distant West by the death of her husband, and the embarrassments into which that event had plunged her, had obtained the offer of the latter situation for one of his two nephews, and would take the other with him to his prairie-home.

"I do not ask you to go with me, Matilda," he said to his sister, "because our life is yet too wild and rough to suit a delicate woman, reared, as you have been, in the midst of luxurious refinements. The difficulties and privations of life in the West fall most heavily upon woman, while she has little of that sustaining power which man's more adventurous spirit finds in overcoming difficulty and coping with danger. But let me have one of your

* A few notes before us, from the pen of Miss McIntosh, contain a *souvenir* to the memory of this head master of Sunbury. "He was an *Irish Gentleman*—an epithet which he marked as quite distinct from that of a *Gentleman from Ireland*. He was a graduate of the University of Antrim:—a Presbyterian divine, yet not in early life after a very strict model. He would indeed, then, have answered Addison's demands well, being quite willing to avail himself of the eloquence of the classics of the pulpit, while he could take a hand readily, either in backgammon—Sir Roger de Coverley's special requisition—or in whist. In his latter years, however, for he has passed away from earth, he became an earnest and sincere Christian minister, and might have said to many of his order, 'I was in labors more abundant.' As a teacher he was unsurpassed. Taught in the niceties of his own language and of the dead languages, as few American scholars of that day were, he seemed especially gifted for the communication of knowledge to others. On his first arrival in this country he had resided in Alexandria, and had taught in the family of General Washington, as he was proud of remembering. When he came to Georgia he married;—there he continued to live, and there he died at a very advanced age, nearly, if not quite, a hundred. Even to the last year of his life he would have detected an imperfect concord or false prosody. When he was a teacher, the barbarous age of the rod and the ferule still continued, and the boys of his school sometimes complained that they were made to expiate by their application, not their own faults only, but also those of their fair companions, who were of course exempted from such punishments. To those who showed any interest in study, he was kind and indulgent. To myself he scarcely offered any constraint, permitting me often to choose my studies and prescribe my own lessons. The natural dislike of a vivacious girl to plod ever and ever in one beaten track, while boys, who were not always brighter than herself, were leaving her to penetrate into the higher mysteries of science, he stimulated rather than repressed, producing thus an emulation, which gave a healthy impulse to both parties. I remember often to have heard Dr. McWhir—for this was the name of the master—say, that this rivalry had done more for his school than a dozen rods, and I am quite sure that with it there mingled no bitterness, for some of those lads have been among the best friends of my life. The peculiar training of such a school must of course have exercised no small influence on the mental characteristics. It perhaps enabled me to exercise more readily the self-reliance necessary when thrown on my own resources,—yet it never inclined me for a moment to the vagaries of those who stand forth as the champions of women's rights. He who best understood the nature He had formed, assigned to woman a position of subjection and dependence, and I consider the noblest right to be, the right intelligently to obey His laws. In that obedience is found, doubtless, the highest honor of man or woman."

* From the Evenings at Donaldson Manor.



Digitized by Google

boys, and by the time he has arrived at manhood, he will be able, I doubt not, to offer you in his home all the comforts, if not all the elegances of your present abode."

Mrs. Manning consented; and now the question was, which of her sons should remain with her, and which should accompany Mr. Morgan. To Henry Manning, older by two years than his brother George, the choice of situations was submitted. He went with his uncle to the Broadway establishment, heard the duties which would be demanded from him, the salary which would be given, saw the grace with which the *élégants* behind the counter displayed their silks, and satins, and velvets, to the *élégantes* before the counter, and the decision with which they promulgated the decrees of fashion; and with that just sense of his own powers which is the accompaniment of true genius, he decided at once that there lay his vocation. George, who had not been without difficulty kept quiet while his brother was forming his decision, as soon as it was announced, sprang forward with a whoop that would have suited a Western forest better than a New York drawing-room, threw the Horace he was reading across the table, clasped first his mother and then his uncle in his arms, and exclaimed, "I am the boy for the West. I will help you to fell forests and build cities there, uncle. Why should not we build cities as well as Romulus and Remus?"

"I will supply your cities with all their silks, and satins, and velvets, and laces, and charge them nothing, George," said Henry Manning with that air of superiority with which the worldly-wise often look on the sallies of the enthusiast.

"You make my head ache, my son," complained Mrs. Manning, shrinking from his boisterous gratulation;—but Mr. Morgan returned his hearty embrace, and as he gazed into his bold, bright face, with an eye as bright as his own, replied to his burst of enthusiasm, "You *are* the very boy for the West, George. It is out of such brave stuff that pioneers and city-builders are always made."

Henry Manning soon bowed himself into the favor of the ladies who formed the principal customers of his employer. By his careful and really correct habits, and his elegant taste in the selection and arrangement of goods, he became also a favorite with his employers themselves. They needed an agent for the selection of goods abroad, and they sent him. He purchased cloths for them in England and silks in France, and came home with the reputation of a travelled man. Having persuaded his mother to advance a capital for him by selling out the bank stock in which Mr. Morgan had funded her little fortune, at twenty-four years of age he commenced business for himself as a French importer. Leaving a partner to attend to the sales at home, he went abroad for the selection of goods, and the further enhancement of his social reputation. He returned in two years with a fashionable figure, a most *recherché* style of dress, moustachios of the most approved cut, and whiskers of faultless curl—a finished gentleman in his own conceit. With such attractions, the *prestige* which he derived from his reported travels and long residence abroad, and the *savoir faire* of one who had made the conventional arrangements of society his study, he quickly rose to the summit of his wishes, to the point which it had been his life's ambition to attain. He became the umpire of taste, and his word was received as the fiat of fashion. He continued to reside with his mother, and paid great attention to her style of dress, and the arrangements of her house, for it was important that his mother should appear properly. Poor Mrs. Manning! she sometimes thought that proud title dearly purchased by listening to his daily criticisms on appearance, language, manners, which had been esteemed stylish enough in their day.

George Manning had visited his mother only once since he left her with all the bright imaginings and boundless confidence of fourteen, and then Henry was in Europe. It was during the first winter after his return, and when the brothers had been separated for nearly twelve years, that Mrs. Manning informed him she had received a letter from George, announcing his intention to be in New York in December, and to remain with them through most, if not all the winter. Henry Manning was evidently annoyed at the announcement.

"I wish," he said, "that George had chosen to make his visit in the summer, when most of the people to whom I should hesitate to introduce him would have been absent. I should be sorry to hurt his feelings, but really, to introduce a Western farmer into polished society——" Henry Manning shuddered and was silent. "And then to choose this winter of all winters for his visit, and to come in December, just at the very time that I heard yesterday Miss Harcourt was coming from Washington to spend a few weeks with her friend, Mrs. Duffield!"

"And what has Miss Harcourt's visit to Mrs. Duffield to do with George's visit to us?" asked Mrs. Manning.

"A great deal—at least it has a great deal to do with my regret that he should come just now. I told you how I became acquainted with Emma Harcourt in Europe, and what a splendid creature she is. Even in Paris she bore the palm for wit and beauty—and fashion too—that is in English and American society. But I did not tell you that she received me with such distinguished favor, and evinced so much pretty consciousness at my attentions, that had not her father, having been chosen one of the electors of President and Vice-President, hurried from Paris in order to be in this country in time for his vote, I should probably have been induced to marry her. Her father is in Congress this year, and you see, she no sooner learns that I am here, than she comes to spend part of the winter with a friend in New York."

Henry arose at this, walked to a glass, surveyed his elegant figure, and continuing to cast occasional glances at it as he walked backwards and forwards through the room, resumed the conversation, or rather his own communication.

"All this is very encouraging, doubtless; but Emma Harcourt is so perfectly elegant, so thoroughly refined, that I dread the effect upon her of any *outré* association—by the by, mother, if I obtain her permission to introduce you to her, you will not wear that brown hat in visiting her—a brown hat is my aversion—it is positively vulgar. But to return to George—how can I introduce him, with his rough, boisterous, Western manner, to this courtly lady?—the very thought chills me"—and Henry Manning shivered—"and yet how can I avoid it, if we should be engaged?"

With December came the beautiful Emma Harcourt, and Mrs. Duffield's house was thronged with her admirers. Her's was the form and movement of the Huntress Queen rather than of one trained in the halls of fashion. There was a joyous freedom in her air, her step, her glance, which, had she been less beautiful, less talented, less fortunate in social position or in wealth, would have placed her under the ban of fashion; but, as it was, she commanded fashion, and even Henry Manning, the very slave of conventionalism, had no criticism for her.

Digitized by Google

He had been among the first to call on her, and the blush that flitted across her cheek, the smile that played upon her lips, as he was announced, might well have flattered one even of less vanity.

The very next day, before Henry had had time to improve these symptoms of her favor, on returning home, at five o'clock to his dinner, he found a stranger in the parlor with his mother. The gentleman arose on his entrance, and he had scarcely time to glance at the tall, manly form, the lofty air, the commanding brow, ere he found himself clasped in his arms, with the exclamation, "Dear Henry! how rejoiced I am to see you again."

In George Manning the physical and intellectual man had been developed in rare harmony. He was taller and larger every way than his brother Henry, and the self-reliance which the latter had laboriously attained from the mastery of all conventional rules, was his by virtue of a courageous soul, which held itself above all rules but those prescribed by its own high sense of the right. There was a singular contrast, rendered yet more striking by some points of resemblance, between the pupil of society and the child of the forest—between the Parisian elegance of Henry, and the proud, free grace of George. His were the step and bearing which we have seen in an Indian chief; but thought had left its impress on his brow, and there was in his countenance that indescribable air of refinement which marks a polished mind. In a very few minutes Henry became reconciled to his brother's arrival, and satisfied with him in all respects but one—his dress. This was of the finest cloth, but made into large, loose trowsers, and a species of hunting-shirt, trimmed with fur, belted around the waist, and descending to the knee, instead of the tight pantaloons and closely fitting body coat prescribed by fashion. The little party lingered long over the table—it was seven o'clock before they arose from it.

"Dear mother," said George Manning, "I am sorry to leave you this evening, but I will make you rich amends to-morrow by introducing to you the friend I am going to visit, if you will permit me. Henry, it is so long since I was in New York that I need some direction in finding my way—must I turn up or down Broadway for Number —, in going from this street?"

"Number —," exclaimed Henry in surprise; "you must be mistaken—that is Mrs. Duffield's."

"Then I am quite right; for it is at Mrs. Duffield's that I expect to meet my friend this evening."

With some curiosity to know what friend of George could have so completely the *entrée* of the fashionable Mrs. Duffield's house as to make an appointment there, Henry proposed to go with him and show him the way. There was a momentary hesitation in George's manner before he replied; "Very well, I shall be obliged to you."

"But—excuse me, George—you are not surely going in that dress—this is one of Mrs. Duffield's reception evenings, and, early as it is, you will find company there."

George laughed as he replied; "They must take me as I am, Henry. We do not receive our fashions from Paris at the West."

Henry almost repented his offer to accompany his brother, but it was too late to withdraw; for George, unconscious of this feeling, had taken his cloak and cap, and was awaiting his escort. As they approached Mrs. Duffield's house, George, who had hitherto led the conversation, became silent, or answered his brother only in monosyllables, and then not always to the purpose. As they entered the hall, the hats and cloaks displayed there showed that, as Henry supposed, they were not the earliest visitors. George paused for a moment, and said, "You must go in without me, Henry. Show me to a room where there is no company," he continued, turning to a servant—"and take this card in to Mrs. Duffield—be sure to give it to Mrs. Duffield herself."

The servant bowed low to the commanding stranger; and Henry, almost mechanically, obeyed his direction, muttering to himself, "Free and easy, upon my honor." He had scarcely entered the usual reception-room, and made his bow to Mrs. Duffield, when the servant presented his brother's card. He watched her closely, and saw a smile playing over her lips as her eyes rested on it. She glanced anxiously at Miss Harcourt, and crossing the room to a group in which she stood, she drew her aside. After a few whispered words, Mrs. Duffield placed the card in Miss Harcourt's hand. A sudden flash of joy irradiated every feature of her beautiful face, and Henry Manning saw that, but for Mrs. Duffield's restraining hand, she would have rushed from the room. Recalled thus to a recollection of others, she looked around her, and her eyes met his. In an instant her face was covered with blushes, and she drew back with embarrassed consciousness—almost immediately, however, she raised her head with a proud, bright expression, and though she did not look at Henry Manning, he felt that she was conscious of his observation, as she passed with a composed yet joyous step from the room.

Henry Manning was awaking from a dream. It was not a very pleasant awakening; but as his vanity rather than his heart was touched, he was able to conceal his chagrin, and appear as interesting and agreeable as usual. He now expected, with some impatience, the *dénouement* of the comedy. An hour passed away, and Mrs. Duffield's eye began to consult the marble clock on her mantel-piece. The chime for another half hour rang out; and she left the room and returned in a few minutes, leaning on the arm of George Manning.

"Who is that?—What noble-looking man is that?" were questions Henry Manning heard from many—from a very few only the exclamation, "How oddly he is dressed!" Before the evening was over Henry began to feel that he was eclipsed on his own theatre—that George, if not *in the fashion*, was yet more *the fashion* than he.

Following the proud happy glance of his brother's eye, a quarter of an hour later, Henry saw Miss Harcourt entering the room in an opposite direction from that in which he had lately come. If this were a *ruse* on her part to veil the connexion between their movements, it was a fruitless caution. None who had seen her before could fail now to observe the softened character of her beauty, and those who saw

> A thousand blushing apparitions start
> Into her face—

whenever his eyes rested on her, could scarcely doubt his influence over her.

The next morning George Manning brought Miss Harcourt to visit his mother; and Mrs. Manning rose greatly in her son Henry's estimation when he saw the affectionate deference evinced towards her by the proud beauty.

"How strange my manner must have seemed to you sometimes!" said Miss Harcourt to Henry one day. "I was engaged to George long before I met you in Europe; and though I never had courage to mention him to you, I wondered a little that you never spoke of him. I never doubted for a moment that you were acquainted with our engagement."

"I do not even yet understand where and how you and George met."

Digitized by Google

"We met at home—my father was governor of the territory—State now—in which your uncle lives: our homes were very near each other's, and so we met almost daily while I was still a child. We have had all sorts of adventures together; for George was a great favorite with my father, and I was permitted to go with him anywhere. He has saved my life twice—once at the imminent peril of his own, when with the wilfulness of a spoiled child I would ride a horse which he told me I could not manage. Oh! you know not half his nobleness," and tears moistened the bright eyes of the happy girl.

Henry Manning was touched through all his conventionalism, yet the moment after he said, "George is a fine fellow, certainly; but I wish you could persuade him to dress a little more like other people."

"I would not if I could," exclaimed Emma Harcourt, while the blood rushed to her temples; "fashions and all such conventional regulations are made for those who have no innate perception of the right, the noble, the beautiful—not for such as he—he is above fashion."

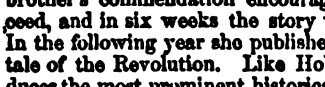
What Emma would not ask, she yet did not fail to recognise as another proof of correct judgment, when George Manning laid aside his Western costume and assumed one less remarkable.

Henry Manning had received a new idea—that there are those who are above the fashion. Allied to this was another thought, which in time found entrance to his mind, that it would be at least as profitable to devote our energies to the acquisition of true nobility of soul, pure and high thought and refined taste, as to the study of those conventionalisms which are but their outer garment, and can at best only conceal, for a short time, their absence.

### LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

The maiden name of Mrs. Child was Francis. She was born in Massachusetts, but passed a portion of her earlier career in Maine, where her father removed shortly after her birth.

In the year 1824 she published her first work, *Hobomok*, a tale founded upon the early history of New England. The story told by Dr. Griswold in relation to this commencement of a long literary career is a curious one. While on a visit to her brother, the Rev. Conyers Francis, minister in Watertown, Massachusetts, she accidentally met with the recent number of the North American Review and read an article on Yamoyden by Dr. Palfrey, in which the field offered by early New England history for the purposes of the novelist is dwelt upon. She took pen in hand and wrote off the first chapter of Hobomok. Her brother's commendation encouraged her to proceed, and in six weeks the story was completed. In the following year she published *The Rebels*, a tale of the Revolution. Like Hobomok it introduces the most prominent historical personages of its scene and time to the reader, and with such effect that a speech put in the mouth of James Otis is often quoted as having been actually pronounced by the statesman.



In 1826 she married Mr. David L. Child, and in 1827 commenced *The Juvenile Miscellany*, a monthly magazine. She next issued *The Frugal Housewife*, a work on domestic economy and culinary matters, designed for families of limited means. In 1831 she published *The Mother's Book*, a volume of good counsel on the training of children, and in 1832 *The Girl's Book*, a work of somewhat similar nature. Her *Lives of Madame de Stael*, *Madame Roland*, *Lady Russell*, and *Madame Guyon*, were published about the same time in two volumes of the Ladies' Family Library, a series of books edited by her, for which she also prepared the *Biographies of Good Wives*, in one volume, and the *History of the Condition of Women in all Ages*, in two volumes.

In 1833 she published *The Coronal*, a collection of miscellanies in prose and verse, which she had previously contributed to various annuals, and in the same year *An Appeal for that Class of Americans called Africans*, a vigorous work which created a great sensation. Dr. Channing is said to have walked from Boston to Roxbury to see and thank the author, personally a stranger to him.

In 1835, *Philothea*, a classical romance of the days of Pericles and Aspasia, appeared. It is the most elaborate and successful of the author's productions, and is in close and artistic keeping with the classic age it portrays. Most of the statesmen and philosophers of the time are introduced in its pages with a generally close adherence to history, though in the character of Plato she has departed in a measure from this rule by dwelling on the mystical doctrines of the philosopher to the exclusion of his practical traits of character. The female characters, Philothea, Eudora, and the celebrated Aspasia, are portrayed with great beauty and delicacy.

In 1841 Mrs. Child and her husband, removing to New York, became the editors of the National Anti-Slavery Standard. In the same year she commenced a series of letters for the Boston Courier, which were afterwards republished in two volumes with the title of *Letters from New York*, a pleasant series of descriptions of the every-day life of the metropolis, abounding to the observant and appreciative eye in picturesque incident and suggestion for far-reaching thought. M'Donald Clarke forms the subject of one of these letters. Others are occupied by the humanitarian institutions of the city, others by flowers and markets. The peripatetic trades come in for their share of notice, nor are the pathetic narratives of want, temptation, and misery, the annals of the cellar and garret, omitted. Occasional excursions to the picturesque and historic villages of the Hudson, Staten Island, and other near at hand rural retreats, give an additional charm to these delightful volumes.

In 1846 Mrs. Child published a collection of her magazine stories under the title of *Fact and Fiction*. She has now in press a work in three volumes, one of the most elaborate which she has undertaken, entitled *The Progress of Religious Ideas*, embracing a view of every form of belief "from the most ancient Hindoo records to the complete establishment of the Catholic Church."

OLE BUL—FROM LETTERS FROM NEW YORK.

Welcome to thee, Ole Bul!
A welcome, warm and free!

Digitized by Google

For heart and memory are full
Of thy rich minstrelsy.

'Tis music for the tuneful rills
To flow to from the verdant hills;
Music such as first on earth
Gave to the Aurora birth.

Music for the leaves to dance to;
Music such as sunbeams glance to;
Treble to the ocean's roar,
On some old resounding shore.

Silvery showers from the fountains;
Mists unrolling from the mountains;
Lightning flashing through a cloud,
When the winds are piping loud.

Music full of warbling graces,
Like to birds in forest places,
Gushing, trilling, whirring round,
Mid the pine trees' murm'ring sound.

The martin scolding at the wren,
Which sharply answers back again,
Till across the angry song
Strains of laughter run along.

Now leaps the bow, with airy bound,
Like dancer springing from the ground,
And now like autumn wind comes sighing,
Over leaves and blossoms dying.

The lark now singeth from afar,
Her carol to the morning star,
A clear soprano rising high,
Ascending to the inmost sky.

And now the scattered tones are flying,
Like sparks in midnight darkness dying,
Gems from rockets in the sky,
Falling—falling—gracefully.

Now wreathed and twined—but still evolving
Harmonious oneness is revolving;
Departing with the faintest sigh,
Like ghost of some sweet melody.

As on a harp with golden strings,
All nature breathes through thee,
And with her thousand voices sings
The infinite and free.

Of beauty she is lavish ever;
Her urn is always full;
But to our earth she giveth never
Another Ole Bul.

OLD AGE—FROM LETTERS FROM NEW YORK

Childhood itself is scarcely more lovely than a cheerful, kind, sunshiny old age.

How I love the mellow sage,
Smiling through the veil of age!
And whene'er this man of years
In the dance of joy appears,
Age is on his temples hung,
But his heart—*his heart is young!*

Here is the great secret of a bright and green old age. When Tithonus asked for an eternal life in the body, and found, to his sorrow, that immortal *youth* was not included in the bargain, it surely was because he forgot to ask the perpetual gift of loving and sympathizing.

Next to this, is an intense affection for nature, and for all simple things. A human heart can never grow old, if it takes a lively interest in the pairing of birds, the re-production of flowers, and the changing tints of autumn-ferns. Nature, unlike other friends, has an exhaustless meaning, which one sees and hears more distinctly, the more they are enamoured of her. Blessed are they who *hear* it; for through tones come the most inward perceptions of the spirit. Into the ear of the soul, which reverently *listens*, Nature whispers, speaks, or warbles, most heavenly arcana.

And even they who seek her only through science, receive a portion of her own tranquillity, and perpetual youth. The happiest old man I ever saw, was one who knew how the mason-bee builds his cell, and how every bird lines her nest; who found pleasure in a sea-shore pebble, as boys do in new marbles; and who placed every glittering mineral in a focus of light, under a kaleidoscope of his own construction. The effect was like the imagined riches of fairy land; and when an admiring group of happy young people gathered round it, the heart of the good old man leapt like the heart of a child. The laws of nature, as manifested in her infinitely various operations, were to him a perennial fountain of delight; and, like her, he offered the joy to all. Here was no admixture of the bad excitement attendant upon ambition or controversy; but all was serenely happy, as are an angel's thoughts, or an infant's dreams.

Age, in its outward senses, returns again to childhood; and thus should it do spiritually. The little child enters a rich man's house, and loves to play with the things that are new and pretty, but he thinks not of their market value, nor does he pride himself that another child cannot play with the same. The farmer's home will probably delight him more; for he will love living squirrels better than marble greyhounds, and the merry bob o'lincoln better than stuffed birds from Araby the blest; for *they* cannot sing into his heart. What *he* wants is life and love—the power of giving and receiving joy. To this estimate of things, wisdom returns, after the intuitions of childhood are lost. Virtue is but innocence on a higher plane, to be attained only through severe conflict. Thus life completes its circle; but it is a circle that *rises* while it revolves; for the path of spirit is ever spiral, containing *all* of truth and love in each revolution, yet ever tending upward. The virtue which brings us back to innocence, on a higher plane of wisdom, may be the childhood of another state of existence; and through successive conflicts, we may again complete the ascending circle, and find it holiness.

The ages, too, are rising spirally; each containing all, yet ever ascending. Hence, all our new things are old, and yet they are new. Some truth known to the ancients meets us on a higher plane, and we do not recognise it, because it is like a child of earth, which has passed upward and become an angel. Nothing of true beauty ever passes away. The youth of the world, which Greece embodied in immortal marble, will return in the circling Ages, as innocence comes back in virtue; but it shall return filled with a higher life; and that, too, shall point upward. Thus shall the Arts be glorified. Beethoven's music prophesies all this, and struggles after it continually; therefore, whosoever hears it, (with the *inward*, as well as the *outward* ear,) feels his soul spread its strong pinions, eager to pass "the flaming bounds of time and space," and circle all the infinite.

THE BROTHERS.

Three pure heavens opened, beaming in three pure hearts, and nothing was in them but God, love, and joy, and the little tear-drop of earth which hangs upon all our flowers.—*Richter.*

Few know how to estimate the precious gem of friendship at its real worth; few guard it with the tender care which its rarity and excellence deserve. Love, like the beautiful opal, is a clouded gem, which carries a spark of fire in its bosom; but true

Digitized by Google

friendship, like a diamond, radiates steadily from its transparent heart.

This sentiment was never experienced in greater depth and purity than by David and Jonathan Trueman, brothers of nearly the same age. Their friendship was not indeed of that exciting and refreshing character, which is the result of a perfect accord of very different endowments. It was unison, not harmony. In person, habits, and manners, they were as much alike as two leaves of the same tree. They were both hereditary members of the Society of Friends, and remained so from choice. They were acquainted in the same circle, and engaged in similar pursuits. "Their souls wore exactly the same frockcoat and morning-dress of life; I mean two bodies with the same cuffs and collars, of the same color, button-holes, trimmings, and cut."

Jonathan was a little less sedate than his older brother; he indulged a little more in the quiet, elderly sort of humor of the "Cheeryble Brothers." But it was merely the difference between the same lake perfectly calm, or faintly rippled by the slightest breeze. They were so constantly seen together, that they were called the Siamese Twins. Unfortunately, this similarity extended to a sentiment which does not admit of partnership. They both loved the same maiden.

Deborah Winslow was the only daughter of one of those substantial Quakers, who a discriminating observer would know, at first sight, was "well to do in the world;" for the fine broadcloth coat and glossy hat spoke that fact with even less certainty than the perfectly comfortable expression of countenance. His petted child was like a blossom planted in sunny places, and shielded from every rude wind. All her little-lady-like whims were indulged. If the drab-colored silk was not exactly the right shade, or the Braithwaite muslin was not sufficiently fine and transparent, orders must be sent to London, that her daintiness might be satisfied. Her countenance was a true index of life passed without strong emotions. The mouth was like a babe's, the blue eyes were mild and innocent, and the oval face was unvarying in the delicate tint of the sweet pea blossom. Her hair never straggled into ringlets, or played with the breeze; its silky bands were always like molasses-candy, moulded to yellowish whiteness, and laid in glossy braids.

There is much to be said in favor of this unvarying serenity; for it saves a vast amount of suffering. But all natures cannot thus glide through an unruffled existence. Deborah's quiet temperament made no resistance to its uniform environment; but had I been trained in her exact sect, I should inevitably have boiled over and melted the moulds.

She had always been acquainted with the Trueman brothers. They all attended the same school, and they sat in sight of each other at the same meeting; though Quaker custom, ever careful to dam up human nature within safe limits, ordained that they should be seated on different sides of the house, and pass out by different doors. They visited the same neighbors, and walked home in company. She probably never knew, with positive certainty, which of the brothers she preferred; she had always been in the habit of loving them both; but Jonathan happened to ask first, whether she loved him.

It was during an evening walk, that he first mentioned the subject to David; and he could not see how his lips trembled, and his face flushed. The emotion, though strong and painful, was soon suppressed; and in a voice but slightly constrained, he inquired, "Does Deborah love thee, brother?"

The young man replied that he thought so, and he intended to ask her, as soon as the way opened.

David likewise thought, that Deborah was attached to him; and he had invited her to ride the next day, for the express purpose of ascertaining the point. Never had his peaceful soul been in such a tumult. Sometimes he thought it would be right and honorable to tell Deborah that they both loved her, and ask her to name her choice. "But then if she should prefer *me*," he said to himself, "it will make dear Jonathan very unhappy; and if she should choose *him*, it will be a damper on her happiness, to know that I am disappointed. If she accepts him, I will keep my secret to myself. It is a heavy cross to take up; but William Penn says, 'no cross, no crown.' In this case, I would be willing to give up the crown, if I could get rid of the cross. But then if I lay it down, poor Jonathan must bear it. I have always found that it brought great peace of mind to conquer selfishness, and I will strive to do so now. As my brother's wife, she will still be a near and dear friend; and their children will seem almost like my own."

A current of counter thoughts rushed through his mind. He rose quickly and walked the room, with a feverish agitation he had never before experienced. But through all the conflict, the idea of saving his brother from suffering remained paramount to his own pain.

The promised ride could not be avoided, but it proved a temptation almost too strong for the good unselfish man. Deborah's sweet face looked so pretty under the shadow of her plain bonnet; her soft hand remained in his so confidingly, when she was about to enter the chaise, and turned to speak to her mother; she smiled on him so affectionately, and called him Friend David, in such winning tones, that it required all his strength to avoid uttering the question, which for ever trembled on his lips: "Dost thou love me, Deborah?" But always there rose between them the image of that dear brother, who slept in his arms in childhood, and shared the same apartment now. "Let him have the first chance," he said to himself. "If he is accepted, I will be resigned, and will be to them both a true friend through life." A very slight pressure of the hand alone betrayed his agitation, when he opened the door of her house, and said, "Farewell, Deborah."

In a few days, Jonathan informed him that he was betrothed; and the magnanimous brother wished him joy with a sincere heart, concealing that it was a sad one. His first impulse was to go away, that he might not be daily reminded of what he had lost; but the fear of marring their happiness enabled him to choose the wiser part of making at once the effort that must be made. No one suspected the sacrifice he laid on the altar of friendship. When the young couple were married, he taxed his ingenuity to furnish whatever he thought would please the bride, by its peculiar neatness and elegance. At first, he found it very hard to leave them by their cosy pleasant fireside, and go to his own solitary apartment, where he never before had dwelt alone; and when the bride and bridegroom looked at each other tenderly, the glance went through his heart like an arrow of fire. But when Deborah, with gentle playfulness, apologized for having taken his brother away from him, he replied, with a quiet smile, "Nay, my friend, I have not lost a brother, I have only gained a sister." His self-denial seemed so easy, that the worldly might have thought it cost him little effort, and deserved no praise; but the angels loved him for it.

By degrees he resumed his wonted serenity, and

Digitized by Google

became the almost constant inmate of their house. A stranger might almost have doubted which was the husband; so completely were the three united in all their affections, habits, and pursuits. A little son and daughter came to strengthen the bond; and the affectionate uncle found his heart almost as much cheered by them, as if they had been his own. Many an agreeable young Friend would have willingly superintended a household for David; but there was a natural refinement in his character, which rendered it impossible to make a marriage of convenience. He felt more deeply than was apparent, that there was something wanting in his earthly lot; but he could not marry, unless he found a woman whom he loved as dearly as he had loved Deborah; and such a one never again came to him.

Their years flowed on with quiet regularity, disturbed with few of the ills humanity is heir to. In all the small daily affairs of life, each preferred the other's good, and thus secured the happiness of the whole. Abroad, their benevolence fell with the noiseless liberality of dew. The brothers both prospered in business, and Jonathan inherited a large portion of his father-in-law's handsome property. Never were a family so pillowed and cushioned on the carriage-road to heaven. But they were so simply and naturally virtuous, that the smooth path was less dangerous to them than to others.

Reverses came at last in Jonathan's affairs. The failure of others, less careful than himself, involved him in their disasters. But David was rich, and the idea of a separate purse was unknown between them; therefore the gentle Deborah knew no change in her household comforts and elegancies, and felt no necessity of diminishing their large liberality to the poor.

At sixty-three years old, the younger brother departed this life, in the arms of his constant friend. The widow, who had herself counted sixty winters, had been for some time gradually declining in health. When the estate was settled, the property was found insufficient to pay debts. But the kind friend, with the same delicate disinterestedness which had always characterized him, carefully concealed this fact. He settled a handsome fortune upon the widow, which she always supposed to be a portion of her husband's estate. Being executor, he managed affairs as he liked. He borrowed his own capital; and every quarter, he gravely paid her interest on his own money. In the refinement of his generosity, he was not satisfied to support her in the abundance to which she had been accustomed; he wished to have her totally unconscious of obligation, and perfectly free to dispose of the funds as she pleased.

His goodness was not limited to his own household. If a poor seamstress was declining in health, for want of exercise and variety of scene, David Trueman was sure to invite her to Niagara, or the Springs, as a particular favor to him, because he needed company. If there was a lone widow, peculiarly friendless, his carriage was always at her service. If there was a maiden lady uncommonly homely, his arm was always ready as an escort to public places. Without talking at all upon the subject, he practically devoted himself to the mission of attending upon the poor, the unattractive, and the neglected.

Thus the good old bachelor prevents his sympathies from congealing, and his heart from rusting out. The sunlight was taken away from his landscape of life; but little birds sleep in their nests, and sweet flowers breathe their fragrance lovingly through the bright moonlight of his tranquil existence.

## EDMUND D. GRIFFIN.

Edmund D. Griffin, the second son of George Griffin, a leading member of the New York bar, and the author of a volume published in 1850, entitled *The Gospel its own Advocate*, was born at Wyoming, Pennsylvania, September 10, 1804. He was a grandson, on the mother's side, of Colonel Zebulon Butler, who defended the valley against the British attack which terminated in the memorable massacre of 1778. When two years old Edmund Griffin removed with his family to New York. He revisited Wyoming with his father in his thirteenth year, and attending religious service on the Sunday after their arrival, Mr. Griffin was requested in consequence of the absence of the clergyman to read a sermon. Not being very well he asked his son to read in his place, a request with which the boy, accustomed to obedience, after a moment's modest hesitation, complied.

After passing through various schools young Griffin was prepared for college by Mr. Nelson,* the celebrated blind teacher of New York. He entered Columbia in 1819, and maintained throughout his course a position at the head of his class. After a few months passed in a law office in 1823, he resolved to engage in the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church, soon after commenced his studies in the General Theological Seminary, and was ordained deacon by Bishop Hobart in August, 1826. The two following years were passed in the active discharge of professional duty as assistant minister of St. James's church, Hamilton Square, near New York, and of Christ church in the city, when he was compelled by a threatened affection of the lungs to abandon the labors of the church and the study. By this relaxation, combined with the invigorating effects of a three months' tour, his health was restored, but, by the advice of his friends, instead of recommencing preaching he sailed for Europe. After a tour through England and the Continent he returned to New York on the 17th of April, 1830. Within a week afterwards he was called upon to complete a course of lectures on the History of Literature, commenced by Professor McVickar at Columbia College, and necessarily abandoned at the time from illness. He complied with the request, and at once entered upon its execution, delivering within the months of May and June a course on Roman and Italian literature, with that of England to the time of Charles the Second. These lectures, though prepared almost contemporaneously with their delivery, were so acceptable by their warm appreciation of the subject and scholar's enthusiasm, not only to the students but also the trustees of the college, that the plan of an im-

* Mr. Nelson became totally blind in his twentieth year, when about completing his studies at college. He was poor, and had no one to look to for his own support, or that of his two sisters. With great resolution he determined to continue his studies and fit himself for the duties of a teacher. He taught his sisters to pronounce Latin and Greek, and from their reiterated repetition learnt by heart the text of the classics usually read in schools. A gentleman, out of sympathy with his endeavors, and confidence in his abilities, intrusted him with the education of his two sons. He succeeded so well with these, that, in a few months, he announced himself as the teacher of a New York school. He soon became widely known, and so successful that he gathered a handsome income from his exertions. He afterwards became a professor in Rutgers College.

Digitized by Google

dependent professorship of literature, for Mr. Griffin, was proposed.

The early part of the ensuing college vacation was spent in visits to his friends, and plans of study and future usefulness in his sacred profession. After a Saturday morning passed at the college with Professor Anthon in planning a course of study of the German language, to which he proposed to devote a portion of his remaining leisure, he employed the afternoon in a walk with his brother at Hoboken. He was taken ill on his return home with an attack of inflammation, sank rapidly, and died on the following Tuesday, August 31, 1830.

The news of his decease reached Bishop Hobart at Auburn, where he too was lying in a sickness which was to prove, within a few days afterwards, mortal. It is a fact of interest in the history of that eminent prelate, as well as in the present connexion, that the last letter written by him was one of condolence with the father of Mr. Griffin on their joint bereavement.

Mr. Griffin's Literary Remains were collected by his brother, and published with a memoir, written with characteristic feeling and taste, by his friend Professor McVickar, in two large octavo volumes. They include his poems, several of which are in the Latin language, and written at an early age; a tour through Italy and Switzerland in 1829, with extracts from a journal of a tour through France, England, and Scotland in the years 1828, '29, and '30; extracts from lectures on Roman, Italian, and English literature; and dissertations, written while the author was a student at the Theological Seminary. These were selected from manuscripts, which, if published in full, would have filled six octavo volumes. By far the greater portion of those printed, the journals and lectures, were necessarily written in great haste, and probably without any anticipation that they were to appear in print. The journals are the simple itinerary of a traveller, making no pretensions to any further literary merit; the lectures are more elaborate performances and possess much merit; the poems are few in number.

LINES ON LEAVING ITALY.

Deh! fossi tu men bella, o almen più forte.—*Filicaia.*

Would that thou wert more strong, at least less fair,
Land of the orange grove and myrtle bower!
To hail whose strand, to breathe whose genial air,
Is bliss to all who feel of bliss the power.
To look upon whose mountains in the hour
When thy sun sinks in glory, and a veil
Of purple flows around them, would restore
The sense of beauty when all else might fail.

Would that thou wert more strong, at least less fair,
Parent of fruits, alas! no more of men!
Where springs the olive e'en from mountains bare,
The yellow harvest loads the scarce tilled plain,
Spontaneous shoots the vine, in rich festoon
From tree to tree depending, and the flowers
Wreathe with their chaplets, sweet though fading soon,
E'en fallen columns and decaying towers.

Would that thou wert more strong, at least less fair,
Home of the beautiful, but not the brave!
Where noble form, bold outline, princely air,
Distinguished e'en the peasant and the slave:
Where, like the goddess sprung from ocean's wave,
Her mortal sisters boast immortal grace,
Nor spoil those charms which partial nature gave,
By art's weak aids or fashion's vain grimace.

Would that thou wert more strong, at least less fair,
Thou nurse of every art, save one alone,
The art of self-defence: Thy fostering care
Brings out a nobler life from senseless stone,
And bids e'en canvass speak; thy magic tone,
Infused in music, now constrains the soul
With tears the power of melody to own,
And now with passionate throbs that spurn control.

Would that thou wert less fair, at least more strong,
Grave of the mighty dead, the living mean!
Can nothing rouse ye both? no tyrant's wrong,
No memory of the brave, of what has been?
Yon broken arch once spoke of triumph, then
That mouldering wall too spoke of brave defence—
Shades of departed heroes, rise again!
Italians, rise, and thrust the oppressors hence!

Oh, Italy! my country, fare thee well!
For art thou not my country, at whose breast
Were nurtured those whose thoughts within me dwell,
The fathers of my mind? whose fame imprest,
E'en on my infant fancy, bade it rest
With patriot fondness on thy hills and streams,
E'er yet thou didst receive me as a guest,
Lovelier than I had seen thee in my dreams?

Then fare thee well, my country, loved and lost:
Too early lost, alas! when once so dear;
I turn in sorrow from thy glorious coast,
And urge the feet forbid to linger here.
But must I rove by Arno's current clear,
And hear the rush of Tiber's yellow flood,
And wander on the mount, now waste and drear,
Where Cæsar's palace in its glory stood;
And see again Parthenope's loved bay,
And Paestum's shrines, and Baiae's classic shore,
And mount the bark, and listen to the lay
That floats by night through Venice—never more?
Far off I seem to hear the Atlantic roar—
It washes not thy feet, that envious sea,
But waits, with outstretched arms, to waft me o'er
To other lands, far, far, alas! from thee.

Fare, fare thee well once more. I love thee not
As other things inanimate. Thou art
The cherished mistress of my youth; forgot
Thou never canst be while I have a heart.
Lanched on those waters, wild with storm and wind,
I know not, ask not, what may be my lot;
For, torn from thee, no fear can touch my mind,
Brooding in gloom on that one bitter thought.

## JOHN HENRY HOPKINS.

JOHN HENRY HOPKINS, the son of a merchant of Dublin, was born in that city January 30, 1792. He was brought by his parents to this country in 1800. After receiving a classical education at school, he passed a twelvemonth in a counting-house in Philadelphia; assisted Wilson, the ornithologist, in the preparation of the plates to the first four volumes of his work; and was afterwards engaged for several years in the manufacture of iron. Mr. Hopkins married in 1816, and in 1817 was admitted to the bar at Pittsburg. He practised with great success until November, 1823, when he abandoned the profession to enter the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church. After his ordination as deacon, in December,

Digitized by Google

1823, by Bishop White, by whom he was also admitted to the priesthood in 1824, he became Rector of Trinity Church, Pittsburg, where he remained until 1831, when he removed to Boston as assistant minister of Trinity Church. In October, 1832, he was consecrated the first bishop of the diocese of Vermont, and has since that time resided at Burlington.

Bishop Hopkins is the author of several volumes on the evidences of Christianity, the primitive church, and the distinctive principles of Episcopacy,* all of which exhibit research, and are written in a forcible and animated style. He has also published a number of separate sermons and pamphlets.†

* Christianity Vindicated, in seven Discourses on the External Evidences of the New Testament, with a Dissertation. Published by Ed. Smith, Burlington, Vt., 1833.

The Primitive Creed Examined and Explained, the first part containing sixteen discourses on the Apostles' Creed, for popular use—the second part containing a dissertation on the testimony of the early councils and the fathers, with observations on certain theological errors of the present day. Published by the same, 1834.

The Primitive Church, compared with the Protestant Episcopal Church of the present day, being an examination of the ordinary objections against the church in doctrine, worship, and government, designed for popular use, with a dissertation on sundry points of theology and practice. Published by V. Harrington at Burlington, Vt., 1835. A second edition, revised and improved, was printed the following year.

Essay on Gothic Architecture, with various plans and drawings for churches, designed chiefly for the use of the clergy. Royal quarto. Published by Smith & Harrington, Burlington, 1836.

The Church of Rome in her Primitive Purity, compared with the Church of Rome at the present day, addressed to the Roman Hierarchy. 12mo. Published by V. Harrington, Burlington, 1837. Republished, with an introduction by Rev. Henry Melvill, B.D., at London, in 1839.

The Novelties which Disturb our Peace. 12mo. Published by Herman Hooker, Philadelphia, 1844.

Sixteen Lectures on the Causes, Principles, and Results of the British Reformation. Phila., 1844.

The History of the Confessional. 12mo. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York, 1850.

The End of Controversy, Controverted: a Refutation of Milner's End of Controversy, in a series of letters addressed to the Roman Archbishop of Baltimore. 2 vols. 12mo. Published by Pudney & Russell, and Stanford & Swords, New York, in 1854.

† Sermon, preached by request before the Howard Benevolent Society, Boston, 1832.

Sermon, preached by request before the Church Scholarship Society at Hartford, Conn., 1832.

Sermon, preached by request, at Burlington, on the doctrine of Atonement, 1841.

Scripture and Tradition, Sermon preached at the Ordination of Deacons, New York, 1841.

Charge to the Clergy of Vermont, 1842.

Letter to the Right Rev. F. P. Kenrick, Roman Bishop of Philadelphia, 1842.

Second Letter to the Same, 1843, of which there were two editions.

Two Discourses on the Second Advent, of which there were four editions.

Humble but Earnest Address to the Bishops, Clergy, and Laity, on the Progress of Tractarianism. Published 1844.

Pastoral Letter and Correspondence with Rev. Wm. Henry Hoit.

Sermon before the General Convention of 1847.

Sermon on Episcopal Government, preached at the consecration of Bishop Potter, of Pennsylvania, 1845.

Letter to Rev. Dr. Seabury, on Tractarianism, 1847.

Two Discourses, preached by request in the Cathedral of Quebec, on the Religious Education of the Poor. Published 1835.

Lecture on the Defect of the Principle of Religious Authority in Modern Education, delivered by request before the American Institute of Instruction, at Montpelier, about the year 1846 or 1847.

Discourse on Fraternal Unity, delivered by appointment before the Missionary Board, at the General Convention of 1850, in Cincinnati.

Address, delivered by request of the Selectmen of St. Alban's, on the death of General Taylor, President of the United States, 1850.

Address, by request, before the Prot. Ep. Historical Society, New York, 1851.

Lecture on Slavery—its religious sanction, its political dangers, and the best method of doing it away, delivered before the Young Men's Associations of Buffalo and Lockport. Published by request, Phinney & Co., Buffalo, 1851.

Discourse, preached by request, in aid of the Fund for the Widows and Orphans of Deceased Clergymen. Boston, 1851.

The Case of the Rev. Mr. Gorham against the Bishop of Exeter considered, 1849.

Pastoral Letter on the Support of the Clergy, 1838.

Ditto, on the same subject, 1854.

Defence of the Constitution of the Diocese of Vermont, 1854.

Tract for the Church in Jerusalem, 1854.

The True Principles of Restoration to the Episcopal Office, in relation to the case of Right Rev. Henry U. Onderdonk, D.D., 1854.

Address, delivered by request before the House of Convocation of Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., 1854.

Discourse, by request, on the Historical Evidences of Christianity, at St. Andrew's Church, Philadelphia. Published 1854.

## WILLIAM CROSWELL.

WILLIAM, the third child of the Rev. Harry Croswell,* was born at Hudson, New York, November 7, 1804, and graduated from Yale College in 1823.

W. Croswell

The next four years were passed in desultory reading and study. His preference was early formed for a clerical career, but from a distrust of his fitness for the holy office, a distrust arising solely

* Harry Croswell was in the early part of his life a prominent political editor of the Federal party. He commenced his career in The Balance, a paper published at Hudson, New York, which divided the honors with the Farmer's Museum at Walpole, as one of the first literary journals of the country. Mr. Croswell was associated in this enterprise with Ezra Sampson, a clergyman by education, who came to Hudson to officiate in the Presbyterian church of the village, but from lack of effectiveness as a public speaker retired from the pulpit. He subsequently gained a wide popular reputation as the author of a series of essays, with the title of The Brief Remarker, which were collected from the columns of the Hartford Courant, and printed in a volume. The collection was republished in 1855 by D. Appleton & Co. The essays it contains are briefly written compositions, and are in a vein of practical common sense. Mr. Sampson was also the author of *The Beauties of the Bible*, a selection of passages from the sacred volume, and of an *Historical Dictionary*.

Mr. Croswell wrote his editorials with vigor, and, in accordance with the prevailing spirit of the press at that time, spoke with great bitterness of his political opponents. An article published in the Wasp, a journal also under his direction, on Jefferson, led to a libel suit, and the celebrated trial in which Hamilton, in defence of the editor, made his last forensic effort.

Mr. Croswell afterwards removed to Albany, where he established a Federal paper. He was here prosecuted for a libel on Mr. Southwick, a leading democratic editor, who recovered damages. Mr. Croswell called on his political friends to enable him to meet the pecuniary requirements of their service, and on their refusal to do so retired from editorial life, and a few months after entered the ministry of the Episcopal Church.

Digitized by Google

from the modesty which characterized him through life, it was not until 1826 that he finally decided to enter the ministry. He commenced his preparatory studies at the General Theological Seminary in New York, where, owing to ill health, he remained but a short time. After passing a brief period at New Haven he went to Hartford, where he edited, with Mr. now Bishop Doane, a religious newspaper, The Episcopal Watchman. He commenced his poetical career in the columns of this journal with a number of sonnets and short poems, which were much admired and widely copied. At the end of the second year of their joint editorship Mr. Doane removed to Boston to become the rector of Trinity church, and Mr. Croswell retired to devote himself exclusively to his studies.

In 1828 he was ordained deacon by Bishop Brownell of Connecticut. He has described the emotions of this solemn event in one of the most beautiful of his compositions:—

THE ORDINAL.

Alas, for me, could I forget
  The memory of that day
Which fills my waking thoughts, nor yet
  E'en sleep can take away;
In dreams I still renew the rites
  Whose strong but mystic chain
The spirit to its God unites,
  And none can part again.

How oft the Bishop's form I see,
  And hear that thrilling tone
Demanding, with authority,
  The heart for God alone!
Again I kneel as then I knelt,
  While he above me stands,
And seem to feel as then I felt
  The pressure of his hands.

Again the priests, in meek array,
  As my weak spirit fails,
Beside me bend them down to pray
  Before the chancel rails;
As then, the sacramental host
  Of God's elect are by,
When many a voice its utterance lost,
  And tears dimmed many an eye.

As then they on my vision rose,
  The vaulted aisles I see,
And desk and cushioned book repose
  In solemn sanctity;
The mitre o'er the marble niche,
  The broken crook and key,
That from a Bishop's tomb shone rich
  With polished tracery;

The hangings, the baptismal font,—
  All, all, save me, unchanged,—
The holy table, as was wont,
  With decency arranged;
The linen cloth, the plate, the cup,
  Beneath their covering shine,
Ere priestly hands are lifted up
  To bless the bread and wine.

The solemn ceremonial past,
  And I am set apart
To serve the Lord, from first to last,
  With undivided heart.
And I have sworn, with pledges dire,
  Which God and man have heard,
To speak the holy truth entire
  In action and in word.

O Thou, who in Thy holy place
  Hast set Thine orders three,
Grant me, Thy meanest servant, grace
  To win a good degree;
That so, replenished from above,
  And in my office tried,
Thou mayst be honored, and in love
  Thy Church be edified.

In 1829 Mr. Croswell was admitted to the priesthood, and became rector of Christ church, an ancient edifice in the vicinity of Copp's Hill burial-ground, Boston. He continued his poetical contributions, which were almost exclusively on topics connected with church ordinances, or the duties and affections of Christian life. A portion of these were collected and appended by Bishop Doane to the first American edition of Keble's Christian Year.

In 1840 Mr. Croswell resigned the rectorship of Christ's, and accepted that of St. Peter's church, Auburn. He remained in this parish for four years, and during that period married, and became the father of a daughter.

In 1844 he returned to Boston to take the rectorship of a new parish, in process of formation by a number of Episcopalians and distinguished men of that city, among whom may be mentioned Mr. Richard H. Dana and his son, on the principle of a rigid adherence to the rubrics of the prayer-book in its worship, an enlarged system of parochial charity, and a provision by collections and subscriptions in the place of pew rents for the support of the rector, leaving the seats of the church free to all comers. An upper room was fitted up in an appropriate manner, and on the first Sunday in Advent, 1844, the new rector commenced the services of the parish, which, from this commencement, took the name of the Church of the Advent. Morning and evening prayer was henceforward continued every day of the year.

In conducting divine service, the rector, during the mutual acts of prayer and praise turned in the same direction with, instead of, as usual, facing the other worshippers, and preached in the surplice instead of changing it for a black gown. These practices gave great offence to the bishop of the diocese, Dr. Eastburn, who at the close of his first confirmation service in the church, expressed his disapprobation, coupled with a censure of a gilt cross placed over the communion table. This was followed in a few days by an official letter to the same effect addressed to the diocese by the bishop. Dr. Croswell, believing himself unjustly censured, responded in a letter, citing authorities from the primitive and subsequent ages of the church in defence of his plan. He also complained of the bishop for uncanonical conduct in publicly censuring a presbyter without giving the opportunity of defence by means of a trial. Both parties believing themselves in the right, no accommodation was made of the matter; the bishop refused to visit the church unless the practices he objected to were discontinued, and the parish held their course. In consequence of this, candidates for confirmation were obliged, accompanied by their rector, to resort to other churches to receive the rite. In spite of this unhappy difficulty the parish prospered. The rector was indefatigable in the discharge of the duties of charity, sallying forth at all hours and in all

Digitized by Google

weathers to relieve the poor and needy, visit and comfort the sick and dying. During seasons of pestilence he remained in the city, continuing his church services as usual and redoubling his care of the sick, with the energy and devotion required by the crisis.

Such a career soon won its just meed of boundless honor and love from all who came within its sphere. It was, however, destined to be as brief as beautiful.

Seven years had thus passed from his arrival at Boston to become rector of the Church of the Advent, and the upper room had been exchanged for an edifice purchased from a congregation of another denomination, possessing no architectural beauty, but spacious and commodious, when in the delivery of a sermon to the children of the congregation at the afternoon service of Sunday, November 9, 1851, the rector's voice was observed to falter. He brought his discourse to an abrupt close, and gave out the first stanza of the hymn—

Soldiers of Christ, arise
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which Christ supplies,
Through his eternal Son.

This he announced instead of the lxxxviii., as the clxxxviii., which contains the following stanza:—

Determined are the days that fly
Successive o'er thy head;
The numbered hour is on the wing
That lays thee with the dead.

The choir, however, following directions previously given, sang the former. At its conclusion he knelt in his ordinary place at the chancel-rail, and said from memory, his book having dropped from his hand, a collect. He then, still kneeling, in place of as usual standing and facing the congregation, delivered, in a faltering voice, the closing benediction. A portion of the auditory went to his assistance, and bore him helpless to the vestry-room and in a carriage to his home. He was conscious, but unable to speak distinctly, and uttered but a few words. Apprised by his physicians of his imminent danger he closed his eyes as if in slumber. His friend, the Rev. Dr. Eaton, was soon by his bedside, and finding him unable to speak, and apparently unconscious, took his hand, and offered the "commendatory prayer for a sick person at the point of departure," provided by the Book of Common-Prayer. "As the word, amen, was pronounced by the venerable priest, the last breath was perceived to pass, gently, quietly, and without a struggle."

The beautiful harmony of the death with the life of Dr. Croswell, combined with the respect felt for his talents and example, called forth many expressions of sympathy with his bereaved family and congregation. At his funeral his body was carried from his house to the church by eight of his parishioners, and accompanied by a committee of wardens and vestrymen to the cemetery at New Haven, where it was buried, in conformity with the wishes of the deceased, "deep in the ground." The affecting scene of the ninth of November is commemorated regularly on the annual recurrence of the day by an appropriate sermon.

In 1853 a biography of Dr. Croswell, by his father, was published in one octavo volume. It contains, in addition to selections from his correspondence, a collection of his poems, scattered through the narrative in the order in which they were written, and in connexion with the events by which they were, in some cases, occasioned. These poems were never collected by their author, and have not appeared in a separate collective form since his death. Notwithstanding that their religious as well as poetic beauty demand their issue in a cheap, popular form, we should almost regret their severance from the connexion in which a wise and loving parental hand has placed them. As we meet them in turning over the pages of the biography they seem to us like the beautiful carvings, the string-courses, corbels, pendants, brackets, niches, and tabernacle work of a Christian cathedral, adorning and strengthening the solid fabric, while placing the ornamental in due subordination to the useful.

Although Dr. Croswell's poems were almost exclusively on topics suggested by the memorial seasons and observances of hallowed Christian usage or devoted to friendship, he occasionally wrote in a playful vein. His New Year's verses in the Argus for 1842, "From the Desk of Poor Richard, Jr.," are a clever reproduction with improvements of his own of that sage's maxims

Poor Richard knows full well distress
Is real, and no dream;
And yet life's bitterest ills have less
Of bitter than they seem.
Meet like a man thy coward pains,
And some, be sure, will flee;
Nor doubt the worst of what remains
Will blessings prove to thee.

In 1848 he was called upon to deliver a Commencement poem at Trinity College. The poem may be said, in the language of his biographer, "to be a metrical essay on the reverence due to sacred places and holy things, and an exhortation to the cultivation of such reverence, especially in the church and its academical institutions." He reverts to his Alma Mater, Yale, with this allusion to its patron Berkeley.

There first we gazed on the serene expanse
Of Berkeley's bright and heavenly countenance,
And could not but contrast it, in our sport,
With thy pinched visage, prick-eared Davenport;
Nor queried, as we turned to either face,
Which were the real genius of the place.
Taught, in a brother's words, to love in thee
"Earth's every virtue, wit in poesy;"
O Berkeley, as I read, with moistened eyes,
Of thy sublime but blasted enterprise,
Refusing, in thy pure, unselfish aim,
To sell to vulgar wealth a founder's fame,
But in thy fervor sacrificing all
To objects worthy of the name of Paul,—
What joy to see in our official line
A faith revived, identical with thine;
Pledged to fulfil the spirit of thy scheme,
And prove thy college no ideal dream.
And when, on yonder walls, we now survey
The man "whose grace chalked his successor's way,"
And study, Samuel, thy majestic head,
By Berkeley's son to heaven's anointing led,
And see the ways of Providence combine
The gentle bishop with the masculine,
We pray this noblest offspring of thy see
May honor Berkeley, nor dishonor thee.

Digitized by Google

In his ideal picture of a university, he pays a tribute to several living authors.

Thus in the morning, far from Babel's dust,
These August days might yet be days august,
And words of power the place might glorify,
Which willingly the world would not let die.
There Dana might, in happiest mood, rehearse
Some last great effort of his deathless verse;
Or Irving, like Arcadian, might beguile
The golden hours with his melodious style;
Or he who takes no second living rank
Among the classics of the Church—Verplanck;
Or he whose course "right onward" here begun,
Now sheds its brightness over Burlington,
(Where our young sons like noble saplings grow,
And daughters like the polished pillars show,)
And with the elder worthies, join the throng
Of young adventurers for the prize of song.

### TO MY FATHER.

My father, I recall the dream
Of childish joy and wonder,
When thou wast young as I now seem,
Say, thirty-three, or under;
When on thy temples, as on mine,
Time just began to sprinkle
His first grey hairs, and traced the sign
Of many a coming wrinkle.

I recognise thy voice's tone
As to myself I'm talking;
And this firm tread, how like thine own,
In thought, the study walking!
As, musing, to and fro I pass,
A glance across my shoulder
Would bring thine image in the glass,
Were it a trifle older.

My father, proud am I to bear
Thy face, thy form, thy stature,
But happier far might I but share
More of thy better nature;
Thy patient progress after good,
All obstacles disdaining,
Thy courage, faith, and fortitude,
And spirit uncomplaining.

Then for the day that I was born
Well might I joy, and borrow
No longer of the coming morn
Its trouble or its sorrow;
Content I'd be to take my chance
In either world, possessing
For my complete inheritance
Thy virtues and thy blessing!

### NATURE AND REVELATION.

I wandered by the burying-place,
And sorely there I wept,
To think how many of my friends
Within its mansions slept;
And, wrung with bitter grief, I cried
Aloud in my despair,
"Where, dear companions, have ye fled!"
And Echo answered, "Where!"

While Nature's voice thus flouted me,
A voice from heaven replied,
"O, weep not for the happy dead
Who in the Lord have died;
Sweet is their rest who sleep in Christ,
Though lost a while to thee;
Tread in their steps, and sweeter still
Your meeting hour shall be!"

### THIS ALSO SHALL PASS AWAY.

When morning sunbeams round me shed
Their light and influence blest,
When flowery paths before me spread,
And life in smiles is drest;
In darkling lines that dim each ray
I read, "This, too, shall pass away."

When murky clouds o'erhang the sky,
Far down the vale of years,
And vainly looks the tearful eye,
When not a hope appears,
Lo, characters of glory play
'Mid shades: "This, too, shall pass away."

Blest words, that temper pleasure's beam,
And lighten sorrow's gloom,
That early sadden youth's bright dream,
And cheer the old man's tomb.
Unto that world be ye my stay,
That world which shall not pass away.

### PSALM CXXXVII.

By the waters of Babel we sat down and wept,
As we called our dear Zion to mind;
And our harps that in joy we so often had swept
Now sighed on the trees to the wind.

Then they that had carried us captive away,
In mockery challenged a song,
And ringing out mirth from our sadness, would say,
"Sing the strains that to Zion belong."

O, how shall we sing the ineffable song
In a godless and barbarous land?
If the minstrels of Salem could do her such wrong,
Be palsied each cunning right hand.

Let my tongue to the roof of my mouth ever cling,
If aught else should its praises employ,
Or if Salem's high glories it choose not to sing,
Above all terrestrial joy.

Remember the children of Edom, O Lord,
How they cried, in Jerusalem's woe,
Her ramparts and battlements raze with the sword,
Her temples and towers overthrow.

O daughter of Babel! thy ruin makes haste;
And blessed be he who devours
Thy children with famine and misery waste,
As thou, in thy rapine, served ours.

### A SUNDAY-SCHOOL HYMN.

The sparrow finds a house,
The little bird a nest;
Deep in thy dwelling, Lord, they come,
And fold their young to rest.
And shall we be afraid
Our little ones to bring
Within thine ancient altar's shade,
And underneath thy wing?

There guard them as thine eye,
There keep them without spot,
That when the spoiler passeth by
Destruction touch them not.
There nerve their souls with might,
There nurse them with thy love,
There plume them for their final flight
To blessedness above.

### HYMN FOR ADVENT.

While the darkness yet hovers,
The harbinger star
Peeps through and discovers
The dawn from afar;
To many an aching
And watch-wearied eye,

Digitized by Google

The dayspring is breaking
Once more from on high.

With lamps trimmed and burning
The Church on her way
To meet thy returning,
O bright King of day!
Goes forth and rejoices,
Exulting and free,
And sends from all voices
Hosannas to thee.

She casts off her sorrows,
To rise and to shine
With the lustre she borrows,
O Saviour! from thine.
Look down, for thine honor,
O Lord! and increase
In thy mercy upon her
The blessing of peace.

Her children with trembling
Await, but not fear,
Till the time of assembling
Before thee draws near;
When, freed from all sadness,
And sorrow, and pain,
They shall meet thee in gladness
And glory again.

DE PROFUNDIS.

"There may be a cloud without a rainbow, but there cannot be a rainbow without a cloud."

My soul was dark
But for the golden light and rainbow hue,
That, sweeping heaven with their triumphal arc
Break on the view.

Enough to feel
That God indeed is good. Enough to know,
Without the gloomy cloud, he could reveal
No beauteous bow.

TRAVELLER'S HYMN.

"In journeyings often."

Lord! go with us, and we go
Safely through the weariest length,
Travelling, if thou will'st it so,
In the greatness of thy strength;
Through the day and through the dark,
O'er the land, and o'er the sea,
Speed the wheel, and steer the bark,
Bring us where we feign would be.

In the self-controlling car,
'Mid the engine's iron din,
Waging elemental war,
Flood without, and flood within,
Through the day, and through the dark,
O'er the land, and o'er the sea,
Speed the wheel, and steer the bark,
Bring us where we fain would be.

## HORACE BUSHNELL.

THIS eminent thinker and divine is a native of Connecticut, born about the year 1804, in New Preston, in the town of Washington, Litchfield county. He was, as a boy, employed in a fulling-mill in his native village. He became a graduate of Yale in 1827. After this he was engaged for a while as a literary editor of the Journal of Commerce, at New York. He was, from 1829 to 1831, a tutor in Yale College; and, at this time, applied himself to the study of law, and afterwards of theology. In May, 1833, he was called to his present post of ministerial duty, as pastor of the North Congregational Church, in Hartford. He early became a contributor to the

higher religious periodicals. In 1837, he delivered the Phi Beta Kappa oration at New Haven, *On the Principles of National Greatness.* His series of theological publications commenced in 1847, with his volume, *Views of Christian Nurture, and of Subjects adjacent thereto.* In this he presents his views of the spiritual economy of revivals, in which he marks out the philosophical limitations to a system which had been carried to excess. The "Organic Unity of the Family" is another chapter of this work, which shows the author's happy method of surrounding and penetrating a subject. This was followed, in 1849, by his book entitled *God in Christ—Three Discourses, delivered at New Haven, Cambridge, and Andover, with a Preliminary Dissertation on Language.* The view of the doctrine of the Trinity set forth in this book, met with discussion on all sides, and much opposition from some of the author's Congregational brethren, and was the means of bringing him before the Ministerial Association, with which he is connected. The argument was a metaphysical one, and pursued by Dr. Bushnell with his customary acumen. The main points of defence were presented to the public in 1851, in a new volume, *Christ in Theology; being the Answer of the Author before the Hartford Central Association of Ministers, October, 1849, for the Doctrines of the Book entitled God in Christ.* As an indication of the material with which Dr. Bushnell has to deal in these discourses, the enumeration of the elements of theological opinion may be cited from the Preface to this volume. "To see brought up," he writes, "in distinct array before us the multitudes of leaders and schools, and theologic wars of only the century past,—the Supralapsarians and Sublapsarians; the Arminianizers and the true Calvinists; the Pelagians and Augustinians; the Tasters and the Exercisers; Exercisers by Divine Efficiency and by Human Self-Efficiency; the love-to-being-in-general virtue, the willing-to-be-damned virtue, and the love-to-one's-greatest-happiness virtue; no ability, all ability, and moral and natural ability distinguished; disciples by the new-creating act of Omnipotence, and by change of the governing purpose; atonement by punishment and by expression; limited and general; by imputation and without imputation; Trinitarians of a three-fold distinction, of three psychologic persons, or of three sets of attributes; under a unity of oneness, or of necessary agreement, or of society and deliberative council;—nothing, I think, would more certainly disenchant us of our confidence in systematic orthodoxy and the possibility, in human language, of an exact theologic science, than an exposition so practical and serious, and withal so indisputably mournful, so mournfully indisputable." The remaining theological writings of Dr. Bush-

Digitized by Google

nell are included in his contributions to the Reviews.*

In another department of composition, that of the philosophical essay, mingling subtle and refined speculation with the affairs of every-day life, he has achieved distinguished success, in a manner peculiarly his own. With this class of his writings may be included a review of Brigham's Influence of Religion on Health in the Christian Spectator (viii. 51); an article on Taste and Fashion, in the New Englander, 1843; a Discourse before the Alumni of Yale College, 1843, on *The Moral Tendencies and Results of Human History;* an address before the Hartford County Agricultural Society, 1846; *Work and Play*, an oration before the Phi Beta Kappa, at Cambridge, 1848: and several special sermons, which have been printed, entitled *Unconscious Influence; the Day of Roads*—tracing the progress of civilization by the great national highways; a similar discourse, *The Northern Iron; Barbarism the First Danger*, in allusion to emigration; *Religious Music;* and *Politics under the Law of God.* In 1849, Dr. Bushnell pronounced an oration, *The Fathers of New England*, before the New England Society of New York; and, in 1851, *Speech for Connecticut, being an Historical Estimate of the State, delivered before, and printed by, the Legislature.*

PLAY, A LIFE OF FREEDOM.†

Thus it is that work prepares the state of play. Passing over now to this latter, observe the intense longing of the race for some such higher and freer state of being. They call it by no name. Probably most of them have but dimly conceived what they are after. The more evident will it be that they are after this, when we find them covering over the whole ground of life, and filling up the contents of history, with their counterfeits or misconceived attempts. If the hidden fire is seen bursting up on every side, to vent itself in flame, we may certainly know that the ground is full.

Let it not surprise you, if I name, as a first illustration here, the general devotion of our race to money. This passion for money is allowed to be a sordid passion,—one that is rankest in the least generous and most selfish of mankind; and yet a conviction has always been felt, that it must have its heat in the most central fires and divinest affinities of our nature. Thus, the poet calls it the *auri sacra fames,—sacra*, as being a curse, and that in the divine life of the race. Childhood being passed, and the play-fund of motion so far spent that running on foot no longer appears to be the joy it was, the older child, now called a man, fancies that it will make him happy to ride! Or he imagines, which is much the same, some loftier state of being, —call it rest, retirement, competence, independence, —no matter by what name, only be it a condition of ease, ease, liberty, and pure enjoyment. And so we find the whole race at work to get rid of work; drudging themselves to-day, in the hope of play to-morrow. This is that *sacra fames*, which, misconceiving its own unutterable longings after spiritual play, proposes to itself the dull felicity of cessation, and drives the world to madness in pursuit of a counterfeit, which it is work to obtain, work also to keep, and yet harder work oftentimes to enjoy.

Here, too, is the secret of that profound passion for the drama, which has been so conspicuous in the cultivated nations. We love to see life in its feeling and activity, separated from its labors and historic results. Could we see all human changes transpire poetically or creatively, that is, in play, letting our soul play with them as they pass, then it were only poetry to live. Then to admire, love, laugh,—then to abhor, pity, weep,—all were alike grateful to us; for the view of suffering separated from all reality, save what it has to feeling, only yields a painful joy, which is the deeper joy because of the pain. Hence the written drama, offering to view in its impersonations a life one side of life, a life in which all the actings appear without the ends and simply as in play, becomes to the cultivated reader a spring of the intensest and most captivating spiritual incitement. He beholds the creative genius of a man playing out impersonated groups and societies of men, clothing each with life, passion, individuality, and character, by the fertile activity of his own inspired feeling. Meantime the writer himself is hidden, and cannot even suggest his existence. Hence egotism, which also is a form of work, the dullest, most insipid, least inspiring of all human demonstrations, is nowhere allowed to obtrude itself. As a reader, too, he has no ends to think of or to fear,—nothing to do, but to play the characters into his feeling as creatures existing for his sake. In this view, the drama, as a product of genius, is, within a certain narrow limit, the realization of play.

But far less effectively, or more faintly, when it is acted. Then the counterfeit, as it is more remote, is more feeble. In the reading we invent our own sceneries, clothe into form and expression each one of the characters, and play out our own liberty in them as freely, and sometimes as divinely, as they. Whatever reader, therefore, has a soul of true life and fire within him, finds all expectation balked, when he becomes an auditor and spectator. The scenery is tawdry and flat, the characters, definitely measured, have lost their infinity, so to speak, and thus their freedom, and what before was play descends to nothing better or more inspired than work. It is called going to the play, but it should rather be called going to the work, that is, to see a play worked, (yes, an *opera!* that is it!)—men and women inspired through their memory, and acting their inspirations by rote, panting into love, pumping at the fountains of grief, whipping out the passions into fury, and dying to fulfil the contract of the evening, by a forced holding of the breath. And yet this feeble counterfeit of play, which some of us would call only "very tragical mirth," has a power to the multitude. They are moved, thrilled it may be, with a strange delight. It is as if a something in their nature, higher than they themselves know, were quickened into power, —namely, that divine instinct of play, in which the summit of our nature is most clearly revealed.

In like manner, the passion of our race for war, and the eager admiration yielded to warlike exploits, are resolvable principally into the same fundamental cause. Mere ends and uses do not satisfy us. We must get above prudence and economy, into something that partakes of inspiration, be the cost what it may. Hence war, another and yet more magnificent counterfeit of play. Thus there is a great and lofty virtue that we call

* Articles: Review of "The Errors of the Times," a charge by the Rt. Rev. T. C. Brownell, Bishop of the Diocese of Connecticut: New Englander, vol. ii., 1844. Evangelical Alliance: Ib. v. 1847. Christian Comprehensiveness: Ib. vi. 1848. The Christian Trinity, a Practical Truth: Ib. xii. 1854.

In 1847, Dr. Bushnell addressed a "Letter to the Pope," which was printed in London.

† From the Phi Beta Kappa Oration, 1848.

Digitized by Google

courage (*cour-age*), taking our name from the heart. It is the greatness of a great heart, the repose and confidence of a man whose soul is rested in truth and principle. Such a man has no ends ulterior to his duty,—duty itself is his end. He is in it therefore as in play, lives it as an inspiration. Lifted thus out of mere prudence and contrivance, he is also lifted above fear. Life to him is the outgoing of his great heart (*heart-age*), action from the heart. And because he now can die, without being shaken or perturbed by any of the dastardly feelings that belong to self-seeking and work, because he partakes of the impassibility of his principles, we call him a hero, regarding him as a kind of god, a man who has gone up into the sphere of the divine.

Then, since courage is a joy so high, a virtue of so great majesty, what could happen but that many will covet both the internal exaltation and the outward repute of it? Thus comes bravery, which is the counterfeit, or mock virtue. Courage is of the heart, as we have said; bravery is of the will. One is the spontaneous joy and repose of a truly great soul; the other, bravery, is after an end ulterior to itself, and, in that view, is but a form of work,—about the hardest work, too, I fancy, that some men undertake. What can be harder, in fact, than to act a great heart, when one has nothing but a will wherewith to do it?

Thus you will see that courage is above danger, bravery in it, doing battle on a level with it. One is secure and tranquil, the other suppresses agitation or conceals it. A right mind fortifies one, shame stimulates the other. Faith is the nerve of one, risk the plague and tremor of the other. For if I may tell you just here a very important secret, there be many that are called heroes who are yet without courage. They brave danger by their will, when their heart trembles. They make up in violence what they want in tranquillity, and drown the tumult of their fears in the rage of their passions. Enter the heart and you shall find, too often, a dastard spirit lurking in your hero. Call him still a brave man, if you will, only remember that he lacks courage.

No, the true hero is the great, wise man of duty,—he whose soul is armed by truth and supported by the smile of God,—he who meets life's perils with a cautious but tranquil spirit, gathers strength by facing its storms, and dies, if he is called to die, as a Christian victor at the post of duty. And if we must have heroes, and wars wherein to make them, there is no so brilliant war as a war with wrong, no hero so fit to be sung as he who has gained the bloodless victory of truth and mercy.

But if bravery be not the same as courage, still it is a very imposing and plausible counterfeit. The man himself is told, after the occasion is past, how heroically he bore himself, and when once his nerves have become tranquillized, he begins even to believe it. And since we cannot stay content in the dull, uninspired world of economy and work, we are as ready to see a hero as he to be one. Nay, we must have our heroes, as I just said, and we are ready to harness ourselves, by the million, to any man who will let us fight him out the name. Thus we find out occasions for war,—wrongs to be redressed, revenges to be taken, such as we may feign inspiration and play the great heart under. We collect armies, and dress up leaders in gold and high colors, meaning, by the brave look, to inspire some notion of a hero beforehand. Then we set the men in phalanxes and squadrons, where the personality itself is taken away, and a vast impersonal person called an army, a magnanimous and brave monster, is all that remains. The masses of fierce color, the glitter of steel, the dancing plumes, the waving flags, the deep throb of the music lifting every foot,—under these the living acres of men, possessed by the one thought of playing brave today, are rolled on to battle. Thunder, fire, dust, blood, groans,—what of these?—nobody thinks of these, for nobody dares to think till the day is over, and then the world rejoices to behold a new batch of heroes!

And this is the devil's play, that we call war. We have had it going on ever since the old geologic era was finished. We are sick enough of the matter of it. We understand well enough that it is not good economy. But we cannot live on work. We must have courage, inspiration, greatness, play. Even the moral of our nature, that which is to weave us into social union with our kind before God, is itself thirsting after play; and if we cannot have it in good, why then let us have it in as good as we can. It is at least some comfort, that we do not mean quite as badly in these wars as some men say. We are not in love with murder, we are not simple tigers in feeling, and some of us come out of battle with kind and gentle qualities left. We only must have our play.

Note also this, that, since the metaphysics of fighting have been investigated, we have learned to make much of what we call the *moral* of the army; by which we mean the feeling that wants to play brave. Only it is a little sad to remember that this same moral, as it is called, is the true, eternal, moral nature of the man thus terribly perverted,—that which was designed to link him to his God and his kind, and ought to be the spring of his immortal inspirations.

There has been much of speculation among the learned concerning the origin of chivalry; nor has it always been clear to what human elements this singular institution is to be referred. But when we look on man, not as a creature of mere understanding and reason, but as a creature also of play, essentially a poet in that which constitutes his higher life, we seem to have a solution of the origin of chivalry, which is sufficient, whether it be true or not. In the forswearing of labor, in the brave adventures of a life in arms, in the intense ideal devotion to woman as her protector and avenger, in the self-renouncing and almost self-oblivious worship of honor,—what do we see in these but the mock moral doings of a creature who is to escape self-love and the service of ends in a free, spontaneous life of goodness,—in whom courage, delicacy, honor, disinterested deeds, are themselves to be the inspiration, as they are the end, of his being?

I might also show, passing into the sphere of religion, how legal obedience, which is work, always descends into superstition, and thus that religion must, in its very nature and life, be a form of play,—a worship offered, a devotion paid, not for some ulterior end, but as being its own end and joy. I might also show, in the same manner, that all the enthusiastic, fanatical, and properly quietistic modes of religion are as many distinct counterfeits, and, in that manner, illustrations of my subject. But this you will see at a glance, without illustration. Only observe how vast a field our illustrations cover. In the infatuated zeal of our race for the acquisition of money, in the drama, in war, in chivalry, in perverted religion,—in all these forms, covering almost the whole ground of humanity with counterfeits of play, that are themselves the deepest movements of the race, I show you the boundless sweep of this divine instinct, and how surely we may know that the perfected state of man is a state of beauty, truth, and love, where life is its own end and joy.

Digitized by Google

### GEORGE DENISON PRENTICE.

The editor of the Louisville Journal, is a native of Connecticut, born at Preston, New London county, December 18, 1802. He was educated at Brown University, studied law but did not engage in the profession, preferring the pursuits of editorial life. In 1828 he commenced the *New England Weekly Review* at Hartford, a well conducted and well supported journal of a literary character, which he carried on for two years, when, resigning its management to Mr. Whittier, he removed to the West, established himself in Kentucky at Louisville, and shortly became editor of the "Journal," a daily paper in that city. In his hands it has become one of the most widely known and esteemed newspapers in the country; distinguished by its fidelity to Whig politics, and its earnest, able editorials, no less than by the lighter skirmishing of wit and satire. The "Prenticeiana" of the editor are famous. If collected and published with appropriate notes these *mots* would form an amusing and instructive commentary on the management of elections, newspaper literature, and political oratory, of permanent value as a memorial of the times.

The Louisville Journal has always been a supporter of the cause of education and of the literary interest in the West. It has hence become, in accordance with the known tastes of the editor, a favorite avenue of young poets to the public. Several of the most successful lady writers of the West have first become known through their contributions to the "Journal."

Mr. Prentice's own poetical writings are numerous. Many of them first appeared in the author's "Review" at Hartford. A number have been collected by Mr. Everest in the "Poets of Connecticut." They are in a serious vein, chiefly expressions of sentiment and the domestic affections. Our specimen is taken from Mr. Gallagher's "Selections from the Poetical Literature of the West."

#### THE FLIGHT OF YEARS.

Gone! gone for ever!—like a rushing wave
Another year has burst upon the shore
Of earthly being—and its last low tones,
Wandering in broken accents on the air,
Are dying to an echo.

The gay Spring,
With its young charms, has gone—gone with its leaves—
Its atmosphere of roses—its white clouds
Slumbering like seraphs in the air—its birds
Telling their loves in music—and its streams
Leaping and shouting from the up-piled rocks
To make earth echo with the joy of waves.
And Summer, with its dews and showers, has gone—
Its rainbows glowing on the distant cloud
Like Spirits of the Storm—its peaceful lakes
Smiling in their sweet sleep, as if their dreams
Were of the opening flowers and budding trees
And overhanging sky—and its bright mists
Resting upon the mountain-tops, as crowns
Upon the heads of giants. Autumn too
Has gone, with all its deeper glories—gone
With its green hills like altars of the world
Lifting their rich fruit-offerings to their God—
Its cool winds straying 'mid the forest aisles
To wake their thousand wind-harps—its serene
And holy sunsets hanging o'er the West
Like banners from the battlements of Heaven—
And its still evenings, when the moonlit sea
Was ever throbbing, like the living heart
Of the great Universe. Ay—these are now
But sounds and visions of the past—their deep,
Wild beauty has departed from the Earth,
And they are gathered to the embrace of Death,
Their solemn herald to Eternity.

Nor have they gone alone. High human hearts
Of Passion have gone with them. The fresh dust
Is chill on many a breast, that burned erewhile
With fires that seemed immortal. Joys, that leaped
Like angels from the heart, and wandered free
In life's young morn to look upon the flowers,
The poetry of nature, and to list
The woven sounds of breeze, and bird, and stream,
Upon the night-air, have been stricken down
In silence to the dust. Exultant Hope,
That roved for ever on the buoyant winds
Like the bright, starry bird of Paradise,
And chaunted to the ever-listening heart
In the wild music of a thousand tongues,
Or soared into the open sky, until
Night's burning gems seemed jewelled on her brow,
Has shut her drooping wing, and made her home
Within the voiceless sepulchre. And Love,
That knelt at Passion's holiest shrine, and gazed
On his heart's idol as on some sweet star,
Whose purity and distance make it dear,
And dreamed of ecstasies, until his soul
Seemed but a lyre, that wakened in the glance
Of the beloved one—he too has gone
To his eternal resting-place. And where
Is stern Ambition—he who madly grasped
At Glory's fleeting phantom—he who sought
His fame upon the battle-field, and longed
To make his throne a pyramid of bones
Amid a sea of blood? He too has gone!
His stormy voice is mute—his mighty arm
Is nerveless on its clod—his very name
Is but a meteor of the night of years
Whose gleams flashed out a moment o'er the Earth,
And faded into nothingness. The dream
Of high devotion—beauty's bright array—
And life's deep idol memories—all have passed
Like the cloud-shadows on a starlight stream,
Or a soft strain of music, when the winds
Are slumbering on the billow.

Yet, why muse
Upon the past with sorrow? Though the year
Has gone to blend with the mysterious tide
Of old Eternity, and borne along
Upon its heaving breast a thousand wrecks
Of glory and of beauty—yet, why mourn
That such is destiny? Another year
Succeedeth to the past—in their bright round
The seasons come and go—the same blue arch,
That hath hung o'er us, will hang o'er us yet—
The same pure stars that we have loved to watch,
Will blossom still at twilight's gentle hour
Like lilies on the tomb of Day—and still
Man will remain, to dream as he hath dreamed,
And mark the earth with passion. Love will spring
From the lone tomb of old Affections—Hope
And Joy and great Ambition, will rise up
As they have risen—and their deeds will be
Brighter than those engraven on the scroll
Of parted centuries. Even now the sea
Of coming years, beneath whose mighty waves
Life's great events are heaving into birth,
Is tossing to and fro, as if the winds
Of heaven were prisoned in its soundless depths
And struggling to be free.

Digitized by Google

Weep not, that Time
Is passing on—it will ere long reveal
A brighter era to the nations. Hark!
Along the vales and mountains of the earth
There is a deep, portentous murmuring,
Like the swift rush of subterranean streams,
Or like the mingled sounds of earth and air,
When the fierce Tempest, with sonorous wing,
Heaves his deep folds upon the rushing winds,
And hurries onward with his night of clouds
Against the eternal mountains. 'Tis the voice
Of infant FREEDOM—and her stirring call
Is heard and answered in a thousand tones
From every hill-top of her western home—
And lo—it breaks across old Ocean's flood—
And "FREEDOM! FREEDOM! is the answering shout
Of nations starting from the spell of years.
The day-spring!—see—'tis brightening in the heavens!
The watchmen of the night have caught the sign—
From tower to tower the signal-fires flash free—
And the deep watch-word, like the rush of seas
That heralds the volcano's bursting flame,
Is sounding o'er the earth. Bright years of hope
And life are on the wing!—Yon glorious bow
Of Freedom, bended by the hand of God,
Is spanning Time's dark surges. Its high Arch,
A type of Love and Mercy on the cloud,
Tells, that the many storms of human life
Will pass in silence, and the sinking waves,
Gathering the forms of glory and of peace,
Reflect the undimmed brightness of the Heavens.

### CHARLES E. ARTHUR GAYARRE.

CHARLES E. ARTHUR GAYARRE was born in Louisiana on the 3d of January, 1805. He is of mixed descent, Spanish and French. His father, Charles Anastase Gayarré, and his mother, Marie Elizabeth Boré, were natives of Louisiana. His family is one of the most ancient in the state, and historic in all its branches and roots. Some of his ancestors were the contemporaries of Bienville and Iberville, the founders of the colony.

The subject of this notice was educated in New Orleans, at the college of the same name, where he pursued his studies with marked distinction. In 1825, when Mr. Edward Livingston laid before the Legislature of Louisiana the criminal code which he had prepared at the request of the state, Mr. Gayarré, then quite a youth, published a pamphlet, in which he opposed some of Mr. Livingston's views, and particularly the abolition of capital punishment, which Mr. Gayarré considered a premature innovation, and of dangerous application to the State of Louisiana, for certain reasons which he discussed at length. The pamphlet produced great sensation at the time, and the adoption of the code was indefinitely postponed by the legislature. In 1826 Mr. Gayarré went to Philadelphia, and studied law in the office of William Rawle. In 1829 he was admitted to the bar of that city; and in 1830 returned home, and published in French *An Historical Essay on Louisiana*, which obtained great success. That same year, only a few months after his return, he was elected, almost by a unanimous vote, one of the representatives of the city of New Orleans in the legislature, and was chosen by that body to write the "Address," which it sent to France, to compliment the French Chambers on the revolution of 1830. In 1831 he was appointed assistant or deputy attorney-general, in 1833 presiding judge of the city court of New Orleans; and in 1835, when he had just attained the constitutional age, was elected to the Senate of the United States for a term of six years. Ill health prevented Mr. Gayarré from taking his seat, and compelled him to go to Europe, where he remained until October, 1843. In 1844, shortly after his return, Mr. Gayarré was elected by the city of New Orleans to the legislature of the state, where he advocated and carried several important measures, among which was a bill to provide for the liabilities of the state, and which in a short time effected a reduction of two millions and a half of dollars. In 1846 he was re-elected at the expiration of his term; but on the very day the legislature met he was appointed secretary of state by Governor Johnson. That office was then one of the most important and laborious in the state, the secretary being at that time, besides his ordinary functions as such, superintendent of public education, and constituting with the treasurer the "Board of Currency," whose province it is to exercise supreme control and supervision over all the banks of the state. Mr. Gayarré discharged his multifarious duties in a manner which will long be remembered, particularly in connexion with the healthy condition in which he maintained the banks. At the expiration of his four years' term of office, he was re-appointed secretary of state by Governor Walker in 1850. Mr. Gayarré, during the seven years he was secretary of state, found time to publish in French a *History of Louisiana*, in two volumes, containing very curious documents, which he had collected from the archives of France. He also published in English, in one volume, the *Romance of the History of Louisiana*, and in English subsequently the *History of Louisiana*, in two volumes. This continuous work is not a translation of the one he wrote in French. It is cast in a different mould, and contains much matter not to be found in the French work. The *Romance of the History of Louisiana* is appended to it as an introduction. Mr. Redfield, of New York, has published Mr. Gayarré's history of the *Spanish Domination in Louisiana*, coming down to the 20th of December, 1803, when the United States took possession of the colony, in which work he makes some remarkable disclosures in relation to the Spanish intrigues in the West carried on with the co-operation of General Wilkinson and others, from 1786 to 1792, to dismember the Union, and gives a full account of the negotiations which led to the cession.

As secretary of state, Mr. Gayarré made so judicious a use of the sum of seven thousand dollars, which he had at his disposal for the purchase of books, that he may be said to be the father of the state library; and with the very limited sum of two thousand dollars, which, at his pressing request, was voted by the legislature for the purchase of historical documents, he succeeded, by dint of perseverance and after two years' negotiations, in obtaining very important documents from the archives of Spain, the substance of which he has embodied in his history of the *Spanish Domination in Louisiana*.

Mr. Gayarré has lately given to the public two lectures on *The Influence of the Mechanic Arts*, and a dramatic novel, called the *School for Politics*, a humorous and satirical exhibition of the party



Digitized by Google

frauds and relaxed political sentiment of the day, which may be presumed to have grown out of the writer's experiences, some of which are detailed, in a more matter of fact form, in an *Address to the People of the State*, which he published on the "late frauds perpetrated at the election held on the 7th of November, 1853, in the city of New Orleans." Mr. Gayarré was on that occasion an independent candidate for Congress, refusing to be controlled by the party organization, and was defeated, though he polled a large and influential vote. His undisguised sentiments, in regard to the political manœuvres of the times, are freely expressed at the close of his pamphlet.

He has since taken part in the "Know-Nothing" organization of his native state; and was one of the delegates excluded from the general council of the party at Philadelphia in June, 1855, on the ground of their position as Roman Catholics. This drew from him a privately printed address, in which, with animation and vigor, he handles the question of religious proscription.

As a writer, the prose of Mr. Gayarré is marked by the French and Southern characteristics. It is warm, full, rhetorical, and constantly finds expression in poetical imagery. In his comedy, where the style is restrained by the conversational directness, there are many passages of firm, manly English. As an historian, though his narratives are highly colored, in a certain vein of poetical enthusiasm, they are based on the diligent study of original authorities, and are to be consulted with confidence; the subjects of his early volumes are in themselves romantic, and the story is always of the highest interest. His last volume brings him to the discussion of a most important era in our political history.

### FATHER DAGOBERT.*

The conflict which had sprung up between the Jesuits and Capuchins, in 1753, as to the exercise of spiritual jurisdiction in Louisiana, may not have been forgotten. The Bishop of Quebec had appointed a Jesuit his Vicar-General in New Orleans, but the Capuchins pretended that they had, according to a contract passed with the India company, obtained exclusive jurisdiction in Lower Louisiana, and therefore had opposed therein the exercise of any pastoral functions by the Jesuits. The question remained undecided by the Superior Council, which felt considerable reluctance to settle the controversy by some final action, from fear perhaps of turning against itself the hostility of both parties, although it leaned in favor of the Capuchins. From sheer lassitude there had ensued a sort of tacit truce, when father Hilaire de Géneveaux, the Superior of the Capuchins, who, for one of a religious order proverbially famed for its ignorance, was a man of no mean scholarship and of singular activity, quickened by a haughty and ambitious temper, went to visit Europe, without intimating what he was about, and returned with the title of Apostolic Prothonotary, under which he claimed, it seems, the power to lord it over the Jesuit who was the Vicar-General of the Bishop of Quebec. Hence an increase of wrath on the part of the Jesuits and a renewal of the old quarrel, which ceased only when the Jesuits were expelled from all the French dominions. But the triumph of father Géneveaux was not of long duration; for, in 1766, the Superior Council, finding that he was opposed to their scheme of insurrection, had expelled him as a perturber of the public peace, and father Dagobert had become Superior of the Capuchins. They lived altogether in a very fine house of their own, and there never had been a more harmonious community than this one was, under the rule of good father Dagobert.

He had come very young in the colony, where he had christened and married almost everybody, so that he was looked upon as a sort of spiritual father and tutor to all. He was emphatically a man of peace, and if there was anything which father Dagobert hated in this world, if he could hate at all, it was trouble—trouble of any kind—but particularly of that sort which arises from intermeddling and contradiction. How could, indeed, father Dagobert not be popular with old and young, with both sexes, and with every class? Who could have complained of one whose breast harbored no ill feeling towards anybody, and whose lips never uttered a harsh word in reprimand or blame, of one who was satisfied with himself and the rest of mankind, provided he was allowed to look on with his arms folded, leaving angels and devils to follow the bent of their nature in their respective departments? Did not his ghostly subordinates do pretty much as they pleased? And if they erred at times—why—even holy men were known to be frail! And why should not their peccadilloes be overlooked or forgiven for the sake of the good they did? It was much better (we may fairly suppose him so to have thought, from the knowledge we have of his acts and character), for heaven and for the world, to let things run smooth and easy, than to make any noise. Was there not enough of unavoidable turmoil in this valley of tribulations and miseries? Besides, he knew that God was merciful, and that all would turn right in the end. Why should he not have been an indulgent shepherd for his flock, and have smiled on the prodigal son after repentance, and even before, in order not to frighten him away? If the extravagance of the sinning spendthrift could not be checked, why should not he, father Dagobert, be permitted, by sitting at the hospitable board, to give at least some dignity to the feast, and to exorcise away the ever lurking spirit of evil? Did not Jesus sit at meal with publicans and sinners? Why then should not

* From the History of the Spanish Domination in Louisiana.

Digitized by Google

father Dagobert, when he went out to christen, or to marry at some private dwelling, participate in convivialities, taste the juice of the grape, take a hand in some innocent game, regale his nostrils with a luxurious pinch of snuff, and look with approbation at the merry feats of the dancers? Where was the harm? Could not a father sanctify by his presence the rejoicings of his children? Such were perhaps some of the secret reasonings of the reverend capuchin.

By some pedantic minds father Dagobert might have been taxed with being illiterate, and with knowing very little beyond the litanies of the church. But is not ignorance bliss? Was it not to the want of knowledge, that was to be attributed the simplicity of heart, which was so edifying in one of his sacred mission, and that humility to which he was sworn? Is it not written; "Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." Why should he understand Latin, or so many other musty inexplicable things? Was not the fruit of the tree of knowledge the cause of the perdition of man? Besides, who ever heard of a learned capuchin? Would it not have been a portentous anomaly? If his way of fasting, of keeping the holydays, of saying mass, of celebrating marriages, of christening, of singing prayers for the dead, and of hearing confessions, of inflicting penance, and of performing all his other sacerdotal functions, was contrary to the ritual and to the canons of the church—why—he knew no better. What soul had been thereby endangered? His parishioners were used to his ways? Was he, after fifty years of labor in the vineyard of the Lord, to change his manner of working, to admit that he had blundered all the time, to dig up what he had planted, and to undertake, when almost an octogenarian, the reform of himself and others? Thus, at least, argued many of his friends.

They were sure that none could deny, that all the duties of religion were strictly performed by his parishioners. Were not the women in the daily habit of confessing their sins? And if he was so very mild in his admonitions, and so very sparing in the infliction of harsh penance on them, why not suppose that it was because the Saviour himself had been very lenient towards the guiltiest of their sex? It was the belief of father Dagobert, that the faults of women proceeded from the head and not from the heart, because *that* was always kind. Why then hurl thunderbolts at beings so exquisitely delicate and so beautifully fragile—the porcelain work of the creator—when they could be reclaimed by the mere scratch of a rose's thorn, and brought back into the bosom of righteousness by the mere pulling of a silken string? As to the men, it is true that they never haunted the confessional; but perhaps they had no sins to confess, and if they had, and did not choose to acknowledge them, what could he do? Would it have been sound policy to have annoyed them with fruitless exhortations, and threatened them with excommunication, when they would have laughed at the *brutum fulmen*? Was it not better to humor them a little, so as to make good grow out of evil? Was not their aversion to confession redeemed by manly virtues, by their charity to the poor and their generosity to the church? Was not his course of action subservient to the interest both of church and state, within the borders of which it was calculated to maintain order and tranquillity, by avoiding to produce discontents, and those disturbances which are their natural results? Had he not a right, in his turn, to expect that his repose should never be interrupted, when he was so sedulously attentive to that of others, and so cheerfully complying with the exigencies of every flitting hour? When the colonists had thought proper to go into an insurrection, he, good easy soul, did not see why he should not make them happy, by chiming in with their mood at the time. Did they not, in all sincerity, think themselves oppressed, and were they not contending for what they believed to be their birthrights? On the other hand, when the Spaniards crushed the revolution, he was nothing loth, as vicar general, to present himself at the portal of the cathedral, to receive O'Reilly with the honors due to the representative of royalty, and to bless the Spanish flag. How could he do otherwise? Was it not said by the Master: "render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's?" Why should the new lords of the land be irritated by a factious and bootless opposition? Why not mollify them, so as to obtain as much from them as possible, in favor of his church and of his dearly beloved flock? Why should he not be partial to the Spaniards? Had they not the reputation of being the strictest catholics in the world.

Such was the character of father Dagobert even in his youth. It had developed itself in more vigorous and co-ordinate proportions, as his experience extended, and it had suggested to him all his rules of action through life. With the same harmonious consistency in all its parts it had continued to grow, until more than threescore years had passed over father Dagobert's head. It was natural, therefore, notwithstanding what a few detractors might say, that he should be at a loss to discover the reasons why he should be blamed, for having logically come to the conclusions which made him an almost universal favorite, and which permitted him to enjoy "his ease in his own inn," whilst authorizing him to hope for his continuing in this happy state of existence, until he should be summoned to the "bourne whence no traveller returns." Certain it is that, whatever judgment a rigid moralist might, on a close analysis, pass on the character of father Dagobert, it can hardly be denied, that to much favor would be entitled the man, who, were he put to trial, could with confidence, like this poor priest, turn round to his subordinates and fellow-beings, and say unto them: "I have lived among you for better than half a century: which of you have I ever injured?" Therefore, father Dagobert thought himself possessed of an unquestionable right to what he loved so much: his ease, both in his convent and out of it, and his sweet uninterrupted dozing in his comfortable arm chair.

### GEORGE W. BETHUNE.

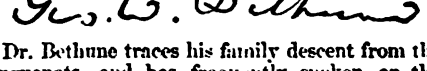
Dr. Bethune, the popular divine, poet, and wit, was born March, 1805, in the city of New York. After receiving a liberal education, he was ordained in 1826 a Presbyterian minister, but in the following year joined the Dutch Reformed communion. His clerical career was commenced at Rhinebeck on the Hudson, from whence he removed to Utica; and in 1834, to Philadelphia. In 1849, he again removed to Brooklyn, where he still remains, at the head of a large and influential congregation.

Dr. Bethune is the author of *The Fruit of the Spirit, Early Lost, Early Saved, The History of a Penitent;* all popular works of a devotional character. In 1848, he published *Lays of Love and Faith, and other Poems;* and in 1850, a volume of *Orations, and Occasional Discourses.* He has also collected and published a portion of his Sermons.

In 1847, he edited the first American edition

Digitized by Google

of Walton's Angler, a work which he performed in a careful and agreeable manner, befitting his own reputation as an enthusiastic and highly celebrated follower of the "contemplative man's recreation," and as a literary scholar.



Dr. Bethune traces his family descent from the Huguenots, and has frequently spoken on the claims of that devout, industrious, and enterprising class of the early settlers of our country, to the national gratitude and reverence. His efforts as an after-dinner and off-hand extempore speaker, are marked by genial humor and appreciation of the subject before him. At the convivial meetings of the National Academy of Design, and of the St. Nicholas Society, he is always called out; and his response is usually among the most noticeable features of the evening.

The volume of Dr. Bethune's orations comprises funeral discourses on the death of Stephen Van Rensselaer, the patroon, President Harrison and General Jackson; lectures and College addresses upon Genius, Leisure, its Uses and Abuses, the Age of Pericles, the Prospects of Art in the United States, the Eloquence of the Pulpit, the Duties of Educated Men, a Plea for Study, and the Claims of our Country upon its Literary Men.

SONG.

She's fresh as breath of summer morn,
  She's fair as flowers in spring,
And her voice it has the warbling gush
  Of a bird upon the wing;
For joy like dew shines in her eye,
  Her heart is kind and free;
'Tis gladness but to look upon
  The face of Alice Lee.

She knows not of her loveliness,
  And little thinks the while,
How the very air grows beautiful
  In the beauty of her smile;
As sings within the fragrant rose
  The honey-gath'ring bee,
So murmureth laughter on the lips
  Of gentle Alice Lee.

How welcome is the rustling breeze
  When sultry day is o'er!
More welcome far the graceful step,
  That brings her to the door;
'Tis sweet to gather violets:
  But O! how blest is he,
Who wins a glance of modest love,
  From lovely Alice Lee!

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

Maine, from her farthest border, gives the first exulting shout,
And from New Hampshire's granite heights, the echoing peal rings out;
The mountain farms of staunch Vermont prolong the thundering call;
Massachusetts answers: "Bunker Hill!" a watch-word for us all.
Rhode Island shakes her sea-wet locks, acclaiming with the free,
And staid Connecticut breaks forth in sacred harmony.
The giant joy of proud New York, loud as an earthquake's roar,
Is heard from Hudson's crowded banks to Erie's crowded shore,
New Jersey, hallowed by their blood, who erst in battle fell,
At Monmouth's, Princeton's, Trenton's fight, joins in the rapturous swell.
Wide Pennsylvania, strong as wide, and true as she is strong,
From every hill to valley, pours the torrent tide along.
Stand up, stout little Delaware, and bid thy volleys roll,
Though least among the old Thirteen, we judge thee by thy soul!
Hark to the voice of Maryland! over the broad Chesapeake
Her sons, as valiant as their sires, in cannonadings speak.
Virginia, nurse of Washington, and guardian of his grave,
Now to thine ancient glories turn the faithful and the brave;
We need not hear the bursting cheer this holy day inspires,
To know that, in Columbia's cause, "Virginia never tires."
Fresh as the evergreen that waves above her sunny soil,
North Carolina shares the bliss, as oft the patriot's toil;
And the land of Sumter, Marion, of Moultrie, Pinckney, must
Respond the cry, or it will rise e'en from their sleeping dust.
And Georgia, by the dead who lie along Savannah's bluff,
Full well we love thee, but we ne'er can love thee well enough;
From thy wild northern boundary, to thy green isles of the sea,
Where beat on earth more gallant hearts than now throb high in thee!
On, on, 'cross Alabama's plains, the ever-flowery glades,
To where the Mississippi's flood the turbid Gulf invades;
There, borne from many a mighty stream upon her mightier tide,
Come down the swelling long huzzas from all that valley wide,
As wood-crowned Alleghany's call, from all her summits high,
Reverberates among the rocks that pierce the sunset sky,
While on the shores and through the swales 'round the vast inland seas,
The stars and stripes, 'midst freemen's songs, are flashing to the breeze.
The woodsman, from the mother, takes his boy upon his knee,
To tell him how their fathers fought and bled for liberty;
The lonely hunter sits him down the forest spring beside,
To think upon his country's worth, and feel his country's pride;
While many a foreign accent, which our God can understand,
Is blessing Him for home and bread in this free, fertile land.
Yes! when upon the eastern coast we sink to happy rest,
The Day of Independence rolls still onward to the west,
Till dies on the Pacific shore the shout of jubilee,

Digitized by Google

That woke the morning with its voice along the Atlantic sea.
—O God! look down upon the land which thou hast loved so well,
And grant that in unbroken truth her children still may dwell;
Nor, while the grass grows on the hill and streams flow through the vale,
May they forget their fathers' faith, or in their covenant fail!
God keep the fairest, noblest land that lies beneath the sun;
"Our country, our whole country, and our country ever one!"

NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS.*

We are emphatically one people. The constant and expanding flood of emigrants from less favored lands gives in some sections a temporary, superficial diversity of customs, and even of language. Yet, as they come moved by an admiring wish to share our privileges, and a grateful respect for the nation which has made itself so prosperous, while it sets open its gates so hospitably wide, they readily adopt our usages, and soon become homogeneous with the mass through which they are distributed. Until they or their children are educated in free citizenship, they follow; but rarely, and then never successfully, attempt to lead. As the Anglo-Saxon tongue is the speech of the nation, so it is the Anglo-Saxon mind that rules. The sons of those who triumphed in the war of Independence have subdued the distant forest, making the wilderness to rejoice with the arts and virtues of their fathers. The patronymics borne by the most influential among them are most frequently such as are familiar and honorable among us. Summon together the dwellers in any town of our older, particularly of our more northern states, and you will find that there is scarcely a state of the Union where they have not relatives. The representative in Congress from the farthest west laughs over their school boy-frolics with the representative of the farthest east. The woodsman on the Aroostook talks of his brother on the Rio Grande; the tradesman in the seaport, of his son, a judge, in Missouri. The true-hearted girl, who has left her mountain birth-place to earn her modest *paraphernalia* amidst the ponderous din of a factory near the Atlantic coast, dreams sweetly on her toil-blest pillow of him who, for her dear sake, is clearing a home in the wilds of Iowa, or sifting the sands of some Californian Pactolus. We all claim a common history, and, whatever be our immediate parentage, are proud to own ourselves the grateful children of the mighty men who declared our country's independence, framed the bond of our Union, and bought with their sacred blood the liberties we enjoy. Nor is it an insincere compliment to assert, that, go where you will, New England is represented by the shrewdest, the most enlightened, the most successful, and the most religious of our young population. Nearly all our teachers, with the authors of our school-books, and a very large proportion of our preachers, as well as of our editors (the classes which have the greatest control over the growing character of our youth), come from or receive their education in New England. Wherever the New Englander goes, he carries New England with him. New England is his boast, his standard of perfection, and "So they do in New England!" his confident answer to all objectors. Great as is our reverence for those venerable men, he rather wearies us with his inexhaustible eulogy on the Pilgrim Fathers, who, he seems to think, have begotten the whole United States. Nay, enlarging upon the somewhat complacent notion of his ancestors, that God designed for them, "his chosen people," this Canaan of the aboriginal heathen, he looks upon the continent as his rightful heritage, and upon the rest of us as Hittites, Jebusites, or people of a like termination, whom he is commissioned to root out, acquiring our money, squatting on our wild lands, monopolizing our votes, and marrying our heiresses. Whence, or how justly, he derived his popular *sobriquet*, passes the guess of an antiquary; but certain it is, that if he meets with a David, the son of Jesse has often to take up the lament in a different sense from the original,—"I am distressed for thee, my Brother Jonathan!" Better still, his sisters, nieces, female cousins, flock on various honorable pretexts to visit him amidst his new possessions, where they own with no Sabine reluctance the constraining ardor of our unsophisticated chivalry; and happy is the household over which a New England wife presides! blessed the child whose cradle is rocked by the hand, whose slumber is hallowed by the prayers of a New England mother! The order of the Roman policy is reversed. He conquered, and then inhabited; the New Englander inhabits, then gains the mastery, not by force of arms, but by mother-wit, steadiness, and thrift. That there should be, among us of the other races, a little occasional petulance, is not to be wondered at; but it is only superficial. The New Englander goes forth not as a spy or an enemy, and the gifts which he carries excite gratitude, not fear. He soon becomes identified with his neighbors, their interests are soon his, and the benefits of his enterprising cleverness swell the advantage of the community where he has planted himself, thus tending to produce a moral homogeneousness throughout the confederacy. Yet let it be remembered that this New England influence, diffusing itself, like noiseless but transforming leaven, through the recent and future states, while it makes them precious as allies, would also make them formidable as rivals, terrible as enemies. The New Englander loses little of his main characteristics by migration. He is as shrewd, though not necessarily as economical, a calculator in the valley of the Mississippi, as his brethren in the east, and as brave as his fathers were at Lexington or Charlestown. It were the height of suicidal folly for the people of the maritime states to attempt holding as subjects or tributaries, directly or indirectly, the people between the Alleghanies and the Rocky Mountains; but those who have not travelled among our prairie and forest settlements can have only a faint idea of the filial reverence, the deferential respect, the yearning love, with which they turn to the land where their fathers sleep, and to you who guard their sepulchres. The soul knows nothing of distance, and, in their twilight musings, they can scarcely tell which is dearer to their hearts—the home of the kindred they have left behind them, or the home they have won for their offspring. Be it your anxious care, intelligent gentlemen of New England, that so strong a bond is never strained to rupture!

* * * * * * * *

To your Pilgrim Fathers the highest place may well be accorded; but forget not, that, about the time of their landing on the Rock, there came to the mouth of the Hudson men of kindred faith and descent—men equally loving freedom—men from the sea-washed cradle of modern constitutional freedom, whose union of free burgher-cities taught us

* From the Harvard Address, "Claims of our Country on its Literary Men."

Digitized by Google

the lesson of confederate independent sovereignties, whose sires were as free, long centuries before *Magna Charta*, as the English are now, and from whose line of republican princes Britain received the boon of religious toleration, a privilege the states-general had recognised as a primary article of their government when first established; men of that stock, which, when offered their choice of favors from a grateful monarch, asked a University; men whose martyr-sires had baptized their land with their blood; men who had flooded it with ocean-waves rather than yield it to a bigot-tyrant; men, whose virtues were as sober as prose, but sublime as poetry;—the men of Holland! Mingled with these, and still further on, were heroic Huguenots, their fortunes broken, but their spirit unbending to prelate or prelate-ridden king. There were others (and a dash of cavalier blood told well in battle-field and council);—but those were the spirits whom God made the moral substratum of our national character. Here, like Israel in the wilderness, and thousands of miles off from the land of bondage, they were educated for their high calling, until, in the fulness of times, our confederacy with its Constitution was founded. Already there had been a salutary mixture of blood, but not enough to impair the Anglo-Saxon ascendency. The nation grew morally strong from its original elements. The great work was delayed only by a just preparation. Now God is bringing hither the most vigorous scions from all the European stocks, to "make of them all *one new* MAN!" not the Saxon, not the German, not the Gaul, not the Helvetian, but the AMERICAN. Here they will unite as one brotherhood, will have one law, will share one interest. Spread over the vast region from the frigid to the torrid, from Eastern to Western ocean, every variety of climate giving them choice of pursuit and modification of temperament, the ballot-box fusing together all rivalries, they shall have one national will. What is wanting in one race will be supplied by the characteristic energies of the others; and what is excessive in either, checked by the counter-action of the rest. Nay, though for a time the newly come may retain their foreign vernacular, our tongue, so rich in ennobling literature, will be the tongue of the nation, the language of its laws, and the accent of its majesty. ETERNAL GOD! who seest the end with the beginning, thou alone canst tell the ultimate grandeur of this people!

### EDWARD SANFORD,

A POET, essayist, and political writer, is the son of the late Nathan Sanford, Chancellor of the State, and was born in the city of New York in 1805. He was educated at Union College, where he was graduated in 1824. He then engaged in the study of the law in the office of Mr. Benjamin F. Butler, but his tastes were opposed to the profession, and he did not pursue it.

He began an editorial career as editor of a newspaper in Brooklyn; was next associated with the New York Standard; and when that paper was compelled to yield to the commercial embarrassments of the day, he became one of the editors of the New York Times. The difficulties in politics which occurred after the second year of the establishment of that paper led him to undertake an engagement at Washington with Mr. Blair as associate editor of the Globe newspaper, then the organ of the Van Buren administration. In this relation his pen was employed in the advocacy and development of the sub-treasury system, then under discussion previous to its establishment as an integral portion of the financial policy of the country.

The illness of his father now withdrew him from Washington to the family residence at Flushing, Long Island. At this time he held the office, at New York, of Secretary to the Commission to return the duties on goods destroyed by the great fire of 1835. He was subsequently Assistant Naval Officer.

In 1843, he was elected to the Senate of the state of New York, and while there was an active and efficient, though quiet political manager and leader.

An anecdote of the Capitol exhibits his poetic talent. One day in the senate room he received a note from a correspondent on business; it was at the close of the session, and the whole house in the hurry and confusion which attend its last moments. He had a score or more measures to hurry through, and numerous others to aid in their passage, and thus pressed, answered the letter handed to him. A few days after he was surprised to learn that he had written this hasty reply in excellent verse.

Of the literary productions of Mr. Sanford, a few only have appeared with his name. Mr. Bryant included the quaint and poetical *Address to Black Hawk* in his collection of American poems, and Mr. Hoffman presented this and the author's *Address to a Mosquito*, written in a similar vein, in the "New York Book of Poetry."

To the New York Mirror, the Knickerbocker Magazine, and the Spirit of the Times, Mr. Sanford has been a frequent and genial contributor. His poem, *The Loves of the Shell Fishes*, has been justly admired for its fancy and sentiment, in delicate flowing verse, as he sings—

Not in the land where beauty loves to dwell,
  And bards to sing that beauty dwelleth there:
Not in the land where rules th' enchanter's spell
  And fashion's beings beautiful and rare;
Not in such land are laid the scenes I tell.
  No odors float upon its sunny air;
No ruddy vintage, and no tinted flowers
Gladden its fields or bloom within its bowers.

Mine is a lowlier lay—the unquiet deep—
  The world of waters; where man's puny skill
Has but along its surface dared to creep:
  The quaking vassal of its wayward will,
Exultant only when its calm waves sleep,
  And its rough voice is noiseless all and still,
And trembling when its crested hosts arise,
Roused from their slumbers by the wind's wild cries.

None but the dead have visited its caves;
  None but the dead pressed its untrampled floor.
Eyes, but all sightless, glare beneath its waves,
  And forms earth's worshippers might well adore,
Lie in their low and ever freshened graves,
  All cold and loveless far beneath its roar.
The bright-eyed maiden and the fair-haired bride,
And sire and son there slumber side by side.

* * * * * * * *

Smile not ye wise ones at my lowly lay,
  Nor deem it strange that underneath a shell
High thoughts exert their ever ruling sway
  And soft affections scorn not there to dwell.
That in an oyster's breast the living ray
  Of mind beams forth; or that its young thoughts swell

Digitized by Google

Less vauntingly in pride of place or birth
Than aught that breathes upon our upper earth.
Of blighted hopes and confidence betrayed—
  Of princely dames and wights of low degree—
The story of a high-born oyster maid
  And her calm lover, of low family:
And how they met beneath their oft sought shade,
  The spreading branches of a coral tree,
Attended by a periwinkle page,
Selected chiefly for his tender age,
Sing scaly music. ————

The best of Mr. Sanford's poetical effusions are of this airy, delicate mood, facile and elegant.

His occasional political squibs were quite in the Croaker vein, as in this parody at the expense of the Whigs in the Harrison log-cabin campaign.

A HARD-CIDER MELODY.

*Air*—'Tis the last rose of summer.

'Tis the last of Whig loafers
  Left singing alone,
All his pot-house companions
  Are fuddled and gone.
No flower of his kindred,
  No rum-blossom nigh,
With a song on his lips
  And a drop in his eye.

I'll not leave thee, thou rose-bud,
  To pine on the stem,
Since the others are snoring,
  Go snore thou with them.
Thus kindly I lay
  A soft plank 'neath thy head,
Where thy mates of the cabin
  Lie, hard-cider dead.

So soon may I follow,
  When the Whigs all decay,
And no cider is left us
  To moisten our clay.
When the Whigs are all withered,
  And hard-cider gone,
Oh! who would inhabit
  This sad world alone?

As an essayist, Mr. Sanford holds a very happy pen. His articles of this class, in the newspapers of the day, touch lightly and pleasantly on cheerful topics. A humorous description of a city celebrity, *A Charcoal Sketch of Pot Pie Palmer*, first published in the old Mirror, is a highly felicitous specimen of his powers in this line, and is quite as worthy in its way as a satire as the celebrated Memoir of P. P., Clerk of the Parish.

ADDRESS TO BLACKHAWK.

There's beauty on thy brow, old chief! the high
  And manly beauty of the Roman mould,
And the keen flashing of thy full dark eye
  Speaks of a heart that years have not made cold,
Of passions scathed not by the blight of time,
  Ambition, that survives the battle rout.
The man within thee scorns to play the mime
  To gaping crowds that compass thee about.
Thou walkest, with thy warriors by thy side,
Wrapped in fierce hate, and high unconquered pride.

Chief of a hundred warriors! dost thou yet—
  Vanquished and captive—dost thou deem that here—
The glowing day-star of thy glory set—
  Dull night has closed upon thy bright career?
Old forest lion, caught and caged at last,
  Dost pant to roam again thy native wild
To gloat upon the life-blood flowing fast
  Of thy crushed victims; and to slay the child,
To dabble in the gore of wives and mothers,
And kill, old Turk! thy harmless pale-faced brothers.

For it was cruel, Black Hawk, thus to flutter
  The dove-cotes of the peaceful pioneers,
To let thy pride commit such fierce and utter
  Slaughter among the folks of the frontiers.
Though thine be old, hereditary hate,
  Begot in wrongs, and nursed in blood, until
It had become a madness, 'tis too late
  To crush the hordes who have the power, and will,
To rob thee of thy hunting grounds and fountains,
  And drive thee back to the Rocky Mountains.

Spite of thy looks of cold indifference,
  There's much thou'st seen that must excite thy wonder,
Wakes not upon thy quick and startled sense
  The cannon's harsh and pealing voice of thunder!
Our big canoes, with white and wide-spread wings,
  That sweep the waters, as birds sweep the sky;—
Our steamboats, with their iron lungs, like things
  Of breathing life, that dash and hurry by!
Or if thou scorn'st the wonders of the ocean,
What think'st thou of our railroad locomotion!

Thou'st seen our Museums, beheld the dummies
  That grin in darkness in their coffin cases;
What think'st thou of the art of making mummies,
  So that the worms shrink from their dry embraces!
Thou'st seen the mimic tyrants of the stage
  Strutting, in paint and feathers, for an hour;
Thou'st heard the bellowing of their tragic rage,
  Seen their eyes glisten and their dark brows lower.
Anon, thou'st seen them, when their wrath cooled down,
Pass in a moment from a king—to clown.

Thou seest these things unmoved, say'st so, old fellow!
  Then tell us, have the white man's glowing daughters
Set thy cold blood in motion! Hast been mellow
  By a sly cup or so, of our fire waters!
They are thy people's deadliest poison. They
  First make them cowards, and then white men's slaves.
And sloth, and penury, and passion's prey,
  And lives of misery, and early graves.
For by their power, believe me, not a day goes,
But kills some Foxes, Sacs, and Winnebagoes.

Say, does thy wandering heart stray far away!
  To the deep bosom of thy forest home,
The hillside, where thy young papooses play,
  And ask, amid their sports, when wilt thou come!
Come not the wailings of thy gentle squaws,
  For their lost warrior, loud upon thine ear,
Piercing athwart the thunder of huzzas,
  That, yelled at every corner, meet thee here!
The wife that made that shell-decked wampum belt,
Thy rugged heart must think of her, and melt.

Chafes not thy heart, as chafes the panting breast
  Of the caged bird against his prison bars,
That thou the crowned warrior of the west,
  The victor of a hundred forest wars,
Should'st in thy age become a raree-show
  Led like a walking bear about the town,
A new caught monster, who is all the go,
  And stared at gratis, by the gaping clown!
Boils not thy blood, while thus thou'rt led about,
The sport and mockery of the rabble rout!

Digitized by Google

Whence came thy cold philosophy? whence came,
Thou tearless, stern, and uncomplaining one,
The power that taught thee thus to veil the flame
Of thy fierce passions? Thou despisest fun,
And thy proud spirit scorns the white men's glee,
Save thy fierce sport when at the funeral pile,
Of a bound warrior in his agony,
Who meets thy horrid laugh with dying smile,
Thy face, in length reminds one of a Quaker's,
Thy dances, too, are solemn as a Shaker's.

Proud scion of a noble stem! thy tree
Is blanched, and bare, and seared, and leafless now.
I'll not insult its fallen majesty,
Nor drive with careless hand the ruthless plough
Over its roots. Torn from its parent mould,
Rich, warm, and deep, its fresh, free, balmy air,
No second verdure quickens in our cold,
New, barren earth; no life sustains it there.
But even though prostrate, 'tis a noble thing,
Though crownless, powerless, "every inch a king."

Give us thy hand, old nobleman of nature,
Proud ruler of the forest aristocracy;
The best of blood glows in thy every feature.
And thy curled lip speaks scorn for our democracy,
Thou wear'st thy titles on that godlike brow;
Let him who doubts them, meet thine eagle eye,
He'll quail beneath its glance, and disavow
All questions of thy noble family;
For thou may'st here become, with strict propriety,
A leader in our city good society.

### TO A MOSQUITO.

His voice was very soft, gentle, and low.—*King Lear.*
Thou of the soft low voice.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

Thou sweet musician that around my bed,
Dost nightly come and wind thy little horn,
By what unseen and secret influence led,
Feed'st thou my ear with music till 'tis morn?
The wind-harp's tones are not more soft than thine,
The hum of falling waters not more sweet,
I own, *indeed* I own thy song divine,
And when next year's warm summer night we meet,
(Till then farewell!) I promise thee to be
A patient listener to thy minstrelsy.

Thou tiny minstrel, who bid thee discourse
Such eloquent music? was't thy tuneful sire?
Some old musician? or did'st take a course
Of lessons from some master of the lyre?
Who bid thee twang so sweetly thy small trump?
Did Norton form thy notes so clear and full?
Art a phrenologist, and is thy bump
Of song developed on thy little skull?
At Niblo's hast thou been when crowds stood mute,
Drinking the bird-like tones of Cuddy's flute?

Tell me the burden of thy ceaseless song—
Is it thy evening hymn of grateful prayer?
Or lay of love, thou pipest through the long
Still night? With song dost drive away dull care?
Art thou a vieux garçon, a gay deceiver,
A wandering blade, roaming in search of sweets,
Pledging thy faith to every fond believer
Who thy advance with half-way shyness meets?
Or art o' the softer sex, and sing'st in glee
"In maiden meditation, fancy free."

Thou little Siren, when the nymphs of yore
Charmed with their songs till folks forgot to dine
And starved, though music fed, upon their shore,
Their voices breathed no softer lays than thine;
They sang but to entice, and thou dost sing
As if to lull our senses to repose,
That thou may'st use unharmed thy little sting
The very moment we begin to doze:
Thou worse than Syren, thirsty, fierce blood-sipper,
Thou living Vampire and thou Gallinipper.

Nature is full of music, sweetly sings
The bard (and thou sing'st sweetly too)
Through the wide circuit of created things,
Thou art the living proof the bard sings true.
Nature is full of thee: On every shore,
'Neath the hot sky of Congo's dusky child,
From warm Peru to icy Labrador,
The world's free citizen thou roamest wild.
Wherever "mountains rise or oceans roll,"
Thy voice is heard, from "Indus to the pole."

The incarnation of Queen Mab art thou,
And "Fancy's midwife,"—thou dost nightly sip
With amorous proboscis bending low,
The honey-dew from many a lady's lip—
(Though that they "straight on kisses dream" I doubt.)
On smiling faces and on eyes that weep,
Thou lightest, and oft with "sympathetic snout"
"Tickl'st men's noses as they lie asleep;"
And sometimes dwellest, if I rightly scan,
"On the forefinger of an alderman."

Yet thou canst glory in a noble birth,
As rose the sea-born Venus from the wave,
So didst thou rise to life; the teeming earth,
The living water, and the fresh air gave
A portion of their elements to create
Thy little form, though beauty dwells not there.
So lean and gaunt that economic fate
Meant thee to feed on music or on air.
Our veins' pure juices were not made for thee,
Thou living, singing, stinging atomy.

The hues of dying sunset are most fair,
And twilight's tints just fading into night,
Most dusky soft; and so thy soft robes are
By far the sweetest when thou tak'st thy flight,
The swan's last note is sweetest, so is thine;
Sweet are the wind harp's tones at distance heard;
'Tis sweet in distance at the day's decline,
To hear the opening song of evening's bird.
But notes of harp or bird at distance float
Less sweetly on the ear than thy last note.

The autumn winds are wailing: 'tis thy dirge;
Its leaves are sear, prophetic of thy doom.
Soon the cold rain will whelm thee, as the surge
Whelms the tost mariner in its watery tomb.
Then soar and sing thy little life away;
Albeit thy voice is somewhat husky now.
'Tis well to end in music life's last day,
Of one so gleeful and so blithe as thou.
For thou wilt soon live through its joyous hours,
And pass away with autumn's dying flowers.

### SONG—IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH.

If Jove, when he made this beautiful world,
Had only consulted me,
An ocean of wine should flow in the place
Of the brackish and bitter sea.
Red wine should pour from the fruitful clouds
In place of the tasteless rain,
And the fountains should bubble in ruby rills
To brim the sparkling main.

No fruit should grow but the round, full grape,
No bowers but the shady vine,
And of all earth's flowers, the queenly rose
Should alone in her beauty shine;
I'd have a few lakes for the choicest juice,
Where it might grow mellow and old,
And my lips should serve as a sluice to drain
Those seas of liquid gold.

Digitized by Google

CHARCOAL SKETCH OF POT PIE PALMER.

The poets have told us that it is of little use to be a great man, without possessing also a chronicler of one's greatness. Brave and wise men—perhaps the bravest and wisest that ever lived—have died and been forgotten, and all for the want of a poet or an historian to immortalize their valor or their wisdom. Immortality is not to be gained by the might of one man alone. Though its claimant be strong and terrible as an army with banners, he can never succeed without a trumpeter. He may embody a thousand minds; he may have the strength of a thousand arms—his enemies may quail before him as the degenerate Italians quailed before the ruthless sabaoth of the north; but without a chronicler of his deeds, he will pass by, like the rush of a whirlwind, with none to tell whence he cometh, or whither he goeth. A great man should always keep a literary friend in pay, for he may be assured that his greatness will never be so firmly established as to sustain itself without a prop. Achilles had his poet; and the anger of the nereid-born and Styx-dipped hero is as savage and bitter at this late day, as if he had just poured forth the vials of his wrath. The favorite son of the queen of love, albeit a pious and exemplary man, and free from most of the weaknesses of his erring but charming mother, might have travelled more than the wandering Jew, and, without the aid of a poet, the course of his voyage would now be as little known as the journal of a modern tourist, six months from the day of its publication. The fates decreed him a bard, and the world is not only intimate with every step of his wayfaring, but for hundreds of years it has been puzzling itself to discover his starting-place. There has lived but one man who has disdained the assistance of his fellow-mortals, and finished with his pen what he began with his sword. We refer to the author of Cæsar's Commentaries, the most accomplished gentleman, take him for all in all, that the world ever saw. Let us descend for a step or two in the scale of greatness, and see whence the lesser lights of immortality have derived their lustre. The Cretan Icarus took upon himself the office of a fowl, and was drowned for all his wings, yet floats in the flights of song, while the names of a thousand wiser and better men of his day passed away before their bodies had scarcely rotted. A poorer devil than the late Samuel Patch never cumbered this fair earth; but he is already embalmed in verse, and by one whose name cannot soon die. A cunning pen has engrossed the record of his deeds, and perfected his judgment roll of fame. He is a co-heir in glory with the boy of Crete—the one flew, and the other leaped, into immortality.

There is one name connected with the annals of our city, which should be snatched from oblivion. Would that a strong hand could be found to grasp it, for it is a feeble clutch that now seeks to drag it by the locks from the deep forgetfulness in which it is fast sinking. Scarcely ten years have passed, since the last bell of the last of the bellmen was rung, since the last joke of the joke-master general of our goodly metropolis was uttered, since the last song of our greatest street-minstrel was sung, and the last laugh of the very soul of laughter was pealed forth. Scarcely ten years have passed, and the public recollection of the man who made more noise in the world than any other of his time, is already dim and shadowy and unsubstantial. A brief notice of this extraordinary man has found admittance into the ephemeral columns of a newspaper. We will endeavor to enter his immortality of record in a place where future ages will be more likely to find it. As Dr. Johnson would have said, "of Pot Pie Palmer, let us indulge the pleasing reminiscence."

The character of Pot Pie Palmer was a kindly mingling of the elements of good-nature, gentleness of spirit, quickness and delicacy of perception, an intuitive knowledge of mankind, and an ambition, strange and peculiar in its aspirations, but boundless. There were sundry odd veins and streaks which ran through and wrinkled this goodly compound, in the shape of quips and quirks and quiddities, which crossed each other at such strange angles, and turned round such short corners, that few were able to analyse the moral anatomy of the man. It is not strange then, that his character should have been generally misunderstood. He was a jester by profession, but he was no mime. Unlike a clown at a country fair, who grins for half-pence, he asked no compensation for his services in the cause of public mirth. He was a volunteer in the business of making men merry, for it was no part of his calling to put the world in good humor, and it has never been hinted that he received a shilling from the corporation for his extra services in the cause of happiness and contentment. He might have been as serious as his own cart-horse, without the slightest risk of losing his place. If he had preserved a becoming gravity, he might have aspired to a higher office than that of the chief of the corporation scavengers; for a long face has ever been a passport to preferment. But he disdained to leave his humble calling as long as he was sure he could remain at its head. He knew full well that there were few who could chime with him, and he would play second to no man's music. He was mirthful, partly from a spirit of philanthropy, and partly because he was so filled with gleeful and fantastic associations, that they overflowed in spite of him. He was not merely a passive instrument that required the cunning touch of a master to awaken its music, or like a wind-harp that is voiceless till the wind sweeps over it. He was a piece of mechanism that played of its own accord, and was never mute, and his notes were as varied as those of a mock-bird. If there were those around him who could enjoy a joke, he offered them a fair share of it, and bade them partake of it and be thankful to the giver: and if there was no one at hand with whom to divide it, he swallowed it himself—and with an appetite that would make a dyspeptic forget that he had a stomach.

He was the incarnation of a jest. His face was a broad piece of laughter, done in flesh and blood. His nose had a whimsical twist, as the nose of a humorist should have. His mouth had become elongated by frequent cachinnations; for his laugh was of most extraordinary dimensions, and required a wide portal to admit it into the free air, and his eyes twinkled and danced about in his head as if they were determined to have a full share in the fun that was going on. Time had seamed his brow, but had also endued it with a soft and mellow beauty; for the spirit of mirth was at his side when he roughened the old man's visage, and had planted a smile in every furrow.

Pot Pie Palmer, like many other great men, was indifferent to the duties of the toilet; but it was not for want of a well appointed wardrobe, for he seldom made his appearance twice in the same dress; and it is not an insignificant circumstance in his biography, that he was the last distinguished personage that appeared in public in a cocked hat. In dress, manners, and appearance, he stuck to the old school, and there was nothing new about him but his jokes. He would sometimes, in a moment of odd fancy, exhibit himself in a crownless hat and bootless feet, probably in honor of his ancestors, the Palmers of yore, who wore their sandal shoon and scallop shell. It may be well to remark, while on the subject of

Digitized by Google

his wardrobe, that there is not the slightest foundation for the rumor that Mr. Palmer wore red flannel next to his person. This mistake has probably arisen from the fact that he was seen dressed in scarlet at a fourth of July celebration. We are able to state, from the very best authority, that cotton and not wool was the raw material from which his dress on that occasion was fabricated, his outer garment having been a superb specimen of domestic calico; and that he assumed it for three especial reasons—firstly, in honor of the day—secondly, to encourage our infant manufactures, in the cause of which his exertions had always been active—and thirdly, because he had received a special invitation to dine with the common council.

Pot Pie Palmer was an autocrat within his own realms of humor. He had no peer in the joyous art. His whim-whams were his own, and he was the only professed wit that ever lived who was not addicted to plagiarism. He was a knight-errant in the cause of jollity. His worshipped ladye-love was an intellectual abstraction, the disembodied spirit of fun, and wo to the challenger who was bold enough to call her good qualities in question. It was rough tilting with the old but gallant knight. We have been witness to more than one tournament in which an essenced carpet knight cried craven, and left the ancient warrior in full possession of the field. But gentleness was the ordinary wont, as it was the nature of Pot Pie Palmer. He knew that to be the sad burden of his merry song, was a nine days' melancholy immortality even to the humblest, and it went to his heart to see a man laugh on the wrong side of his mouth. His humors were all in the spirit of kindness. He "carried no heart-stain away on his blade;" or if he incautiously inflicted a wound, he was ever ready to pour into it the oil and wine of a merry whim, so that its smart was scarcely felt before it was healed.

Pot Pie was a poet; for where humor is, poetry cannot be far off. They are akin to each other; and if their relationship be not sisterly, it is only so far removed as to make their union more thrillingly delightful. No one could tell where his songs came from, and it was a fair presumption that they were his own. He has been considered by many the only perfect specimen of an improvisatore that this country has ever produced. His lays were always an echo to the passing scenes around him. Like the last minstrel, he had songs for all ears. The sooty chimney-sweep who walked by, chanting his cheery song, was answered in notes that spoke gladness to his heart, and the poor fuliginous blackamoor passed on, piping away more merrily than ever. The anomalous biped who drove a clam-cart, would needs stop a moment for a word of kindness from Pot Pie, and he would be sure to get it, for the Palmer was not a proud man. In the expansive character of his humor, he knew no distinctions. Even in his jokes with his brother bellmen, there was no assumption of superiority. He disdained to triumph over their dulness, and he rather sought to instil into their bosoms a portion of his own fire.

It was a part, nay the very essence of his calling, to receive from the tenants of the underground apartments of the houses where he had the honor to call, those superfluous vegetable particles which are discarded—especially in warm weather—from the alimentary preparations of well-regulated families. There was a smile resting on his cheek—a smile of benevolence—as the dusky lady of the lower cabinet transferred her odorous stores into his capacious cart; a graceful touch of his time-worn and dilapidated ram-beaver, and a loud compliment was roared forth in tones that made the passers-by prick up their ears, and the dingy female would rush in evident confusion down the cellar-steps, seemingly abashed at the warmth of his flattery, while at the next moment there would peal up from the depths, a ringing laugh that told how the joyous spirit of the negress had been gladdened, and that the bellman had uttered the very sentiment that was nearest her heart. He had his delicate allusions when the buxom grisette or simpering chambermaid presented herself at the door, half coy and half longing for a word of kindness, or perchance of flattery, and they were sure never to go away unsatisfied. For though there were tossings of pretty heads, and pert flings of well-rounded forms, and blushes which seemed to speak more of shame than of pleasure, you would be sure if you gave a glance the moment after at the upper casements, to see faces peering forth, glowing with laughter and delight.

Palmer's genius resembled that of Rabelais, for his humor was equally broad and equally uncontrollable. We have said that he was a poet, a street-minstrel of the very first rank. He threw a grace, beyond the reach of art, over the unwashed beauties of a scavenger's cart. It was to him a triumphal chariot, a car of honor: he needed no heralds to precede its march, no followers to swell its train; for he made music enough to trumpet the coming of a score of conquerors, and the boys followed him in crowds as closely as if they had been slaves chained to his chariot. He was to the lean and solemn beast that drew him on with the measured pace of an animal in authority, like the merry Sancho to his dappled ass. There never was a more practical antithesis than the horse and his master; and it must have been a dull beast that would not have caught a portion of the whim and spirit of such a companion. Unfortunately, the pedigree of Palmer's steed has been lost; and it will continue to be an unsettled point whether he came honestly by his dulness, or whether nature had made him dull in one of her pranksome moods. It is still more uncertain whether Palmer selected him out of compassion, or for the sake of making the stupidity of the animal a foil to his own merry humors.

Palmer carried us back to the latter part of the middle ages, when ladye love and minstrel rhyme were the ambition and the ruling passion of the bard-warriors of the time. The love of song was part of his nature; and he was enough of a modern to know that a song was worth little without a fitting accompaniment. With a boldness and originality that marked the character of the man, he selected an instrument devoted to any other purpose than that of music; and so great did his skill become, aided by an excellent ear and a perfect command of hand, that, had he possessed the advantages of admission into fashionable society, there is every reason to believe that the humble bell would soon have rivalled the ambitious violin. He was the Paganini of bellmen, the Apollo of street-music. He modulated the harmony of voice and hand with such peculiar skill, that the separate sounds flowed into each other as if they had been poured forth together from the same melodious fount. No harsh discord jarred upon the ear—no false note could be detected. His voice was naturally deficient in softness, and ill-adapted to express the tender emotions; but he had cultivated it so admirably, and managed its powers with such peculiar skill, that none could tell what might have been its original defects. He preferred the old and simple ballad style to the scientific quavering of more modern times. In his day, we had no Italian opera, and he was without a rival.

Palmer was a public man, and it is in his public character we speak of him. Little is known of his

Digitized by Google

private life, or the secret motives and hidden springs which moved him to aspire to notoriety. There is a flying rumor that in his early years he was visited by a fortune-teller, who prophesied that he would make a noise in the world, and that the sybil's prediction was the cause of his aspiring to the office of corporation bellman. Our authority upon this point is apocryphal, and it must be strong evidence to convince us that superstition was a weakness that found admittance into Pot Pie's bosom. He was probably an obscure man previous to his taking upon himself the cares of public office; for we are assured by a highly respectable citizen, that it required the influence of strong political friends to secure him his situation. It is equally probable that he was not in affluent circumstances, as it is known that, on being inducted into office, he had not two shillings about him to pay the necessary fees: and that he made a compromise with the mayor, on that occasion, by advancing a number of first-rate jokes, which his honor was kind enough to receive as collateral security for the payment of his official demand. On taking possession of his office, he found that he was engaged in a calling which was in bad odor. Its ordinary duties were mechanical. He was brought in contact, in the transaction of his business, chiefly with the lower classes. His brothers in office were little better than patient drudges, who had no soul beyond receiving their stipulated salaries. Finding that his office could give him little reputation, he determined to give reputation to his office. He courted popularity, not by the arts of a demagogue, but by kindness and courtesy to all around him. He would occasionally throw a joke by the way-side; and, if it took root and produced good fruit, he would sow another in the same soil; and he thus continued his husbandry, until a blooming harvest of ripe humors and full-grown conceits had sprung up wherever he had passed. It is not improbable that Palmer's figure was in the mind's eye of our Bryant when he spoke of "a living blossom of the air." It is not strange that his popularity should soon have become general, but it is not a little singular that it should have experienced no ebb and flow. The fickle breath of popular favor was to him a breeze that always blew from the same point of the compass. During his long public career, there was no interval of diminished reputation, no brief period of questioned authority. He swayed the sceptre of his wit firmly to the last; and when it departed from his hand, there was none bold enough to claim it.

To form a correct estimate of the powers of one who, in one of the humblest pursuits of life—a pursuit calculated to beget and keep alive narrow and sordid views, to check all noble aspirations, all ambition for fame in the eyes of the world, and to lessen a man in his own eyes, had the spirit to soar above the common duties of his calling, to create himself a name, and to make himself the lion of his day, the wonder of his time, outrivalling all cotemporary lions and all imported wonders, and who had the ability to effect all this, we must place the bellman and his calling alongside of other men whose situations in life, in point of conventional respectability, are on a par with his. The collectors of anthracite coal-dust are as ambitious as he was to make a noise in the world, and they blow their trumpets as loudly as if they aspired to imitate the example of the conqueror of Jericho, and to make the walls of our city to crumble before their blast. But, like ranting actors, they only split the ears of the groundlings. There is nothing poetical in the shrill blast of their horns; and we have never seen one of them whom our imagination could body forth into any other shape than that of an everyday matter of fact, vulgar dustman. We are like the unpoetical clown—

> A cowslip by the river's brim
> A yellow cowslip was to him,
> But it was nothing more.

So in our eyes, a collector of ashes is simply a collector of ashes, and that is all we know or care about him. No Napoleon of his order has arisen among this class. No man of his time has sprung, phœnix-like, from the ashes. Had the noisy tin-trumpet, instead of the clanging bell, been the emblem of Palmer's office, how would its base and common notes have been softened and melted into melody, till they spoke such eloquent music as even, in these latter days, visits not the ears of common mortals. Even the fame of poor Willis might have been dimmed; and the Kent-bugle, which he charmed into the utterance of such melting melody, might have been pronounced an inferior instrument to the mellow horn, when breathing the airs and variations of Pot Pie Palmer. The dull man of ashes, though possessing, as the emblem of his calling, a musical instrument, the very mention of which awakens a hundred stirring associations, has so far neglected the advantages of his situation, as to make himself the most unpoetical and unendurable of street-bores. Is there a milkman in the land who is distinguished for any thing beyond a peculiar art in mixing liquors, and for combining, with a greater or less degree of skill, lacteal and aqueous fluids? We have never seen the man. Descend in the scale. The sooty sweep, though he has a special license from the corporation to sing when and where he pleases, though the only street minstrel acknowledged and protected by our laws, is still regarded by the public eye as the poorest and humblest of all God's creatures; and there is no instance on record of his having, even in his most climbing ambition, aspired to any other elevation than the chimney-top. In brief, there is no humble public employment, no low dignity of office, with the single exception of that of the corporation bellmen, that can furnish an instance of its possessor having arrayed it in poetry and beauty; and to Pot Pie Palmer belongs the undivided and undisputed honor

> Green be the laurels on the Palmer's brow.

But, says some cynical critic, "where are the jests of your Yorick, where is the recorded or remembered proof of his wit, his music, or his poetry? Let us have some single specimen of those powers which you are applauding to the echo, or at least furnish us with some traits from which we can picture to ourselves the moral physiognomy of the man?" To this we have several answers. The fame of Pot Pie Palmer, to be secure, must rest chiefly on tradition. A dim legendary immortality will outlast all other kinds of fame, for no one can call its title in question. Its very dimness invests it with a soft poetic halo that lingers over and brightens it, giving it the enchantment of distance, and arraying it with mystic beauty. We abhor a downright matter of fact, palpable reputation, for sure as it is tangible, it is equally sure to be meddled with, and perhaps pulled to pieces. We wish to preserve, if possible, the fabric of Palmer's fame, from the touch of hands that would but discompose its delicate and fairy handiwork. Besides, we are fearful of marring a good joke by repeating it awkwardly. The spirit and soul of the Palmer are necessary to him who would repeat the Palmer's jokes. His was unwritten humor. We have sought diligently, but without success, for some account of his private life, but we have completely failed in our search. We are enabled to state, however, on the very best authority, that the Pot Pie

Digitized by Google

papers, which have been preserved with religious care by his family, will in due time either be given to the public, or made use of as the basis of an article in the next edition of American Biography; and we think that Palmer's chance for fame is at least on a par with nine out of ten of those who figure in that department of the Dictionary of Universal Knowledge.

Poor old Pot Pie! The memory of the kind-hearted and joyous old man is sweet and savory. We think of him as one of those who were pleasant in their lives; while in his death he and his jests were not divided. They went down to the tomb together. Time, the beautifier, has already shed its soft lustre over the recollection of his humble cart and its odoriferous contents; and we think of it as sending forth to the pure air a perfume like the aroma breathed from a field of spices. We look in vain for a successor to fill the place left vacant by his departure; for a voice as blithe and cheery as his; for so cunning a hand; for a visage that beamed forth more mirth than Joe Miller ever wrote; for taste in vestimental architecture so arabesque and grotesque, and yet in such admirable unison with the humor of the man; for that intuitive perception of the character of human clay as never to throw away a jest upon a fruitless soil; and for so plentiful a garner of the seeds of mirth as to scatter them in daily profusion, while, like the oil of the widow's cruse, they never wasted. We do not think of him as of a hoary Silenus, mirthful from the effect of bacchanalian orgies, or as the Momus of this nether world, most witty when most ill-natured, or as of George Buchanan, or any other king's fool, for there is degradation connected with these jesters—but as the admirable Crichton of his time, the glass of fashion and the mould of form to the corporation scavengers, "the rose of the fair state," as one whose combination and whose form were such that, of all his class, we can select him alone and say, "here was a bellman." Glorious old Pot Pie!

> His name is now a portion in the batch
> Of the heroic dough which baking Time
> Kneads for everstanding ages—and the chime
> Of Fame's old bells, long as they truly ring,
> Shall tell of him.

### THEODORE S. FAY.

Theodore S. Fay was born in the city of New York. After receiving a liberal education he studied law, and at an early age commenced a literary career as a contributor to the New York Mirror, of which he subsequently became one of the editors. In 1832 he published *Dreams and Reveries of a Quiet Man*, a collection in two volumes of his articles in the Mirror, including a series of papers on New York society entitled the Little Genius. The remaining portion is occupied with tales, essays, and editorial comments on the passing events of city life.

Mr. Fay sailed for Europe in 1833, and passed the three following years in travel. During his absence he wrote a record of his wanderings with the title of *The Minute Book*, and in 1835 published his first novel, *Norman Leslie*. The incidents of the plot are derived from those of a murder which occurred in New York at the commencement of the century, the public interest in which was greatly increased by the array of legal talent enlisted in the trial of the case; Burr, Hamilton, and Edward Livingston appearing for the prisoner, and Cadwallader D. Colden, the District Attorney, for the state. The novel is well managed and interesting. It met with a rapid sale, and a dramatized version by Miss Louisa H. Medina was played for several nights at the Bowery theatre.

Theo. S. Fay.

In 1837 Mr. Fay received the appointment of Secretary of Legation at Berlin, a post he retained, to the great gratification of all American travellers who visited that city, until 1853, when he was promoted to the post of Minister Resident at Berne, where he still remains. In 1840 he published a second novel, *The Countess Ida*, the scenes of which are laid in Europe. The plot involves the discouragement of the practice of duelling by exhibiting a hero who, possessed of undisputed personal bravery, displays a higher degree of courage in refusing to accept, or be led into offering a challenge. This was followed in 1843 by a novel of similar length and similar purpose, entitled *Hoboken, a Romance of New York*. The selection of this locality, which has obtained a celebrity in national annals as well as the records of the society of the adjoining city, in connexion with this miserable remnant of the barbarous uses of rude and lawless times, shows his earnestness in the denunciation of the evil.

Mr. Fay has since published *Robert Rueful* and *Sidney Clifton*, two short tales, and in 1851 a poetical romance entitled *Ulric, or The Voices*, the design of which is to show that the temptings of the evil one, the "voices" of the poem, may be driven back by resolute endeavor and Christian faith. The scene is laid in the early days of the Reformation, but has little to do with the historic events of the period. Ulric is a young noble of Germany, and the action of the poem occurs among the beautiful scenes and picturesque castles of the Rhine, advantages of which the author avails himself in many passages of effective description.

THE RHINE—FROM ULRIC.

> Oh come, gentle pilgrim,
> From far distant strand,

Digitized by Google

Come, gaze on the pride
Of the old German land.
On that wonder of nature,
That vision divine
Of the past and the present,
The exquisite Rhine.
As soft as a smile,
And as sweet as a song,
Its famous old billows
Roll murm'ring along.
From its source on the mount
Whence it flies in the sea,
It flashes with beauty
As bright as can be.
With the azure of heaven,
Its first waters flow,
And it leaps like an arrow
Escaped from a bow;
While reflecting the glories
Its hill-sides that crown,
It then sweeps in grandeur
By castle and town.
And when, from the red
Gleaming tow'rs of Mayence
Enchanted thou'rt borne
In bewildering trance,
By death-breathing ruin,
By life-giving wine—
By thy dark-frowning turrets,
Old Ehrenbreitstein!
To where the half magic
Cathedral looks down
On the crowds at its base,
Of the ancient Cologne,
While in rapture thy dazzled
And wondering eyes
Scarce follow the pictures,
As bright, as they rise,
As the dreams of thy youth,
Which thou vainly wouldst stay,
But they float, from thy longings,
Like shadows away.
Thou wilt find on the banks
Of the wonderful stream,
Full many a spot
That an Eden doth seem.
And thy bosom will ache
With a secret despair,
That thou canst not inhabit
A landscape so fair,
And fain thou wouldst linger
Eternity there.

AN OUTLINE SKETCH.

The young Lord D. yawned. Why did the young lord yawn? He had recently come into ten thousand a year. His home was a palace. His sisters were angels. His cousin was—in love with him. He, himself, was an Apollo. His horses might have drawn the chariot of Phœbus, but in their journey around the globe, would never have crossed above grounds more Eden-like than his. Around him were streams, lawns, groves, and fountains. He could hunt, fish, ride, read, flirt, sleep, swim, drink, muse, write, or lounge. All the appliances of affluence were at his command. The young Lord D. was the admiration and envy of all the country. The young Lord D.'s step sent a palpitating flutter through many a lovely bosom. His smile awakened many a dream of bliss and wealth. The Lady S.,—that queenly woman, with her majestic bearing, and her train of dying adorers, grew lovelier and livelier beneath the spell of his smile; and even Ellen B.,—the modest, beautiful creature, with her large, timid, tender blue eyes, and her pouting red lips—that rose-bud—sighed audibly, only the day before, when he left the room—and yet—and yet—the young Lord D. yawned.

It was a rich still hour. The afternoon sunlight overspread all nature. Earth, sky, lake, and air were full of its dying glory, as it streamed into the apartment where they were sitting, through the foliage of a magnificent oak, and the caressing tendrils of a profuse vine, that half buried the verandah beneath its heavy masses of foliage.

"I am tired to death," said the sleepy lord.

His cousin Rosalie sighed.

"The package of papers from London is full of news, and——" murmured her sweet voice timidly.

"I hate news."

"The poetry in the New Monthly is——"

"You set my teeth on edge. I have had a surfeit of poetry."

"Ellen B. is to spend the day with us to-morrow."

Rosalie lifted her hazel eyes full upon his face.

"Ellen B.!" drawled the youth, "she is a child, a pretty child. I shall ride over to Lord A.'s."

Rosalie's face betrayed that a mountain was off her heart.

"Lord A. starts for Italy in a few weeks," said Rosalie.

"Happy dog!"

"He will be delighted with Rome and Naples."

"Rome and Naples," echoed D., in a musing voice.

"Italy is a delightful, heavenly spot," continued his cousin, anxious to lead him into conversation.

"So I'm told," said Lord D., abstractedly.

"It is the garden of the world," rejoined Rosalie.

Lord D. opened his eyes. He evidently was just struck with an idea. Young lords with ten thousand a year are not often troubled with ideas. He sprang from his seat. He paced the apartment twice. His countenance glowed. His eyes sparkled.

"Rose—"

"Cousin—"

What a beautiful break. Rose trembled to the heart. Could it be possible that he was ——.

He took her hand. He kissed it, eagerly, earnestly, and enthusiastically.

She blushed and turned away her face in graceful confusion.

"Rose!"

"Dear, *dear* cousin!"—

"I have made up my mind."

"Charles!—"

"To-morrow!"

"Heavens!"

"I will start for Italy."

---

Ocean! Superb—endless—sublime, rolling, tumbling, dashing, heaving, foaming—*cœlum undique et undique pontus*. Lord D. gazed around. The white cliffs of Dover were fading in the distance. Farewell, England. It is a sweet melancholy, this bidding adieu to a mass—a speck in the horizon—a mere cloud, yet which contains in its airy and dim outline all that you ever knew of existence.

"Noble England!" ejaculated Lord D., "and dear mother—Ellen B.—pretty fawn—Rose too—sweet pretty dear Rose—what could mean those glittering drops that hung upon her lashes when I said adieu? Can it be that?—pshaw—I am a coxcomb. What! Rose? the little sunshiny Rose—the cheerful philosopher—the logical—the studious—the—the—the—!"

Alas! alas! What are logic, study, cheerfulness, philosophy, sunshine, to a warm-hearted girl of twenty—in love?

Digitized by Google

Lord D. went below.

---

Italy *is* a paradise. Surely Adam looked on such skies, such rivers, such woods, such mountains, such fields. How lavish, how bright, how rich is every thing around. Lord D. guided his horse up a mountain near Rome. The sun had just set; the warm heavens stretched above him perfectly unclouded; what a time to muse! what a place! The young nobleman fell into a reverie, which, the next moment, was broken by a shout of terror—the clashing of arms—a pistol shot, and a groan. He flew to the spot. A youth of twenty lay at the root of a tall tree, weltering in his blood. The assassin, terrified at the sight of a stranger, fled.

"I die," murmured the youth, with ashy lips.

"Can I aid you?" asked Lord D., thrilling with horror and compassion.

"Take this box. It contains jewels, and a *secret*, which I would not have revealed for the world. Carry it to England, to the Duke of R—. Open it not, no matter what happens. Swear never to reveal to any human being that you possess it—swear."

Lord D. hesitated.

"My life-blood ebbs away apace. Speak, oh speak, and bless a dying man—swear."

"I swear."

"Enough. I thank you—hide it in your bosom. God bless you—my—England—never see—home—again—never, nev—."

The full round moon, beautifully bright, went solemnly up the azure track of sky.

Lord D. dashed a tear from his eye, as he gazed on the pallid features of the youth, who stretched himself out in the last shuddering agony and convulsion of death. He placed his hand upon the stranger's bosom. The heart had ceased to beat. No longer the crimson gore flowed from the wound. The light foam stood on his pale lips.

"And he has a mother," said the chilled nobleman —"and a once happy home. For their sake, as well as his, his wishes shall be obeyed."

The tread of horses' feet came to his ear, and shouts and confused voices.

Lord D. thought the fugitive ruffian was returning with more of the gang.

"Shall I fly like a coward?" was his first thought; but again, he said, "why should I waste my life upon a set of banditti?"

He sprang to his saddle, in his hurry leaving behind him a kerchief—dashed the rowels into the flanks of the snorting steed, and was presently lost in the winding paths of the forest.

---

The midnight moon was shining silently into the apartment, as Lord D.'s eyes closed in sleep, after having lain for some time lost in thought upon his couch. His senses gradually melted into dreams.

"Ah Rosalie. Dear Rosalie."

The maiden suddenly grasped his throat with the ferocity of a fiend, when—ha! no Rosalie—but the iron gripe of a muscular arm dragged him from the bed, and shook his idle dreams to air.

"Bind the villain!" said a hoarse voice.

"Away, away to the duke's!"

Bewildered, indignant, alarmed, the astonished lord found himself bound, and borne to a carriage—the beautiful and soft fragments of Italian scenery flew by the coach windows.

---

If you would freeze the heart of an Englishman, and yet suffocate him with anger, thrust him into a dungeon. Lord D. never was so unceremoniously assisted to a change of location. A black-browed, dark-complexioned, mustachio-lipped soldier hurled him down a flight of broken steps, and threw after him a bundle of clothes.

"By St. George, my friend, if I had you on the side of a green English hill, I would make your brains and bones acquainted with an oaken cudgel. The uncivilized knave."

He lay for hours on a little straw. By-and-by some one came in with a lamp.

"Pray, friend, where am I?"

The stranger loosened his cord, and motioned him to put on his clothes. He did so—unable to repress the occasional explosion of an honest, heartfelt execration. When his toilet was completed, his guide took him by the arm, and led him through a long corridor, till, lo! a blaze of sunshiny daylight dazzled his eyes.

---

"You are accused of murder," said the duke, in French.

"Merciful Providence!" ejaculated D.

"Your victim was found weltering in his blood at your feet. You left this kerchief on his body. It bears your name. By your hand he fell. You have been traced to your lodgings. You must die."

---

A witness rushed forward to bear testimony in favor of the prisoner. Lord D. *could* not be the perpetrator of such a crime. He was a nobleman of honor and wealth.

"Where are his letters?"

He had brought none.

"What is the result of the search which I ordered to be made at his lodgings?"

"This box, my lord duke, and—"

The box was opened. It contained a set of superb jewels, the miniature of the murdered youth, and of a fair creature, probably his mistress.

Lord D. started.

"By heavens, it is Rosalie! I am thunderstruck."

"Enough," said the duke, "guilt is written in every feature. Wretch, murderer! To the block with him. To-morrow at daybreak let his doom be executed. Nay, sir, lower that high bearing, those fiery and flashing eyes, that haughty and commanding frown. Not thus should you meet your Creator."

---

Night, deep night. How silent! How sublime! The fated lord lay watching the sky, through the iron grating of his cell.

"Ah, flash on, myriads of overhanging worlds—ye suns, whose blaze is quenched by immeasurable distance. To-morrow just so with your calm, bright, everlasting faces, ye will look down upon my grave. Jupiter, brilliant orb! How lustrous! How wonderful! Ha! the north star—ever constant! Axis on which revolves this stupendous, heavenly globe. How often *at home* I have watched thy beams, with Rosalie on my arm. Rosalie, *dear* Rosalie—"

"I come to save you," said a soft, sweet voice.

"What! Boy—who art thou? Why dost—"

The young stranger took off his cap.

"No—yes! That forehead—those eyes—enchanting girl—angel—"

"Hush!" said Rosalie, laying her finger upon her lip.

---

Ocean—again—the deep, magnificent ocean—and life and freedom.

"Blow, grateful breeze—on, on, over the washing billows, light-winked bark. Ha! land ahead! England! Rosalie, my girl, see—"

Again on her lashes tears stood glittering.

Digitized by Google

How different from those that—

---

Onward, like the wind, revolve the rattling wheels. The setting sun reveals the tall groves, the great oak, the lawns, the meadows, the fountains.

"My mother!"

"My son!"

"Friends!"

A package from the duke.

"The murderer of ——— is discovered, and has paid the forfeit of his crimes. Will Lord D. again visit Italy!"

"Ay, with my *wife*—with Rosalie."

"And with *letters* and a *good character*," said Rosalie. archly.

### WILLIAM COX.

THE author of two volumes, entitled *Crayon Sketches, by an Amateur*, published in New York in 1833, with a preface by Mr. Theodore S. Fay, was an Englishman by birth, who came to America early in life to practise his calling of a printer. He found employment in the *Mirror*, conducted by General Morris, and made a literary reputation by contributing a series of sketches to its columns. These were in a happy vein of humor and criticism, in a style of ease and simplicity, satirizing the literary infirmities of the times, hitting off popular actors—the writer being a genuine member of the old Park Pit—and discussing various pleasantries of the author's own. The essays pleased men of taste and good sense. One of them, in particular, a sketch of the old city constable Jacob Hays, "written during an awful prevalence of biographies," gained great celebrity at the time. Mr. Cox having reviewed the Miscellanies of Sands in the Mirror, Mr. Gulian C. Verplanck, in his life of that author, thus acknowledged the compliment:—"This was William Cox, who shortly after became a regular contributor to American periodical literature, and has since gained an enviable literary reputation by his *Crayon Sketches*, a series of essays full of originality, pleasantry, and wit, alternately reminding the reader of the poetical eloquence of Hazlitt, and the quaint humor and eccentric tastes of Charles Lamb."

Mr. Cox, after writing for a number of years for the Mirror, returned to England. His circumstances, we believe, were prosperous. He occasionally sent a genial letter in his old style to his friend Morris's Home Journal, where his acquaintances one day, we think in 1851, were pained to read his obituary.

#### BIOGRAPHY OF JACOB HAYS.

He is a man, take him for all in all
We shall not look upon his like again.
SHAKESPEARE.

Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to introduce to your acquaintance, Baron *Nabem*, a person who has a very *taking* way with him.—*Tom and Jerry*.

Perhaps there is no species of composition so generally interesting and truly delightful as minute and indiscriminate biography, and it is pleasant to perceive how this taste is gradually increasing. The time is apparently not far distant when every man will be found busy writing the life of his neighbor, and expect to have his own written in return, interspersed with original anecdotes, extracts from epistolary correspondence, the exact hours at which he was in the habit of going to bed at night and getting up in the morning, and other miscellaneous and useful information carefully selected and judiciously arranged. Indeed, it is whispered that the editors of this paper* intend to take Longworth's Directory for the groundwork, and give the private history of all the city alphabetically, without "fear or favor—love or affection." In Europe there exists an absolute biographical mania, and they are manufacturing lives of poets, painters, play-actors, peers, pugilists, pick-pockets, horse jockeys, and their horses, together with a great many people that are scarcely known to have existed at all. And the fashion now is not only to shadow forth the grand and striking outlines of a great man's character, and hold to view those qualities which elevated him above his species, but to go into the minutiæ of his private life, and note down all the trivial expressions and every-day occurrences in which, of course, he merely spoke and acted like any ordinary man. This not only affords employment for the exercise of the small curiosity and meddling propensities of his officious biographer, but is also highly gratifying to the general reader, inasmuch as it elevates him mightily in his own opinion to see it put on record that great men ate, drank, slept, walked, and sometimes talked just as he does. In giving the biography of the high constable of this city, I shall by all means avoid descending to undignified particulars; though I deem it important to state, before proceeding further, that there is not the slightest foundation for the report afloat that Mr. Hays has left off eating buckwheat cakes in a morning, in consequence of their lying too heavily on his stomach.

Where the subject of the present memoir was born, can be but of little consequence; who were his father and mother, of still less; and how he was bred and educated, of none at all. I shall therefore pass over this division of his existence in eloquent silence, and come at once to the period when he attained the acmé of constabulatory power and dignity by being created high constable of this city and its suburbs; and it may be remarked, in passing, that the honorable the corporation, during their long and unsatisfactory career, never made an appointment more creditable to themselves, more beneficial to the city, more honorable to the country at large, more imposing in the eye of foreign nations, more disagreeable to all rogues, nor more gratifying to honest men, than that of the gentleman whom we are biographizing, to the high office he now holds. His acuteness and vigilance have become proverbial; and there is not a misdeed committed by any member of this community, but he is speedily admonished that he will "have old Hays [as he is affectionately and familiarly termed] after him." Indeed, it is supposed by many that he is gifted with supernatural attributes, and can see things that are hid from mortal ken; or how, it is contended, is it possible that he should, as he does,

Bring forth the secret'st man of blood?

That he can discover "undivulged crime"—that when a store has been robbed, he, without step or hesitation, can march directly to the house where the goods are concealed, and say, "these are they"—or, when a gentleman's pocket has been picked, that, from a crowd of unsavory miscreants he can, with unerring judgment, lay his hand upon one and exclaim "you're wanted!"—or, how is it that he is gifted with that strange principle of ubiquity that makes him "here, and there, and everywhere"

---

* The New York Mirror.

Digitized by Google

at the same moment? No matter how, so long as the public reap the benefit; and well may that public apostrophize him in the words of the poet:—

> Long may he live! our city's pride!
> Where lives the rogue, but flies before him!
> With trusty crabstick by his side,
> And staff of office waving o'er him.

But it is principally as a literary man that we would speak of Mr. Hays. True, his poetry is "unwritten," as is also his prose; and he has invariably expressed a decided contempt for philosophy, music, rhetoric, the *belles lettres*, the fine arts, and in fact all species of composition excepting bailiffs' warrants and bills of indictment—but what of that? The constitution of his mind is, even unknown to himself, decidedly poetical. And here I may be allowed to avail myself of another peculiarity of modern biography, namely, that of describing a man by what he is not. Mr. Hays has not the graphic power or antiquarian lore of Sir Walter Scott—nor the glittering imagery or voluptuous tenderness of Moore—nor the delicacy and polish of Rogers—nor the spirit of Campbell—nor the sentimentalism of Miss Landon—nor the depth and purity of thought and intimate acquaintance with nature of Bryant—nor the brilliant style and playful humor of Halleck—no, he is more in the petit larceny manner of Crabbe, with a slight touch of Byronic power and gloom. He is familiarly acquainted with all those interesting scenes of vice and poverty so fondly dwelt upon by that reverend chronicler of little villany, and if ever he can be prevailed upon to publish, there will doubtless be found a remarkable similarity in their works. His height is about five feet seven inches, but who makes his clothes we have as yet been unable to ascertain. His countenance is strongly marked, and forcibly brings to mind the lines of Byron when describing his Corsair:—

> There was a laughing devil in his sneer
> That raised emotions both of hate and fear;
> And where his glance of "apprehension" fell,
> Hope withering fled, and mercy sighed, farewell!

Yet with all his great qualities, it is to be doubted whether he is much to be envied. His situation certainly has its disadvantages. Pure and blameless as his life is, his society is not courted—no man boasts of his friendship, and few indeed like even to own him for an intimate acquaintance. Wherever he goes his slightest action is watched and criticized; and if he happen carelessly to lay his hand upon a gentleman's shoulder and whisper something in his ear, even that man, as if there were contamination in his touch, is seldom or never seen afterwards in decent society. Such things cannot fail to prey upon his feelings. But when did ever greatness exist without some penalty attached to it?

The first time that ever Hays was pointed out to me, was one summer afternoon, when acting in his official capacity in the city hall. The room was crowded in every part, and as he entered with a luckless wretch in his gripe, a low suppressed murmur ran through the hall, as if some superior being had alighted in the midst of them. He placed the prisoner at the bar—a poor coatless individual, with scarcely any edging and no roof to his hat—to stand his trial for bigamy, and then, in a loud, authoritative tone, called out for "silence," and there was silence. Again he spoke—"hats off there!" and the multitude became uncovered; after which he took his handkerchief out of his left-hand coat pocket, wiped his face, put it back again, looked sternly around, and then sat down. The scene was awful and impressive; but the odor was disagreeable in consequence of the heat acting upon a large quantity of animal matter congregated together. My olfactory organs were always lamentably acute: I was obliged to retire, and from that time to this, I have seen nothing, though I have heard much of the subject of this brief and imperfect, but, I trust, honest and impartial memoir.

Health and happiness be with thee, thou prince of constables—thou guardian of innocence—thou terror of evil-doers and little boys! May thy years be many and thy sorrows few—may thy life be like a long and cloudless summer's day, and may thy salary be increased! And when at last the summons comes from which there is no escaping—when the warrant arrives upon which no bail can be put in—when thou thyself, that hast "wanted" so many, art in turn "wanted and must go,"

> Mayst thou fall
> Into the grave as softly as the leaves
> Of the sweet roses on an autumn eve,
> Beneath the small sighs of the western wind,
> Drop to the earth!

## JOHN INMAN.

JOHN INMAN, for many years a prominent member of the New York press, as one of the editors of the Commercial Advertiser, was born at Utica, New York, in 1805. He was a brother of Henry Inman, the celebrated portrait painter.

Mr. Inman's progress in life was mainly due to his own exertions, his early advantages of education or influence having been slight. In 1823 he removed to North Carolina, where he remained for two years in charge of a school. The following twelve months were more agreeably occupied by a tour in Europe, earned by his previous toil. On his return he applied himself to the practice of the law, but in 1828 relinquished the profession and became an editor of the Standard, a New York newspaper. In 1830 he left this journal to connect himself with the Mirror.

In 1833 Mr. Inman married Miss Fisher, a sister of Miss Clara Fisher, Mrs. Vernon, and Mr. John Fisher, three of the best comedians of the "Old Park" stock company. In the same year he became an assistant to Colonel Stone in the editorship of the Commercial Advertiser. On the death of Colonel Stone in 1844, he succeeded to the chief charge of the journal, a position which he retained until incapacitated by his last illness from performing its duties.

Mr. Inman was also the editor for some years of the Columbian Magazine and of several volumes of selections, and a contributor to the New York Review, the Spirit of the Times, and several of the popular magazines, where his tales, and sketches, and occasional poems, were received with favor. His versatility as a writer may be estimated from the fact, that on one occasion he wrote an entire number of the Columbian Magazine when under his charge. He died on the 30th of March, 1850.

### THOUGHTS AT THE GRAVE OF A DEPARTED FRIEND.

> Loved, lost one, fare thee well—too harsh the doom
> That called thee thus in opening life away;
> Tears fall for thee; and at thy early tomb,
> I come at each return of this blest day,
> When evening hovers near, with solemn gloom,
> The pious debt of sorrowing thought to pay.
> For thee, blest spirit, whose loved form alone
> Here mouldering sleeps, beneath this simple stone.

Digitized by Google

But memory claims thee still; and slumber brings
Thy form before me as in life it came;
Affection conquers death, and fondly clings
Unto the past, and thee, and thy loved name;
And hours glide swiftly by on noiseless wings,
While sad discourses of thy loss I frame,
With her the friend of thy most tranquil years,
Who mourns for thee with grief too deep for tears.

*Sunday Evening.*

## HORATIO GREENOUGH.

HORATIO GREENOUGH, the first of the eminent sculptors of the country, and a refined and vigorous prose writer, was born at Boston, September 6, 1805. Like most artists, he early manifested a taste for his future calling.

"Having," says his biographer, Mr. Tuckerman, "a decided sense of form, a love of imitating it, and a mechanical aptitude which kept his knife, pencil, and scissors continually active, he employed hours in carving, drawing, and moulding toys, faces, and weapons, by way of amusing himself and his comrades. I have seen a head evidently taken from an old Roman coin, executed upon a bit of compact plaster about the size of a penny, admirably cut by Greenough with a penknife and common nail, while a schoolboy, seated upon the door-step of one of his neighbors. The lady who observed this achievement, preserved the little medal with religious care; and was the first to give the young sculptor a commission. It was for her that he executed the beautiful ideal bust of the Genius of Love. This propensity soon took a higher range. It was encouraged by the mechanics and professional men around him, whose good-will his agreeable manners and obvious genius propitiated. One kind artisan taught him the use of fine tools; a stone-cutter, of more than ordinary taste, instructed him to wield a chisel; benevolent librarians allowed him the use of plates, casts, and manuals; a physician gave him access to anatomical designs and illustrations; and Binon, a French artist, known by his bust of John Adams in Faneuil Hall, Boston, encouraged him to model at his side. Thus, as a mere schoolboy, did Greenough glean the rudiments of an artistic education without formal initiation. With eclectic wisdom he sought and found the aid he required, while exploring the streets of his native town; one day he might be seen poring over a folio, or contemplating a plaster copy of a famous statue; and, on another, exercising his mechanical ingenuity at the office of Solomon Willard, whose family name yet stamps, with traditional value, many an old dial-plate in New England; now he eagerly watches Alpheus Cary as he puts the finishing touch to a cherub's head on a tombstone; and, again, he stands a respectful devotee before Shaw or Coggswell, waiting for some treasured volume on the process or the results of his favorite art, from the shelves of Harvard and the Athenæum. Some of his juvenile triumphs are still remembered by his playmates—especially a pistol ornamented with relievo flowers in lead, a series of carriages moulded in bee's-wax, scores of wooden daggers tastefully carved, a lion couchant, modelled with a spoon from a pound of butter, to astonish his mother's guests at tea, elaborate card-paper plans for estates, and, as a climax to these childish yet graceful experiments, a little figure of Penn cut in chalk from an engraving of his statue in the Port-Folio."

At the age of sixteen he entered Harvard College. During his course at this institution he enjoyed the society of Washington Allston, an association from which he derived advantages which he always acknowledged with enthusiasm. Years after, when his reputation had been long established, he replied to an application for biographical information respecting his career, "A note to Allston's life might tell all of me that is essential."

Towards the close of his senior year Greenough sailed for Marseilles, and from thence to Rome, where he devoted himself so unremittingly to the prosecution of his art that he became, under the influence of malaria, so prostrated as to be forced to return home. The sea voyage restored him to health, and after a few months he returned to Italy, and established himself in Florence. Here he remained for some time without obtaining any adequate recognition of his powers, until he received from the novelist Cooper an order for the "Chaunting Cherubs," a work suggested by a portion of a painting by Raphael. "Fenimore Cooper," the artist remarked several years after, "saved me from despair after my return to Italy. He employed me as I wished to be employed; and up to this moment has been as a father to me."

It was in part owing to Cooper's exertions that Greenough obtained the order from Congress for his colossal Washington. On the completion of this work he returned home to superintend its erection.

In 1851 he again returned to the United States on a similar errand connected with his group of the Rescue, a work commemorative of the period of conflict with the Indian tribes in our history, and executed by order of Congress. Disgust with the change wrought in Florence by the reaction from the liberal triumphs of 1848, consigning the city to the despotism of military rule, and a desire to pursue his profession in his own country, furnished additional motives for the change. The transition from the quiet of an Italian studio to the activity of an American resident, desirous of taking his full share in the discussion of the agitated topics of the day, was one which excited as well as pleased him. He established himself at Newport, where he proposed to devote himself to his art; but this and other anticipations of usefulness and happiness were suddenly interrupted by an attack of brain fever, during the progress of which the patient was removed to the neighborhood of Boston, but without beneficial effect, his disease arriving at a speedy and fatal termination on the 18th of December, 1852.

A *Memorial of Horatio Greenough*, published in 1853, contains the only collection which has been made of his writings. These comprise a series of papers on the public works of the capitol city with the title of *Æsthetics at Washington*, essays on Social Theories, American Art and Architecture, on Beauty, a plan for the proposed Cooper monument, a scheme in which the writer took a deep interest, a defence of Trumbull's Declaration of Independence from the famous slur of Randolph, and a number of fragmentary remarks on various topics suggested by the study of nature



Digitized by Google

and art. He also planned a course of lectures on Art, two of which were completed and delivered.

THE DESECRATION OF THE FLAG.

An American citizen, standing here upon the pavement of the principal avenue of the Metropolis, sees five ensigns of the United States flying within sight of each other. Two of these flags float over the halls of Congress, and announce a session of both branches of the legislature; a third adorns the roof of an omnibus as a gala decoration; a fourth appears on the roof-tree of a new hotel as a sign, or perhaps puff extraordinary; a fifth marks the site of an engine-house. I cannot but think that several of these flags are misplaced. Their use at the Capitol has always struck my eye as appropriate and beautiful. The other instances of their appearance which I have mentioned seem an abuse, a desecration of the national symbol of Union.

There is always a tendency in every community to seize upon and make use of that which is public, or of general influence and widely recognised significance. The same holy symbol which surmounts the cupola of all Roman Catholic cathedrals, is made in Italy to answer the end which in England is effected by a bit of board, bearing the words "commit no nuisance." When the position which it is desired to protect is particularly exposed, the cross is repeated ten, twenty, fifty times, and is even reinforced by verses in honor of saints, martyrs, and the Holy Virgin. A foreigner is much shocked by such a practice. The natives smile at his squeamishness—they are used to it; yet they all quote "*nec Deus intersit, etc.*," readily enough upon other occasions.

It is very clear that the national flag, however some persons may smile at the assertion, has a deep and noble significance, one which we should hold sacred and do nothing to impair. Were it a mere "bit of bunting," as the British Foreign Secretary thoughtlessly or artfully styled it, why should we see it universally paraded?

I believe no one will deny that the colors of the Union hoisted at the dockyards and arsenals assert the national possession—that they proclaim the nationality of our merchant ships in foreign parts, and sanction the display of our naval power. These and the like occasions call for them, and their appearance has a value and expression of a peculiar kind. Is it doubtful that the dragging them through the streets by whosoever chooses so to do, the parading them upon taverns, and raree-shows, and other like trivial occasions, tends to degrade and weaken their special meaning and value? I may be told that the abuse, if such it be, is rather within the region of taste than of legal observance. I regret that it is so, because the whole matter has assumed its present aspect, because it is "nobody's business" to interfere. It is merely as a question of taste that I speak of it, and as such, I believe that a little reflection will show, that accustomed as we are to see the flag hung out "*a-propos de bottes*," and sometimes hanging downwards too, so as almost to touch the heads of the horses as they pass, our indifference to the desecration is merely a measure of use and wont, and analogous, though not equal, to the obtuseness of the Catholic, who uses the cross of the Redeemer in lieu of a by-law or police regulation.

I have heard the right of each citizen to use the national flag stoutly maintained. I cannot see why the consular seal, or the gardens of the White House, are not equally at his mercy. There is another argument which may be called the *argumentum ad Buncombe*, and which might easily be resorted to to defend this and the like abuses, viz., That it is peculiarly American and democratic. The English long asserted a right to be coarse and uncourteous as a proof of sincerity and frankness. John Bull, they contended, was too honest to be civil. There is much nonsense of this sort in the old books. Excessive beer-drinking and other gluttonies were upheld as having some mysterious virtue in them. Sailors used to swear and blaspheme in a similar way. It was expected of them, and required no apology. When such notions yielded, as they must, to reflection and cultivation, it was seen at once that they had been only abuses or barbarisms ingeniously hitched on to other qualities, and identified with self-love.

JOHN R. BARTLETT.

JOHN R. BARTLETT was born at Providence, R. I., October 23, 1805, of an old Massachusetts family. He was educated at schools in Kingston and Montreal, in Canada, and at Lowville academy in the state of New York. On leaving school he was sent to Providence, his native place, and engaged as clerk in a mercantile house. Soon after coming of age he entered the banking house of the late Cyrus Butler at that place, as book-keeper, and, after being three years with him, was appointed cashier of the Globe Bank in Providence, which situation he held for six years. He took a liberal interest in the promotion of knowledge, being one of the original projectors of the Providence Athenæum, now one of the best public libraries, in proportion to the number of its volumes, in the country. He was also an active member of the Franklin Society of Rhode Island, an association for the cultivation of science, before which he occasionally lectured. The close confinement of the bank, and the occupation of several hours a day in study, wore upon his health, and he withdrew with his family to New York in 1837, to enter a large commission house in the city, engaged in the sale of American manufactures. The business, in the commercial difficulties of the times, was unsuccessful, and Mr. Bartlett turned to another pursuit adapted to his literary inclinations. He left Pine street for Broadway, where, in conjunction with Mr. Charles Welford, he established a book store for the importation and sale of choice English and foreign works. It soon became the daily resort of literary men of the city, and of scholars, on their visits to town, from all parts of the country. On all topics of research in American history, or the wide field of ethnology, or English classic literature, Mr. Bartlett, and his accomplished, well read partner, were unfailing authorities. Before the days of the Astor library, there was no better resort for literary information in the city than the well furnished book-store at No. 7 Astor House.

The literary associations of Mr. Bartlett at this time were much extended and enhanced by his active participation in the management of the New York Historical Society, of which he was for several years the corresponding secretary. He was also the projector, with Mr. Gallatin, of the American Ethnological Society, the first meeting of which was held at his house. Among its original members were the Rev. Drs. Hawks and Robinson, Mr. Catherwood, Mr. Schoolcraft, and the late John L. Stephens. The meetings of the society for several years were held at his residence, and at that of Mr. Gallatin. The doors were widely opened at Mr. Bartlett's, after the

Digitized by Google

business of the evening had been disposed of, and his rooms saw a frequent gathering of the intelligence of the city, and of its numerous cultivated strangers and travellers from abroad. In 1848 Mr. Bartlett read before the New York Historical Society a series of *Reminiscences of Albert Gallatin*, with anecdotes of his conversations, which were published in the society's Proceedings for that year.

In 1849 he retired from the book business to Providence, and the next year was appointed by President Taylor commissioner to run the boundary line between the United States and Mexico, under the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo. The commission, which was the largest and most important ever sent out by the government for a similar purpose, was organized by him, and six weeks after his appointment he sailed from New York for the coast of Texas to enter upon his duties. He remained in the field until January, 1853, during which time he crossed the continent to California, and after various journeys there, recrossed by another route, making extensive surveys and explorations by the way. The whole of the extensive line of boundary was nearly completed by him when he was compelled to suspend operations and return to Washington. Certain gross errors existing in the map, which he was compelled by the treaty as well as his instructions to follow, led to the fixing of a boundary which gave dissatisfaction to the opponents of Mr. Fillmore's administration. Being in the majority in Congress, they appended a proviso to the appropriation for carrying on the survey, to the effect, that if the boundary was not fixed in a certain place, which in their opinion was the correct one, the money appropriated should not be used. Cut off from the means to carry on and complete the small portion which remained to be surveyed, Mr. Bartlett was driven to the necessity of suspending all operations when at Ringgold Barracks, near Camargo, on the Rio Grande, and of returning home. He was sustained by his old Whig friends, and removed by President Pierce.

The various surveys performed by his orders, while in the field, were not less than twenty-five hundred miles in extent; all of which were accompanied by elaborate astronomical, magnetic, and meteorological observations, executed by the officers of the expedition.

In 1854 Mr. Bartlett published his *Personal Narrative of Explorations and Incidents in Texas, New Mexico, California, Sonora, and Chihuahua, connected with the United States and Mexican Boundary Commission* during the years 1850–53. It is written with care and exactness, and derives its interest both from the simple, full, and accurate method of the narrator, and the novelty of the scenes which came under his view. In addition to these inherent qualities, the book appeared in a dress of unusual typographical excellence. The lithographic and woodcut illustrations from original designs by Mr. Henry C. Pratt, an artist who accompanied Mr. Bartlett, are numerous and well presented.*

In 1847 Mr. Bartlett published a small work on *The Progress of Ethnology*, and the next year in an octavo volume, *A Dictionary of Americanisms; A Glossary of Words and Phrases usually regarded as peculiar to the United States.* This work is now out of print, and Mr. Bartlett is preparing a new enlarged and revised edition. He has also the materials for a proposed work on *The Ethnology of the Indian Tribes in the States contiguous to the Mexican Boundary.*

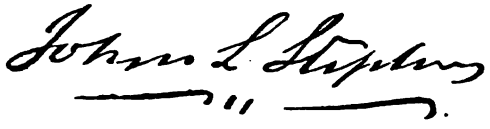
### JOHN LLOYD STEPHENS,

The original explorer of the Antiquities of Central America, was born at Shrewsbury, Monmouth County, New Jersey, Nov. 28, 1805. His father and mother were both natives of New Jersey. He was educated in New York, being prepared for Columbia College, which he entered at thirteen, by the celebrated blind teacher, Mr. Nelson. On the completion of his course he studied law with Daniel Lord, and subsequently entered the law school of Judge Gould at Litchfield, finally completing his studies with George W. Strong in New York. He early made a tour to a relative residing at Arkansas, then a journey of some adventure, and on his return descended the Mississippi to New Orleans in a flat-boat. He practised law for eight years, and became the associate of the literary men and politicians of the day, frequently speaking in defence of Democratic measures in Tammany. An affection of the throat led to a European tour for his recovery. In 1834 he embarked for Havre, landed on the coast of England, made his way to France, thence to Italy, Greece, Turkey, and Russia, returning by the way of Poland and Germany. From France he again set forth, through Marseilles to Egypt, and made the tour of the Nile as far as Thebes. He returned home in 1836. While abroad several of his letters from the Mediterranean had been published in his friend Hoffman's *American Monthly Magazine.* The success of these in their full, interesting personal narrative, encouraged the publication of his first book in 1837, the *Incidents of Travel in Egypt, Arabia Petræa, and the Holy Land*, followed the next year by *Incidents of Travel in Greece, Turkey, Russia, and Poland.* The success of these works, published by the Harpers, was remarkable. They were universally read and admired, and continue to be published in England and at home. The style was popular, rapid, easy, and energetic, communicating the zest and spirit of enjoyment of the traveller.

In 1839 a strong effort was made for his appointment, as agent of his state, New York, to Holland, for the Collection of the Colonial Records, but Whig opposition defeated his claims; when President Van Buren appointed him Special Ambassador to Central America to negotiate a treaty with that country. The story of his adventures was published on his return, in 1841, in his *Incidents of Travel in Central America, Chiapas, and Yucatan.* Like his other works, it was at once successful. It contained an account of the distracted politics of the country, and above

* We may refer for further papers of Mr. Bartlett on the subject, to the "Official Despatches and Correspondence connected with the United States and Mexican Boundary Commission" (Senate Doc. No. 119, 32d Congress, 1st Session), and "A Letter to the Hon. Alexander H. H. Stuart, Secretary of the Interior, in Defence of the Mexican Boundary Line" (Senate Doc. No. 6, Special Session, 1854).

Digitized by Google



all a revelation of the rich field of investigation in the antiquities of the region. In this work he was a pioneer, achieving his brilliant results of discovery by his accustomed personal energy. A second visit to Yucatan in 1842, chiefly to complete his antiquarian researches, resulted in the publication, in 1843, of his *Incidents of Travels in Yucatan*.

The exact, spirited delineations of the antiquities which appeared in the engravings of these volumes were from the pencil of Mr. Francis Catherwood, a fellow-traveller with Mr. Stephens, who subsequently prepared a costly folio work of plates of the same subject, which secured a deservedly high reputation. He was a man of science and an able railway surveyor, as well as an accomplished artist. His death with the passengers of the ill-fated steamer Arctic, in the autumn of 1854, was an event greatly regretted by those acquainted with his personal worth and scientific ability.

In 1846 he was a delegate, being on both party tickets to the State Convention of New York, to revise the Constitution, in which he took an active part.

In 1847 he engaged resolutely in the affairs of the Ocean Steam Navigation Company to connect New York and Bremen. The steam navigation of the Atlantic was then in its infancy, and the establishment of the company, with the building of the vessels, called forth all his resources. He sailed in the Washington on her first trip to Bremen. An account of his visit to Humboldt at the time was published in the Literary World in New York.

In 1849 he became an associate in the great enterprise to connect the two oceans of the Panama Railroad, and was elected Vice-President of the Company. He subsequently became President. He travelled over the Isthmus inspecting the route and making arrangements with the Government of New Granada for the work. On his mule-back journey to the capital he was thrown and injured in the spine; and in those circumstances of pain and distress carried on his communications with the government at Bogota. When the work was undertaken he visited the Isthmus to urge its prosecution, in the winters of 1850–1 and 1851–2. On his return, in the spring of 1852, he was attacked by a disease of the liver, which terminated his life October 12th of that year.

Stephens was a happy instance of the peculiar energies of the active American citizen. Prompt, acute, enterprising, he always sought advance posts of labor. The demand for activity of his nature required new fields of toil and exertion, hazardous and apparently romantic, though never separated from a practical design. The Panama Railroad is identified with his name, and its summit has been properly chosen as the site of a monument to his memory. Thus, too, his efforts in ocean steam navigation, and his zealous pursuit of American antiquities, not as a study in the closet, but as a practical achievement tasking powers of courage, resolution, and bodily prowess in new countries. His personal enthusiasm was the charm of his writings on the better known countries of the old world—where, to Americans at least, as at Petra and in Russia, he was something of an original adventurer.

THE BASTINADO AT CAIRO—FROM INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL IN EGYPT.

Having finished my purchases in the bazaars, I returned to my hotel ready to set out, and found the dromedaries, camels, and guides, and expected to find the letter for the governor of Akaba, which, at the suggestion of Mr. Linant, I had requested Mr. Gliddon to procure for me. I now learned, however, from that gentleman, that to avoid delay it would be better to go myself, first sending my caravan outside the gate, and representing to the minister that I was actually waiting for the letter, in which case he would probably give it to me immediately. I accordingly sent Paul with my little caravan to wait for me at the tombs of the califs, and, attended by the consul's janizary, rode up to the citadel, and stopped at the door of the governor's palace. The reader may remember that on my first visit to his excellency I saw a man whipped—this time I saw one bastinadoed. I had heard much of this, a punishment existing, I believe, only in the East, but I had never seen it inflicted before, and hope I never shall see it again. As on the former occasion, I found the little governor standing at one end of the large hall of entrance, munching, and trying causes. A crowd was gathered around, and before him was a poor Arab, pleading and beseeching most piteously, while the big tears were rolling down his cheeks; near him was a man whose resolute and somewhat angry expression marked him as the accuser, seeking vengeance rather than justice. Suddenly the governor made a gentle movement with his hand; all noise ceased; all stretched their necks and turned their eager eyes towards him; the accused cut short his crying, and stood with his mouth wide open, and his eyes fixed upon the governor. The latter spoke a few words in a very low voice, to me of course unintelligible, and, indeed, scarcely audible, but they seemed to fall upon the quick ears of the culprit like bolts of thunder; the agony of suspense was over, and, without a word or a look, he laid himself down on his face at the feet of the governor. A space was immediately cleared around; a man on each side took him by the hand, and stretching out his arms, kneeled upon and held

Digitized by Google

them down, while another seated himself across his neck and shoulders. Thus nailed to the ground, the poor fellow, knowing that there was no chance of escape, threw up his feet from the knee-joint, so as to present the soles in a horizontal position. Two men came forward with a pair of long stout bars of wood, attached together by a cord, between which they placed the feet, drawing them together with the cord so as to fix them in their horizontal position, and leave the whole flat surface exposed to the full force of the blow. In the meantime two strong Turks were standing ready, one at each side, armed with long whips much resembling our common cow-skin, but longer and thicker, and made of the tough hide of the hippopotamus. While the occupation of the judge was suspended by these preparations, the janizary had presented the consul's letter. My sensibilities are not particularly acute, but they yielded in this instance. I had watched all the preliminary arrangements, nerving myself for what was to come, but when I heard the scourge whizzing through the air, and, when the first blow fell upon the naked feet, saw the convulsive movements of the body, and heard the first loud, piercing shriek, I could stand it no longer; I broke through the crowd, forgetting the governor and everything else, except the agonizing sounds from which I was escaping; but the janizary followed close at my heels, and, laying his hand upon my arm, hauled me back to the governor. If I had consulted merely the impulse of feeling, I should have consigned him, and the governor, and the whole nation of Turks, to the lower regions; but it was all important not to offend this summary dispenser of justice, and I never made a greater sacrifice of feeling to expediency, than when I re-entered his presence. The shrieks of the unhappy criminal were ringing through the chamber, but the governor received me with as calm a smile as if he had been sitting on his own divan, listening only to the strains of some pleasant music, while I stood with my teeth clenched, and felt the hot breath of the victim, and heard the whizzing of the accursed whip, as it fell again and again upon his bleeding feet. I have heard men cry out in agony when the sea was raging, and the drowning man, rising for the last time upon the mountain waves, turned his imploring arms towards us, and with his dying breath called in vain for help; but I never heard such heart-rending sounds as those from the poor bastinadoed wretch before me. I thought the governor would never make an end of reading the letter, when the scribe handed it to him for his signature, although it contained but half a dozen lines; he fumbled in his pocket for his seal, and dipped it in the ink; the impression did not suit him, and he made another, and after a delay that seemed to me eternal, employed in folding it, handed it to me with a most gracious smile. I am sure I grinned horribly in return, and almost snatching the letter, just as the last blow fell, I turned to hasten from the scene. The poor scourged wretch was silent; he had found relief in happy insensibility; I cast one look upon the senseless body, and saw the feet laid open in gashes, and the blood streaming down the legs. At that moment the bars were taken away, and the mangled feet fell like lead upon the floor. I had to work my way through the crowd, and before I could escape I saw the poor fellow revive, and by the first natural impulse rise upon his feet, but fall again as if he had stepped upon red-hot irons. He crawled upon his hands and knees to the door of the hall, and here I rejoiced to see that, miserable, and poor, and degraded as he was, he had yet friends whose hearts yearned towards him; they took him in their arms and carried him away.

## FREDERIC HENRY HEDGE.

FREDERIC H. HEDGE was born at Cambridge, Mass., December 12, 1805. His father, Levi Hedge, was from 1810 to 1827 Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in Harvard University, and in 1818 published a *System of Logic*, which has been much used as a text-book in colleges, has passed through several editions, and been translated into German. He was the son of a clergyman, and was born in Warwick, Mass., in 1767. He died in Cambridge the last day of 1843. He was a laborious student, and distinguished for his painstaking fidelity as an instructor.

*Frederic H. Hedge*

His son Frederic was educated in Germany, where in 1818 he was sent under the care of the historian, George Bancroft. He was a pupil of a celebrated teacher, David Ilgen, at the Gymnasium of Schulpforte, where Klopstock, Fichte, and Ranke, were instructed in their youth. He returned to America in 1828, entered Harvard, and was graduated in 1825. He studied theology; was chosen pastor of a Church in Cambridge in 1829; afterwards, in 1835, removed to Bangor in Maine, where he had charge of a congregation, and in 1850 became pastor of the Westminster Church in Providence, R. I. His literary productions have been mostly in the department of speculative and spiritual philosophy. In this province he has been eminent, as an interpreter of the German mind. He has published orations, lectures, discourses, reviews of theology, philosophy, and literature.*

His poetical effusions are scattered through various periodicals and annuals. They are mostly translations from the German, of which he published several in the volume with Dr. Furness's version of the Song of the Bell at Philadelphia. One of these, which we print from a corrected copy, is

THE ANGELS' SONG—FROM GOETHE'S "FAUST."

*Raphael.*

The sun is still for ever sounding
With brother spheres a rival song,
And on his destined journey bounding,
With thunder-step he speeds along.
The sight gives angels strength, though greater
Than angel's utmost thought sublime;
And all thy wondrous works, Creator,
Are grand as in creation's prime.

* Of the public discourses we may mention a Fourth of July oration delivered to the citizens of Bangor; an Address at the opening of the Bangor Lyceum; Conservatism and Reform, a Phi Beta Kappa oration before the Societies of Harvard and Bowdoin.

Among Dr. Hedge's numerous articles to the Christian Examiner, we may refer to a review of Coleridge in March, 1833, noticeable as one of the earliest essays from an American pen on the transcendental philosophy of Germany; an Essay on Swedenborg, November, 1833; an Essay on Schiller, July, 1834; an Essay on Phrenology, November, 1834, which excited much attention, and called forth numerous replies; an Essay on the Genius and Writings of R. W. Emerson, January, 1845; an Essay on Natural Religion, January, 1838; an Ecclesiastical Christendom, July, 1851; Romanism in its worship, January, 1854.

The published sermons of Dr. Hedge include, with numerous others, a Discourse before the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, Boston, June, 1834; a Discourse on the Death of President Harrison, Bangor, 1841; on the Death of William Ellery Channing, Bangor, 1842; a Discourse before the Graduating Class of the Cambridge Divinity School, 1849.

Digitized by Google

*Gabriel.*

And fleetly, thought surpassing, fleetly
The earth's green pomp is spinning round,
And Paradise alternates sweetly
With night terrific and profound.
There foams the sea, its broad wave beating
Against the tall cliff's rocky base,
And rock and sea away are fleeting
In everlasting spheral chase.

*Michael.*

And storms with rival fury heaving,
From land to sea from sea to land,
Still as they rave, a chain are weaving
Of deepest efficacy grand.
There burning Desolation blazes,
Precursor of the Thunder's way;
But, Lord, thy servants own with praises
The milder movement of thy day.

*The Three.*

The sight gives angels strength, though greater
Than angel's utmost thought sublime,
And all thy wondrous works, Creator,
Are glorious as in Eden's prime.

His other translations from the German are chiefly included in the volume from his pen published by Carey and Hart in 1848, *The Prose Writers of Germany*, which contains biographical notices of the chief authors, with selections from their writings. In the winter of 1853-4 Dr. Hedge delivered a course of *Lectures on Mediæval History*, before the Lowell Institute at Boston.

CONSERVATISM AND REFORM.*

Authority is not only a guide to the blind, but a law to the seeing. It is not only a safe-conduct to those (and they constitute the larger portion of mankind) whose dormant sense has no intuitions of its own, but we have also to consider it, as affording the *awakened* but inconstant mind, a security against itself,—a centre of reference in the multitude of its own visions,—in the conflict of its own volitions, a centre of rest. Unbounded license is equally an evil, and equally incompatible with true liberty, in thought as in action. In the one as in the other, liberty must bound and bind itself for its own preservation and best effect. It must *legalize* and determine itself by self-imposed laws. Law and liberty are not adverse, but different sides of one fact. The deeper the law the greater the liberty: as organic life is at once more determinate and more free than unorganized matter, a plant than a stone, a bird than a plant, the intellectual life, like the physical, must bind itself, in order that it may become effective and free. It must organize itself by means of fixed principles which shall protect it equally, against encroachment without, and anarchy within. * * * The individual is the product of the Past. However he may renounce the connexion, he is always the child of his time. He can never entirely shake off that relation. All the efforts made to outstrip time, to anticipate the natural growth of man by a violent disruption of old ties and total separation from the Past, have hitherto proved useless, or useful, if at all, in the way of caution, rather than of fruit. The experiment has often been tried. Men of ardent temper and lively imagination, impatient of existing evils, from which no period is exempt, have renounced society, broke loose from all their moorings in the actual, and sought in the boundless sea of *dissent* the promised land of Reform. They found what they carried; they carried what they were; they were what we all are—the offspring of their time.

The aeronaut, who spurns the earth in his puffed balloon, is still indebted to it for his impetus and his wings: and still, with his utmost efforts, he cannot escape the sure attraction of the parent sphere. His floating island is a part of her main. He revolves with her orbit, he is sped by her winds. We who stand below and watch his motions, know that he is one of us. He may dally with the clouds awhile, but his home is not there. Earth he is, and to earth he must return.

The most air-blown reformer cannot overcome the moral gravitation which connects him with his time. He owes to existing institutions the whole philosophy of his dissent, and draws, from Church and State, the very ideas by which he would fight against them, or rise above them. The individual may withdraw from society, he may spurn at all the uses of civilized life, dash the golden cup of tradition from his lips, and flee to the wilderness "where the wild asses quench their thirst." He may find others who will accompany him in his flight; but let him not fancy that the course of reform will follow him there,—that any permanent organization can be based on dissent,—that society will relinquish the hard conquests of so many years and return again to original nature, wipe out the old civilization, and—with *rasa tabula*—begin the world anew. * * * There is no stand-point out of society, from which society can be reformed. "Give me where to stand," was the ancient postulate. "Find where to stand," says modern Dissent. "Stand where you are," says Goethe, "and move the world." * * * The scholar must not coquet, in imagination, with the dowered and titled institutions of the old world, and feel it a mischance which has matched him with a portionless Republic. Let him, rather, esteem it a privilege to be so connected, and glory in the popular character of his own government, as a genuine fruit of human progress, and the nearest approximation yet made to that divine right which all governments claim. Let him not think it a shame to be with and of the people, in every genuine impulse of the popular mind: not suffering the scholar to extinguish the citizen, but remembering that the citizen is before the scholar—the elder and higher category of the two. He shall find himself to have gained intellectually, as well as socially, by free and frequent intercourse with the people, whose instincts, in many things, anticipate his reflective wisdom, and in whose unconscious movements a fact is often forefelt before it is seen by reason; as the physical changes of our globe are felt by the lower animals before they appear to man. * * * Nothing is more natural, than that men, who have contributed something in their day to illustrate or extend the path of discovery in any direction, should cling with avidity to those conclusions which they have established for themselves, and which represent the natural boundaries of their own mind—"the butt and sea-mark of its utmost sail,"—nothing more natural than that they, for their part, should feel a disinclination to farther inquiry. But it ill becomes them to deny the possibility of farther discovery—to maintain that they have found the bottom of the well where truth lies hid, because they have reached the limits of their own specific gravity. One sees at once, that in some branches of inquiry this position is not only untenable, but the very enunciation of it absurd. It would require something more than the authority of Herschel to make us believe that creation stops with the limits of his forty feet reflector.

* From a Phi Beta Kappa Oration, 1848.

Digitized by Google

Nor would the assertion of Sir Humphrey Davy be sufficient to convince us that all the properties of matter have been catalogued in his report. By what statute of limitations are we forbidden to indulge the same hope of indefinite progress in every other direction, which remains to us in these!

## MATTHEW F. MAURY.

M. F. Maury

Matthew Fontaine Maury, a descendant of the Rev. James Fontaine, an eminent Huguenot preacher (the founder of a large and influential American family, and author of an autobiography which has recently for the second time been republished in connexion with a highly interesting sketch of the worthy and his descendants, by one of their number, Miss Ann Maury of New York), was born in Spottsylvania county, Virginia, January 14, 1806. His parents removed to Tennessee in his fourth year. One of a family of nine children, in a newly settled country, he would have received few of the advantages of education had it not been for the care of the bishop of the diocese, the Rev. James H. Otey, who, forming a high opinion of his intellectual promise, did much to fit him for a life of future usefulness. In 1824 he obtained a midshipman's commission, was placed on board the Brandywine, and sailed with General Lafayette to France. On his return he accompanied the frigate to the Pacific, was transferred to the Vincennes, and in that vessel completed the circumnavigation of the globe. He again sailed, as passed-midshipman, to the Pacific, where he was transferred as lieutenant to the Potomac. While at sea he devoted his leisure time to the study of mathematics, a branch of knowledge in which he at first found himself unequal to the requirements of his profession. For the purpose of extending at the same time his knowledge of modern languages he made use of Spanish mathematical works. As he pursued his investigations he became greatly inconvenienced by the necessity of referring to a number of different volumes, and with a view to save others a like difficulty prepared, amid the annoyances and interruptions of life at sea, a work on navigation. It was commenced in the steerage of the Vincennes, concluded in the Potomac, and published about the year 1835, when it met with general acceptance. In the same year he was appointed astronomer to the South Sea Exploring Expedition, but, on the withdrawal of Commodore Jones from the chief command, declined the appointment.

In 1839 he contributed an article to the Southern Literary Messenger, entitled *A Scheme for rebuilding Southern Commerce*, containing observations on the Gulf Stream and Great Circle Sailing, which were afterwards more fully developed.

A few months later, in October, 1839, while on his way from Tennessee to join a surveying vessel in the harbor of New York, the stage-coach in which he was passing through Ohio was overturned, and the traveller broke a leg, dislocated a knee, and suffered other injuries, which, after several months' weary confinement, resulted in a permanent lameness, which disabled him for the active pursuit of his profession. He amused himself by writing, during the long period of imprisonment in a wretched wayside tavern to which his bandaged limb subjected him, a series of articles on various abuses in the Navy, which were published in the Southern Literary Messenger, under the pleasant title of *Scraps from the Lucky Bag, by Harry Bluff.*

On his retirement from the Exploring Expedition, Lieutenant Maury was placed in charge of the collection of books and charts belonging to the government, which has since expanded into the National Observatory and Hydrographical office, now known as the Naval Observatory, the change of title having been made in 1855. Lieutenant Maury is at the head of both of these institutions, which owe their extent and efficiency mainly to his efforts. In 1842 he first proposed the plan for a system of uniform observations of winds and currents, which form the basis of his celebrated and valuable charts and sailing-directions.

In 1853 he attended a convention of maritime nations at Brussels to carry out his suggestions for a conference to determine upon a uniform system of observations at sea. Plans were adopted by which ships, under all the great flags of Christendom, are engaged in adding to the resources of science, mapping out roads on the ocean with the precision of engineers on terra firma, and striving to obtain with equal exactness the laws of the clouds above and the depths below.

In 1855 he published *The Physical Geography of the Sea*,* a work in which he has embodied the results of his varied investigations in a narrative of remarkable clearness and interest. His descriptions of natural phenomena, and of the voyages of rival vessels, sailing at the same dates to the same ports, along his sea lines, possess dramatic interest. A pleasant vein of humor shows itself now and then as he speaks of the rummaging of garrets and sea chests for old log-books which his investigations, naturally exciting the enthusiasm of others as well as himself, called forth. This quality of humor finds a wider scope in the magazine papers of the writer, and is a pleasant characteristic of his correspondence and conversation.

* 8vo. pp. 374. A second edition, revised and enlarged, immediately appeared.

Digitized by Google

In addition to this volume and the letter-press accompanying his various charts, Lieutenant Maury is the author of several addresses delivered in various parts of the country, among which we may mention those before the Geological and Mineralogical Society of Fredericksburg, May, 1836; before the Southern Scientific Convention at Memphis in 1849 on the Pacific railway, and at most of the other meetings of the same body; and at the first anniversary of the American Geographical and Statistical Society in the city of New York, 1854.

LAW OF COMPENSATION IN THE ATMOSPHERE.*

Whenever I turn to contemplate the works of nature, I am struck with the admirable system of compensation, with the beauty and nicety with which every department is poised by the others; things and principles are meted out in directions the most opposite, but in proportions so exactly balanced and nicely adjusted, that results the most harmonious are produced.

It is by the action of opposite and compensating forces that the earth is kept in its orbit, and the stars are held suspended in the azure vault of heaven; and these forces are so exquisitely adjusted, that, at the end of a thousand years, the earth, the sun, and moon, and every star in the firmament, is found to come to its proper place at the proper moment.

Nay, philosophy teaches us, when the little snow-drop, which in our garden walks we see raising its beautiful head to remind us that spring is at hand, was created, that the whole mass of the earth, from pole to pole, and from circumference to centre, must have been taken into account and weighed, in order that the proper degree of strength might be given to the fibres of even this little plant.

Botanists tell us that the constitution of this plant is such as to require that, at a certain stage of its growth, the stalk should bend, and the flower should bow its head, that an operation may take place which is necessary in order that the herb should produce seed after its kind; and that, after this, its vegetable health requires that it should lift its head again and stand erect. Now, if the mass of the earth had been greater or less, the force of gravity would have been different; in that case, the strength of fibre in the snow-drop, as it is, would have been too much or too little; the plant could not bow or raise its head at the right time, fecundation could not take place, and its family would have become extinct with the first individual that was planted, because its "seed" would not have been in "itself," and therefore it could not reproduce itself.

Now, if we see such perfect adaptation, such exquisite adjustment, in the case of one of the smallest flowers of the field, how much more may we not expect "compensation" in the atmosphere and the ocean, upon the right adjustment and due performance of which depends not only the life of that plant, but the well-being of every individual that is found in the entire vegetable and animal kingdoms of the world!

When the east winds blow along the Atlantic coast for a little while, they bring us air saturated with moisture from the Gulf Stream, and we complain of the sultry, oppressive, heavy atmosphere; the invalid grows worse, and the well man feels ill, because, when he takes this atmosphere into his lungs, it is already so charged with moisture that it cannot take up and carry off that which encumbers his lungs, and which nature has caused his blood to bring and leave there, that respiration may take up and carry off. At other times the air is dry and hot; he feels that it is conveying off matter from the lungs too fast; he realizes the idea that it is consuming him, and he calls the sensation parching.

Therefore, in considering the general laws which govern the physical agents of the universe, and regulate them in the due performance of their offices, I have felt myself constrained to set out with the assumption that, if the atmosphere had had a greater or less capacity for moisture, or if the proportion of land and water had been different—if the earth, air, and water had not been in exact counterpoise—the whole arrangement of the animal and vegetable kingdoms would have varied from their present state. But God chose to make those kingdoms what they are; for this purpose it was necessary, in his judgment, to establish the proportions between the land and water, and the desert, just as they are, and to make the capacity of the air to circulate heat and moisture just what it is, and to have it do all its work in obedience to law and in subservience to order. If it were not so, why was power given to the winds to lift up and transport moisture, or the property given to the sea by which its waters may become first vapor, and then fruitful showers or gentle dews? If the proportions and properties of land, sea, and air were not adjusted according to the reciprocal capacities of all to perform the functions required by each, why should we be told that he "measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and comprehended the dust in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance?" Why did he span the heavens, but that he might mete out the atmosphere in exact proportion to all the rest, and impart to it those properties and powers which it was necessary for it to have, in order that it might perform all those offices and duties for which he designed it?

Harmonious in their action, the air and sea are obedient to law and subject to order in all their movements; when we consult them in the performance of their offices, they teach us lessons concerning the wonders of the deep, the mysteries of the sky, the greatness, and the wisdom, and goodness of the Creator. The investigations into the broad-spreading circle of phenomena connected with the winds of heaven and the waves of the sea are second to none for the good which they do and the lessons which they teach. The astronomer is said to see the hand of God in the sky; but does not the right-minded mariner, who looks aloft as he ponders over these things, hear his voice in every wave of the sea that "claps its hands," and feel his presence in every breeze that blows?

* From the Physical Geography of the Sea.

## HERMAN HOOKER,

A BOOKSELLER of Philadelphia, who began life as a student of divinity at Princeton, and subsequently became a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church, the active duties of which he was compelled to relinquish by ill health, was born at Poultney, Vermont, about the year 1806. He is the author of several works esteemed for their Christian philosophy; of these the chief are *The Portion of the Soul, or Thoughts on its Attributes and Tendencies as Indications of its Destiny*, published in 1835; *Popular Infidelity*, entitled in a late edition, *The Philosophy of Unbelief in Morals and Religion, as Discernible in the Faith and Character of Men; The Uses of Adversity and the Provisions of Consolation;* a vo-

Digitized by Google

lume of *Maxims;* and *The Christian Life, a Fight of Faith.*

As a characteristic specimen of Dr. Hooker's skilful evolution of his topic, we cite a passage of a practical character from the "Philosophy of Unbelief:"—

GRATITUDE TO GOD.

It requires no great insight into human nature, to discover the remnants of a now fallen, but once glorious structure; and, what is most remarkable, to see that the remains of this ancient greatness are more apt to be quickened and drawn out by their semblances and qualities, found in creatures, than by the bright and full perfection of them which is in the Creator;—that the heart puts on its most benign face, and sends forth prompt returns of gratitude and love to creatures who have bestowed on us favor and displayed other amiable qualities, while He, whose goodness is so great, so complete, so pervading, that there is none besides it, is unrequited, unheeded, unseen, though hanging out his glory from the heavens, and coming down to us in streams of compassion and love, which have made an ocean on earth that is to overflow and fill it. How strange it is, that all this love, so wonderful in itself, so undeserved, so diffused, that we see it in every beauty, and taste it in every enjoyment,—should be lost on creatures whose love for the gentler and worthier qualities of each other, runs so often into rapture and devotion! How strange that they should be so delighted with streams which have gathered such admixtures of earth, which cast up such "mire and dirt," and have such shallows and falls that we often wreck our hopes in them,—as not to be reminded by them of the great and unmixed fountain whence they have flowed, or of the great ocean, to whose dark and unbottomed depths they will at last settle, as too earthy to rise to its pure and glorious surface! There are many mysteries in human nature, but none greater than this: for while it shows man is so much a creature of sense and so devoid of faith, that objects, to gain his attention and affection, must not only be present to him, but have something of sense and self in them, we are still left to wonder how he could, with such manifestations of divine goodness in him, around him, and for him, have failed to see and adore them, and become so like a brute, as not to think of God, the original of all that is lovely, when thinking of those his qualities which so please and affect him in creatures; and this, though they be so soiled and defaced by sin, that his unmixed fondness for any the most agreeable of them, instead of being an accomplishment, is a sure indication of a mind sunk greatly below the standard allotted to it by the Creator.

Our wonder will be raised higher still, if we consider that our nature, when most corrupt and perverse, is not wholly lost to all sense of gratitude, but may be wrought upon by human kindness, when all the amazing compassion and love of God fail to affect it; if we consider that the very worst of men who set their faces against the heavens, affronting the mercy and defying the majesty thereof, are sometimes so softened with a sense of singular and undeserved favors, that their hearts swell with grateful sentiments towards their benefactors, and something akin to virtue is kindled up where nothing of the kind was seen before; we might think it incredible, if there was any doubting of what we see and know. When we see such men so ready to acknowledge their obligations to their fellows, and to return service for service; so impatient of being thought ungrateful, when they have any character or interest to promote by it, and sometimes when they have not; so strongly affected with the goodness of him who has interposed between them and temporal danger or death, and yet so little moved by the love of God in Christ, which has undertaken their rescue from eternal and deserved woes, and not merely their rescue, but their exaltation to fellowship with himself, and to the pleasures for evermore at his right hand,—a love compared with which the greatest love of creatures is as a ray of light to the sun, and that ray mixed and darkened, while this is so disinterested and free in the grounds and motives of it, that it is exercised towards those who have neither merit to invite, nor disposition to receive it; when we see this, and find that this love, so worthy in itself, so incomprehensible in its degree and in the benefits it would confer, is the only love to which they make no returns of thankfulness or regard, we may ascribe as much of it as we please to the hardness and corruption of their hearts, but that will not account for such conduct. Depravity, considered by itself, will not enable us fully to understand it. Depraved, sensual, and perverse as they are, they have something in them that is kindled by human kindness, and why should it not be kindled by the greater "kindness of God our Saviour?" It is not because it is a divine kindness; not that it is less needed—not that it is bestowed in less measure, or at less expense. And if it is because they do not apprehend this kindness, do not feel their need of it, do not see anything affecting in the measure and expense of it, this is infidelity; and it grows out of an entire misconception of their own character, and of the character and law of God. It is a total blindness to distant and invisible good and evil. It is a venturing of everything most important to themselves on an uncertainty, which they would not and could not do, if they had any understanding of the value of the interests at stake. They really see nothing important but the gratifications of sense and time: still they have the remains of a capacity for something higher. These may be contemplated with profit, if not with admiration. They resemble the motions in the limbs and heart of animals, when the head is severed from the body. They are symptoms of a life that of itself must come to nothing; a life that is solely pouring itself out on the ground. But as this is all the life they have, an image of life, and that only of life in death; and as the motions of it are only excited by the creature's kindness, we discover in their best virtues, or rather, in their only breathings and indications of virtue, the evidence of a faithless heart.

## WILLIAM R. WILLIAMS.

A HIGHLY esteemed clergyman of the Baptist denomination, who has for many years past been minister of the Amity street congregation in New York. He is the son of a former clergyman, of Welsh origin, much respected in the city.

Though a quiet and retired student, fond of books and skilled in their various lore, and more given to discourse of his favorite topics at home than abroad, Dr. Williams has on several occasions afforded the public, beyond his attached congregation, proof of his ability.

His occasional addresses and lectures, chiefly in the direct course of his ministry, show a mind of fine order, exhibiting delicacy of taste, devotional earnestness, and the reading of the cultivated scholar. They are mostly included in a volume of *Miscellanies*, published in 1850,

Digitized by Google

which contains *A Discourse on Ministerial Responsibility*, delivered before the Hudson River Baptist Association in 1835; An Address, *The Conservative Principle in our Literature*, delivered in 1843, before the literary societies of the Hamilton Literary and Theological Institution, Madison County, N. Y.; several eloquent occasional Sermons; and among other papers, one on *The Life and Times of Baxter*, which indicates the happy manner in which Dr. Williams employs the resources of his library. Another illustration of his copious stores of reading was afforded to the public in the hitherto unpublished Address pronounced in 1854 before the Alumni of Columbia College, New York, on occasion of the completion of a century in the career of that institution. It was a retrospective review of the literature and other liberal influences of the year of the college foundation, 1754.

Dr. Williams is also the author of two volumes of a practical devotional character, entitled *Religious Progress*, and *Lectures on the Lord's Prayer*.

Though the utterance of Dr. Williams is feeble, and his health apparently infirm, few clergymen of the day have a firmer hold upon their hearers. His delivery is in low measured tone; the main topic of the discourse flowing easily on, while occasional illustrations from history or biography fall like leaves from the trees, refreshing its banks, into the unconscious current of his style.

#### AN AGE OF PASSION.

Our age is eminently, in some of its leading minds, an age of *passion*. It is seen in the character of much of the most popular literature, and especially the poetry of our day. Much of this has been the poetry of intense passion, it mattered little how unprincipled that passion might be. An English scholar lately gone from this world (it is to Southey that we refer), branded this school of modern literature, in the person of its great and titled leader, as the Satanic school. It has talent and genius, high powers of imagination and language, and boiling energy; but it is, much of it, the energy of a fallen and revolted angel, with no regard for the right, no vision into eternity, and no hold on Heaven. We would not declaim against passion when employed in the service of literature. Informed by strong feelings, truth becomes more awful and more lovely; and some of the ages which unfettered the passions of a nation, have given birth to master-pieces of genius. But Passion divorced from Virtue is ultimately among the fellest enemies to literary excellence. When yoked to the car of duty, and reined in by principle, passion is in its appropriate place, and may accomplish a mighty service. But when, in domestic life, or political, or in the walks of literature, passion throws off these restraints and exults in its own uncontrolled power, it is as useless for purposes of good, and as formidable from its powers of evil, as a car whose fiery coursers have shaken off bit and rein, and trampled under foot their charioteer. The Maker of man made conscience to rule his other faculties, and when it is dethroned, the result is ruin. Far as the literature to which we have alluded spreads, it cherishes an insane admiration for mere talent or mental power. It substitutes as a guide in morals, sentiment for conscience; and makes blind feeling the irresistible fate, whose will none may dispute, and whose doings are beyond the jurisdiction of casuists or lawgivers. It has much of occasional tenderness, and can melt at times into floods of sympathy; but this softness is found strangely blended with a savage violence. Such things often co-exist. As in the case of the French hangman, who in the time of their great revolution was found, fresh from his gory work of the guillotine, sobbing over the sorrows of Werther, it contrives to ally the sanguinary to the sentimental. It seems, at first sight, much such an ill-assorted match as if the family of Mr. Wet-eyes in one of Bunyan's matchless allegories, were wedded to that of Giant Bloody-man in the other. But it is easily explained. It has been found so in all times when passion has been made to take the place of reason as the guide of a people, and conscience has been thrust from the throne to be succeeded by sentiment. The luxurious and the cruel, the fierce and the voluptuous, the licentious and the relentless readily coalesce; and we soon are made to perceive the fitness of the classic fable by which, in the old Greek mythology, Venus was seen knitting her hands with Mars, the goddess of sensuality allying herself with the god of slaughter. We say, much of the literature of the present and the last generation is thus the caterer of passion—lawless, fierce, and vindictive passion. And if a retired student may "through the loop-holes of retreat" read aright the world of fashion, passion seems at times acquiring an unwonted ascendency in the popular amusements of the age. The lewd pantomime and dance, from which the less refined fashion of other times would have turned her blushing and indignant face, the gorgeous spectacle and the shows of wild beasts, and even the sanguinary pugilistic combat, that sometimes recals the gladiatorial shows of old Rome, have become, in our day, the favorite recreations of some classes among the lovers of pleasure. These are, it should be remembered, nearly the same with the favorite entertainments of the later Greek empire, when, plethoric by its wealth, and enervated by its luxury, that power was about to be trodden down by the barbarian invasions of the north.

It is possible that the same dangerous ascendency of passion may be fostered, where we should have been slow to suspect it, by the ultraism of some good men among the social reformers of our time. Wilberforce was, in the judgment of Mackintosh, the very model of a reformer, because he united an earnestness that never flagged with a sweetness that never failed. There are good men that have nothing of this last trait. Amid the best intentions there is occasionally, in the benevolent projects even of this day, a species of Jack Cadeism, if we may be allowed the expression, enlisted in the service of reform. It seems the very opposite of the character of Wilberforce, nourishes an acridity and violence of temper that appears to delight in repelling, and seeks to enkindle feeling by wild exaggeration and personal denunciation; raves in behalf of good with the very spirit of evil, and where it cannot convince assent, would extort submission. Even truth itself, when administered at a scalding heat, cannot benefit the recipient; and the process is not safe for the hands of the administrator himself.

Far be it from us to decry earnestness when shown in the cause of truth and justice, or to forget how the passion awakened in some revolutionary crisis of a people's history, has often infused into the productions of genius an unwonted energy, and clothed them as with an immortal vigor. But it is passion yoked to the chariot of reason, and curbed by the strong hand of principle; laboring in the traces, but not grasping the reins. But set aside argument and truth, and give to passion its unchecked course, and the effect is fatal. It may at first seem to clothe a

Digitized by Google

literature with new energy, but it is the mere energy of intoxication, soon spent, and for which there speedily comes a sure and bitter reckoning. The bonds of principle are loosened, the tastes and habits of society corrupted; and the effects are soon seen extending themselves to the very form and style of a literature as well as to the morality of its productions. The intense is substituted for the natural and true. What is effective is sought for rather than what is exact. Our literature therefore has little, in such portions of it, of the high finish and serene repose of the master-pieces of classic antiquity, where passion in its highest flights is seen wearing gracefully all the restraining rules of art: and power toils ever as under the severe eye of order.

### WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

One of the most consistent and accomplished authors by profession the country has produced, is a native of Charleston, South Carolina. He was born April 17, 1806. His father, who bore the same name, was of Scoto-Irish descent, and his mother, Harriet Ann Augusta Singleton, was of a Virginia family, which came early to the state, and was found in the Revolutionary times on the Whig side. William Gilmore Simms, the elder, having failed in Charleston as a merchant, removed to Tennessee, where he held a commission in Coffee's brigade of mounted men, under the command of Jackson, employed in the Indian war against the Creeks and Seminoles. His wife died while our author, the second son, was in his infancy, and he was left in the absence of his father to the care of his grandmother. Though his early education derived little aid from the pecuniary means of his family, which were limited, and though he had not the benefit of early classical training, yet the associations of this part of his life were neither unhappy nor unproductive, while his energy of character and richly endowed intellect were marking out an immediate path of mental activity and honor. Choosing the law for a profession, he was admitted to the bar at Charleston at the age of twenty-one. He did not long practise the profession, but turned its peculiar training to the uses of a literary life. His first active engagement was in the editorship of a daily newspaper, the *Charleston City Gazette*, in which he opposed the prevailing doctrines of nullification; he wrote with industry and spirit, but being interested in the paper as its proprietor, and the enterprise proving unsuccessful, he was stripped by its failure of the limited patrimony he had embarked in it.

The commencement of his career as an author had preceded this. He wrote verses at eight years of age, and first appeared before the public as a poet, in the publication, about 1825, of a *Monody on Gen. Charles Cotesworth Pinckney*. A volume, *Lyrical and other Poems*, appeared from his pen, in 1827, at Charleston, followed by *Early Lays* the same year. Another volume, *The Vision of Cortes, Cain, and other Poems*, appeared in 1829, and the next year a celebration, in verse, of the French Revolution of 1830, *The Tricolor, or Three Days of Blood in Paris*.

Shortly after this date, in 1832, Mr. Simms visited New York, where his imaginative poem, *Atalantis, a Story of the Sea*, published by the Harpers in that year, introduced him to the literary circles of the city, in which he was warmly welcomed. *Atalantis* was a successful poem with the publishers, a rarity at any time, and more noticeable in this case as the work of an unheralded, unknown author. It is written with easy elegance, in smooth blank verse, interspersed with frequent lyrics. Atalantis, a beautiful and virtuous princess of the Nereids, is alternately flattered and threatened by a monster into whose power she has fallen, by straying on the ocean beyond her domain, and becoming subject to his magical spells. She recovers her freedom by the aid of a shipwrecked Spanish knight, whose earthly nature enables him to penetrate the gross atmosphere of the island which the demon had extemporized for her habitation. The prison disappears, and the happy pair descend to the caves of ocean.

The next year the Harpers published Mr. Simms's first tale, *Martin Faber, the Story of a Criminal*, written in the intense passionate style. It secured at once public attention.

The author had now fairly entered upon the active literary life which he has since pursued without interruption; and so uniform has been his career, that a few words will sum up the incidents of his history. A second marriage to the daughter of Mr. Roach, a wealthy planter of the Barnwell district, his first wife having died soon after their union before his visit to New York; a seat in the state legislature, and the reception of the Doctorate of Laws from the University of Alabama: his summer residence at Charleston and his home winter life on the plantation Woodlands

Woodlands.

at Midway, with frequent visits to the northern cities; these are the few external incidents of a career, the events of which must be sought for in the achievements of the author. The latter are sufficiently numerous and important.

To proceed with their production in some classified order, the author's poems may be first enumerated. The publication, next to those already mentioned, was a volume in New York in 1839, *Southern Passages and Pictures*, lyrical, sentimental, and descriptive; *Donna Florida, a Tale*, in the Don Juan style with a Spanish heroine, published at Charleston in 1843; *Grouped Thoughts and Scattered Fancies*, a collection of sonnets; *Areytos, or Songs of the South*, 1846; *Lays of the*

Digitized by Google

*Palmetto*, a number of ballads illustrative of the progress of the South Carolina regiments in the Mexican war in 1848; a new edition of *Atalantis* the same year at Philadelphia, with a collection, *The Eye and the Wing; Poems Chiefly Imaginative; The Cassique of Accabee, a Tale of Ashley River, with other pieces*, New York, 1849; *The City of the Silent*, a poem delivered at the Consecration of Magnolia Cemetery, Charleston, in 1850.

In 1853, two volumes of poems were published by Redfield, comprising a selection, with revisions and additions, from the preceding. In dramatic literature, Mr. Simms has written *Norman Maurice, or the Man of the People*, in which the action is laid in the present day, and the author grapples resolutely in blank verse with the original every-day materials of familiar life. The scene opens in Philadelphia. Maurice is the suitor for the hand of Clarice, whom he marries to the discomfiture of an intriguing aunt, Mrs. Jervas (whose name and character recall her prototype in Pamela), and a worthless Robert Warren, kinsman and enemy—who retains a forged paper which Maurice had playfully executed as a boyish freak of penmanship, which had been made negotiable, and which Maurice had "taken up," receiving from his cunning relative a copy of the paper in place of the original, the latter being kept to ruin him as time might serve. In the second act, we have Maurice pursuing his career in the west, in Missouri, as the Man of the People. In a lawsuit which he conducts for a widow, he confronts in her oppressor the fire-eating bully of the region, with whom he fights a duel, and is talked of for senator. The scoundrel Warren follows him, and seeks to gain control over his wife by threatening to produce the forged paper at a critical moment for his political reputation. She meets the villain to receive the paper, and stabs him. The widow's cause is gained; all plots, personal and political, discomfited; and Missouri, at the close, enjoys the very best prospect of securing an honest senator. Though this play is a bold attempt, with much new ground to be broken, it is managed with such skill, in poetical blank verse, and with so consistent, manly a sentiment, that we pay little attention to its difficulties. *Michael Bonham, or the Fall of the Alamo*, is a romantic drama founded upon an event in Texan history. Both of these have been acted with success. Mr. Simms has also adapted for stage purposes Shakespeare's play of Timon, with numerous additions of his own. This drama has been purchased by Mr. Forrest, and is in preparation for the stage.

Of Mr. Simms's Revolutionary Romances, *The Partisan*, published in 1835, was the earliest, the first of a trilogy completed by the publication of *Mellichampe* and *Katharine Walton, or the Rebel of Dorchester*, which contains a delineation of social life at Charleston in the Revolutionary period. The action of these pieces covers the whole period of active warfare of the Revolution in South Carolina, and presents every variety of military and patriotic movement of the regular and partisan encounter of the swamp and forest country. They include the career of Marion, Sumpter, Pickens, Moultrie, Hayne, and others, on the constant battle-field of the state, South Carolina being the scene of the most severe conflicts of the Revolution. These works have been succeeded at long intervals by *The Scout*, originally called *The Kinsmen, or the Black Riders of the Congaree*, and *Woodcraft, or Hawks about the Dovecot*, originally published as *The Sword and the Distaff*. *Eutaw*, which includes the great action known by this name, is the latest of the author's compositions in this field. *Guy Rivers, a Tale of Georgia*, the first regularly constructed novel of Mr. Simms, belongs to a class of border tales, with which may be classed *Richard Hurdis, or the Avenger of Blood, a Tale of Alabama; Border Beagles, a Tale of Mississippi; Beauchampe, a Tale of Kentucky*, founded upon a story of crime in the state, which has employed the pens of several American writers; *Helen Halsey, or the Swamp State of Conelachita; The Golden Christmas, a Chronicle of St. John's, Berkeley*.

The Historical Romances include *The Yemassee, a Romance of Carolina*, an Indian story, founded upon the general conspiracy of that Colony to massacre the whites in 1715—the portraiture of the Indian in this work, based by Mr. Simms upon personal knowledge of many of the tribes, correcting numerous popular misconceptions of the character; *Pelayo, a Story of the Goth*, and its sequel, *Count Julian*, both founded on the invasion of Spain by the Saracens, the fate of Roderick, and the apostasy of the traitor from whom the second work is named; *The Damsel of Darien*, the hero of which is the celebrated Vasco Nunez de Balboa, the discoverer of the Pacific; *The Lily and the Totem, or the Huguenots in Florida*, an historical romance, of one of the most finely marked and characteristic episodes in the colonial annals of the country, bringing into view the three rival nations of Spain, France, and the Red Men of the Continent, at the very opening of the great American drama before the appearance of the English; *Vasconcelos*, the scene of which includes the career of De Soto in Florida and the Havannah. In the last work Mr. Simms introduces the degradation of a knight by striking off his spurs, under the most imposing scenes of chivalry—one of the most delicate and elaborate of his many sketches. This was first published under the *nom de plume* of "Frank Cooper."

Another class of Mr. Simms's novels may be generally ranked as the moral and the imaginative, and are both of a domestic and romantic interest. This was the author's earliest vein, the series opening with *Martin Faber*, published in 1833, followed at intervals by *Carl Werner, Confession of the Blind Heart, The Wigwam and The Cabin*, a collection of tales, including several in which an interest of the imagination is sustained with striking effect; and *Castle Dismal, or the Bachelor's Christmas*, a domestic legend, in 1844, a South Carolina Ghost Story; *Marie de Berniere, a Tale of the Crescent City*, with other short romances.

In History, Mr. Simms has produced a *History of South Carolina*, and *South Carolina in the Revolution*, a critical and argumentative work, suggestive of certain clues overlooked by historians. A *Geography of South Carolina* may be ranked under this head, and reference should be made to

Digitized by Google

the numerous elaborate review and magazine articles, of which a protracted discussion of the *Civil Warfare of the South* in the Southern Literary Messenger, the *American Loyalists of the Revolutionary Period* in the Southern Quarterly Review, and frequent papers illustrating the social and political history of the South, are the most noticeable. Mr. Simms's contributions to Biography embrace a *Life of Francis Marion*, embodying a minute and comprehensive view of the partisan warfare in which he was engaged; *The Life of John Smith*, which affords opportunity for the author's best narrative talent and display of the picturesque; a kindred subject, *The Life of the Chevalier Bayard*, handled *con amore*, and *The Life of General Greene*, of the Revolution. These are all works of considerable extent, and are elaborated with care.

In Criticism, Mr. Simms's pen has traversed the wide field of the literature of his day, both foreign and at home. He has edited the imputed plays of Shakespeare, with notes and preliminary essays.*

To Periodical literature he has always been a liberal contributor, and has himself founded and conducted several reviews and magazines. Among these may be mentioned *The Southern Literary Gazette*, a monthly magazine, which reached two volumes in 1825; *The Cosmopolitan, An Occasional; The Magnolia, or Southern Apalachian*, a literary magazine and monthly review, published at Charleston in 1842–3; *The Southern and Western Monthly Magazine and Review*, published in two volumes in 1845, which he edited; while he has frequently contributed to the Knickerbocker, Orion, Southern Literary Messenger, Graham's, Godey's, and other magazines. A review of Mrs. Trollope, in the American Quarterly for 1832, attracted considerable attention at the time. In 1849, Mr. Simms became editor of the Southern Quarterly Review, to which he had previously contributed, and which was revived by his writings and personal influence. Several Miscellaneous productions may be introduced in this connexion. *The Book of my Lady*, a melange, in 1833; *Views and Reviews of American History, Literature, and Art*, including several lectures, critical papers, and biographical sketches; *Father Abbot, or the Home Tourist, a Medley*, embracing sketches of scenery, life, manners, and customs of the South; *Egeria, or Voices of Thought and Counsel for the Woods and Wayside*, a collection of aphorisms, and brief essays in prose and verse; *Southward Ho!* a species of Decameron, in which a group of travellers interchanging opinion and criticism, discuss the scenery and circumstances of the South, with frequent introduction of song and story; *The Morals of Slavery*, first published in the Southern Literary Messenger, and since included in the volume entitled *The Pro-Slavery Argument*.

In addition to these numerous literary productions, Mr. Simms is the author of several orations on public occasions,—*The Social Principle, the True Secret of National Permanence*, delivered in 1842 before the literary societies of the University of Alabama; *The True Sources of American Independence*, in 1844, before the town council and citizens of Aiken, S. C.; *Self-Development*, in 1847, before the literary societies of Oglethorpe University, Georgia; *The Battle of Fort Moultrie*, an anniversary discourse on Sullivan's Island; two courses of lectures, of three each, *On Poetry and the Practical*, and *The Moral Character of Hamlet*.

The numerous writings of Mr. Simms are characterized by their earnestness, sincerity, and thoroughness. Hard worker as he is in literature, he pursues each subject with new zeal and enthusiasm. They are a remarkable series of works, when it is considered how large a portion of them involve no inconsiderable thought and original research. But Mr. Simms is no ordinary worker. Much as he has accomplished, much lies before him,—and in the prime of life, with a physical constitution which answers every demand of the active intellect, he still pursues new game in the literary world.

As an author, he has pursued an honorable, manly career. His constant engagements in the press, as a critic and reviewer, have given him opportunities of extending favors to his brother writers, which he has freely employed. His generosity in this respect is noticeable. Nor has this kindness been limited by any local feeling; while his own state has found in him one of the chief, in a literary view the chief, supporter of her interests. As a novelist, Mr. Simms is vigorous in delineation, dramatic in action, poetic in his description of scenery, a master of plot, and skilled in the arts of the practised story teller. His own tastes lead him to the composition of poetry and the provinces of imaginative literature, and he is apt to introduce much of their spirit into his prose creations. His powers as an essayist, fond of discussing the philosophy

* A Supplement to the Plays of William Shakespeare, comprising the Seven Dramas which have been ascribed to his pen, but which are not included with his writings in modern editions, edited with notes, and an introduction to each play. 8vo. Coolidge & Brother: New York. 1848.

Digitized by Google

of his subject, are of a high order. He is ingenious in speculation and fertile in argument. Many as are his writings, there is not one of them which does not exhibit some ingenious, worthy, truthful quality.

THE BARD.

Where dwells the spirit of the Bard—what sky
Persuades his daring wing,—
Folded in soft carnation, or in snow
Still sleeping, far o'er summits of the cloud,
And, with a seeming, sweet unconsciousness,
Wooing his plume, through baffling storms to fly,
Assured of all that ever yet might bless
The spirit, by love and loftiest hope made proud,
Would he but struggle for the dear caress!—
Or would his giant spring,
Impelled by holiest ire,
Assail the sullen summits of the storm,
Beat with broad breast and still impatient form,
Where clouds unfold themselves in leaping fire!
What vision wins his soul,—
What passion wings his flight,—
What dream of conquest woos his eager eye!—
How glows he with the strife,—
How spurns he at control,—
With what unmeasured rage would he defy
The foes that rise around and threaten life!—
His upward flight is fair,
He goes through parting air,
He breaks the barrier cloud, he sees the eye that's there,
The centre of the realm of storm that mocked him but to dare!
And now he grasps the prize,
That on the summit lies,
And binds the burning jewel to his brow;
Transfigured by its bright,
He wears a mightier face,
Nor grovels more in likeness of the earth;—
His wing a bolder flight,
His step a wilder grace,
He glows, the creature of a holier birth;—
Suns sing, and stars glow glad around his light;
And thus he speeds afar,
'Mid gathering sun and star,
The sov'reign, he, of worlds, where these but subjects are;
And men that marked his wing with mocking sight,
Do watch and wonder now;—
Will watch and worship with delight, anon,
When far from hiss and hate, his upward form hath gone!

Oh! ere that van was won,
Whose flight hath braved the sun—
Whose daring strength and aim
Have scaled the heights of cloud and bared their breasts of flame;
What lowly toil was done,—
How slow the moments sped,—
How bitter were the pangs that vexed the heart and head!
The burden which he bore,
The thorns his feet that tore,
The cruel wounds he suffered with no moan,—
Alone,—and still alone!—
Denial, which could smile,
Beholding, all the while,
How salter than the sea were the salt tears he shed;
And over all, the curse,
Than all of these more worse,
Prostrate, before the common way, to bear
The feet of hissing things,
Whose toil it is to tear,
And cramp the glorious creature born to wings!
Ah! should he once despair!—

* * * * * * * *

Not lonely, with the sad nymph Solitude,
Deep in the cover of the ancient wood,
Where the sun leaves him, and the happy dawn,
Stealing with blushes over the gray lawn,
Stills finds him, all forgetful of the flight
Of hours, that passing still from dark to bright,
Know not to loiter,—all their progress naught:—
His eye, unconscious of the day, is bright
With inward vision; till, as sudden freed,
By the superior quest of a proud thought,
He darts away with an unmeasured speed;
His pinion purpling as he gains the height,
Where still, though all obscured from mortal sight,
He bathes him in the late smiles of the sun;—
And oh! the glory, as he guides his steed,
Flakes from his pinions falling, as they soar
To mounts where Eos binds her buskins on
And proud Artemis, watching by her well,
For one,—sole fortunate of all his race,—
With hand upon his mouth her bengle stays,
Lest he should baffle sounds too sweet to lose,
That even now are gliding with the dews.
How nobly he arrays
His robes for flight—his robes, the woven of songs,
Borrowed from starry spheres,—with each a muse
That, with her harmonies, maintains its dance
Celestial, and its circles bright prolongs.
Fair ever, but with warrior form and face,
He stands before the eye of each young grace
Beguiling the sweet passion from her cell,
And still subjecting beauty by the glance,
Which speaks his own subjection to a spell.
The eldest born of rapture, that makes Love,
At once submissive and the Conqueror.
He conquers but to bring deliverance,
And with deliverance light;—
To conquer, he has only to explore,—
And makes a permanent empire, but to spread,
Though speeding on with unobserving haste,—
A wing above the waste.
A single feather from his pinion shed,
A single beam of beauty from his eye,
Takes captive of the dim sleeping realm below,
Through eyes of truest worshippers, that straight
Bring shouts to welcome and bright flowers to wreathe
His altars; and, as those, to life from death,
Plucked sudden, in their gratitude and faith
Deem him a god who wrought the miracle,—
So do they take him to their shrines, and vow
Their annual incense of sweet song and smell,
For him to whom their happiness they owe.
Thus goes he still from desert shore to shore,
Where life in darkness droops, where beauty errs,
Having no worshippers,
And lacking sympathy for the light!—The eye
That is the spirit of his wing, no more,
This progress once begun, can cease to soar,
Suffers eclipse, or sleeps!—
No more be furled
The wing,—that, from the first decreed to fly,
Must speed to daily conquests, deep and high,
Till no domain of dark unlighted keeps,
And all the realm of strife beneath the sky
Grows one, in beauty and peace for evermore,—
Soothed to eternal office of delight,
By those that wing the soul on its first flight,
For these are the great spirits that shape the world!

Digitized by Google

BLESSINGS ON CHILDREN.

Blessings on the blessing children, sweetest gifts of
Heaven to earth,
Filling all the heart with gladness, filling all the
house with mirth;
Bringing with them native sweetness, pictures of the
primal bloom,
Which the bliss for ever gladdens, of the region
whence they come:
Bringing with them joyous impulse of a state with-
outen care,
And a buoyant faith in being, which makes all in
nature fair;
Not a doubt to dim the distance, not a grief to vex
thee, nigh,
And a hope that in existence finds each hour a
luxury;
Going singing, bounding, brightening—never fearing
as they go,
That the innocent shall tremble, and the loving find
a foe;
In the daylight, in the starlight, still with thought
that freely flies,
Prompt and joyous, with no question of the beauty
in the skies;
Genial fancies winning raptures, as the bee still sucks
her store,
All the present still a garden gleaned a thousand
times before;
All the future, but a region, where the happy serv-
ing thought,
Still depicts a thousand blessings, by the winged
hunter caught;
Life a chase where blushing pleasures only seem to
strive in flight,
Lingering to be caught, and yielding gladly to the
proud delight;
As the maiden, through the alleys, looking backward
as she flies,
Woos the fond pursuer onward, with the love-light
in her eyes.

Oh! the happy life in children, still restoring joy to
ours,
Making for the forest music, planting for the way-
side flowers;
Back recalling all the sweetness, in a pleasure pure
as rare,
Back the past of hope and rapture bringing to the
heart of care.
How, as swell the happy voices, bursting through
the shady grove,
Memories take the place of sorrows, time restores
the sway to love!
We are in the shouting comrades, shaking off the
load of years,
Thought forgetting strifes and trials, doubts and
agonies and tears;
We are in the bounding urchin, as o'er hill and plain
he darts,
Share the struggle and the triumph, gladdening in
his heart of hearts;
What an image of the vigor and the glorious grace
we knew,
When to eager youth from boyhood, at a single
bound we grew!
Even such our slender beauty, such upon our cheek
the glow,
In our eyes the life and gladness—of our blood the
overflow.
Bless the mother of the urchin! in his form we see
her truth;
He is now the very picture of the memories in our
youth;
Never can we doubt the forehead, nor the sunny
flowing hair,
Nor the smiling in the dimple speaking chin and
cheek so fair:
Bless the mother of the young one, he hath blended
in his grace,
All the hope and joy and beauty, kindling once in
either face.

Oh! the happy faith of children! that is glad in all
it sees,
And with never need of thinking, pierces still its
mysteries,
In simplicity profoundest, in their soul abundance
blest,
Wise in value of the sportive, and in restlessness at
rest;
Lacking every creed, yet having faith so large in all
they see,
That to know is still to gladden, and 'tis rapture but
to be.
What trim fancies bring them flowers; what rare
spirits walk their wood,
What a wondrous world the moonlight harbors of
the gay and good!
Unto them the very tempest walks in glories grate-
ful still,
And the lightning gleams, a seraph, to persuade
them to the hill:
'Tis a sweet and loving spirit, that throughout the
midnight rains,
Broods beside the shuttered windows, and with
gentle love complains;
And how wooing, how exalting, with the richness
of her dyes,
Spans the painter of the rainbow, her bright arch
along the skies,
With a dream like Jacob's ladder, showing to the
fancy's sight,
How 'twere easy for the sad one to escape to worlds
of light!
Ah! the wisdom of such fancies, and the truth in
every dream,
That to faith confiding offers, cheering every gloom,
a gleam!
Happy hearts, still cherish fondly each delusion of
your youth,
Joy is born of well believing, and the fiction wraps
the truth.

THE RATTLESNAKE—FROM THE YEMASSEE.

[The heroine, Bess Matthews, in the wood waits the coming of her lover.]

"He is not come," she murmured, half disap-
pointed, as the old grove of oaks with all its religious
solemnity of shadow lay before her. She took her
seat at the foot of a tree, the growth of a century,
whose thick and knotted roots, started from their
sheltering earth, shot even above the long grass
around them, and ran in irregular sweeps for a con-
siderable distance upon the surface. Here she sat
not long, for her mind grew impatient and confused
with the various thoughts crowding upon it—sweet
thoughts it may be, for she thought of him whom
she loved,—of him almost only; and of the long
hours of happy enjoyment which the future had in
store. Then came the fears, following fast upon the
hopes, as the shadows follow the sunlight. The
doubts of existence—the brevity and the fluctua-
tions of life; these are the contemplations even of
happy love, and these beset and saddened her; till,
starting up in that dreamy confusion which the
scene not less than the subject of her musings had
inspired, she glided among the old trees scarce con-
scious of her movement.

Digitized by Google

"He does not come—he does not come," she murmured, as she stood contemplating the thick copse spreading before her, and forming the barrier which terminated the beautiful range of oaks which constituted the grove. How beautiful was the green and garniture of that little copse of wood. The leaves were thick, and the grass around lay folded over and over in bunches, with here and there a wild flower, gleaming from its green, and making of it a beautiful carpet of the richest and most various texture. A small tree rose from the centre of a clump around which a wild grape gadded luxuriantly; and, with an incoherent sense of what she saw, she lingered before the little cluster, seeming to survey that which, though it seemed to fix her eye, yet failed to fill her thought. Her mind wandered—her soul was far away; and the objects in her vision were far other than those which occupied her imagination. Things grew indistinct beneath her eye. The eye rather slept than saw. The musing spirit had given holiday to the ordinary senses, and took no heed of the forms that rose, and floated, or glided away, before them. In this way, the leaf detached made no impression upon the sight that was yet bent upon it; she saw not the bird, though it whirled, untroubled by a fear, in wanton circles around her head—and the black snake, with the rapidity of an arrow, darted over her path without arousing a single terror in the form that otherwise would have shivered at its mere appearance. And yet, though thus indistinct were all things around her to the musing eye of the maiden, her eye was yet singularly fixed—fastened as it were, to a single spot—gathered and controlled by a single object, and glazed, apparently, beneath a curious fascination. Before the maiden rose a little clump of bushes,—bright tangled leaves flaunting wide in glossiest green, with vines trailing over them, thickly decked with blue and crimson flowers. Her eye communed vacantly with these; fastened by a star-like shining glance—a subtle ray, that shot out from the circle of green leaves—seeming to be their very eye—and sending out a lurid lustre that seemed to stream across the space between, and find its way into her own eyes. Very piercing and beautiful was that subtle brightness, of the sweetest, strangest power. And now the leaves quivered and seemed to float away, only to return, and the vines waved and swung around in fantastic mazes, unfolding ever-changing varieties of form and color to her gaze; but the star-like eye was ever steadfast, bright and gorgeous gleaming in their midst, and still fastened, with strange fondness, upon her own. How beautiful, with wondrous intensity, did it gleam, and dilate, growing larger and more lustrous with every ray which it sent forth. And her own glance became intense, fixed also; but with a dreaming sense that conjured up the wildest fancies, terribly beautiful, that took her soul away from her, and wrapt it about as with a spell. She would have fled, she would have flown; but she had not power to move. The will was wanting to her flight. She felt that she could have bent forward to pluck the gem-like thing from the bosom of the leaf in which it seemed to grow, and which it irradiated with its bright white gleam; but ever as she aimed to stretch forth her hand, and bend forward, she heard a rush of wings, and a shrill scream from the tree above her—such a scream as the mock-bird makes, when, angrily, it raises its dusky crest, and flaps its wings furiously against its slender sides. Such a scream seemed like a warning, and though yet unawakened to full consciousness, it startled her and forbade her effort. More than once in her survey of this strange object, had she heard that shrill note, and still had it carried to her ear the same note of warning, and to her mind the same vague consciousness of an evil presence. But the star-like eye was yet upon her own—a small, bright eye, quick like that of a bird, now steady in its place, and observant seemingly only of hers, now darting forward with all the clustering leaves about it, and shooting up towards her, as if wooing her to seize. At another moment, riveted to the vine which lay around it, it would whirl round and round, dazzlingly bright and beautiful, even as a torch, waving hurriedly by night in the hands of some playful boy;—but, in all this time, the glance was never taken from her own—there it grew, fixed—a very principle of light—and such a light—a subtle, burning, piercing, fascinating gleam, such as gathers in vapor above the old grave, and binds us as we look—shooting, darting directly into her eye, dazzling her gaze, defeating its sense of discrimination, and confusing strangely that of perception. She felt dizzy, for, as she looked, a cloud of colors, bright, gay, various colors, floated and hung like so much drapery around the single object that had so secured her attention and spell-bound her feet. Her limbs felt momently more and more insecure—her blood grew cold, and she seemed to feel the gradual freeze of vein by vein, throughout her person. At that moment a rustling was heard in the branches of the tree beside her, and the bird, which had repeatedly uttered a single cry above her, as it were of warning, flew away from his station with a scream more piercing than ever. This movement had the effect, for which it really seemed intended, of bringing back to her a portion of the consciousness she seemed so totally to have been deprived of before. She strove to move from before the beautiful but terrible presence, but for a while she strove in vain. The rich, star-like glance still riveted her own, and the subtle fascination kept her bound. The mental energies, however, with the moment of their greatest trial, now gathered suddenly to her aid; and, with a desperate effort, but with a feeling still of most annoying uncertainty and dread, she succeeded partially in the attempt, and threw her arms backwards, her hands grasping the neighboring tree, feeble, tottering, and depending upon it for that support which her own limbs almost entirely denied her. With her movement, however, came the full development of the powerful spell and dreadful mystery before her. As her feet receded, though but a single pace, to the tree against which she now rested, the audibly articulated ring, like that of a watch when wound up with the verge broken, announced the nature of that splendid yet dangerous presence, in the form of the monstrous rattlesnake, now but a few feet before her, lying coiled at the bottom of a beautiful shrub, with which, to her dreaming eye, many of its own glorious hues had become associated. She was, at length, conscious enough to perceive and to feel all her danger; but terror had denied her the strength necessary to fly from her dreadful enemy. There still the eye glared beautifully bright and piercing upon her own; and, seemingly in a spirit of sport, the insidious reptile slowly unwound himself from his coil, but only to gather himself up again into his muscular rings, his great flat head rising in the midst, and slowly nodding, as it were, towards her, the eye still peering deeply into her own;—the rattle still slightly ringing at intervals, and giving forth that paralysing sound, which, once heard, is remembered for ever. The reptile all this while appeared to be conscious of, and to sport with, while seeking to excite her terrors. Now, with his flat head, distended mouth, and curving neck, would it dart forward its long form towards her,—its fatal teeth, unfolding on

Digitized by Google

either side of its upper jaws, seeming to threaten her with instantaneous death, whilst its powerful eye shot forth glances of that fatal power of fascination, malignantly bright, which, by paralysing, with a novel form of terror and of beauty, may readily account for the spell it possesses of binding the feet of the timid, and denying to fear even the privilege of flight. Could she have fled! She felt the necessity; but the power of her limbs was gone! and there still it lay, coiling and uncoiling, its arching neck glittering like a ring of brazed copper, bright and lurid; and the dreadful beauty of its eye still fastened, eagerly contemplating the victim, while the pendulous rattle still rang the death note, as if to prepare the conscious mind for the fate which is momently approaching to the blow. Meanwhile the stillness became death-like with all surrounding objects. The bird had gone with its scream and rush. The breeze was silent. The vines ceased to wave. The leaves faintly quivered on their stems. The serpent once more lay still; but the eye was never once turned away from the victim. Its corded muscles are all in coil. They have but to unclasp suddenly, and the dreadful folds will be upon her, its full length, and the fatal teeth will strike, and the deadly venom which they secrete will mingle with the life-blood in her veins.

The terrified damsel, her full consciousness restored, but not her strength, feels all the danger. She sees that the sport of the terrible reptile is at an end. She cannot now mistake the horrid expression of its eye. She strives to scream, but the voice dies away, a feeble gurgling in her throat. Her tongue is paralysed; her lips are sealed—once more she strives for flight, but her limbs refuse their office. She has nothing left of life but its fearful consciousness. It is in her despair, that, a last effort, she succeeds to scream, a single wild cry, forced from her by the accumulated agony; she sinks down upon the grass before her enemy—her eyes, however, still open, and still looking upon those which he directs for ever upon them. She sees him approach—now advancing, now receding—now swelling in every part with something of anger, while his neck is arched beautifully like that of a wild horse under the curb; until, at length, tired as it were of play, like the cat with its victim, she sees the neck growing larger and becoming completely bronzed as about to strike—the huge jaws unclosing almost directly above her, the long tubulated fang charged with venom, protruding from the cavernous mouth—and she sees no more. Insensibility came to her aid, and she lay almost lifeless under the very folds of the monster.

In that moment the copse parted—and an arrow, piercing the monster through and through the neck, bore his head forward to the ground, alongside the maiden, while his spiral extremities, now unfolding in his own agony, were actually, in part, writhing upon her person. The arrow came from the fugitive Occonestoga, who had fortunately reached the spot in season, on his way to the Block House. He rushed from the copse as the snake fell, and, with a stick, fearlessly approached him where he lay tossing in agony upon the grass. Seeing him advance the courageous reptile made an effort to regain his coil, shaking the fearful rattle violently at every evolution which he took for that purpose; but the arrow, completely passing through his neck, opposed an unyielding obstacle to the endeavor; and finding it hopeless, and seeing the new enemy about to assault him, with something of the spirit of the white man under like circumstances, he turned desperately round, and striking his charged fangs, so that they were riveted in the wound they made, into a susceptible part of his own body, he threw himself over with a single convulsion, and, a moment after, lay dead beside the utterly unconscious maiden.



### JAMES H. HAMMOND.

James H. Hammond, Ex-Governor of the State of South Carolina, and a political writer of distinction, was born at Newberry district in that state, November 15, 1807. His father was a native of Massachusetts, a graduate of Dartmouth in 1802, who the next year emigrated to South Carolina and became Professor of Languages in the State College at Columbia. The son received his education at that institution, was admitted to the bar in 1828, and in 1830 became editor at Columbia of a very decided political paper of the nullification era and principles, called the *Southern Times*.

In 1831, on his marriage with Miss Fitzsimons, he retired from his profession, and settled at his plantation, Silver Bluff, on the eastern bank of the Savannah river, a site famous in the early history, being the point where De Soto found the Indian princess of Cofachiqui, where George Galphin subsequently established his trading post with the Indians, forming one of the frontier posts of the infant colony, distinguished in the Revolution by its leaguer, under Pickens and Lee. He did not, however, withdraw from politics; and as a member of the military family of Governor Hamilton and Governor Wayne, contributed his full quota to the nullification excitement, and recruiting for the nullification army of 1833. He was elected member of Congress, in which body he took his seat in 1835. His health, never vigorous, failed him so entirely in the following spring that he resigned his seat in Congress and travelled a year and a half in Europe, with no benefit to his constitution. For several years after he took no part in politics, though often invited to return to Congress, and generously tendered his seat there by his successor, Col. Elmore.

He was in 1841 elected General of his brigade of state militia, and in 1842 Governor of the state. In this capacity he paid particular attention to the state military organization, and under his auspices the several colleges were established on the West Point system. During his governorship he wrote a letter to the Free Church of Glasgow on Slavery, and two letters in reply to an anti-slavery circular of the English Clarkson, which have been since gathered and published in a Pro-Slavery volume, issued in Charleston. From the expiration of his term of service he has resided in retirement on his plantation.

His printed writings, besides a speech in Congress on Slavery, his Governor's Messages, and the letters we have mentioned, are a pamphlet on the Railroad System and the Bank of the State; a review of Mr. Elwood Fisher's "North and South" in the Southern Quarterly; an oration on the Manufacturing System of the State, delivered before the South Carolina Institute in 1849; an elaborate discourse on the Life, Character, and Services of Calhoun, at the request of the city council, in 1850; and an Oration before the Literary Societies of South Carolina College. These compositions severally display the statesman and the scholar of habits of intellectual energy. A

Digitized by Google

passage from the conclusion of the college address exhibits their prevailing manner:—

INTELLECTUAL POWER.

Thus if we should pass in review all the pursuits of mankind, and all the ends they aim at under the instigation of their appetites and passions, or at the dictation of shallow utilitarian philosophy, we shall find that they pursue shadows and worship idols, or that whatever there is that is good and great and catholic in their deeds and purposes, depends for its accomplishment upon the intellect, and is accomplished just in proportion as that intellect is stored with knowledge. And whether we examine the present or the past, we shall find that knowledge alone is real power—"more powerful," says Bacon, "than the Will, commanding the reason, understanding, and belief," and "setting up a Throne in the spirits and souls of men." We shall find that the progress of knowledge is the only true and permanent progress of our race, and that however inventions, and discoveries, and events which change the face of human affairs, may appear to be the results of contemporary efforts or providential accidents, it is, in fact, the Men of Learning who lead with noiseless step the vanguard of civilization, that mark out the road over which—opened sooner or later—posterity marches; and from the abundance of their precious stores sow seed by the wayside, which spring up in due season, and produce an hundred fold; and cast bread upon the waters which is gathered after many days. The age which gives birth to the largest number of such men is always the most enlightened, and the age in which the highest reverence and most intelligent obedience is accorded to them, always advances most rapidly in the career of improvement.

And let not the ambitious aspirant to enrol himself with this illustrious band, to fill the throne which learning "setteth up in the spirits and souls of men," and wield its absolute power, be checked, however humble he may be, however unlikely to attain wealth or office, or secure homage as a practical man or man of action, by any fear that true knowledge can be stifled, overshadowed, or compelled to involuntary barrenness. Whenever or wherever men meet to deliberate or act, the trained intellect will always master. But for the most sensitive and modest, who seek retirement, there is another and a greater resource. The public press, accessible to all, will enable him, from the depths of solitude, to speak trumpet-tongued to the four corners of the earth. No matter how he may be situated—if he has facts that will bear scrutiny, if he has thoughts that burn, if he is sure he has a call to teach—the press is a tripod from which he may give utterance to his oracles; and if there be truth in them, the world and future ages will accept it. It is not Commerce that is King, nor Manufactures, nor Cotton, nor any single Art or Science, any more than those who wear the baubles-crowns. Knowledge is Sovereign, and the Press is the royal seat on which she sits, a sceptred Monarch. From this she rules public opinion, and finally gives laws alike to prince and people,—laws framed by men of letters; by the wandering bard; by the philosopher in his grove or portico, his tower or laboratory; by the pale student in his closet. We contemplate with awe the mighty movements of the last eighty years, and we held our breath while we gazed upon the heaving human mass so lately struggling like huge Leviathan, over the broad face of Europe. What has thus stirred the world? The press. The press, which has scattered far and wide the sparks of genius, kindling as they fly. Books, journals, pamphlets, these are the paixhan balls—moulded often by the obscure and humble, but loaded with fiery thoughts—which have burst in the sides of every structure, political, social, and religious, and shattered too often, alike the rotten and the sound. For in knowledge as in everything else, the two great principles of Good and Evil maintain their eternal warfare, "O αγων αιει τοισιν αγαθοισι"—a war amid and above all other wars.

But in the strife of knowledge, unlike other contests—victory never fails to abide with truth. And the wise and virtuous who find and use this mighty weapon, are sure of their reward. It may not come soon. Years, ages, centuries may pass away, and the grave-stone may have crumbled above the head that should have worn the wreath. But to the eye of faith, the vision of the imperishable and inevitable halo that shall enshrine the memory is for ever present, cheering and sweetening toil, and compensating for privation. And it often happens that the great and heroic mind, unnoticed by the world, buried apparently in profoundest darkness, sustained by faith, works out the grandest problems of human progress: working under broad rays of brightest light; light furnished by that inward and immortal lamp, which, when its mission upon earth has closed, is trimmed anew by angels' hands, and placed among the stars of heaven.

M. C. M. Hammond, a younger brother of the preceding, was born in the Newberry district, December 12, 1814. He was educated at Augusta by a son of the Rev. Dr. Waddel, now a professor at Franklin College, Georgia. In 1832 he received a cadet's appointment at West Point, where in 1835 he delivered an oration to the corps, by the unanimous election of his class, on the Influence of Government on the Mind. He was a graduate of 1836. He served two years in the Seminole war, and also in the Cherokee difficulties in 1838; was then for three years stationed at Fort Gibson, Arkansas, returned again to Florida, and in 1842 resigned in ill health. He then married, and became a successful planter, while he occasionally wrote on topics of agriculture. He was then occupied, under Polk's administration, as paymaster in Louisiana and Texas, where he suffered a severe sun-stroke. Ill health again led to his resignation from the army in 1847. He had previously delivered a discourse before the Agricultural Society, which he had been mainly instrumental in forming, in Burke county, Georgia. In 1849 he began the publication of an elaborate series of military articles in the Southern Quarterly, on Fremont's Command and the Conquest of California; the Commercial and Political Position of California; the Mineral Resources of California; the Battles of the Rio Grande; of Buena Vista; Vera Cruz; Cerro Gordo; Contreras; Cherubusco; Molino del Rey; Chapultepec; the Secondary Combats of the War; an article on Amazonia; in all some six hundred pages, marked by their knowledge of military affairs, and ingenious, candid discrimination.

In 1852 he visited West Point as a member of the Board of Visitors, and was elected their president. He delivered an eloquent oration before the corps of cadets at their request, which was published. He is a resident of South Carolina, and, it is understood, is engaged in a translation of the great military authority Jomini on the art of war, and an original essay on the same subject in reference to the necessities of this country.

Digitized by Google

### ROBERT M. CHARLTON.

This accomplished writer, to whom the engagements of literature were a relaxation from other duties, was born at Savannah, Ga., Jan. 19, 1807. His father was Judge Thomas U. P. Charlton, whose position and social virtues were renewed by the son. He was early admitted to the bar; on his arrival at age was in the state legislature; became United States District Attorney; and at twenty-seven was appointed Judge of the Supreme Court of the Eastern District of Georgia. In 1852 he was in the United States Senate. He was known for his polished oratory and his genial powers in society. His literary productions were in prose and verse: essays, sketches, lectures, and literary addresses. Many of these, including a series of sketches entitled *Leaves from the Portfolio of a Georgia Lawyer*, appeared in the Knickerbocker Magazine. They are all indicative of his cultivated talents and amiable temperament.

In 1839 Mr. Charlton published a volume of poems, in which he included the poetical remains marked by a delicate sentiment, of his brother, Dr. Thomas J. Charlton, a young physician, who died in September, 1835, a victim to his professional zeal. This volume appeared in a second edition at Boston in 1842, with alterations and additions. It includes, besides the poems of the brothers, two prose compositions by R. M. Charlton, a eulogy on Doctor John Cumming, an esteemed citizen of Savannah, who was lost in the steamer Pulaski, and an historical lecture on Serjeant Jasper, the hero of Fort Moultrie and Savannah, delivered before the Georgia Historical Society in 1841.

The poems of Mr. R. M. Charlton are written in a facile style, expressive of a genial and pathetic susceptibility, rising frequently to eloquence.

He died at Savannah Jan. 8, 1854.

#### TO THE RIVER CHERCHEZ.

O wave, that glidest swiftly
On thy bright and happy way,
From the morning until evening,
And from twilight until day,
Why leapest thou so joyously,
Whilst coldly on thy shore,
Sleeps the noble and the gallant heart,
For aye and evermore!

Or dost thou weep, O river,
And is this bounding wave,
But the tear thy bosom sheddeth
As a tribute o'er his grave!
And when, in midnight's darkness,
The winds above thee moan,
Are they mourning for our sorrows,
Do they sigh for him that's gone!

Keep back thy tears, then, river,
Or, if they must be shed,
Let them flow but for the living:
They are needless for the dead.
His soul shall dwell in glory,
Where bounds a brighter wave,
But our pleasures, with his troubles,
Are buried in the grave.

#### THEY ARE PASSING AWAY.

They are passing away, they are passing away—
The joy from our hearts, and the light from our day,
The hope that beguiled us when sorrow was near,
The loved one that dashed from our eye-lids the tear,
The friendships that held o'er our bosoms their away;
They are passing away, they are passing away.

They are passing away, they are passing away—
The cares and the strifes of life's turbulent day,
The waves of despair that rolled over our soul,
The passions that bowed not to reason's control,
The dark clouds that shrouded religion's kind ray;
They are passing away, they are passing away.

Let them go, let them pass, both the sunshine and shower,
The joys that yet cheer us, the storms that yet lower:
When their gloom and their light have all faded and past,
There's a home that around us its blessing shall cast,
Where the heart-broken pilgrim no longer shall say,
"We are passing away, we are passing away."

#### THE DEATH OF JASPER—A HISTORICAL BALLAD.

'T was amidst a scene of blood,
On a bright autumnal day,
When misfortune like a flood,
Swept our fairest hopes away;
'T was on *Savannah's* plain,
On the spot we love so well,
Amid heaps of gallant slain,
That the daring Jasper fell!

He had borne him in the fight,
Like a soldier in his prime,
Like a bold and stalwart knight,
Of the glorious olden time;
And unharmed by sabre-blow,
And untouched by leaden ball,
He had battled with the foe,
'Till he heard the trumpet's call.

But he turned him at the sound,
For he knew the strife was o'er,
That in vain on freedom's ground,
Had her children shed their gore;
So he slowly turned away,
With the remnant of the band,
Who, amid the bloody fray,
Had escaped the foeman's hand.

But his banner caught his eye,
As it trailed upon the dust,
And he saw his comrade die,
Ere he yielded up his trust,
"To the rescue!" loud he cried,
"To the rescue, gallant men!"
And he dashed into the tide
Of the battle-stream again.

And then fierce the contest rose,
O'er its field of broidered gold,
And the blood of friends and foes,
Stained alike its silken fold;

Digitized by Google

But unheeding wound and blow,
He has snatched it midst the strife,
He has borne that flag away,
But its ransom is its life!

"To my father take my sword,"
Thus the dying hero said,
"Tell him that my latest word
Was a blessing on his head;
That when death had seized my frame,
And uplifted was his dart,
That I ne'er forgot the name,
That was dearest to my heart.

"And tell her whose favor gave
This fair banner to our band,
That I died its folds to save,
From the foe's polluting hand;
And let all my comrades hear,
When my form lies cold in death,
That their friend remained sincere,
To his last expiring breath."

It was thus that Jasper fell,
'Neath that bright autumnal sky;
Has a stone been reared to tell
Where he laid him down to die?
To the rescue, spirits bold!
To the rescue, gallant men!
Let the marble page unfold
All his daring deeds again!

### WILLIAM A. CARRUTHERS.

The author of several novels written with spirit and ability, was a Virginian, and as we learn from a communication to the Knickerbocker Magazine,* in which he gives an account of a hazardous ascent of the Natural Bridge, of which he was a witness, was, in 1818, a student of Washington College, in the vicinity of that celebrated curiosity. We have no details of his life, beyond the facts of his publication of several books in New York about the year 1834, his retirement from Virginia to Savannah, Georgia, where he practised medicine, and wrote for the Magnolia and other Southern magazines, and where he died some years since.

His books which have come to our knowledge are, *The Cavaliers of Virginia, or the Recluse of Jamestown, an Historical Romance of the Old Dominion*, contrasting the manners of the conservative and revolutionary races, the followers of Charles and of Noll in the State; *The Kentuckian in New York, or the Adventures of Three Southerns*, a sketchy volume of romantic descriptive matter; and *The Knights of the Horse Shoe, a Traditionary Tale of the Cocked Hat Gentry in the Old Dominion*, published at Wetumpka, Alabama, in 1845. In the last book the author drew a pleasing and animated picture of the old colonial life in Virginia, in the days of Governor Spotswood. A passage from one of its early chapters will exhibit its genial spirit.

#### A KITCHEN FIRE-SIDE IN THE OLD DOMINION.

Imagine to yourself, reader, a fire-place large enough to roast an ox whole, and within which a common waggon load of wood might be absorbed in such a speedy manner as to horrify one of our city economical housewives—though now it was late in summer, and of course no such pile of combustibles enlivened the scene—besides, it was night, and the culinary operations of the day were over. A few blazing fagots of rich pine, however, still threw a lurid glare over the murky atmosphere, and here and there sat the several domestics of the establishment; some nodding until they almost tumbled into the fire, but speedily regaining the perpendicular without ever opening their eyes, or giving any evidence of discomposure, except a loud snort, perhaps, and then dozing away again as comfortably as ever. Others were conversing without exhibiting any symptoms of weariness or drowsiness.

In one corner of the fire-place sat old Sylvia, a Moor, who had accompanied the father of the Governor (a British naval officer) all the way from Africa, the birth-place of his Excellency. She had straight hair, which was now white as the driven snow, and hung in long matted locks about her shoulders, not unlike a bunch of candles. She was by the negroes called outlandish, and talked a sort of jargon entirely different from the broken lingo of that race. She was a general scape-goat for the whole plantation, and held in especial dread by the Ethiopian tribe. She was not asleep, nor dozing, but sat rocking her body back and forth, without moving the stool, and humming a most mournful and monotonous ditty, all the while throwing her large stealthy eyes around the room. In the opposite corner sat a regular hanger-on of the establishment, and one of those who kept a greedy eye always directed towards the fleshpots, whenever he kept them open at all. His name was June, and he wore an old cast-off coat of the Governor's, the waist buttons of which just touched his hips, while the skirts hung down to the ground in straight lines, or rather in the rear of the perpendicular, as if afraid of the constant kicking which his heels kept up against them when walking. His legs were bandied, and set so much in the middle of the foot as to render it rather a difficult matter to tell which end went foremost. His face was of the true African stamp: large mouth, flat nose, and a brow overhung with long, plaited queus, like so many whip-cords cut off short and even all round, and now quite grey. The expression of his countenance was full of mirthfulness and good humor, mixed with just enough of shrewdness to redeem it from utter vacuity. There was a slight degree of cunning twinkled from his small terrapin-looking eye, but wholly swallowed up by his large mouth, kept constantly on the stretch. He had the run of the kitchen; and, for these perquisites was expected and required to perform no other labor than running and riding errands to and from the capital; and it is because he will sometimes be thus employed that we have been so particular in describing him, and because he was the banjo player to all the small fry at Temple Farm. He had his instrument across his lap on the evening in question, his hands in the very attitude of playing, his eyes closed, and every now and then, as he rose up from a profound inclination to old Somnus, twang, twang, went the strings, accompanied by some negro doggrel just lazily let slip through his lips in half utterance, such as the following:—

Massa is a wealthy man, and all de nebors know it;
Keeps good liquors in his house, and always says—here goes it.

The last words were lost in another declination of the head, until catgut and voice became merged in a grunt or snort, when he would start up, perhaps, strain his eyes wide open, and go on again:

Sister Sally's mighty sick, oh what de debil ails her,
She used to eat good beef and beans, but now her stomach fails her.

The last words spun out again into a drawl to se-

* July, 1852.

Digitized by Google

company a monotonous symphony, until all were lost together, by his head being brought in wonderful propinquity to his heels in the ashes.

While old June thus kept up a running accompaniment to Sylvia's Moorish monotony, on the opposite side of the fire, the front of the circle was occupied by more important characters.

Old Essex, the *major-domo* of the establishment, sat there in all the panoply of state. He was a tall, dignified old negro, with his hair queued up behind and powdered all over, and not a little of it sprinkled upon the red collar of his otherwise scrupulously clean livery. He wore small-clothes and knee-buckles, and was altogether a fine specimen of the gentlemanly old family servant. He felt himself just as much a part and parcel of the Governor's family as if he had been related to it by blood. The manners of Essex were very far above his mental culture; this no one could perceive by a slight and superficial observation, because he had acquired a most admirable tact (like some of his betters) by which he never travelled beyond his depth; added to this, whatever he did say was in the most appropriate manner, narrowly discerning nice shades of character, and suiting his replies to every one who addressed him. For instance, were a *gentleman* to alight at the hall door and meet old Essex, he would instantly receive the attentions due to a gentleman; whereas, were a gentlemanly dressed man to come, who feared that his whole importance might not be impressed upon this important functionary, Essex would instantly elevate his dignity in exact proportion to the fussiness of his visitor. Alas! the days of Essex's class are fast fading away. Many of them survived the Revolution, but the Mississippi fever has nearly made them extinct.

On the present occasion, though presumed to be not upon his dignity, the old major sat with folded arms and a benignant but yet contemptuous smile playing upon his features, illuminated as they were by the lurid fire-light, while Martin the carpenter told one of the most marvellous and wonder-stirring stories of the headless corpse ever heard within these walls, teeming, as they were, with the marvellous. Essex had often heard stories first told over the gentlemen's wine, and then the kitchen version, and of course knew how to estimate them exactly: now that before-mentioned incredulous smile began to spread until he was forced to laugh outright, as Martin capped the climax of his tale of horror, by some supernatural appearance of blue flames over the grave. Not so the other domestics, male and female, clustering around his chair; they were worked up to the highest pitch of the marvellous. Even old June ceased to twang his banjo, and at length got his eyes wide open as the carpenter came to the sage conclusion, that the place would be haunted.

It was really wonderful, with what rapidity this same point was arrived at by every negro upon the plantation, numbering more than a hundred; and these having wives and connexions on neighboring plantations, the news that Temple Farm was haunted became a settled matter for ten miles round in less than a week, and so it has remained from that day to this.

On the occasion alluded to, the story-teller for the night had worked his audience up to such a pitch of terror, that not one individual dared stir for his life, every one seeming to apprehend an instant apparition. This effect on their terrified imaginations was not a little heightened by the storm raging without. The distant thunder had been some time reverberating from the shores of the bay, mingling with the angry roar of the waves as they splashed and foamed against the beach, breaking, and then retreating for a fresh onset.

### JAMES OTIS ROCKWELL.

James O. Rockwell was, to a great extent, a self-made man. He was born at Lebanon, Conn., in 1807, and at an early age placed as an operative in a cotton factory at Paterson, New Jersey. When he was fourteen the family removed to Manlius, N. Y., and James was apprenticed to a printing establishment at Utica. He remained there about four years, writing for as well as working at the press, and then after a short sojourn in New York removed to Boston. After working a short time as a journeyman printer he obtained the situation of assistant editor of the Boston Statesman, from which he was soon promoted, in 1829, to the exclusive charge of a paper of his own, *The Providence Patriot*. "He continued," says his biographer Everest, "his editorial labors until the summer of 1831, when a 'card apologetic' announced to the readers of the *Patriot* that its editor had been 'accused of ill health—tried—found guilty—and condemned over to the physicians for punishment.' The following number was arrayed in tokens of mourning for his death."*

His poems are scattered through his own and other periodicals, having never been collected. They are all brief, and though bearing marks of an ill regulated imagination and imperfect literary execution, are animated by a true poetic flame.

#### SPRING.

Again upon the grateful earth,
Thou mother of the flowers,
The singing birds, the singing streams,
The rainbow and the showers:
And what a gift is thine!—thou mak'st
A world to welcome thee;
And the mountains in their glory smile,
And the wild and changeful sea.

Thou gentle Spring!—the brooding sky
Looks welcome all around;
The moon looks down with a milder eye,
And the stars with joy abound;
And the clouds come up with softer glow,
Up to the zenith blown,
And float in pride o'er the earth below,
Like banners o'er a throne.

Thou smiling Spring!—again thy praise
Is on the lip of streams;
And the water-falls loud anthems raise,
By day, and in their dreams;
The lakes that glitter on the plain,
Sing with the stirring breeze;
And the voice of welcome sounds again
From the surge upon the seas.

Adorning Spring! the earth to thee
Spreads out its hidden love;
The ivy climbs the cedar tree,
The tallest in the grove;
And on the moss-grown rock, the rose
Is opening to the sun,
And the forest leaves are putting forth
Their green leaves, one by one.

* Poets of Connecticut, p. 257. See also a further notice from the same pen, South Lit. Mess., July, 1838, in which a suspicion of suicide is hinted at.

Digitized by Google

As thou to earth, so to the soul
Shall after glories be,—
When the grave's winter yields control,
And the spirit's wings are free:
And then, as yonder opening flower
Smiles to the smiling sun,—
Be mine the fate to smile in heaven,
When my weary race is run.

### GEORGE LUNT.

GEORGE LUNT was born at Newburyport, Massachusetts. After completing his collegiate course at Harvard in 1824, he studied law at Boston, and has since practised the profession at Newburyport.

In 1839, he published a volume of *Poems*, followed in 1843 by *The Age of Gold and other Poems*, and in 1854, by *Lyric Poems, Sonnets, and Miscellanies*. He is also the author of *Eastford, or Household Sketches, by Westley Brooke*, a novel of New England life, published in 1854.

We quote from Mr. Lunt's last published volume of poems, a characteristic specimen.

#### MEMORY AND HOPE.

Memory has a sister fair,
Blue-eyed, laughing, wild, and glad,
Oft she comes, with jocund air,
When her twin-born would be sad;
Hand-in-hand I love them best,
And to neither traitor prove,
Both can charm the aching breast,
Scarce I know which most to love.

Memory has a downcast face,
Yet 'tis winning, sweet, and mild,
Then comes Hope, with cheerful grace,
Like a bright enchanting child.
Now, I kiss this rosy cheek,
And the dimpling beam appears,
Then her pensive sister seek,
She too smiles, through pleasant tears.

Thus the heart a joy may take,
Else it were but hard to win,
And a quiet household make,
Where no jealousies come in.
If thy spirit be but true,
Love like this is sure to last,—
Happy he, who weds the two,
Hopeful Future,—lovely Past.

### NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

THE family of Nathaniel Parker Willis trace back their descent to George Willis, who was born in England in 1602, and who, as a newly settled resident of Cambridge near Boston, was admitted "Freeman of Massachusetts," in 1638. By the maternal branch, dividing at the family of the grandfather of N. P. Willis, he is a descendant of the Rev. John Bailey, pastor of a church in Boston, in 1688. The portrait of the Rev. John Bailey was presented some years since to the Massachusetts Historical Society, by Nathaniel Willis, the father of N. P. Willis, to whom it had descended as the oldest of the sixth generation. Mr. Bailey was an exile for opinion's sake. He had begun his ministry at Chester, in England, at the age of 22, but was imprisoned for his non-conformist doctrines; and while waiting for his trial, had preached to crowds through the bars of Lancashire jail. He afterwards preached fourteen years in Limerick, Ireland, and was again imprisoned and tried for his opinions. He then fled from persecution to this country. The memoir of his ministry in Boston has been written by the Rev. Mr. Emerson. He died in 1697, and his funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. Cotton Mather.

The numerous descendants of these two names have been principally residents in New England, and are traceable mainly in the church records of their different locations. The majority have been farmers. Nathaniel Willis, the grandfather of N. P. Willis, was born in Boston in 1755. He was one of the proprietors and publishers of the Independent Chronicle, a leading political paper, from 1776 to 1784. He removed from Boston to Virginia, where he established the "Potomac Guardian," which he published several years at Martinsburgh. He thence removed to Ohio, and established the first newspaper ever published in that state, the "Scioto Gazette." He was for several years the Ohio State printer. It was among the memorabilia of his life that he had been an apprentice in the same printing-office with Benjamin Franklin; and that he was one of the adventurous "Tea-Party," who, in 1773, boarded the East India Company's ship in Boston harbor, and threw overboard her cargo of tea, to express their opinion of the tea-tax. He died at an advanced age on his farm near Chillicothe, to which he had retired, to pass his latter years in repose.

The poet's father, Nathaniel Willis, was for several years a political publisher and editor—the "Eastern Argus" having been established by him at Portland in 1803. With a change in his religious opinions and feelings, he returned to Boston, his native city, and there founded in 1816, the first religious newspaper in the world, the "Boston Recorder." This he conducted for twenty years, establishing, during the latter part of the same time, the first child's newspaper in the world, the "Youth's Companion." The latter he still conducts, having parted with the Recorder as too laborious a vocation for his advancing years, and its eminent success having realized for him a comfortable independence.

Digitized by Google

Nathaniel Parker Willis was born in Portland, Jan. 20, 1807. His father removed to Boston when he was six years of age. He was for a year or two a pupil of the Rev. Dr. McFarlane of Concord, N. H.; but at the Latin School of Boston and at the Phillips Academy at Andover, he received his principal education, previous to entering college. He was graduated at Yale in 1827. While in college he published several religious pieces of poetry under the signature of "Roy," and gained the prize of fifty dollars for the best poem, offered by "The Album," a gift book published by Lockwood. His mother, by whom he takes the name of Parker, was the daughter of Solomon Parker, a farmer of Massachusetts. She was a woman of uncommon talents, and of very exemplary piety and benevolence. Her husband's house being for many years the hospitable home of the clergy of their denomination, her friendship with some of the most eminent men of her time was intimate and constant; and her long and regular correspondence with the Rev. Dr. Payson, the Rev. Dr. Storrs, and others of the first minds of the period in which she lived, will, some day probably, be formed into a most interesting memoir. She died in 1844.

After his graduation, Mr. Willis first became the editor of "The Legendary," a series of volumes of tales published by S. G. Goodrich. He next established the "American Monthly Magazine," which he conducted for two years, then merging it in the "New York Mirror," conducted by Geo. P. Morris—that he might carry out a cherished purpose of a visit to Europe. His "Pencillings by the Way," contributed to the Mirror, give the history of his next four years of travel and adventure. During his first stay in Paris, Mr. Rives, the American Minister, attached him to his Legation, and it was with diplomatic passport and privilege that he made his leisurely visit to the different Courts and Capitals of Europe and the East. In 1835, after two years' residence in England, he married Mary Leighton Stace, daughter of the Commissary General William Stace, then in command of the arsenal at Woolwich, a distinguished officer, who was in the enjoyment of a large pension from government for his gallant conduct at Waterloo.

Immediately after his marriage, Mr. Willis returned to this country, and gratified his early passion for rural life, which had grown upon him with time and weariness of travel, by the purchase of a few acres in the valley of the Susquehannah, and the building of a small cottage in which he hoped to pass the remainder of his life. At this place, which he called "Glenmary," and from which he wrote the *Letters from Under a Bridge*, he passed four years. His one child by his first wife, Imogen his daughter, was born here.

By the failure of his publisher, the death of his father-in-law, and other simultaneous calamities, involving entirely his means of support, Mr. Willis was driven once more to active life; and returning to New York, he established, in connexion with Dr. Porter, *The Corsair*, a weekly journal. To arrange the foreign correspondence for this and visit his relatives, he made a short trip to England, engaging, among others, Mr. Thackeray, who was less known then than now to fame, and who wrote awhile for the Corsair. While abroad on this second tour, Mr. Willis published in London a miscellany of his magazine stories, poems, and European letters, with the title *Loiterings of Travel*. He also published in London his two plays "Bianca Visconti" and "Tortesa the Usurer," with the joint title *Two Ways of Dying for a Husband*. He also wrote about this time the letter-press for two serial publications by Virtue, on the Scenery of the United States and Ireland.

On his return to New York, he found that his partner Dr. Porter had suddenly abandoned their project in discouragement; and he soon after established, in connexion with his former partner Gen. Morris, the "Evening Mirror." The severe labor of this new and trying occupation made the first break in a constitution of great natural vigor, and the death of his wife occurring soon after, his health entirely gave way, and he was compelled once more to go abroad. A brain fever in England, and a tedious illness at the Baths of Germany, followed. On reaching Berlin, however, he met with his former literary partner, Theodore S. Fay; and Mr. Wheaton, the American minister, appointing him *attaché* to the Legation of which Mr. Fay was the Secretary, he determined to make this the home of his literary labors. Visiting England to place his daughter at school, however, he found himself too much prostrated in health to return to Germany, and soon after sailed once more with his daughter for home.

The change from the Evening Mirror to the Home Journal, which was made soon after by both partners, was a return to the more quiet paths of literature, which were better suited to both.

Upon this last enterprise, Mr. Willis is still actively employed, and its career has been, as is well known, eminently successful.

Since that time, the publications of Mr. Willis have of late consisted of editorial articles in the journal, and a series of special contributions written on his journeys in the western and southern states and among the West India islands, or from his new country residence of Idlewild on the plateau of the Highlands of the Hudson beyond West Point. A collection of his works in royal octavo

---

* Before he returned to America, his contributions to the Mirror giving an account of the society in which he moved and the places which he saw, had found their way to England, and falling into the hands of Lockhart, were reviewed by him with severity in the Quarterly for 1835. The chief points of the article were the correction of some technical errors touching the artificial distinctions of the aristocracy, and the charge that Willis had committed himself by printing his "unrestrained table-talk on delicate subjects, and capable of compromising individuals." This referred mainly to an account which Willis had published of the conversation of Moore at Lady Blessington's, in which the Irish poet commented with freedom on the career of O'Connell. It was an injudicious passage, which Willis regretted was published, not thinking at the time it was written that it would re-appear in England, though it contained, probably, nothing more than was generally known of the opinions of Moore on the Irish agitation. Moore, at any rate, was writing similar opinions himself in his Diary (since published), for the benefit of posterity. The immediate consequence of the agitation of the subject in the Quarterly was a public demand for the book, and a publisher's offer of three hundred pounds for the portion on hand in England,—about one half of what subsequently appeared in America, with the title of the collection thus made, *Pencillings by the Way*. Captain Marryatt, then editing the *Metropolitan Magazine*, made the volumes, on their publication, the subject of a personal article in that journal. Satisfaction was demanded by Willis, and shots were exchanged between the parties at Chatham.

Digitized by Google

Idlewild.

was published in 1846 by Redfield with the addition to the writings which we have enumerated up to that date of *Ephemera*, a gathering of brief newspaper miscellanies. His poems have been published in octavo, in a volume illustrated by Leutze.

A newly arranged edition of his writings, with new collections from his articles in his journal, is in course of publication by Scribner. The titles of these volumes are—

*Rural Letters, and Other Records of Thoughts at Leisure; People I have Met, or Pictures of Society and People of Mark, drawn under a Thin Veil of Fiction; Life Here and There, or Sketches of Society and Adventures at Far-Apart Times and Places; Hurry-Graphs, or Sketches from Fresh Impressions of Scenery, Celebrities, and Society; Pencillings by the Way; A Summer Cruise in the Mediterranean on board an American Frigate; Fun Jottings, or Laughs I have taken a Pen To; A Health Trip to the Tropics, etc.; Letters from Idlewild; Famous Persons and Places; The Rag Bag.*

In 1845, Mr. Willis married Cornelia, only daughter of the Hon. Joseph Grinnell, member of Congress from Massachusetts. The Home Journal, his "Health Trip to the Tropics," and his "Letters from Idlewild" give the outlines of his life for these latter years. By his second marriage he has three children, one son and two daughters.

The contributions of Mr. Willis to the various periodicals upon which he has been engaged, have been written with that invariable care and finish, which enable him now, in their collected form of nine volumes, to look upon them as the even and steady product of a career of literary industry, varying only in place and circumstances. They are severally characterized by their acute perception of affairs of life and the world; a delicate vein of sentiment, an increased ingenuity in the decoration and improvement of matters which in the hands of most writers would be impertinent and wearisome; in fine, their invention which makes new things out of old, whether among the palled commonplaces of the city, or the scant monotony of the country. In a series of some twenty years, Mr. Willis has ministered, with but few intervals of absence from his post, weekly through the journals with which he has been connected, to the entertainment and delight of the American public. That his pen is as fresh at the end of that time as at the beginning, is the best proof of his generously gifted nature. If, in the course of his "spiritings," he has occasionally provoked the more fastidious of his readers by far-fetched expressions or other conceptions, he has made his ground good, even on this debatable territory,—since the eccentricities have been offshoots of his originality, and maintained by a style, fresh, idiomatic, and in its construction really pure. As a gentleman may take many liberties not allowed to a clown, an author who writes English as well as Mr. Willis may be indulged with some familiarities with Priscian.

The poetry of Mr. Willis is musical and original. His Sacred Poems belong to a class of compositions which critics might object to, did not experience show them to be pleasurable and profitable interpreters to many minds. The versification of these poems is of remarkable smoothness. Indeed, they have gained the author reputation where his nicer powers would have failed to be appreciated. In another view, his novel in rhyme, of Lady Jane, is one of the very choicest of the numerous poems cast in the model of Don Juan; while his dramas are delicate creations of sentiment and passion, with a relish of the old poetic Elizabethan stage.

As a traveller, Mr. Willis has no superior in representing the humors and experiences of the world. He is sympathetic, witty, observant, and at the same time inventive. Looking at the world through a pair of eyes of his own, he finds material where others would see nothing: indeed, some of his greatest triumphs in this line have been in his rural sketches from Glenmary and Idlewild, continued with novelty and spirit, long after most clever writers would have cried out that straw and clay too for their bricks had been utterly exhausted. That this invention has been pursued through broken health, with unremitting diligence, is another claim to consideration, which the public should be prompt to acknowledge. Under the most favorable circumstances, a continuous career of newspaper literary toil is a painful drudgery. It weighs heavily on dull men of powerful constitution. The world then should be thankful, when the delicate fibres of the poet and man of genius are freely worked from day to day in its service.

THE BELFRY PIGEON.

On the cross-beam under the Old South bell
The nest of a pigeon is builded well.
In summer and winter that bird is there,
Out and in with the morning air:
I love to see him track the street,
With his wary eye and active feet;
And I often watch him as he springs,
Circling the steeple with easy wings,
Till across the dial his shade has passed,
And the belfry edge is gained at last.
'Tis a bird I love, with its brooding note,
And the trembling throb in its mottled throat;
There's a human look in its swelling breast,
And the gentle curve of its lowly crest;
And I often stop with the fear I feel—
He runs so close to the rapid wheel.

Whatever is rung on that noisy bell—
Chime of the hour or funeral knell—

Digitized by Google

The dove in the belfry must hear it well.
When the tongue swings out to the midnight moon—
When the sexton cheerly rings for noon—
When the clock strikes clear at morning light—
When the child is waked with "nine at night"—
When the chimes play soft in the Sabbath air,
Filling the spirit with tones of prayer—
Whatever tale in the bell is heard,
He broods on his folded feet unstirred,
Or rising half in his rounded nest,
He takes the time to smoothe his breast,
Then drops again with filmed eyes,
And sleeps as the last vibration dies.
Sweet bird! I would that I could be
A hermit in the crowd like thee!
With wings to fly to wood and glen,
Thy lot, like mine, is cast with men;
And daily, with unwilling feet,
I tread, like thee, the crowded street;
But, unlike me, when day is o'er,
Thou canst dismiss the world and soar,
Or, at a half felt wish for rest,
Canst smoothe the feathers on thy breast,
And drop, forgetful, to thy nest.

I would that in such wings of gold
I could my weary heart upfold;
And while the world throngs on beneath,
Smoothe down my cares and calmly breathe;
And only sad with others' sadness,
And only glad with others' gladness,
Listen, unstirred, to knell or chime,
And, lapt in quiet, bide my time.

### THE ANNOYER.

Common as light is love,
And its familiar voice wearies not ever.—SHELLEY.

Love knoweth every form of air,
And every shape of earth,
And comes, unbidden, everywhere,
Like thought's mysterious birth.
The moonlit sea and the sunset sky
Are written with Love's words,
And you hear his voice unceasingly,
Like song in the time of birds.

He peeps into the warrior's heart
From the tip of a stooping plume,
And the serried spears, and the many men,
May not deny him room.
He'll come to his tent in the weary night,
And be busy in his dream;
And he'll float to his eye in morning light
Like a fay on a silver beam.

He hears the sound of the hunter's gun,
And rides on the echo back,
And sighs in his ear, like a stirring leaf,
And flits in his woodland track.
The shade of the wood, and the sheen of the river,
The cloud and the open sky—
He will haunt them all with his subtle quiver,
Like the light of your very eye.

The fisher hangs over the leaning boat,
And ponders the silver sea,
For love is under the surface hid,
And a spell of thought has he;
He heaves the wave like a bosom sweet,
And speaks in the ripple low,
'Till the bait is gone from the crafty line,
And the hook hangs bare below.

He blurs the print of the scholar's book,
And intrudes in the maiden's prayer,
And profanes the cell of the holy man,
In the shape of a lady fair.
In the darkest night, and the bright daylight,
In earth, and sea, and sky,
In every home of human thought,
Will love be lurking nigh.

### LOVE IN A COTTAGE.

They may talk of love in a cottage,
And bowers of trellised vine—
Of nature bewitchingly simple,
And milkmaids half divine;
They may talk of the pleasure of sleeping
In the shade of a spreading tree,
And a walk in the fields at morning,
By the side of a footstep free!

But give me a sly flirtation
By the light of a chandelier—
With music to play in the pauses,
And nobody very near:
Or a seat on a silken sofa,
With a glass of pure old wine,
And mamma too blind to discover
The small white hand in mine.

Your love in a cottage gets hungry,
Your vine is a nest for flies—
Your milkmaid shocks the Graces,
And simplicity talks of pies!
You lie down to your shady slumber
And wake with a bug in your ear,
And your damsel that walks in the morning
Is shod like a mountaineer.

True love is at home on a carpet,
And mightily likes his ease—
And true love has an eye for a dinner,
And starves beneath shady trees.
His wing is the fan of a lady,
His foot's an invisible thing,
And his arrow is tipped with a jewel,
And shot from a silver string.

### UNSEEN SPIRITS.

The shadows lay along Broadway—
'Twas near the twilight-tide—
And slowly there a lady fair
Was walking in her pride.
Alone walked she; but, viewlessly,
Walked spirits at her side.

Peace charmed the street beneath her feet,
And Honor charmed the air;
And all astir looked kind on her,
And called her good as fair—
For all God ever gave to her
She kept with chary care.

She kept with care her beauties rare
From lovers warm and true—
For her heart was cold to all but gold,
And the rich came not to woo—
But honored well are charms to sell
If priests the selling do.

Now walking there was one more fair—
A slight girl, lily-pale;
And she had unseen company
To make the spirit quail—
'Twixt Want and Scorn she walked forlorn,
And nothing could avail.

No mercy now can clear her brow
For this world's peace to pray;
For, as love's wild prayer dissolved in air,

Digitized by Google

Her woman's heart gave way!—
But the sin forgiven by Christ in heaven
By man is curst alway!

LITTLE FLORENCE GRAY.

I was in Greece. It was the hour of noon,
And the Egean wind had dropped asleep
Upon Hymettus, and the thymy isles
Of Salamis and Egina lay hung
Like clouds upon the bright and breathless sea.
I had climbed up th' Acropolis at morn,
And hours had fled as time will in a dream
Amid its deathless ruins—for the air
Is full of spirits in these mighty fanes,
And they walk with you! As it sultrier grew,
I laid me down within a shadow deep
Of a tall column of the Parthenon,
And in an absent idleness of thought
I scrawled upon the smooth and marble base.
Tell me, O memory, what wrote I there?
*The name of a sweet child I knew at Rome!*

I was in Asia. 'Twas a peerless night
Upon the plains of Sardis, and the moon,
Touching my eyelids through the wind-stirred tent,
Had witched me from my slumber. I arose,
And silently stole forth, and by the brink
Of golden "Pactolus," where bathe his waters
The bases of Cybele's columns fair,
I paced away the hours. In wakeful mood
I mused upon the storied past awhile,
Watching the moon, that with the same mild eye
Had looked upon the mighty Lybian kings
Sleeping around me—Cresus, who had heaped
Within the mouldering portico his gold,
And Gyges, buried with his viewless ring
Beneath yon swelling tumulus—and then
I loitered up the valley to a small
And humbler ruin, where the undefiled*
Of the Apocalypse their garments kept
Spotless; and crossing with a conscious awe
The broken threshold, to my spirit's eye
It seemed as if, amid the moonlight, stood
"The angel of the church of Sardis" still!
And I again passed onward, and as dawn
Paled the bright morning star, I lay me down
Weary and sad beside the river's brink,
And 'twixt the moonlight and the rosy morn,
Wrote with my fingers in the golden "sands."
Tell me, O memory! what wrote I there?
*The name of the sweet child I knew at Rome!*

The dust is old upon my "sandal-shoon,"
And still I am a pilgrim; I have roved
From wild America to spicy Ind,
And worshipped at innumerable shrines
Of beauty; and the painter's art, to me,
And sculpture, speak as with a living tongue,
And of dead kingdoms, I recall the soul,
Sitting amid their ruins. I have stored
My memory with thoughts that can allay
Fever and sadness; and when life gets dim,
And I am overladen in my years,
Minister to me. But when wearily
The mind gives over toiling, and, with eyes
Open but seeing not, and senses all
Lying awake within their chambers fine,
Thought settles like a fountain, clear and calm—
Far in its sleeping depths, as 'twere a gem,
Tell me, O memory! what shines so fair?
*The face of the sweet child I knew at Rome!*

* "Thou hast a few names even in Sardis which have not defiled their garments; and they shall walk with me in white; for they are worthy." Revelation iii. 4.

LETTER TO THE UNKNOWN PURCHASER AND NEXT OCCUPANT OF GLENMARY.

SIR: In selling you the dew and sunshine ordained to fall hereafter on this bright spot of earth—the waters on their way to this sparkling brook—the tints mixed for the flowers of that enamelled meadow, and the songs bidden to be sung in coming summers by the feathery builders in Glenmary, I know not whether to wonder more at the omnipotence of money, or at my own impertinent audacity toward Nature. How you can *buy* the right to exclude at will every other creature made in God's image from sitting by this brook, treading on that carpet of flowers, or lying listening to the birds in the shade of these glorious trees—how I can *sell* it you—is a mystery not understood by the Indian, and dark, I must say, to me.

"Lord of the soil," is a title which conveys your privileges but poorly. You are master of waters flowing at this moment, perhaps, in a river of Judea, or floating in clouds over some spicy island of the tropics, bound hither after many changes. There are lilies and violets ordered for you in millions, acres of sunshine in daily instalments, and dew nightly in proportion. There are throats to be tuned with song, and wings to be painted with red and gold, blue and yellow; thousands of them, and all tributaries to you. Your corn is ordered to be sheathed in silk, and lifted high to the sun. Your grain is to be duly bearded and stemmed. There is perfume distilling for your clover, and juices for your grasses and fruits. Ice will be here for your wine, shade for your refreshment at noon, breezes and showers and snow-flakes; all in their season, and all "deeded to you for forty dollars the acre" Gods! what a copyhold of property for a fallen world!

Mine has been but a short lease of this lovely and well-endowed domain (the duration of a smile of fortune, five years, scarce longer than a five-act play); but as in a play we sometimes live through a life, it seems to me that I have lived a life at Glenmary. Allow me this, and then you must allow me the privilege of those who, at the close of life, leave something behind them: that of writing out my *will*. Though I depart *this* life, I would fain, like others, extend my ghostly hand into the future; and if wings are to be borrowed or stolen where I go, you may rely on my hovering around and haunting you, in visitations not restricted by cock-crowing.

Trying to look at Glenmary through your eyes, sir, I see too plainly that I have notshaped my ways as if expecting a successor in my lifetime. I did not, I am free to own. I thought to have shuffled off my mortal coil tranquilly here; flitting at last in company with some troop of my autumn leaves, or some bevy of spring blossoms, or with snow in the thaw; my tenants at my back, as a landlord may say. I have counted on a life-interest in the trees, trimming them accordingly; and in the squirrels and birds, encouraging them to chatter and build and fear nothing; no guns permitted on the premises. I have had my will of this beautiful stream. I have carved the woods into a shape of my liking. I have propagated the despised sumach and the persecuted hemlock and "pizen laurel." And "no end to the weeds dug up and set out again," as one of my neighbors delivers himself. I have built a bridge over Glenmary brook, which the town looks to have kept up by "the place," and we have plied free ferry over the river, I and my man Tom, till the neighbors, from the daily saving of the two miles round, have got the trick of it. And betwixt the aforesaid Glenmary brook and a certain muddy and

Digitized by Google

plebeian gutter formerly permitted to join company with, and pollute it, I have procured a divorce at much trouble and pains, a guardian duty entailed of course on my successor.

First of all, sir, let me plead for the old trees of Glenmary! Ah! those friendly old trees! The cottage stands belted in with them, a thousand visible from the door, and of stems and branches worthy of the great valley of the Susquehannah. For how much music played without thanks am I indebted to those leaf-organs of changing tone! for how many whisperings of thought breathed like oracles into my ear! for how many new shapes of beauty moulded in the leaves by the wind! for how much companionship, solace, and welcome! Steadfast and constant is the countenance of such friends, God be praised for their staid welcome and sweet fidelity! If I love them better than some things human, it is no fault of ambitiousness in the trees. They stand where they did. But in recoiling from mankind, one may find them the next kindliest things, and be glad of dumb friendship. Spare those old trees, gentle sir!

In the smooth walk which encircles the meadow betwixt that solitary Olympian sugar-maple and the margin of the river, dwells a portly and venerable toad; who (if I may venture to bequeathe you, my friends) must be commended to your kindly consideration. Though a squatter, he was noticed in our first rambles along the stream, five years since, for his ready civility in yielding the way—not hurriedly, however, nor with an obsequiousness unbecoming a republican, but deliberately and just enough; sitting quietly on the grass till our passing by gave him room again on the warm and trodden ground. Punctually after the April cleansing of the walk, this jewelled *habitué*, from his indifferent lodgings hard by, emerges to take his pleasure in the sun; and there, at any hour when a gentleman is likely to be abroad, you may find him, patient on his *os coccygis*, or vaulting to his asylum of high grass. This year, he shows, I am grieved to remark, an ominous obesity, likely to render him obnoxious to the female eye, and, with the trimness of his shape, has departed much of that measured alacrity which first won our regard. He presumes a little on your allowance for old age; and with this pardonable weakness growing upon him, it seems but right that his position and standing should be tenderly made known to any new-comer on the premises. In the cutting of the next grass, alice me not up my fat friend, sir! nor set your cane down heedlessly in his modest domain. He is "mine ancient," and I would fain do him a good turn with you.

For my spoilt family of squirrels, sir, I crave nothing but immunity from powder and shot. They require coaxing to come on the same side of the tree with you, and though saucy to me, I observe that they commence acquaintance invariably with a safe mistrust. One or two of them have suffered, it is true, from too hasty a confidence in my greyhound Maida, but the beauty of that gay fellow was a trap against which nature had furnished them with no warning instinct! (A fact, sir, which would prettily point a moral!) The large hickory on the edge of the lawn, and the black walnut over the shoulder of the flower-garden, have been, through my dynasty, sanctuaries inviolate for squirrels. I pray you, sir, let them not be "reformed out," under your administration.

Of our feathered connexions and friends, we are most bound to a pair of Phebe-birds and a merry Bob-o'-Lincoln, the first occupying the top of the young maple near the door of the cottage, and the latter executing his bravuras upon the clump of alder-bushes in the meadow, though, in common with many a gay-plumaged gallant like himself, his whereabout after dark is a mystery. He comes every year from his rice-plantation in Florida to pass the summer at Glenmary. Pray keep him safe from percussion-caps, and let no urchin with a long pole poke down our trusting Phebes; annuals in that same tree for three summers. There are humming-birds, too, whom we have complimented and looked sweet upon, but they cannot be identified from morning to morning. And there is a golden oriole who sings through May on a dog-wood tree by the brook-side, but he has fought shy of our crumbs and coaxing, and let him go! We are mates for his betters, with all his gold livery! With these reservations, sir, I commend the birds to your friendship and kind keeping.

And now, sir, I have nothing else to ask, save only your watchfulness over the small nook reserved from this purchase of seclusion and loveliness. In the shady depths of the small glen above you, among the wild-flowers and music, the music of the brook babbling over rocky steps, is a spot sacred to love and memory. Keep it inviolate, and as much of the happiness of Glenmary as we can leave behind, stay with you for recompense!

### HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Was born in Portland, Maine, February 27th, 1807, "in an old square wooden house, upon the edge of the sea." He entered Bowdoin College, where in due time he was graduated in the class with Hawthorne, in 1825. He wrote verses at this time for the *United States Literary Gazette*, printed at Boston.

For a short time after leaving college, he studied law in the office of his father, the Hon. Stephen Longfellow; but soon fell into the mode of life he has since pursued as a scholar, by the appointment to a Professorship of Modern Languages in his college, to accomplish himself for which he travelled abroad in 1826, making the usual tour of the continent, including Spain. He was absent three years; on his return, he lectured at Bowdoin College, as Professor of Modern Languages and Literature, and wrote articles for the North American Review, papers on Sir Philip Sidney, and other topics of polite literature. One of these, an Essay on the Moral and Devotional Poetry of Spain, included his noble translation of the Stanzas of the soldier poet Manrique on the death of his father.*

He also at this time penned the sketches of travel in *Outre Mer*, commencing the publication after the manner of Irving in his Sketch Book; but before the work was completed in this form, it was intrusted to the Harpers, who issued it entire in two volumes.

The elegance of the manner, the nice phrases and fanciful illustrations—a certain decorated poetical style—with the many suggestions of fastidious scholarship, marked this in the eye of the public as a book of dainty promise.

In 1835, Mr. Ticknor having resigned his Professorship of Modern Languages and Literature in Harvard, Mr. Longfellow was chosen his successor. He now made a second tour to Europe,

* This was published in a volume, by Allen & Ticknor, in 1833, with some translations of Sonnets by Lope de Vega and others.

Digitized by Google

preliminary to entering upon his new duties, visiting the northern kingdoms of Denmark, Sweden, Holland, and afterwards Switzerland.

Shortly after assuming his engagement at Harvard, he established himself, in 1837, as a lodger in the old Cragie House, the Washington Head Quarters, which has since become his own by purchase, and the past traditions and present hospitality of which have recently been celebrated by

Longfellow's Residence.

an appreciative pen.* It is from this genial residence, the outlook from which has furnished many a happy epithet and incident of the poet's verse, that *Hyperion, a Romance*, was dated in 1839, a dainty volume perfecting the happy promises of Outre Mer. Old European tradition, the quaint and picturesque of the past, are revived in its pages, by a modern sentiment and winning trick of the fancy, which will long secure the attractiveness of this pleasant volume. It has been always a scholar's instinct with Longfellow to ally his poetical style to some rare subject of fact or the imagination worthy of treatment; and those good services which he has rendered to history, old poets, and ancient art, will serve him with posterity, which asks for fruit, while the present is sometimes contented with leaves.

The first volume of original poetry published by Longfellow, was the *Voices of the Night* at Cambridge in 1839. It contained the "Psalm of Life," the "Midnight Mass for the Dying Year," the Manrique translation, and a number of the early poems of the Gazette. It at once became popular —many of its stanzas, eloquently expressive of moral courage or passive sentiment, veins since frequently worked in his poems, as Excelsior and Resignation, being fairly adopted as "household words." *Ballads and other Poems*, and a thin volume of *Poems on Slavery*, followed in 1842. The former has the translation in hexameters of "The Children of the Lord's Supper," from the Swedish of Bishop Tegner. Other delicate cream-colored volumes came on in due sequence. *The Spanish Student*, a play in three acts, in 1843; *The Belfry of Bruges* in 1846; *Evangeline, a Tale of Acadie*, a happy employment of the hexameter, the next year; *Kavanagh, a Tale*, an idyllic prose companion, in 1849; *The Seaside and the Fireside*, in 1850; and that quaint anecdotal poem of the middle ages in Europe, *The Golden Legend*, in 1851. These, with two volumes of minor poems from favorite sources, entitled *The Waif* and *The Estray*, prefaced each by a poetical introduction of his own, with a collection, *The Poets and Poetry of Europe*, in 1845, complete the list thus far of Longfellow's publications;* though some of his finest poems have since appeared in Putnam's Magazine, to which he is a frequent contributor. In 1854 he resigned his Professorship at Harvard.

Henry W. Longfellow

The same general characteristics run through all Mr. Longfellow's productions. They are the work of a scholar, of a man of taste, of a fertile fancy, and of a loving heart. He is "a picked man" of books, and sees the world and life by their light. To interest his imagination the facts around him must be invested with this charm of association. It is at once his aid and his merit that he can reproduce the choice pictures of the past and of other minds with new accessories of his own; so that the quaint old poets of Germany, the singers of the past centuries, the poetical vision and earnest teachings of Goethe, and the every-day humors of Jean Paul, as it were, come to live among us in American homes and landscape. This interpretation in its highest forms is one of the rarest benefits which the scholar can bestow upon his country. The genius of Longfellow has given us an American idyl, based on a touching episode of ante-revolutionary history, parallel with the Hermann and Dorothea of Goethe, in the exquisite story of Evangeline; has shown us how Richter might have surveyed the higher and inferior conditions, the

* G. W. Curtis, in the "Homes of American Authors."

* There have been other editions of several of these works; a collection made by the author in a cheap form published by the Harpers in 1846; the costly copy, illustrated by Huntington, published at Philadelphia in 1845; and the elegant editions of Evangeline, the Poems, the Golden Legend, and Hyperion, published by Bogue of London, with the wood-cut illustrations from original designs—for one series of which the artist made a tour on the continent—by Birket Foster.

Digitized by Google

schoolmaster, the clergyman, the lovers and the rustics of a New England village in his tale of Kavanagh; has reproduced the simple elegance of the lighter Spanish drama in his play of the Student; and in his Golden Legend has carried us, in his ingenious verse, to the heart of the Middle Ages, showing us the most poetic aspects of the lives of scholars, churchmen, and villagers,—how they sang, travelled, practised logic, medicine, and divinity, and with what miracle plays, jest, and grim literature they were entertained. His originality and peculiar merit consist in these felicitous transformations. If he were simply a scholar, he would be but an annalist or an annotator; but being a poet of taste and imagination, with an ardent sympathy for all good and refined traits in the world, and for all forms of the objective life of others, his writings being the very emanations of a kind generous nature, he has succeeded in reaching the heart of the public. All men relish art and literature when they are free from pedantry. We are all pleased with pictures, and like to be charmed into thinking nobly and acting well by the delights of fancy.

In his personal appearance, frank, graceful manner, fortune, and mode of life, Mr. Longfellow reflects or anticipates the elegance of his writings. In a home surrounded by every refinement of art and cultivated intercourse, in the midst of his family and friends, the genial humorist enjoys a retired leisure, from which many ripe fruits of literature may yet be looked for.

### A PSALM OF LIFE—WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID TO THE PSALMIST.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

### FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

When the hours of Day are numbered,
And the voices of the Night
Wake the better soul, that slumbered,
To a holy, calm delight;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful fire-light
Dance upon the parlour-wall;

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door;
The beloved, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more;

He, the young and strong, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife,
By the road-side fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life!

They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spake with us on earth no more!

And with them the Being Beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died!

### GOD'S-ACRE.

I like that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls
The burial-ground God's-Acre! It is just;
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

God's-Acre! Yes, that blessed name imparts
Comfort to those who in the grave have sown
The seed that they had garnered in their hearts
Their bread of life, alas! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
In the sure faith that we shall rise again
At the great harvest, when the archangel's blast
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,
In the fair gardens of that second birth;
And each bright blossom mingle its perfume
With that of flowers which never bloomed on earth.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn up the sod,
And spread the furrow for the seed we sow;
This is the field and Acre of our God.
This is the place where human harvests grow!

Digitized by Google

EXCELSIOR.

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior!

"Try not the pass!" the old man said;
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

"O, stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Excelsior!

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last good-night;
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

There, in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior!

RAIN IN SUMMER.

How beautiful is the rain!
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain!

How it clatters along the roofs,
Like the tramp of hoofs!
How it gushes and struggles out
From the throat of the overflowing spout!
Across the window-pane
It pours and pours;
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutter roars
The rain, the welcome rain!
The sick man from his chamber looks
At the twisted brooks;
He can feel the cool
Breath of each little pool;
His fevered brain
Grows calm again,
And he breathes a blessing on the rain.
From the neighbouring school
Come the boys,
With more than their wonted noise
And commotion;

And down the wet streets
Sail their mimic fleets,
Till the treacherous pool
Engulfs them in its whirling
And turbulent ocean.

In the country, on every side,
Where far and wide,
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide,
Stretches the plain,
To the dry grass and the drier grain
How welcome is the rain!

In the furrowed land
The toilsome and patient oxen stand;
Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,
With their dilated nostrils spread,
They silently inhale
The clover-scented gale,
And the vapors that arise
From the well watered and smoking soil.
For this rest in the furrow after toil
Their large and lustrous eyes
Seem to thank the Lord,
More than man's spoken word.

Near at hand,
From under the sheltering trees,
The farmer sees
His pastures, and his fields of grain,
As they bend their tops
To the numberless beating drops
Of the incessant rain.
He counts it as no sin
That he sees therein
Only his own thrift and gain.

These, and far more than these,
The Poet sees!
He can behold
Aquarius old
Walking the fenceless fields of air;
And from each ample fold
Of the clouds about him rolled
Scattering everywhere
The showery rain,
As the farmer scatters his grain.

He can behold
Things manifold
That have not yet been wholly told,—
Have not been wholly sung nor said.
For his thought, that never stops,
Follows the water-drops
Down to the graves of the dead,
Down through chasms and gulfs profound,
To the dreary fountain-head
Of lakes and rivers under ground;
And sees them, when the rain is done,
On the bridge of colors seven
Climbing up once more to heaven,
Opposite the setting sun.

Thus the seer,
With vision clear,
Sees forms appear and disappear,
In the perpetual round of strange,
Mysterious change
From birth to death, from death to birth,
From earth to heaven, from heaven to earth;
Till glimpses more sublime
Of things, unseen before,
Unto his wondering eyes reveal
The Universe, as an immeasurable wheel
Turning for evermore
In the rapid and rushing river of Time.

Digitized by Google

### RESIGNATION.

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel for her children crying
Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! these severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors;
Amid these earthly damps
What seem to us but dim funereal tapers
May be Heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death! what seems so is transition;
This life of Mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead—the child of our affection—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing,
In those bright realms of air;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her;
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times, impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean
That cannot be at rest;

We will be patient! and assuage the feeling
We cannot wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

### THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

L'eternité est une pendule, dont le balancier dit et redit sans cesse ces deux mots seulement, dans le silence des tombeaux: "Toujours! jamais! Jamais! toujours!"

JACQUES BRIDAINE.

Somewhat back from the village street
Stands the old-fashioned country-seat,
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw;
And from its station in the hall
An ancient timepiece says to all,—
"For ever—never!
Never—for ever!"

Halfway up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands
From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas!
With sorrowful voice to all who pass,—
"For ever—never!
Never—for ever!"

By day its voice is low and light;
But in the silent dead of night,
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
It echoes along the vacant hall,
Along the ceiling, along the floor,
And seems to say at each chamber door,—
"For ever—never!
Never—for ever!"

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
Through days of death and days of birth,
Through every swift vicissitude
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,
And as if, like God, it all things saw,
It calmly repeats those words of awe,—
"For ever—never!
Never—for ever!"

In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted Hospitality;
His great fires up the chimney roared;
The stranger feasted at his board;
But, like the skeleton at the feast,
That warning timepiece never ceased,—
"For ever—never!
Never—for ever!"

There groups of merry children played,
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed;
O precious hours! O golden prime,
And affluence of love and time!
Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient timepiece told,—
"For ever—never!
Never—for ever!"

From that chamber, clothed in white,
The bride came forth on her wedding night;
There, in that silent room below,
The dead lay in his shroud of snow,
And in the hush that followed the prayer,
Was heard the old clock on the stair,—
"For ever—never!
Never—for ever!"

All are scattered now and fled,
Some are married, some are dead;
And when I ask with throbs of pain,
"Ah! when shall they all meet again?"
As in the days long since gone by,
The ancient timepiece makes reply,—
"For ever—never!
Never—for ever!"

Never here, for ever there,
Where all parting, pain, and care,
And death, and time shall disappear,—
For ever there, but never here!
The horologe of Eternity
Sayeth this incessantly,—
"For ever—never!
Never—for ever!"

### THE JEWISH CEMETERY AT NEWPORT.

How strange it seems! These Hebrews in their graves,
Close by the street of this fair sea-port town;
Silent beside the never-silent waves,
At rest in all this moving up and down!

The trees are white with dust, that o'er their sleep
Wave their broad curtains in the south-wind's breath,

Digitized by Google

While underneath such leafy tents they keep
The long, mysterious Exodus of Death.

And these sepulchral stones, so old and brown,
That pave with level flags their burial-place,
Are like the tablets of the Law, thrown down
And broken by Moses at the mountain's base.

The very names recorded here are strange,
Of foreign accent, and of different climes;
Alvares and Rivera interchange
With Abraham and Jacob of old times.

"Blessed be God! for he created Death!"
The mourners said: "and Death is rest and peace."
Then added, in the certainty of faith:
"And giveth Life, that never more shall cease."

Closed are the portals of their Synagogue,
No Psalms of David now the silence break,
No Rabbi reads the ancient Decalogue
In the grand dialect the Prophets spake.

Gone are the living but the dead remain,
And not neglected, for a hand unseen,
Scattering its bounty, like a summer rain,
Still keeps their graves and their remembrance green.

How came they here? What burst of Christian hate,
What persecution, merciless and blind,
Drove o'er the sea,—that desert, desolate—
These Ishmaels and Hagars of mankind?

They lived in narrow streets and lanes obscure,
Ghetto or Judenstrasse, in mirk and mire:
Taught in the school of patience to endure
The life of anguish and the death of fire.

All their lives long, with the unleavened bread
And bitter herbs of exile and its fears,
The wasting famine of the heart they fed,
And slaked its thirst with marah of their tears.

Anathema maranatha! was the cry
That rang from town to town, from street to street;
At every gate the accursed Mordecai
Was mocked and jeered, and spurned by Christian feet.

Pride and humiliation hand in hand
Walked with them through the world where'er they went;
Trampled and beaten were they as the sand,
And yet unshaken as the continent.

For in the background figures vague and vast,
Of patriarchs and of prophets rose sublime,
And all the great traditions of the Past
They saw reflected in the coming time.

And thus for ever with reverted look
The mystic volume of the world they read,
Spelling it backward like a Hebrew book,
Till life became a legend of the Dead.

But ah! what once has been shall be no more!
The groaning earth in travail and in pain
Brings forth its races, but does not restore,
And the dead nations never rise again.

SCENERY OF THE MISSISSIPPI—FROM EVANGELINE.

Onward o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness sombre with forests,
Day after day they glided adown the turbulent river;
Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped on its borders.
Now through rushing chutes, among green islands, where plumelike
Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept with the current,
Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery sand-bars
Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling waves of their margin,
Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of pelicans waded.
Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of the river,
Shaded by China trees, in the midst of luxuriant gardens,
Stood the houses of planters, with negro-cabins and dove-cots.
They were approaching the region where reigns perpetual summer,
Where through the Golden Coast, and groves of orange and citron,
Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the eastward.
They, too, swerved from their course; and, entering the Bayou of Plaquemine,
Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious waters,
Which, like a net-work of steel, extended in every direction.
Over their heads the towering and tenebrous boughs of the cypress
Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid air
Waved like banners that hung on the walls of ancient cathedrals.
Death-like the silence seemed, and unbroken, save by the herons
Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees returning at sunset,
Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon with demoniac laughter.
Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and gleamed on the water,
Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sustaining the arches,
Down through whose broken vaults it fell as through chinks in a ruin.
Dream-like, and indistinct, and strange were all things around them;
And o'er their spirits there came a feeling of wonder and sadness,—
Strange forebodings of ill, unseen and that cannot be compassed.

* * * * * * * *

Softly the evening came. The sun from the western horizon
Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the landscape;
Twinkling vapors arose; and sky and water and forest,
Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and mingled together.
Hanging between two skies, a cloud with edges of silver,
Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on the motionless water.
Filled was Evangeline's heart with inexpressible sweetness.
Touched by the magic spell, the sacred fountains of feeling
Glowed with the light of love, as the skies and waters around her.
Then from a neighboring thicket the mocking-bird, wildest of singers,
Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the water,
Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious music,
That the whole air and the woods and the waves seemed silent to listen.

Digitized by Google

Plaintive at first were the tones and sad; then soaring to madness
Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of frenzied Bacchantes.
Then single notes were heard, in sorrowful, low lamentation;
Till, having gathered them all, he flung them abroad in derision,
As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the tree-tops
Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on the branches.
With such a prelude as this, and hearts that throbbed with emotion,
Slowly they entered the Teche, where it flows through the green Opelousas,
And through the amber air, above the crest of the woodland,
Saw the column of smoke that rose from a neighboring dwelling;—
Sounds of a horn they heard, and the distant lowing of cattle.

PIC-NIC AT ROARING BROOK—FROM KAVANAGH.

Every state, and almost every county, of New England, has its Roaring Brook,—a mountain streamlet, overhung by woods, impeded by a mill, encumbered by fallen trees, but ever racing, rushing, roaring down through gurgling gullies, and filling the forest with its delicious sound and freshness; the drinking-place of home-returning herds; the mysterious haunt of squirrels and blue-jays; the sylvan retreat of school-girls, who frequent it on summer holidays, and mingle their restless thoughts, their overflowing fancies, their fair imaginings, with its restless, exuberant, and rejoicing stream.

Fairmeadow had no Roaring Brook. As its name indicates, it was too level a land for that. But the neighbouring town of Westwood, lying more inland, and among the hills, had one of the fairest and fullest of all the brooks that roar. It was the boast of the neighbourhood. Not to have seen it, was to have seen no brook, no waterfall, no mountain ravine. And, consequently, to behold it and admire, was Kavanagh taken by Mr. Churchill as soon as the summer vacation gave leisure and opportunity. The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Churchill, and Alfred, in a one-horse chaise, and Cecilia, Alice, and Kavanagh, in a carryall—the fourth seat in which was occupied by a large basket, containing what the Squire of the Grove, in Don Quixote, called his "fiambreras,"—that magniloquent Castilian word for cold collation. Over warm uplands, smelling of clover and mint; through cool glades, still wet with the rain of yesterday; along the river; across the rattling and tilting planks of wooden bridges; by orchards, by the gates of fields, with the tall mullen growing at the bars; by stone walls overrun with privet and barberries; in sun and heat, in shadow and coolness,—forward drove the happy party on that pleasant summer morning.

At length they reached the Roaring Brook. From a gorge in the mountains, through a long, winding gallery of birch, and beech, and pine, leaped the bright, brown waters of the jubilant streamlet; out of the woods, across the plain, under the rude bridge of logs, into the woods again,—a day between two nights. With it went a song that made the heart sing likewise, a song of joy, and exultation, and freedom, a continuous and unbroken song of life, and pleasure, and perpetual youth. Like the old Icelandic Scald, the streamlet seemed to say,—

"I am possessed of songs such as neither the spouse of a king, nor any son of man, can repeat: one of them is called the Helper; it will help thee at thy need, in sickness, grief, and all adversity."

The little party left their carriages at a farmhouse by the bridge, and followed the rough road on foot along the brook; now close upon it, now shut out by intervening trees. Mr. Churchill, bearing the basket on his arm, walked in front with his wife and Alfred. Kavanagh came behind with Cecilia and Alice. The music of the brook silenced all conversation; only occasional exclamations of delight were uttered,—the irrepressible applause of fresh and sensitive natures, in a scene so lovely. Presently, turning off from the road, which led directly to the mill, and was rough with the tracks of heavy wheels, they went down to the margin of the brook.

"How indescribably beautiful this brown water is!" exclaimed Kavanagh. "It is like wine, or the nectar of the gods of Olympus; as if the falling Hebe had poured it from the goblet."

"More like the mead or metheglin of the northern gods," said Mr. Churchill, "spilled from the drinking-horns of Valhalla."

But all the ladies thought Kavanagh's comparison the better of the two, and in fact the best that could be made; and Mr. Churchill was obliged to retract, and apologize for his allusion to the celestial ale-house of Odin.

Ere long they were forced to cross the brook, stepping from stone to stone, over the little rapids and cascades. All crossed lightly, easily, safely; even "the sumpter mule," as Mr. Churchill called himself, on account of the pannier. Only Cecilia lingered behind, as if afraid to cross. Cecilia, who had crossed at that same place a hundred times before,—Cecilia, who had the surest foot, and the firmest nerves, of all the village maidens,—she now stood irresolute, seized with a sudden tremor; blushing and laughing at her own timidity, and yet unable to advance. Kavanagh saw her embarrassment, and hastened back to help her. Her hand trembled in his; she thanked him with a gentle look and word. His whole soul was softened within him. His attitude, his countenance, his voice were alike submissive and subdued. He was as one penetrated with the tenderest emotions.

It is difficult to know at what moment love begins; it is less difficult to know that it has begun. A thousand heralds proclaim it to the listening air; a thousand ministers and messengers betray it to the eye. Tone, act, attitude and look,—the signals upon the countenance,—the electric telegraph of touch; all these betray the yielding citadel before the word itself is uttered, which, like the key surrendered, opens every avenue and gate of entrance, and makes retreat impossible.

The day passed delightfully with all. They sat upon the stones and the roots of trees. Cecilia read, from a volume she had brought with her, poems that rhymed with the running water. The others listened and commented. Little Alfred waded in the stream, with his bare white feet, and launched boats over the falls. Noon had been fixed upon for dining; but they anticipated it by at least an hour. The great basket was opened, endless sandwiches were drawn forth, and a cold pastry, as large as that of the Squire of the Grove. During the repast, Mr. Churchill slipped into the brook, while in the act of handing a sandwich to his wife, which caused unbounded mirth; and Kavanagh sat down on a mossy trunk, that gave way beneath him, and crumbled into powder. This, also, was received with great merriment.

After dinner, they ascended the brook still farther—indeed, quite to the mill, which was not going. It had been stopped in the midst of its work. The



Digitized by Google

saw still held its hungry teeth fixed in the heart of a pine. Mr. Churchill took occasion to make known to the company his long cherished purpose of writing a poem called "The Song of the Saw-Mill," and enlarged on the beautiful associations of flood and forest connected with the theme. He delighted himself and his audience with the fine fancies he meant to weave into his poem, and wondered that nobody had thought of the subject before. Kavanagh said that it had been thought of before; and cited Kerner's little poem, so charmingly translated by Bryant. Mr. Churchill had not seen it. Kavanagh looked into his pocket-book for it, but it was not to be found; still he was sure that there was such a poem. Mr. Churchill abandoned his design. He had spoken,—and the treasure, just as he touched it with his hand, was gone for ever.

The party returned home as it came, all tired and happy, excepting little Alfred, who was tired and cross, and sat sleepy and sagging on his father's knee, with his hat cocked rather fiercely over his eyes.

Mr. Samuel Longfellow, a brother of the preceding, an accomplished Unitarian divine, is the minister of a congregation at Brooklyn, N. Y. He was a graduate of Harvard of the class of 1839. He has written several hymns which are included in the collection of Higginson and Johnston. In 1853 he prepared a tasteful collection of poetry, published by Ticknor and Co., entitled, *Thalatta: a Book for the Sea Side.* Among its numerous articles we notice this single contribution of his own.

EVENING WALK BY THE BAY.

The evening hour had brought its peace,
Brought end of toil to weary day;
From wearying thoughts to find release,
I sought the sands that skirt the bay.
Dark rain-clouds southward hovering nigh,
Gave to the sea their leaden hue,
But in the west the open sky,
Its rose-light on the waters threw.

I stood, with heart more quiet grown,
And watched the pulses of the tide,
The huge black rocks, the sea weeds brown,
The grey beach stretched on either side,
The boat that dropped its one white sail,
Where the steep yellow bank ran down,
And o'er the clump of willows pale,
The white towers of the neighboring town.

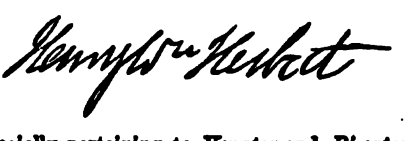
A cool light brooded o'er the land,
A changing lustre lit the bay;
The tide just plashed along the sand,
And voices sounded far away.
The Past came up to Memory's eye,
Dark with some clouds of leaden hue,
But many a space of open sky
Its rose-light on those waters threw.

Then came to me the dearest friend,
Whose beauteous soul doth, like the sea,
To all things fair new beauty lend,
Transfiguring the earth to me.
The thoughts that lips could never tell,
Through subtler senses were made known;
I raised my eyes,—the darkness fell,—
I stood upon the sands, alone.

HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT.

Mr. Herbert presents the somewhat rare combination in this country, where too little attention is given to physical in connexion with intellectual training, of the scholar, the sportsman, and the novelist. He is the eldest son of the Hon. and Rev. William Herbert, Dean of Manchester, author of the poem of Attila, and a second son of the Earl of Carnarvon. He was born in London, April 7, 1807, was educated at home under a private tutor until twelve years of age, and then, after a year passed at a private school, sent to Eton, April, 1820. In October, 1825, he entered Caius College, Cambridge, and was graduated with distinction in January, 1829. At the close of the following year he removed to the United States, and has since resided in the city of New York and at his country seat, the Cedars, in its vicinity at Newark. During the eight years after his arrival he was employed as principal Greek teacher in the classical school of the Rev. R. Townsend Huddart in the City of New York. In 1833, in company with Mr. A. D. Patterson, he commenced the American Monthly Magazine, which he conducted, after the conclusion of the second year, in connexion with Mr. C. F. Hoffman until 1836, when the periodical passed into the charge of Mr. Park Benjamin. Nearly one half the matter of several numbers was written by Mr. Herbert, who kept up a fine spirit of scholarship in its pages. In 1834 an historical novel, which he had commenced in the magazine, *The Brothers, a Tale of the Fronde*, was published by the Harpers. It was followed in 1837 by *Cromwell*, in 1843 by *Marmaduke Wyvil*, and in 1848 by *The Roman Traitor*, a classical romance founded on the Conspiracy of Catiline.

During the period of the publication of these works Mr. Herbert was also a constant contributor to the New York Spirit of the Times. His sporting articles in that periodical have been collected under the titles of *My Shooting Box*, *The Warwick Woodlands*, and *Field Sports of the United States*. The last of these extends to two volumes octavo, and contains, in addition to the matters



especially pertaining to *Venator* and *Piscator*, a full account of the characteristics of the fish, flesh, and fowl treated of.

Digitized by Google

Mr. Herbert, in his division of his time, must nearly realize that of Izaak Walton's Scholar, "all summer in the field and all winter in the study," as in addition to the productions we have mentioned he has written a fine metrical translation of the Agamemnon, published in a small volume, with a number of briefer versions from the classics, in the "Literary World" and other periodicals. He has also been a constant contributor of tales and sketches, mostly drawn from romantic incidents in European history, to the monthly magazine. Several of these have been collected into volumes under the titles of *The Cavaliers of England, or the Times of the Revolutions of* 1642 *and* 1688; *The Knights of England, France, and Scotland;* and *the Chevaliers of France from the Crusaders to the Mareschals of Louis XIV.* He has also collected two volumes on the classical period, *The Captains of the Old World, their Campaigns, Character, and Conduct, as Compared with the Great Modern Strategists*, an account of the great military leaders who flourished from the time of the Persian Wars to the Roman Republic; and a work, *The Captains of the Roman Republic.*

Mr. Herbert's style is ample and flowing, with a certain finished elegance marking the true man of letters. Though only occasionally putting his pen to verse, a poetical spirit of enthusiasm runs through his writings.

THE LAST BEAR ON THE HILLS OF WARWICK.

It was a hot and breathless afternoon, toward the last days of July—one of those days of fiery, scorching heat, that drive the care-worn citizens from their great red-hot oven, into those calm and peaceful shades of the sweet unsophisticated country, which, to them, savour far more of purgatory than they do of paradise,—"for quiet, to quick bosoms, is a hell," —and theirs are quick enough, heaven knows, in Wall-street. It was a hot and breathless afternoon —the sun, which had been scourging the faint earth all day long with a degree of heat endurable by those alone who can laugh at one hundred degrees of Fahrenheit, was stooping toward the western verge of heaven; but no drop of diamond dew had as yet fallen to refresh the innocent flowers, that hung their heads like maidens smitten by passionate and ill-requited love; no indication of the evening breeze had sent its welcome whisper among the motionless and silent tree-tops. Such was the season and the hour when, having started, long before Dan Phœbus had arisen from his bed, to beat the mountain swales about the greenwood lake, and having bagged, by dint of infinite exertion and vast *sudor*, present alike to dogs and men, our thirty couple of good summer Woodcock, Archer and I paused on the bald scalp of Round Mountain.

Crossing a little ridge, we came suddenly upon the loveliest and most fairy-looking *ghyll*—for I must have recourse to a north-country word to denote that which lacks a name in any other dialect of the Anglo-Norman tongue—I ever looked upon. Not, at the most, about twenty yards wide at the brink, nor above twelve in depth, it was clothed with a dense rich growth of hazel, birch, and juniper; the small rill brawling and sparkling in a thousand mimic cataracts over the tiny limestone ledges which opposed its progress—a beautiful profusion of wild flowers—the tall and vivid spikes of the bright scarlet habenaria—the gorgeous yellow cups of the low-growing enothera—and many gaily-colored creepers decked the green margea of the water, or curled, in clustering beauty, over the neighbouring coppice. We followed for a few paces this fantastic cleft, until it widened into a circular recess or cove—the summit-level of its waters—whence it dashed headlong, some twenty-five or thirty feet, into the chasm below. The floor of this small basin was paved with the bare rock, through the very midst of which the little stream had worn a channel scarcely a foot in depth, its clear cold waters glancing like crystal over its pebbly bed. On three sides it was hemmed in by steep banks, so densely set with the evergreen junipers, interlaced and matted with cat-briars and other creeping plants, that a small dog could not, without a struggle, have forced its way through the close thicket. On the fourth side, fronting the opening of the rift by which the waters found their egress, there stood a tall, flat face of granite rock, completely blocking up the glen, perfectly smooth and slippery, until it reached the height of forty feet, when it became uneven, and broke into many craggy steps and seams, from one of which shot out the broad stem and gnarled branches of an aged oak, overshadowing, with its grateful umbrage, the sequestered source of that wild mountain spring. The small cascade, gushing from an aperture midway the height of the tall cliff, leaped, in a single glittering thread, scarcely a foot broad, and but an inch or two in volume, into the little pool which it had worn out for its own reception in the hard stone at the bottom. Immediately behind this natural fountain, which, in its free leap, formed an arch of several feet in diameter, might be seen a small and craggy aperture, but little larger than the entrance of a common well, situate close to the rock's base, descending in a direction nearly perpendicular for several feet, as might be easily discovered from without.

"There, Frank," cried Harry, as he pointed to the cave—"*there* is the scene of my Bear story; and *here*, as I told you, is the sweetest nook, and freshest spring, you ever saw or tasted!"

"For the sight," replied I, "I confess. As to the taste, I will speak more presently." While I replied, I was engaged in producing from my pocket our slight stores of pilot biscuit, salt, and hard-boiled eggs, whereunto Harry contributed his quota in the shape of a small piece of cold salt pork, and—tell it not in Gath—two or three young, green-topped, summer onions. Two modest-sized dram bottles, duly supplied with old Farintosh, and a dozen or two of right Manilla cheroots, arranged in tempting order, beside the brimming basin of the nymph-like cascade, completed our arrangement; and, after having laved our heated brows and hands, begrimed with gunpowder, and stained with the red witness of volucrine slaughter, stretched on the cool granite floor, and sheltered from the fierce rays of the summer sun by the dark foliage of the oak—we feasted, happier and more content with our frugal fare, than the most lordly epicure that ever strove to stimulate his appetite to the appreciation of fresh luxuries.

"Well, Harry," exclaimed I, when I was satiate with food, and while, having already quaffed two moderate horns, I was engaged in emptying, alas! the last remaining drops of whiskey into the silver cup, sparkling with pure cold water—"Well, Harry, the spring *is* fresh, and cold, and tasteless, as any water I ever *did* taste! Pity it were not situate in some Faun-haunted glen of green Arcadia, or some sweet flower-enamelled dell of merry England, that it might have a meeter legend for romantic ears than your Bear story—some minstrel dream of Dryad, or Oread, or of Dian's train, mortal-wooed!—some frolic tale of Oberon and his blithe Titania!—or, stranger yet, some thrilling and disastrous lay, after the German school, of woman wailing for her demon lover! But, sith it may not be, let's have the Bear."

Digitized by Google

"Well, then," replied that worthy, "first, as you must know, the hero of my tale is—alas! that I must say *was*, rather—a brother of Tom Draw, than whom no braver nor more honest man, no warmer friend, no keener sportsman, ever departed to his long last home, dewed by the tears of all who knew him. He *was*—but it boots not to weave long reminiscences—you know the brother who still survives; and, knowing him, you have the veritable picture of the defunct, as regards soul, I mean, and spirit—for he was not a mountain in the flesh, but a man only—and a stout and good one—as, even more than my assertion, my now forthcoming tale will testify. It was the very first winter I had passed in the United States, that I was staying up here for the first time likewise. I had, of course, become speedily intimate with Tom, with whom, indeed, it needs no longer space so to become; and scarcely less familiar with his brother, who, at that time, held a farm in the valley just below our feet. I had been resident at Tom's above six weeks; and, during that spell, as he would call it, we had achieved much highly pleasant and exciting slaughter of Quail, Woodcock, and Partridge; not overlooking sundry Foxes, red, black, and grey, and four or five right Stags of ten, whose blood had dyed the limpid waters of the Greenwood Lake. It was late in the autumn; the leaves had fallen; and lo! one morning we awoke and found the earth carpeted far and near with smooth white snow. Enough had fallen in the night to cover the whole surface of the fields, hill, vale, and cultivated level, with one wide vest of virgin purity—but that was all! for it had cleared off early in the morning, and frozen somewhat crisply; and then a brisk breeze rising, had swept it from the trees, before the sun had gained sufficient power to thaw the burthen of the loaded branches.

"Tom and I, therefore, set forth, after breakfast, with dog and gun, to beat up a large bevy of Quail which we had found on the preceding evening, when it was quite too late to profit by the find, in a great buckwheat stubble, a quarter of a mile hence on the southern slope. After a merry tramp, we flushed them in a hedgerow, drove them up into this swale, and used them up considerable, as Tom said. The last three birds pitched into that bank just above you; and, as we followed them, we came across what Tom pronounced, upon the instant, to be the fresh track of a Bear. Leaving the meaner game, we set ourselves to work immediately to trail old bruin to his lair, if possible;—the rather that, from the loss of a toe, Tom confidently, and with many oaths, asserted that this was no other than 'the damndest eternal biggest Bar that ever had been knowed in Warwick,'—one that had been acquainted with the sheep and calves of all the farmers round, for many a year of riot and impunity. In less than ten minutes we had traced him to this cave, whereunto the track led visibly, and whence no track returned. The moment we had housed him, Tom left me with directions to sit down close to the den's mouth, and there to smoke my cigar, and talk to myself aloud, until his return from reconnoitring the *locale*, and learning whether our friend had any second exit to his snug *hiemalia*. 'You needn't be scar't now, I tell you, Archer,' he concluded; 'for he's a deal too 'cute to come out, or even show his nose, while he smells 'bacca and hears voices. I'll be back to-rights!'

"After some twenty-five or thirty minutes, back he came, blown and tired, but in extraordinary glee!

"'There's no help for it, Archer; he's got to smell hell anyways!—there's not a hole in the hull hill side, but this!'

"'But can we bolt him!' inquired I, somewhat dubiously.

"'Sartain!' replied he, scornfully,—'sartain; what is there now to hinder us! I'll bide here quietly, while you cuts down into the village, and brings all hands as you can raise—and bid them bring lots of blankets, and an axe or two, and all there is in the house to eat and drink, both: and a heap of straw. Now don't be stoppin' to ask me no questions—shin it, I say, and jest call in and tell my brother what we've done, and start him up here right away—leave me your gun, and all o' them cigars. Now, strick it.'

"Well, away I went, and, in less than an hour, we had a dozen able-bodied men, with axes, arms, provisions—edible and potable—enough for a week's consumption, on the ground, where we found Tom and his brother, both keeping good watch and ward. The first step was to prepare a shanty, as it was evident there was small chance of bolting him ere nightfall. This was soon done, and our party was immediately divided into gangs, so that we might be on the alert both day and night. A mighty fire was next kindled over the cavern's mouth—the rill having been turned aside—in hopes that we might smoke him out. After this method had been tried all that day, and all night, it was found wholly useless—the cavern having many rifts and rents, as we could see by the fumes which arose from the earth at several points, whereby the smoke escaped without becoming dense enough to force our friend to bolt. We then tried dogs; four of the best the country could produce were sent in, and a most demoniacal affray and hubbub followed within the bowels of the earth-fast rock; but, in a little while, three of our canine friends were glad enough to make their exit, mangled, and maimed, and bleeding; more fortunate than their companion, whose greater pluck had only earned for him a harder and more mournful fate. We sent for fire-works; and kept up, for some three hours, such a din, and such a stench, as might have scared the devil from his lair; but bruin bore it all with truly stoical endurance. Miners were summoned next; and we essayed to blast the granite, but it was all in vain, the hardness of the stone defied our labors. Three days had passed away, and we were now no nearer than at first—every means had been tried, and every means found futile. Blank disappointment sat on every face, when Michael Draw, Tom's brother, not merely volunteered, but could not be by any means deterred from going down into the den, and shooting the brute in its very hold. Dissuasion and remonstrance were in vain—he was bent on it!—and, at length Tom, who had been the most resolved in opposition, exclaimed, 'If he will go, let him!' so that decided the whole matter.

"The cave, it seemed, had been explored already, and its localities were known to several of the party, but more particularly to the bold volunteer who had insisted on this perilous enterprise. The well-like aperture, which could alone be seen from without, descended, widening gradually as it got farther from the surface, for somewhat more than eight feet. At that depth the fissure turned off at right angles, running nearly horizontally, an arch of about three feet in height, and some two yards in length, into a small and circular chamber, beyond which there was no passage whether for man or beast, and in which it was certain that the well-known and much-detested Bear had taken up his winter quarters. The plan, then, on which Michael had resolved, was to descend into this cavity, with a rope securely fastened under his arm-pits, provided with a sufficient quantity of lights, and his good musket—to worm himself feet

Digitized by Google

forward, on his back, along the horizontal tunnel, and to shoot at the eyes of the fierce monster, which would be clearly visible in the dark den by the reflection of the torches; trusting to the alertness of his comrades from without, who were instructed, instantly on hearing the report of his musket-shot, to haul him out hand over hand. This mode decided on, it needed no long space to put it into execution. Two narrow laths of pine wood were procured, and half a dozen anger holes drilled into each—as many candles were inserted into these temporary candelabra, and duly lighted. The rope was next made fast about his chest—his musket carefully loaded with two good ounce bullets, well wadded in greased buckskin—his butcher-knife disposed in readiness to meet his grasp—and in he went, without one shade of fear or doubt on his bold, sun-burnt visage. As he descended, I confess that my heart fairly sank, and a faint sickness came across me, when I thought of the dread risk he ran in courting the encounter of so fell a foe, wounded and furious, in that small narrow hole, where valor, nor activity, nor the high heart of manhood, could be expected to avail anything against the close hug of the shaggy monster.

"Tom's ruddy face grew pale, and his huge body quivered with emotion, as, bidding him 'God speed,' he griped his brother's fist, gave him the trusty piece which his own hand had loaded, and saw him gradually disappear, thrusting the lights before him with his feet, and holding the long queen's arm cocked and ready in a hand that trembled not—the *only* hand that trembled not of all our party! Inch by inch his stout frame vanished into the narrow fissure; and now his head disappeared, and still he drew the yielding rope along! Now he has stopped, there is no strain upon the cord!—there is a pause! —a long and fearful pause! The men without stood by to haul, their arms stretched forward to their full extent, their sinewy frames bent to the task, and their rough lineaments expressive of strange agitation! Tom, and myself, and some half dozen others, stood on the watch with ready rifles, lest, wounded and infuriate, the brute should follow hard on the invader of its perilous lair. Hark to that dull and stifled growl! The watchers positively shivered, and their teeth chattered with excitement. There! there! that loud and bellowing roar, reverberated by the ten thousand echoes of the confined cavern, till it might have been taken for a burst of subterraneous thunder!—that wild and fearful howl—half roar of fury—half yell of mortal anguish!

With headlong violence they hauled upon the creaking rope, and dragged, with terrible impetuosity, out of the fearful cavern—his head striking the granite rocks, and his limbs fairly clattering against the rude projections, yet still with gallant hardihood retaining his good weapon—the sturdy woodman was whirled out into the open air unwounded; while the fierce brute within rushed after him to the very cavern's mouth, raving and roaring till the solid mountain seemed to shake and quiver.

"As soon as he had entered the small chamber, he had perceived the glaring eyeballs of the monster; had taken his aim steadily between them, by the strong light of the flaring candles; and, as he said, had lodged his bullets fairly—a statement which was verified by the long-drawn and painful moanings of the beast within. After a while, these dread sounds died away, and all was still as death. Then once again, undaunted by his previous peril, the bold man—though, as he averred, he felt the hot breath of the monster on his face, so nearly had it followed him in his precipitate retreat—prepared to beard the savage in his hold. Again he vanished from our sight.—again his musket-shot roared like the voice of a volcano from the vitals of the rock!—again, at mighty peril to his bones, he was dragged into daylight!—but this time, maddened with wrath and agony, yelling with rage and pain, streaming with gore, and white with foam, which flew on every side, churned from his gnashing tusks, the Bear rushed after him. One mighty bound brought it clear out of the deep chasm—the bruised trunk of the daring hunter, and the confused group of men who had been stationed at the rope, and who were now, between anxiety and terror, floundering to and fro, hindering one another—lay within three or, at most, four paces of the frantic monster; while, to increase the peril, a wild and ill-directed volley, fired in haste and fear, was poured in by the watchers, the bullets whistling on every side, but with far greater peril to our friends than to the object of their aim. Tom drew his gun up coolly—pulled—but no spark replied to the unlucky flint. With a loud curse he dashed the useless musket to the ground, unsheathed his butcher-knife, and rushed on to attack the wild beast, single-handed. At the same point of time, I saw my sight, as I fetched up my rifle, in clear relief against the dark fur of the head, close to the root of the left ear!—my finger was upon the trigger, when, mortally wounded long before, exhausted by his dying effort—the huge brute pitched headlong, without waiting for my shot, and, within ten feet of his destined victims, 'in one wild roar expired.' He had received all four of Michael's bullets!—the first shot had planted one ball in his lower jaw, which it had shattered fearfully, and another in his neck!—the second had driven one through the right eye into the very brain, and cut a long deep furrow on the crown with the other! Six hundred and odd pounds did he weigh! He was the largest, and the last! None of his shaggy brethren have visited, since his decease, the woods of Warwick!—nor shall I ever more, I trust, witness so dread a peril so needlessly encountered."

### GEORGE B. CHEEVER

Was born April 17, 1807, at Hallowell, Maine. He was educated at Bowdoin and at Andover, and ordained pastor of the Howard Street Church, Salem, in 1832. In the same year he visited Europe, where he remained two years and a half. In 1839 he became pastor of the Allen Street Church, New York, and in 1846 of the Church of the Puritans, a beautiful edifice erected by a congregation formed of his friends, a position which he still retains. In 1844 he again visited Europe for a twelvemonth.

Dr. Cheever's first publications were the *American Common-Place-Book of Prose*, in 1828, and a similar volume of *Poetry* in 1829. These were followed by *Studies in Poetry, with Biographical Sketches of the Poets*, in 1830, and in 1832 by *Selections from Archbishop Leighton*, with an introductory essay. In 1835 he acquired a wide reputation as an original writer by the publication of *Deacon Giles's Distillery*, a temperance tract, describing a dream in which the demoniacal effects of the spirits therein concocted were embodied in an inferno, which was forcibly described. It was published on a broadside, with rude cuts, by no means behind the text in energy. Deacon Giles was a veritable person, and not relishing the satire as well as his neighbors, brought an action, the result of which confined the author to the Salem jail for thirty days of the month of December.

Digitized by Google

In 1837 Mr. Cheever gave some of the results of his European experiences to the public in the columns of the *New York Observer*. In 1841 he published *God's Hand in America*, and the year following *The Argument for Punishment by Death*, in maintenance of the penalty. In 1843, *The Lectures on Pilgrim's Progress*, which had been previously delivered with great success in his own church, were published. Whether owing to the writer's sympathy with Bunyan, from his own somewhat similar labors, dangers, and sufferings in the temperance cause, this volume is one of the ablest of his productions. On his return from his second visit to Europe he published *The Wanderings of a Pilgrim in the Shadow of Mont Blanc and the Jungfrau Alp*, a work which was favorably received. It was followed by *The Journal of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, in New England, reprinted from the original volume, with Historical and Local Illustrations of Providences, Principles, and Persons*. This volume consists of a reprint of the work usually known as "Mourt's Relation;" the remaining half of the volume being occupied with original remarks on the topics indicated in the title.

In 1849 he issued *The Hill Difficulty, and other Allegories*, illustrative of the Christian career, which was followed by a somewhat similar work, *The Windings of the River of the Water of Life*.

In addition to these volumes Dr. Cheever has written a number of articles for the United States Literary Gazette, Quarterly Register, New Monthly Magazine, North American Review, Quarterly Observer, and Biblical Repository. He edited during the years 1845 and 1846 the New York Evangelist, a Presbyterian weekly journal.

#### PEDESTRIANISM IN SWITZERLAND.

A man should always travel in Switzerland as a pedestrian, if possible. There is no telling how much more perfectly he thus communes with nature, how much more deeply and without effort he drinks in the spirit of the meadows, the woods, the running streams and the mountains, going by them and among them, as a friend with a friend. He seems to hear the very breath of Nature in her stillness, and sometimes when the whole world is hushed, there are murmurs come to him on the air, almost like the distant evening song of angels. Indeed the world of Nature is filled with quiet soul-like sounds, which, when one's attention is gained to them, make a man feel as if he must take his shoes from his feet and walk barefooted, in order not to disturb them. There is a language in Nature that requires not so much a fine ear as a listening spirit; just as there is a mystery and a song in religion, that requires not so much a clear understanding as a *believing* spirit. To such a listener and believer there comes

> A light in sound, a sound-like power in light,
> Rhythm in all thought, and joyance everywhere—
> Methinks it should have been impossible
> Not to love all things in a world so filled,
> Where the breeze warbles, and the mute still air
> Is music slumbering on her instrument.

The music of the brooks and waterfalls, and of the wind among the leaves, and of the birds in the air, and of the children at play, and of the distant villages, and of the tinkling pleasant bells of flocks upon the mountain sides, is all lost to a traveller in a carriage, or rumbling vehicle of any kind; whereas a pedestrian enjoys it, and enjoys it much more perfectly than a man upon a mule. Moreover, the pedestrian at every step is gaining health of body and elasticity of spirits. If he be troubled with weak lungs, let him carry his own knapsack, well strapped upon his shoulders; it opens and throws back the chest, and strengthens the weakest parts of the bodily system. Besides this, the air braces him better than any tonic. By day and by night it is an exhilarating cordial to him, a *nepenthe* to his frame.

The pedestrian is a laboring man, and his sleep is sweet. He rises with the sun, or earlier, with the morning stars, so as to watch the breaking of the dawn. He lives upon simple food with an unsuspicious appetite. He hums his favorite tunes, peoples the air with castles, cons a passage in the gospels, thinks of the dear ones at home, cuts a cane, wanders in Bypath meadow, where there is no Giant Despair, sits down and jots in his note-book, thinks of what he will do, or whistles as he goes for want of thought. All day long, almost every faculty of mind and body may be called into healthful, cheerful exercise. He can make out-of-the-way excursions, go into the cottages, chat with the people, sketch pictures at leisure. He can pray and praise God when and where he pleases, whether he comes to a cross and sepulchre, or a church, or a cathedral, or a green knoll under a clump of trees, without cross, or saint, or angel; and if he have a Christian companion, they two may go together as pleasantly and profitably as Christian and Hopeful in the Pilgrim's Progress.

#### ELEMENTS OF THE SWISS LANDSCAPE.

Passing out through a forest of larches, whose dark verdure is peculiarly appropriate to it, and going up towards the baths of Leuk, the interest of the landscape does not at all diminish. What a concentration and congregation of all elements of sublimity and beauty are before you! what surprising contrasts of light and shade, of form and color, of softness and ruggedness! Here are vast heights above you, and vast depths below, villages hanging to the mountain sides, green pasturages and winding paths, chalets dotting the mountains, lovely meadow slopes enamelled with flowers, deep immeasurable ravines, torrents thundering down them; colossal, overhanging, castellated reefs of granite; snowy peaks with the setting sun upon them. You command a view far down over the valley of the Rhone, with its villages and castles, and its mixture of rich farms and vast beds and heaps of mountain fragments, deposited by furious torrents. What affects the mind very powerfully on first entering upon these scenes is the deep dark blue, so intensely deep and overshadowing, of the gorge at its upper end, and at the magnificent proud sweep of the granite barrier, which there shuts it in, apparently without a passage. The mountains rise like vast supernatural intelligences taking a material shape, and drawing around themselves a drapery of awful grandeur; there is a forehead of power and majesty, and the likeness of a kingly crown above it.

Amidst all the grandeur of this scenery I remember to have been in no place more delighted with the profuse richness, delicacy, and beauty of the Alpine flowers. The grass of the meadow slopes in the gorge of the Dala had a depth and power of verdure, a clear, delicious greenness, that in its effect upon the mind was like that of the atmosphere in the brightest autumnal morning of the year, or rather, perhaps, like the colors of the sky

Digitized by Google

at sunset. There is no such grass-color in the world as that of these mountain meadows. It is just the same at the verge of the ice oceans of Mont Blanc. It makes you think of one of the points chosen by the Sacred Poet to illustrate the divine benevolence (and I had almost said, no man can truly understand why it was chosen, who has not travelled in Switzerland), "*Who maketh the grass to grow upon the mountains.*"

And then the flowers, so modest, so lovely, yet of such deep exquisite hue, enamelled in the grass, sparkling amidst it, "a starry multitude," underneath such awful brooding mountain forms and icy precipices, how beautiful! All that the Poets have ever said or sung of Daisies, Violets, Snow-drops, King-cups, Primroses, and all modest flowers, is here out-done by the mute poetry of the denizens of these wild pastures. Such a meadow slope as this, watered with pure rills from the glaciers, would have set the mind of Edwards at work in contemplation on the beauty of holiness. He has connected these meek and lowly flowers with an image, which none of the Poets of this world have ever thought of. To him the divine beauty of holiness "made the soul like a field or garden of God, with all manner of pleasant flowers; all pleasant, delightful, and undisturbed; enjoying a sweet calm, and the gentle, vivifying beams of the Sun. The soul of a true Christian appears like such a little white flower as we see in the spring of the year; low and humble on the ground; opening its bosom to receive the pleasant beams of the Sun's glory; rejoicing, as it were, in a calm rapture; diffusing around a sweet fragrancy; standing peacefully and lovingly in the midst of other flowers round about; all in like manner opening their bosoms to drink in the light of the Sun."

Very likely such a passage as this, coming from the soul of the great theologian (for this is the poetry of the soul, and not of the artificial sentiment, nor of the mere worship of nature), will seem to many persons like violets in the bosom of a glacier. But no poet ever described the meek, modest flowers so beautifully, *rejoicing in a calm rapture.* Jonathan Edwards himself, with his grand views of sacred theology and history, his living piety, and his great experience in the deep things of God, was like a mountain glacier, in one respect, as the "parent of perpetual streams," that are then the deepest, when all the fountains of the world are the driest; like, also, in another respect, that in climbing his theology you get very near to heaven, and are in a very pure and bracing atmosphere; like, again, in this, that it requires much spiritual labor and discipline to surmount his heights, and some care not to fall into the *crevasses;* and like, once more, in this, that when you get to the top, you have a vast, wide, glorious view of God's great plan, and see things in their chains and connections, which before you only saw separate and piecemeal.

The Rev. Henry T. Cheever, a brother of Dr. Cheever, has written several volumes, derived in part from his experiences as a sailor. The first of these, *A Reel in a Bottle: being the Adventures of a Voyage to the Celestial Country*, is a nautical version of the Pilgrim's Progress, in which pilgrims Peter and Paul put to sea in a well appointed craft, and after various storms and conflicts anchor at the Celestial City. The plan is carried out in an ingenious and fanciful manner. Mr. Cheever's other publications are—*The Island World of the Pacific: Life in the Sandwich Islands;* and *The Whale and his Captors.*

### THOMAS WARD.

The son of an esteemed citizen of Newark, N. J., was born in that city June 8, 1807. He was educated at Princeton, and received his degree as a physician at the Rutgers Medical College in New York. He pursued the profession, however, but a short time; foreign travel and the engagements of the man of wealth, with the literary amusements of the amateur author, fully occupying his attention. After some skirmishing with the muse, and a number of more labored contributions to the New York American, he published a volume in 1842—*Passaic, a Group of Poems touching that river: with other Musings: by Flaccus*, the signature he had employed in the newspaper. The Passaic poems celebrate the ambition of Sam Patch, the modern hero of the stream; the sentimental story of a lover, who makes a confidant of the river; a melancholy incident of the death of a young lady who perished at the falls; and "The Retreat of Seventy-six," an incident of the Revolution.

The "Musings in Various Moods," which occupy the second portion of the volume, are descriptive, sentimental, and satirical; if so kindly a man can be said to indulge in the last mode of writing. His taste leads him rather to picture the domestic virtues and social amenities of life.

#### TO PASSAIC.

Bless thee! bright river of my heart—
The blue, the clear, the wild, the sweet:
Though faint my lyre, and rude my art,
Love broke discretion's bands apart,
And bade me offer at thy feet
My murmuring praise, howe'er unmeet:
Aware, discourse to lovers dear
Insipid strikes the listener's ear,
Yet have I rashly sung to prove
The strength, the fervor of a love
That none, to whom thy charms are known,
Would seek to hide, or blush to own.

Yes! oft have I indulged my dream
By many a fair and foreign stream;
But vain my wandering search to see
A rival in far lands to thee.
Rhine, Tiber, Thames, a queenly throng—
The world's idolatry and song—
Have roved, have slumbered, sung, and sighed,
To win my worship to their tide:
Have wound their forms with graceful wiles,
And curled their cheeks with rippling smiles;
Have leaped in waves, with frolic dance,
And winking tossed me many a glance:
Still, still my heart, though moved, was free,
For love, dear native stream, of thee!
For Rhine, though proudly sweeps her tide
Through hills deep-parted, gaping wide—
Whereon grey topping castles sprout,
As though the living rock shot out—
Too rudely woos me, who despise
The charms wherein no softness lies;
While Thames, who boasts a velvet brim,
And meadows beautifully trim,
Too broadly shows the trace of art,
To win the wishes of the heart;
And Tiber's muddy waves must own
Their glory is the past's alone.

Digitized by Google

No water-nymphs these eyes can see,
Mine Indian beauty, match with thee!—
For all, whate'er their fame, or place,
Lack the wild freshness of thy face—
That touch of Nature's antique skill
By modern art unrivalled still.

I've traced thee from thy place of birth
Till, finding sea, thou quittest earth—
From that far spot in mountain land
Where heaving soft the yellow sand,
Thy infant waters, clear and rife,
Gush sudden into joyous life;
To yon broad bay of vivid light,
Where pausing rivers all unite,
As singly fearing to be first
To quench devouring Ocean's thirst—
I've followed, with a lover's truth,
The gambols of thy torrent youth;
Have chased, with childish search, and vain,
Thy doublings on the marshy plain;
Have idled many a summer's day
Where flower-fields cheered thy prosperous way;
Nor have I faithless turned aside
When rocky troubles barred thy tide,
Tossing thee rudely from thy path
Till thou wert wrought to foaming wrath.
Nor when the iron hand of fate
Dethroned thee from thy lofty state,
And hurled thee, with a giant's throw,
Down to the vale—where far below,
Thy tides, by such rude ordeal tried,
With purer, heavenlier softness glide.
Through every change of good or ill,
My doting heart pursued thee still,
And ne'er did rival waters shine
With traits so varying rich as thine:
What separate charms in each I see,
Rare stream, seem clustered all in thee!
Now brightly wild, now coyly chaste,
Now calm, now mad with passionate haste—
Grandeur and softness, power and grace,
All beam from thy bewitching face.
Nor are the notes thy voice can range,
Less striking for their endless change—
Hark!—what alarming clamors ring,
Where far thy desperate currents spring
Into yon chasm, so deep and black,
The arrested soul turns shuddering back;
Nor dares pursue thee, through the rent
Down to the stony bottom, sent
Loud thundering—that the beaten rock
Trembles beneath the ponderous shock,
And thy commanding voice profound
Bids silence to all meaner sound!—
And when in peace thy evening song
In silver warblings floats along,
No whispering waters far or near,
Murmur such music to mine ear.

### JOSEPH C. NEAL,

An original humorist, was a native of New Hampshire, where he was born at Greenland, February 3d, 1807. His father had been a principal of a school in Philadelphia, and had retired in ill-health to the country, where he discharged the duties of a Congregational clergyman. He died while his son was in infancy, and the family returned to Philadelphia. Mr. Neal was early attracted to editorial life, and was, for a number of years, from 1831, engaged in conducting the *Pennsylvanian* newspaper. The labor proved too severe for a delicate constitution, and he was compelled to travel abroad to regain lost health, and finally, in 1844, to relinquish his daily journal, when he established a popular weekly newspaper, *Neal's Saturday Gazette*. This he continued with success to the time of his death, in the year 1847.

Joseph C. Neal

The forte of Mr. Neal was a certain genial humor, devoted to the exhibition of a peculiar class of citizens falling under the social history description of the genus "loafer." Every metropolis breeds a race of such people, the laggards in the rear of civilization, who lack energy or ability to make an honorable position in the world, and who fall quietly into decay, complaining of their hard fate in the world, and eking out their deficient courage by a resort to the bar-room. The whole race of small spendthrifts, inferior pretenders to fashion, bores, half-developed inebriates, and generally gentlemen enjoying the minor miseries and social difficulties of life, met with a rare delineator in Mr. Neal, who interpreted their ailments, repeated their slang, and showed them an image which they might enjoy, without too great a wound to their self-love. A quaint vein of speculation wrapped up this humorous dialogue. The sketches made a great hit a few years since, when they appeared, and for their preservation of curious specimens of character, as well as for their other merits, will be looked after by posterity.

There were several series of these papers, contributed by Mr. Neal to the Pennsylvanian, the author's Weekly Gazette, the Democratic Review, and other journals, which were collected in several volumes, illustrated by David C. Johnston, entitled *Charcoal Sketches; or Scenes in a Metropolis*. The alliterative and extravagant titles of the sketches take off something from the reality, which is a relief to the picture; since it would be painful to be called to laugh at real misery, while we may be amused with comic exaggeration.

#### UNDEVELOPED GENIUS—A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF P. PELGARLICK PICKWICKEN, ESQ.

The world has heard much of unwritten music, and more of unpaid debts; a brace of unsubstantial-

Digitized by Google

ities, in which very little faith is reposed. The minor poets have twanged their lyres about the one, until the sound has grown wearisome, and we, for the sake of peace and quietness, we heartily wish that unwritten music were fairly written down, and published in Willis's or Burke's best style, even at the risk of hearing it reverberate from every piano in the city; while impoverished authors—all creditors are of course hard, both in face and in heart, or they would not ask for their money—have chattered of unpaid debts, ever since the flood, with a wet finger, was untrue enough to wipe out pre-existing scores, and extend to each skulking debtor the "benefit of the act." But *undeveloped genius*, which is, in fact, itself unwritten music, and is very closely allied to unpaid debts, has, as yet, neither poet, trumpeter, nor biographer. Gray, indeed, hinted at it in speaking of "village Hampdens," "mute inglorious Miltons," and "Cromwells guiltless," which showed him to be a man of some discernment, and possessed of inklings of the truth. But the general science of mental geology, and through that, the equally important details of mineralogy and mental metallurgy, to ascertain the unseen substratum of intellect, and to determine its innate wealth, are as yet unborn; or, if phrenology be admitted as a branch of these sciences, are still in uncertain infancy. Undeveloped genius, therefore, is still undeveloped, and is likely to remain so, unless this treatise should awaken some capable and intrepid spirit to prosecute an investigation at once so momentous and so interesting. If not, much of it will pass through the world undiscovered and unsuspected; while the small remainder can manifest itself in no other way than by the aid of a convulsion, turning its possessor inside out like a glove; a method, which the earth itself was ultimately compelled to adopt, that stupid man might be made to see what treasures are to be had for the digging.

There are many reasons why genius so often remains invisible. The owner is frequently unconscious of the jewel in his possession, and is indebted to chance for the discovery. Of this, Patrick Henry was a striking instance. After he had failed as a shopkeeper, and was compelled to "hoe corn and dig potatoes," alone on his little farm, to obtain a meagre subsistence for his family, he little dreamed that he had that within, which would enable him to shake the throne of a distant tyrant, and nerve the arm of struggling patriots. Sometimes, however, the possessor is conscious of his gift, but it is to him as the celebrated anchor was to the Dutchman; he can neither use nor exhibit it. The illustrious Thomas Erskine, in his first attempt at the bar, made so signal a failure as to elicit the pity of the good-natured, and the scorn and contempt of the less feeling part of the auditory. Nothing daunted, however, for he felt undeveloped genius strong within him, he left the court; muttering with more profanity than was proper, but with much truth, "By ——! it is in me, and it shall come out!" He was right; it was in him; he did get it out, and rose to be Lord Chancellor of England.

But there are men less fortunate; as gifted as Erskine, though perhaps in a different way, they swear frequently, as he did, but they cannot get their genius out. They feel it, like a rat in a cage, beating against their barring ribs, in a vain struggle to escape; and thus, with the materials for building a reputation, and standing high among the sons of song and eloquence, they pass their lives in obscurity, regarded by the few who are aware of their existence, as simpletons—fellows sent upon the stage solely to fill up the grouping, to applaud their superiors, to eat, sleep, and die.

P. PILGARLICK PIGWIGGEN, Esq., as he loves to be styled, is one of these unfortunate undeveloped gentlemen about town. The arrangement of his name shows him to be no common man. Peter P. Pigwiggen would be nothing, except a hailing title to call him to dinner, or to insure the safe arrival of dunning letters and tailors' bills. There is as little character about it as about the word *towser*, the individuality of which has been lost by indiscriminate application. To all intents and purposes, he might just as well be addressed as "You Pete Pigwiggen," after the tender maternal fashion, in which, in his youthful days, he was required to quit dabbling in the gutter, to come home and be spanked. But

## P. PILGARLICK PIGWIGGEN, ESQ.

—the aristocracy of birth and genius is all about it. The very letters seem tasselled and fringed with the cobwebs of antiquity. The flesh creeps with awe at the sound, and the atmosphere undergoes a sensible change, as at the rarefying approach of a supernatural being. It penetrates the hearer at each perspiratory pore. The dropping of the antepenultimate in a man's name, and the substitution of an initial therefor, has an influence which cannot be defined—an influence peculiarly strong in the case of P. Pilgarlick Pigwiggen—the influence of undeveloped genius—analogous to that which bent the hazel rod, in the hand of Doustерswivel, in the ruins of St. Ruth, and told of undeveloped water.

But to avoid digression, or rather to return from a ramble in the fields of nomenclature, P. Pilgarlick Pigwiggen is an undeveloped genius—a wasted man; his talents are like money in a strong box, returning no interest. He is, in truth, a species of Byron in the egg; but unable to chip the shell, his genius remains unhatched. The chicken moves and faintly chirps within, but no one sees it, no one heeds it. Peter feels the high aspirations and the mysterious imaginings of poesy circling about the interior of his cranium; but there they stay. When he attempts to give them utterance, he finds that nature forgot to bore out the passage which carries thought to the tongue and to the finger ends; and as art has not yet found out the method of tunnelling or of driving a drift into the brain, to remedy such defects, and act as a general jail delivery to the prisoners of the mind, his divine conceptions continue pent in their osseous cell. In vain does Pigwiggen sigh for a *splitting* headache—one that shall ope the sutures, and set his fancies free. In vain does he shave his forehead and turn down his shirt collar, in hope of finding the poetic vomitory, and of leaving it clear of impediment; in vain does he drink vast quantities of gin to raise the steam so high that it may burst imagination's boiler, and suffer a few drops of it to escape; in vain does he sit up late o' nights, using all the cigars he can lay his hands on, to smoke out the secret. 'Tis useless all. No sooner has he spread the paper, and seized the pen to give bodily shape to airy dreams, than a dull dead blank succeeds. As if a flourish of the quill were the crowing of a "rooster," the dainty Ariels of his imagination vanish. The feather drops from his cheeked fingers, the paper remains unstained, and P. Pilgarlick Pigwiggen is still an undeveloped genius.

Originally a grocer's boy, Peter early felt that he had a soul above soap and candles, and he so diligently nursed it with his master's sugar, figs, and brandy, that early one morning he was unceremoniously dismissed with something more substantial than a flea in his ear. His subsequent life was

Digitized by Google

passed in various callings; but call as loudly as they would, our hero paid little attention to their voice. He had an eagle's longings, and with an inclination to stare the sun out of countenance, it was not to be expected that he would stoop to be a barn-yard fowl. Working when he could not help it; at times pursuing cheek speculations at the theatre doors, by way of turning an honest penny, and now and then gaining entrance by crooked means, to feed his faculties with a view of the performances, he likewise pursued his studies through all the ballads in the market, until qualified to read the pages of Moore and Byron. Glowing with ambition, he sometimes pined to see the poet's corner of our weekly periodicals graced with his effusions. But though murder may out, his undeveloped genius would not. Execution fell so far short of conception, that his lyrics were invariably rejected.

Deep, but unsatisfactory, were the reflections which thence arose in the breast of Pigwiggen.

"How is it," said he—"How is it I can't level down my expressions to the comprehension of the vulgar, or level up the vulgar to a comprehension of my expressions? How is it I can't get the spigot out, so my verses will run clear? I know what I mean myself, but nobody else does, and the impudent editors say it's wasting room to print what nobody understands. I've plenty of genius—lots of it, for I often want to cut my throat, and would have done it long ago, only it hurts. I'm chock full of genius and running over; for I hate all sorts of work myself, and all sorts of people mean enough to do it. I hate going to bed, and I hate getting up. My conduct is very eccentric and singular. I have the miserable melancholies all the time, and I'm pretty nearly always as cross as thunder, which is a sure sign. Genius is as tender as a skinned cat, and flies into a passion whenever you touch it. When I condescend to unbuzzum myself, for a little sympathy, to folks of ornery intellect—and caparisoned to me, I know very few people that ar'n't ornery as to brains—and pour forth the feelings indigginus to a poetic soul, which is always biling, they ludicrate my situation, and say they don't know what the deuse I'm driving at. Isn't genius always served o' this fashion in the earth, as Hamlet, the boy after my own heart, says? And when the slights of the world, and of the printers, set me in a fine frenzy, and my soul swells and swells, till it almost tears the shirt off my buzzum, and even fractures my dickey—when it expansuates and elevates me above the common herd, they laugh again, and tell me not to be pompious. The poor plebinians and worse than Russian serfs!—It is the fate of genius—it is his'n, or rather I should say, her'n—to go through life with little sympathization and less cash. Life's a field of blackberry and raspberry bushes. Mean people squat down and pick the fruit, no matter how they black their fingers; while genius, proud and perpendicular, strides fiercely on, and gets nothing but scratches and holes torn in its trousers. These things are the fate of genius, and when you see 'em, there is genius too, although the editors won't publish its articles. These things are its premonitories, its janissaries, its cohorts, and its consorts.

"But yet, though in flames in my interiors, I can't get it out. If I catch a subject, while I am looking at it, I can't find words to put it in; and when I let go, to hunt for words, the subject is off like a shot. Sometimes I have plenty of words, but then there is either no ideas, or else there is such a waterworks and cataract of them, that when I catch one, the others knock it out of my fingers. My genius is good, but my mind is not sufficiently manured by 'em."

Pigwiggen, waiting it may be till sufficiently "manured" to note his thoughts, was seen one fine morning, not long since, at the corner of the street, with a melancholy, abstracted air, the general character of his appearance. His garments were of a rusty black, much the worse for wear. His coat was buttoned up to the throat, probably for a reason more cogent than that of showing the moulding of his chest, and a black handkerchief enveloped his neck. Not a particle of white was to be seen about him; not that we mean to infer that his "sark" would not have answered to its name, if the muster roll of his attire had been called, for we scorn to speak of a citizen's domestic relations, and, until the contrary is proved, we hold it but charity to believe that every man has as many shirts as backs. Peter's cheeks were pale and hollow; his eyes sunken, and neither soap nor razor had kissed his lips for a week. His hands were in his pockets—they had the accommodation all to themselves—nothing else was there.

"Is your name Peter P. Pigwiggen?" inquired a man with a stick, which he grasped in the middle.

"My name is P. Pilgarlick Pigwiggen, if you please, my good friend," replied our hero, with a flush of indignation at being miscalled.

"You'll do," was the nonchalant response; and "the man with a stick" drew forth a parallelogram of paper, curiously inscribed with characters, partly written and partly printed, of which the words, "The commonwealth greeting," were strikingly visible; you'll do, Mr. P. Pilgarlick Pigwiggen Peter. That's a *capias ad respondendum*, the English of which is, you're cotched because you can't pay; only they put it in Greek, so as not to hurt a gentleman's feelings, and make him feel flat afore the company. I can't say much for the manners of the big courts, but the way the law's polite and a squire's office is genteel, when the thing is under a hundred dollars, is cautionary."

There was little to be said. Peter yielded at once. His landlady, with little respect for the incipient Byron, had turned him out that morning, and had likewise sent "the man with a stick," to arrest the course of undeveloped genius. Peter walked before, and he of the "taking way" strolled leisurely behind.

* * * * * * * *

"It's the fate of genius, squire. The money is owed."

"But how can I help it? I can't live without eating and sleeping. If I wasn't to do those functionaries, it would be suicide, severe beyond circumflexion."

"Well, you know, you must either pay or go to jail."

"Now, squire, as a friend—I can't pay, and I don't admire jail—as a friend, now."

"Got any bail?—No!—what's your trade—what name is it?"

"Poesy," was the laconic, but dignified reply.

"Pusey?—Yes, I remember Pusey. You're in the shoe-cleaning line, somewhere in Fourth street. Pusey, boots and shoes cleaned here. Getting whiter, ar'n't you? I thought Pusey was a little darker in the countenance."

"P-o-e-s-y!" roared Peter, spelling the word at the top of his voice; "I'm a poet."

"Well, Posy, I suppose you don't write for nothing. Why didn't you pay your landlady out of what you received for your books, Posy?"

"My genius ain't developed. I haven't written any thing yet. Only wait till my mind is manured, so I can catch the idea, and I'll pay off all old scores."

Digitized by Google

"'Twont do, Posy. I don't understand it at all. You must go and find a little undeveloped bail, or I must send you to prison. The officer will go with you. But stay; there's Mr. Grubson in the corner—perhaps he will bail you."

Grubson looked unpromising. He had fallen asleep, and the flies hummed about his sulky copper-colored visage, laughing at his unconscious drowsy efforts to drive them away. He was aroused by Pilgarlick, who insinuatingly preferred the request.

"I'll see you hanged first," replied Mr. Grubson; "I goes bail for nobody. I'm undeveloped myself on that subject,—not but that I have the greatest respect for you in the world, but the most of people's cheats."

"You see, Posy, the development won't answer. You must try out of doors. The officer will go with you."

"Squire, as a friend, excuse me," said Pilgarlick. "But the truth of the matter is this. I'm delicate about being seen in the street with a constable. I'm principled against it. The reputation which I'm going to get might be injured by it. Wouldn't it be pretty much the same thing, if Mr. Grubson was to go with the officer, and get me a little bail!"

"I'm delicate myself," growled Grubson; "I'm principled agin that too. Every man walk about on his own 'sponsibility; every man bail his own boat, You might jist as well ask me to swallow your physic, or take your thrashings."

Alas! Pilgarlick knew that his boat was past bailing. Few are the friends of genius in any of its stages—very few are they when it is undeveloped. He, therefore, consented to sojourn in "Arch west of Brond," until the whitewashing process could be performed, on condition he were taken there by the "alley way;" for he still looks ahead to the day, when a hot-pressed volume shall be published by the leading booksellers, entitled Poems, by P. Pilgarlick Pigwiggen, Esq.

### RICHARD HILDRETH.

Richard Hildreth was born June 28, 1807, in the old town of Deerfield, Massachusetts. His father was the Rev. Hosea Hildreth, a prominent congregational clergyman, who was the last old-school divine of latitudinarian views to join the Unitarian from the Calvinistic church of New England. In his profession he always stood in high esteem for ability, public spirit, and active benevolence. During Richard's fourth year his father removed with his family to Exeter, New Hampshire, the seat of Exeter Academy, where the son was fitted for college.

Hildreth was graduated at Harvard College in 1826. Here he proved himself a successful student of the prescribed course, without, however, entirely confining himself to it. Besides his extensive readings in history, political economy, and ethics, he became familiar with the whole body of Greek and Latin authors in their original languages. Embracing the pursuit of law he next entered the office at Newburyport, Massachusetts, of L. W. Marston, where his remarkable power of close and long-continued application excited the astonishment of all who knew him.

In 1827, during Mr. Hildreth's residence at Newburyport, his literary life took its commencement in a series of articles contributed to a magazine then lately started in Boston by Mrs. Sarah Jane Hale. Not long after he became a contributor to Willis's Boston Magazine (the first editorial experiment of that popular writer), and subsequently to Joseph T. Buckingham's New England Magazine. Many of these miscellaneous compositions are worthy of republication in a collected form.

In July, 1832, while practising the legal profession in Boston, he was induced to accept the post of editor of the Boston *Atlas*. For several years Mr. Hildreth's connexion with the new paper gave it a decided pre-eminence among the political journals of New England. A series of ably written articles from his pen, published in 1837, relative to the design of certain influential men in the southwest of procuring the separation of Texas from the Mexican government, prior to any general suspicion of the affair, powerfully contributed to excite the strenuous opposition which was afterwards manifested in different parts of the Union to the annexation of Texas.

Ill health in the autumn of 1834 compelled Mr. Hildreth to seek a residence on a plantation at the South, where he lived for about a year and a half. While thus sojourning, his story of *Archy Moore*, the forerunner of anti-slavery novels, was written. This work, which appeared in 1837, was republished in England, where it received an elaborate review in the Spectator, as well as in other literary periodicals. In 1852 it was given to the public in an enlarged form, under the title of *The White Slave*. It purports to be the autobiography of a Virginia slave, the son of his owner, whose Anglo-Saxon superiority of intellect and spirit is inherited by him. The period of the story is during the war of 1812 with Great Britain. After passing through the vicissitudes of his servile lot in the household, on the plantation, and on the auction block, Archy, the hero, with others of his condition, is taken on board a vessel for a more southern port. But in the passage the ship is captured by the enemy, who at once liberate them. He then becomes a British sailor, in which capacity he rises to distinction and settles in England, where he finally attains the position

Digitized by Google

of an opulent merchant. The narrative, as continued subsequently to the first publication, proceeds to represent Archy returning about the year 1835 to his native land, where, after a complicated series of adventures, his slave-wife and two children, whom he had left in slavery, are restored to him, and are thence carried to his foreign home.

During the summer of 1836 Mr. Hildreth employed his pen in translating from the French of Dumont a work, published at Boston in two 16mo. volumes, in 1840, under the title of *Bentham's Theory of Legislation*. He also at the same time wrote a *History of Banks*, advocating the system of free-banking, with security to bill-holders,—a plan since introduced successfully into New York and other states. Passing the winter of 1837–8 in Washington, as correspondent of the Boston Atlas, he returned to the editorial chair a warm supporter of the election to the presidency of General Harrison, of whom he wrote an electioneering biography, which appeared in pamphlet form.

Abandoning journalism, Mr. Hildreth next published, in 1840, *Despotism in America*, an ably-prepared discussion of the political, economical, and social results of the slaveholding system in the United States. To this work in 1854 was added a chapter on *The Legal Basis of Slavery*, embracing the substance of two articles written by him for Theodore Parker's short-lived Massachusetts Review. A letter to Andrews Norton, the Unitarian theologian of Cambridge, on *Miracles* followed, together with other controversial pamphlets on various speculative topics. These works were marked by keen and vigorous argument, but at times by an unsparing severity of language that materially interfered with their popularity.

In 1840 Mr. Hildreth, for the benefit of his health, again had resort to a warmer climate. But a three years' residence at Demerara, in British Guiana, did not diminish his activity. Acting successively as editor of two newspapers published at Georgetown, the capital of the country, he vigorously discussed the adoption of the new system of free labor, and the best policy to be pursued in the circumstances in which the colony was placed. There can be no doubt as to the side which he would join in regard to the former subject. While in British Guiana he also found time to write his *Theory of Morals*, published in 1844, as well as the *Theory of Politics*, which was given to the world from the press of the Messrs. Harper in 1853.

In the preface to the first mentioned work the author announces his purpose of giving to the world six treatises, bearing the collective title of Rudiments of the Science of Man, and designed to appear in the following order: Theory of Morals, Theory of Politics, Theory of Wealth, Theory of Taste, Theory of Knowledge, Theory of Education. The peculiarity of these treatises, according to Mr. Hildreth's intention, was the attempt to apply rigorously to the subjects discussed the inductive method of investigation, which, he supposed, might be employed as successfully in ethical and kindred science as it has been in the domain of physical discoveries.

This may, perhaps, be the case, but such an experiment often involves a disregard of established doctrines and assumptions, which is much less palatable to the mass of men than any similar contemptuous treatment of their notions of physical science, in consequence of the more decided enlistment of the feelings in matters pertaining to moral, political, and social questions, than in any other.

If Mr. Hildreth entertained any doubts on this point, he must, by this time, have been convinced of the fact here stated, by the outcry raised by the North American Review and Brownson's Quarterly against the former of his two volumes—the Theory of Morals and the Theory of Politics. Yet, in spite of what has been said to the contrary, we cannot help looking upon them as among the most original contributions which this country has furnished on the topics of which they treat.

In saying this no assent is given to all the doctrines broached in them. The author, like Bentham, of whom he appears to be a strong admirer, is an independent, dispassionate, and patient thinker, but, like him, is too much governed by the test of utility, and too much enamored of his rigid method of investigation, to reach conclusions which shall be entirely satisfactory, in sciences so proverbially inexact and uncertain as those of ethics or politics.

Of the two treatises already submitted to the public the Theory of Politics is altogether the most philosophical and best matured. It is divided into three parts, the first part treating of the Elements of Political Power, under which head are discussed the various forms which the political equilibrium, called government, has taken, the forces which produce it, and the means whereby it is sustained or overturned. The second contains a philosophical and historical review of the Forms of Government and Political Revolutions, in which the forms assumed by government during the world's history are specified chronologically, and the causes traced which have led to their commencement and overthrow. In part third are considered Governments in their Influence upon the Progress of Civilization and upon Human Happiness in general; and here, in a section entitled Of Democracies, may be found a theoretical vindication of the democratic system of government which will amply repay perusal. The survey is taken from the American stand-point, and the results are developed with a conclusiveness of reasoning little short of mathematical.

Finding the public too little interested in his speculative inquiries Mr. Hildreth turned his attention to completing his *History of the United States*, a work which he had projected as far back as his life in college. This afforded him constant occupation for seven years, during which he wrote little else, with the exception of a few articles in the Massachusetts Quarterly Review. The first volume was issued by the Harpers in 1849, and the entire work, in six volumes, in the course of the three succeeding years. In regard to this elaborate history, which covers the period beginning with the settlement of the country and concluding with the end of President Monroe's first term, we may safely remark that it has secured its author a prominent and permanent place among American historians. He has here embodied the matured results of long-continued and exhausting

Digitized by Google

labor, carried on by a mind not ill-adapted to historical inquiry, acute, comprehensive, endowed with an inflexible honesty of purpose, and never avoiding the sober duties of the historian for the sake of rhetorical display. In the last three volumes may be found the only thorough and complete account of the federal government for the time of which it treats. There is hardly any question of domestic or foreign policy which can interest an American citizen that is not elucidated in its pages, such matters having been so fully discussed in the early period of our government that there has been but little advance or modification in regard to the views then taken concerning them. Mr. Hildreth has terminated his history with Monroe's first term, at which time began that fusion of parties which prepared the way for the state of political affairs now existing. To this point refer the concluding remarks of the sixth volume:—

With the re-annexation of Florida to the Anglo-American dominion, the recognised extension of our western limit to the shores of the Pacific, and the partition of those new acquisitions between slavery and freedom, closed Monroe's first term of office; and with it a marked era in our history. All the old landmarks of party, uprooted as they had been, first by the embargo and the war with England, and then by peace in Europe, had since, by the bank question, the internal improvement question, and the tariff question, been completely superseded and almost wholly swept away. At the Ithuriel touch of the Missouri discussion, the slave interest, hitherto hardly recognised as a distinct element in our system, had started up, portentous and dilated, disavowing the very fundamental principles of modern democracy, and again threatening, as in the Federal Convention, the dissolution of the Union. It is from this point, already beginning indeed to fade away in the distance, that our politics of to-day take their departure.

In his portraitures of political men, Mr. Hildreth perhaps too often "wears the cap of the executioner." Of this peculiarity his austere comments upon the characters and lives of Jefferson, Madison, John Adams, and J. Q. Adams, are an example. No statute of limitations, no popular canonization of the offender avails against the impartial severity of his criticism. But to the memories of Washington and Hamilton he pays a uniform and deserved homage, as may be seen by the passage subjoined:—

In Hamilton's death the Federalists and the country experienced a loss second only to that of Washington. Hamilton possessed the same rare and lofty qualities, the same just balance of soul, with less, indeed, of Washington's severe simplicity and awe-inspiring presence, but with more of warmth, variety, ornament, and grace. If the Doric in architecture be taken as the symbol of Washington's character, Hamilton's belonged to the same grand style as developed in the Corinthian—if less impressive, more winning. If we add Jay for the Ionic, we have a trio not to be matched, in fact not to be approached in our history, if, indeed, in any other. Of earth-born Titans, as terrible as great, now angels, and now toads and serpents, there are everywhere enough. Of the serene and benign sons of the celestial gods, how few at any time have walked the earth!

As an example of the more animated descriptive style of the historian we select a portion of his account of the duel of Hamilton and Burr:—

It was not at all in the spirit of a professed duellist, it was not upon any paltry point of honor, that Hamilton had accepted this extraordinary challenge, by which it was attempted to hold him answerable for the numerous imputations on Burr's character bandied about in conversation and the newspapers for two or three years past. The practice of duelling he utterly condemned; indeed, he had himself already been a victim to it in the loss of his eldest son, a boy of twenty, in a political duel some two years previously. As a private citizen, as a man under the influence of moral and religious sentiments, as a husband, loving and loved, and the father of a numerous and dependent family, as a debtor honorably disposed, whose creditors might suffer by his death, he had every motive for avoiding the meeting. So he stated in a paper which, under a premonition of his fate, he took care to leave behind him. It was in the character of a public man. It was in that lofty spirit of patriotism, of which examples are so rare, rising high above all personal and private considerations—a spirit magnanimous and self-sacrificing to the last, however in this instance uncalled for and mistaken—that he accepted the fatal challenge. "The ability to be in future useful," such was his own statement of his motives, "whether in resisting mischief or effecting good in those crises of our public affairs which seem likely to happen, would probably be inseparable from a conformity with prejudice in this particular."

With that candor towards his opponents by which Hamilton was ever so nobly distinguished, but of which so very seldom, indeed, did he ever experience any return, he disavowed in this paper, the last he ever wrote, any disposition to affix odium to Burr's conduct in this particular case. He denied feeling towards Burr any personal ill-will, while he admitted that Burr might naturally be influenced against him by hearing of strong animadversions in which he had indulged, and which, as usually happens, might probably have been aggravated in the report. Those animadversions, in some cases, might have been occasioned by misconstruction or misinformation; yet his censures had not proceeded on light grounds nor from unworthy motives. From the possibility, however, that he might have injured Burr, as well as from his general principles and temper in relation to such affairs, he had come to the resolution which he left on record, and communicated also to his second, to withhold and throw away his first fire, and perhaps even his second; thus giving to Burr a double opportunity to pause and reflect.

The grounds of Weehawk, on the Jersey shore, opposite New York, were at that time the usual field of these single combats, then, chiefly by reason of the inflamed state of political feeling, of frequent occurrence, and very seldom ending without bloodshed. The day having been fixed, and the hour appointed at seven o'clock in the morning, the parties met, accompanied only by their seconds. The bargemen, as well as Dr. Hosack, the surgeon, mutually agreed upon, remained as usual at a distance, in order, if any fatal result should occur, not to be witnesses.

The parties having exchanged salutations, the seconds measured the distance of ten paces; loaded the pistols; made the other preliminary arrangements, and placed the combatants. At the appointed signal, Burr took deliberate aim, and fired. The ball entered Hamilton's side, and as he fell his pistol too was unconsciously discharged. Burr approached him apparently somewhat moved; but on the sug-

Digitized by Google

gestion of his second, the surgeon and barge-men already approaching, he turned and hastened away, Van Ness coolly covering him from their sight by opening an umbrella.

The surgeon found Hamilton half-lying, half-sitting on the ground, supported in the arms of his second. The pallor of death was on his face. "Doctor," he said, "this is a mortal wound;" and, as if overcome by the effort of speaking, he immediately fainted. As he was carried across the river the fresh breeze revived him. His own house being in the country, he was conveyed at once to the house of a friend, where he lingered for twenty-four hours in great agony, but preserving his composure and self-command to the last.

Mr. Hildreth has throughout his life been much engaged in newspaper discussions of topics interesting to the community, and at the present time is an effective contributor to the New York Tribune, and other influential political journals. The amount of literary drudgery, such as editing geographical cyclopædias and works of a similar character, which he has performed, attests his singular mental vigor and activity, as well as the inadequate remuneration of more congenial literary labor. He is now busied in the composition of a work on *Japan as it Was and as it Is.**

### W. S. W. RUSCHENBERGER.

WILLIAM S. W. RUSCHENBERGER was born in Cumberland county, New Jersey, September 4, 1807. His father, Peter Ruschenberger, a German, died a short time before the birth of his only son.

While an infant, Ruschenberger was removed to Philadelphia, where his mother supported herself and her child by keeping a school for several years. He was educated at New York and Philadelphia, and prepared for college, when he commenced, in 1824, the study of medicine in the office of Prof. Chapman. In June, 1826, he obtained the appointment of surgeon's-mate in the navy, and made a cruise to the Pacific in the frigate Brandywine. After an absence of thirty-eight months, he returned to his studies, and obtained his medical diploma in March, 1830. Having passed an examination as surgeon in the navy in March, 1831, he made a second cruise to the Pacific, which occupied about three years. The results of his observations were given to the public in 1835, in an octavo volume entitled *Three Years in the Pacific, by an Officer of the United States Navy.*

In March, 1835, he sailed in the sloop-of-war Peacock as surgeon of the fleet for the East India squadron. After an absence of over two years, he landed at Norfolk in November, 1837. In the following spring, Lea & Blanchard published his *Voyage Round the World, including an Embassy to Siam and Muscat.* The work was reprinted by Bentley in London, with the omission of various passages commenting upon the English government.

In 1843 Dr. Ruschenberger was ordered to the United States Naval Hospital, New York, where he remained until 1847, during which period he laid the foundation of the naval laboratory, designed to furnish the service with unadulterated drugs. He next sailed to the East Indies, but returned under orders in the following year. After being stationed at New York and Philadelphia, he sailed as surgeon of the Pacific squadron October 9, 1854.

In addition to the works already noticed, Dr. Ruschenberger is the author of a series of manuals—*Elements of Anatomy and Physiology, Mammalogy, Ornithology, Herpetology and Ichthyology, Conchology, Entomology, Botany, and Geology*, and of several pamphlets* and numerous articles on subjects connected with the navy in the Southern Literary Messenger and Democratic Review. He has also written much on medical and scientific topics in the American Journal of the Medical Sciences, Silliman's Journal, Medical and Surgical Journal, Journal of Pharmacy, Medical Examiner, Boston Medical and Surgical Journal, and the National Intelligencer. He has also edited American reprints of Marshall on the Enlisting, Discharging, and Pensioning of Soldiers, 1840; and Mrs. Somerville's Physical Geography, 1850-53.

### JONATHAN LAWRENCE, Jr.

JONATHAN LAWRENCE, Jr., was born in New York November 19, 1807. He was graduated from Columbia College at the early age of fifteen, and studied law with Mr. W. Slosson, whose partner he became on his admission to the bar. He devoted himself earnestly to his profession, his essays and poems being the fruit of hours of relaxation; but in the midst of high promise of future excellence he was removed by death on the 26th of April, 1833.

A selection from his writings was prepared and privately printed by his brother soon after. The volume contains essays on Algernon Sidney, Burns, English comedy, the Mission to Panama (on the affairs of the South American republics), two Dialogues of the Dead (imaginary conversations between Milton and Shakespeare, and Charles II. and Cowper, in the style of Walter Savage Landor), and a number of poems, miscellaneous in subject, grave and reflective in tone.

TO ——

Oh, the spring has come again, love,
With beauty in her train,
And her own sweet buds are springing
To her merry feet again.
They welcome her onward footsteps,
With a fragrance full of song,

* We are indebted for this notice of Mr. Hildreth to the pen of Mr. W. S. Thayer, himself an accomplished litterateur, as his critical articles contributed to his friend Mr. Charles Hale's excellent Boston periodical "To-Day," and his occasional poems, correspondence, and other articles latterly published in the New York *Evening Post*, with which he has been connected, sufficiently witness.

* The Navy. Hints on the Reorganization of the Navy, including an Examination of the Claims of its civil officers to an Equality of Rights. 8vo. pp. 71. Wiley & Putnam, New York. 1845.

Examination of a Reply to Hints on the Reorganization of the Navy. Idem.

Assimilated Rank in the Civil Branch of the Navy. Jan., 1848. Phila.

An Examination of the Legality of the General Orders which confer assimilated rank on officers of the Civil Branch of the United States Navy. By a Surgeon. Phila., Feb., 1848.

A Brief History of an Existing Controversy on the subject of Assimilated Rank in the Navy of the United States. By W. S. W. R. 8vo. pp. 108. Sept., 1850. Phila.

Digitized by Google

And they bid her sip from each dewy lip
Of the rosy-tinted throng.

Oh, the spring has come again, love,
And her eye is bright and blue,
With a misty passionate light that veils
The earth in its joyous hue;
And a single violet in her hair,
And a light flush in her cheek,
Tell of the blossoms maids should wear,
And the love tales they should speak.

The spring has come again, love,
And her home is everywhere;
She grows in the green and teeming earth,
And she fills the balmy air;
But she dearly loves, by some talking rill,
Where the early daisy springs,
To nurse its leaves and to drink her fill
Of the sweet stream's murmurings.

The spring has come again, love,
On the mountain's side she throws
Her earliest morning glance, to find
The root of the first wild rose;
And at noon she warbles through airy throats,
Or sounds in the whirring wing
Of the minstrel throng, whose untaught notes
Are the joyous hymns of spring.

Oh, the spring has come again, love,
With her skylark's cloudy song;
Hark! how his echoing note rings clear
His fleecy bowers among.
Her morning laughs its joyous way,
In a flood of rosy light,
And her evening clouds melt gloriously,
In the starry blue of night.

Oh, the spring has come again, love,
And again the spring shall go;
And withered her sweetest flowers, and dead
Her soft brooks' silvery flow;
And her leaves of green shall fade and die
When their autumn bloom is past,
Beautiful as her cheek whose tint
Looks loveliest at the last.

Oh, life's spring can come but once, love,
And its summer will soon depart,
And its autumn flowers will soon be nipped,
By the winter of the heart;
But yet we can fondly dream, love,
That a fadeless spring shall bloom,
When the sun of a new existence dawns
On the darkness of the tomb.

### CORNELIUS CONWAY FELTON,

Eliot Professor of Greek Literature in Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts, was born Nov. 6, 1807, at Newbury, now West Newbury, Mass., on the Merrimack, about six miles from Newburyport. The family of Felton dates from an early period—the first of the name having established himself in the town of Danvers at or about the year 1636. Mr. Felton was prepared for College chiefly at the Franklin Academy, Andover, under the late Simeon Putnam, an eminent classical scholar and teacher. On his entrance at Harvard University in 1823 in his sixteenth year, the Greek examiners were the Hon. Edward Everett, then Eliot Professor of Greek Literature, George Bancroft the Historian, then Greek tutor, and Dr. Popkin afterwards Eliot Professor. Like many other New England students, being obliged to earn money for the payment of College bills, he taught winter schools in the sophomore and junior years, besides teaching the mathematics the last six months of the junior year in the Round Hill School, Northampton, under the charge of J. G. Cogswell (now of the Astor Library), and George Bancroft. He was graduated in 1827.

For the next two years, in conjunction with two classmates, the late Henry Russell Cleveland and Seth Sweetser, now the Rev. Seth Sweetser, D.D., Pastor of one of the principal religious societies in Worcester, Mass., Mr. Felton had charge of the Livingston County High School in Genesee, New York. In 1829 he was appointed Latin tutor in Harvard University; in 1830 Greek tutor; and in 1832 College Professor of the Greek language. In 1834 he received his appointment of Eliot Professor of Greek literature, (the third Professor on that foundation; Mr. Everett and John Snelling Popkin having preceded him), the duties of which he has since discharged* with the exception only of the time passed in a foreign tour from April, 1853, to May, 1854. In this journey he visited England, Scotland and Wales, France, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, travelling thence to Malta and Constantinople. On his return stopping at Smyrna, and several of the Greek islands, he arrived in Athens in Oct. 1853, and remained in Greece, the principal object of his tour, till the following February. In Europe, previous to visiting Greece, he was occupied chiefly with the collections of art and antiquities in London, Paris, Berlin, Munich, Dresden, Venice, Florence, Rome, Naples. In Greece he was engaged, partly in travelling through the country, in visiting the most celebrated places for the purpose of illustrating Ancient Greek History and Poetry, and in studying at Athens the remains of ancient art, the present language and literature of Greece, the constitution and laws of the Hellenic kingdom, attending courses of lectures at the University, and in visiting the common schools and gymnasia. Returning from Greece to Italy, he revisited the principal cities, especially Naples, Rome, and Florence, studying anew the splendid collections of art and antiquities. Having pursued a similar course in France and England, he returned to the United States in May, 1854, and immediately resumed the duties of the Greek Professorship at Cambridge.

The professional occupation of Dr. Felton being that of a public teacher, his studies have embraced the principal languages and literatures of modern Europe as well as the ancient, and something of Oriental literature. His literary occupations have been various. While in college he was one of the editors and writers of a students' periodical called the Harvard Register. Of numerous addresses on public occasions, he has published an address at the close of the first year of the Livingston County High School, 1828; a discourse delivered at the author's inauguration as professor of Greek literature; an address delivered at the dedication of the Bristol County Academy in Taunton, Mass.; an address at a meeting of the

* There is not one now connected with college who was connected with it when he was appointed Tutor. In term of service, though not in years, he is the eldest member of any department of the University.

Digitized by Google

American Academy of Arts and Sciences, on moving resolutions on the death of Daniel Webster; and an oration delivered before the Alumni of Harvard University.

Mr. Felton's contributions to periodical literature embrace numerous articles in the North American Review, and critical notices commencing with the year 1830; various articles and notices published in the Christian Examiner from the same date; numerous reviews and notices published in Willard's Monthly Review, between June, 1832, and December, 1833, afterwards in Buckingham's New England Magazine; and occasional contributions to other periodical publications, such as the Bibliotheca Sacra, the Methodist Quarterly Review, the Knickerbocker Magazine, the Whig Review, with articles in various newspapers, among others the Boston Daily Advertiser, Boston Courier, the Evening Traveller.

The separate volumes of Dr. Felton, his editions of the classics, and contributions to general literature, are hardly less numerous. For the first series of Sparks's American Biography he wrote the life of Gen. Eaton. In 1833 he edited the Iliad of Homer with Flaxman's Illustrations and English notes, since revised and extended, having passed through numerous editions. In 1840, he translated Menzel's work on German literature, published in three volumes in Ripley's Specimens of Foreign Literature. In 1840, he published a Greek reader, selections from the Greek authors in prose and poetry, with English notes and a vocabulary—which has been since revised and passed through six or seven editions. In 1841, he edited the Clouds of Aristophanes, with an introduction and notes in English, since revised and republished in England. In 1843, in conjunction with Professors Sears and Edwards, he prepared a volume entitled Classical Studies, partly original and partly translated. The greater part of the biographical notices, some of the analyses, as those of the Heldenbuch, and the more elaborate one of the Niebelungenlied, together with several poetical translations in Longfellow's Poets and Poetry of Europe, published in 1845, were from his pen. In 1847, he edited the Panegyricus of Isocrates and the Agamemnon of Æschylus, with introductions and notes in English. A second edition of the former, revised, appeared in 1854.

In 1849, he prepared a volume entitled, *Earth and Man, being a translation of a course of lectures on Comparative Physical Geography, in its relation to the History of Mankind, delivered in French in Boston, by Professor Arnold Guyot.* This work has gone through numerous editions in this country, has been reprinted in at least four independent editions in England, and has been widely circulated on the Continent, having been translated into German.

In 1849, he edited the Birds of Aristophanes, with introduction and notes in English, republished in England; in 1852, a Memorial of Professor Popkin, consisting of a selection of his lectures and sermons, to which is prefixed a biographical sketch of eighty-eight pages. In 1852, he published selections from the Greek historians, arranged in the order of events. In 1855, a revised edition of Smith's History of Greece, with preface, notes, additional illustrations, and a continuation from the Roman conquest to the present time; the latter embracing a concise view of the present political condition, the language, literature, and education in the kingdom of Hellas, together with metrical translations of the popular poetry of modern Greece. His latest work has been the preparation of an edition of Lord Carlisle's Diary in Turkish and Greek waters, with a Preface, notes, and illustrations. He has also published selections from modern Greek authors in prose and poetry, including History, Oratory, Historical Romance, Klephtic Ballads, Popular Poems and Anacreontics.

As Professor, besides teaching classes in the Text books, he has delivered many courses of lectures on Comparative Philology and History of the Greek language and literature through the classical periods, the middle ages, and to the present day.

Outside of the University, besides numerous lectures delivered before Lyceums, Teachers' Institutes, and other popular bodies, Dr. Felton has delivered three courses before the Lowell Institute in Boston. The first (in the winter of 1851–2), of thirteen lectures on the History and Criticism of Greek Poetry; the second (in 1853), of twelve lectures on the Life of Greece; the third, in the Autumn of 1854, on the Downfall and Resurrection of Greece.

To these extended literary labors, Dr. Felton has brought a scholar's enthusiasm. He has not confined his attention to the technicalities of his profession, but illustrated its learned topics in a liberal as well as in an acute literal manner, while he has found time to entertain in his writings the current scientific and popular literature of the day. As an orator he is skilful and eloquent in the disposition and treatment of his subjects. We have already alluded* to his elevated composition on the approaching death of Webster, and as a further indication of his manner, we may cite a passage from his address before the Association of the Alumni of Harvard in 1854.

ROME AND GREECE IN AMERICA.

An ancient orator, claiming for his beloved Athens the leadership among the states of Greece, rests his argument chiefly on her pre-eminence in those intellectual graces which embellish the present life of man, and her inculcation of those doctrines which gave to the initiated a sweeter hope of a life beyond the present. Virgil, in stately hexameters, by the shadowy lips of father Anchises in Elysium, calls on the Roman to leave these things to others:—

> Excudent alii spirantia mollius æra;
> Credo equidem; vivos ducent de marmore vultus;
> Orabunt causas melius, cœlique meatus
> Describent radio et surgentia sidera dicent.
> Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento,
> Hæ tibi erunt artes; pacique imponere morem,
> Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos.

These lines strike the key-notes to Greek and Roman character,—Greek and Roman history. During the long existence of the Athenian Republic, amidst the interruptions of foreign and domestic wars,—her territory overrun by Hellenic and Barbarian armies, her forests burned, her fields laid waste, her temples

* *Ante*, p. 83.

Digitized by Google

levelled in the dust,—in those tumultuous ages of her democratic existence, the fire of her creative genius never smouldered. She matured and perfected the art of historical composition, of political and forensic eloquence, of popular legislation, of lyric and dramatic poetry, of music, painting, architecture, and sculpture; she unfolded the mathematics, theoretically and practically, and clothed the moral and metaphysical sciences in the brief sententious wisdom of the myriad-minded Aristotle, and the honeyed eloquence of Plato. Rome overran the world with her arms, and though she did not always spare the subject, she beat down the proud, and laid her laws upon the prostrate nations. Greece fell before the universal victor, but she still asserted her intellectual supremacy, and, as even the Roman poet confessed, the conquered became the teacher and guide of the conqueror. At the present moment, the intellectual dominion of Greece—or rather of Athens, the school of Greece—is more absolute than ever. Her Plato is still the unsurpassed teacher of moral wisdom; her Aristotle has not been excelled as a philosophic observer; her Æschylus and Sophocles have been equalled only by Shakespeare. On the field of Marathon, we call up the shock of battle and the defeat of the Barbarian host; but with deeper interest still we remember that the great dramatic poet fought for his country's freedom in that brave muster. As we gaze over the blue waters of Salamis, we think not only of the clash of triremes, the shout of the onset, the pæan of victory; but of the magnificent lyrical drama in which the martial poet worthily commemorated the naval triumph which he had worthily helped to achieve.

All these things suggest lessons for us, even now. We have the Roman passion for universal empire, under the names of Manifest Destiny and Annexation. I do not deny the good there is in this, nor the greatness inherent in extended empire, bravely and fairly won. But the empire of science, letters, and art, is honorable and enviable, because it is gained by no unjust aggression on neighboring countries; by no subjection of weaker nations to the rights of the stronger; by no stricken fields, reddened with the blood of slaughtered myriads. No crimes of violence or fraud sow the seed of disease, which must in time lay it prostrate in the dust; its foundations are as immovable as virtue, and its structure as imperishable as the heavens. If we must add province to province, let us add realm to realm in our intellectual march. If we must enlarge our territory till the continent can no longer contain us, let us not forget to enlarge with equal step the boundaries of science and the triumphs of art. I confess I would rather, for human progress, that the poet of America gave a new charm to the incantations of the Muse; that the orator of America spoke in new and loftier tones of civic and philosophic eloquence; that the artist of America overmatched the godlike forms, whose placid beauty looks out upon us from the great past,—than annex to a country, already overgrown, every acre of desert land, from ocean to ocean and from pole to pole. If we combine the Roman character with the Greek, the Roman has had its sway long enough, and it is time the Greek should take its turn. Vast extent is something, but not everything. The magnificent civilization of England, and her imperial sway over the minds of men, are the trophies of a realm, geographically considered, but a satellite to the continent of Europe, which you can traverse in a single day. An American in London pithily expressed the feeling naturally excited in one familiar with our magnificent spaces and distances, when he told an English friend he dared not go to bed at night, for fear of falling overboard before morning. The states of Greece were of insignificant extent. On the map of the world they fill a scarcely visible space, and Attica is a microscopic dot. From the heights of Parnassus, from the Acrocorinthos, the eye ranges over the whole land, which has filled the universe with the renown of its mighty names. From the Acropolis of Athens we trace the scenes where Socrates conversed, and taught, and died; where Demosthenes breathed deliberate valor into the despairing hearts of his countrymen; where the dramatists exhibited their matchless tragedy and comedy; where Plato charmed the hearers of the Academy with the divinest teaching of Philosophy, while the Cephissus murmured by under the shadow of immemorial olive groves; where St. Paul taught the wondering but respectful sages of the Agora, and the Hill of Mars, the knowledge of the living God, and the resurrection to life eternal. There stand the ruins of the Parthenon, saluted and transfigured by the rising and the setting sun, or the unspeakable loveliness of the Grecian night,—beautiful, solemn, pathetic. In that focus of an hour's easy walk, the lights of ancient culture condensed their burning rays; and from this centre they have lighted all time and the whole world.



### ELIZABETH MARGARET CHANDLER.

Elizabeth Margaret, the daughter of Thomas Chandler, a Quaker farmer in easy circumstances, was born at Centre, near Wilmington, Delaware, December 24, 1807. She was educated at the Friends' schools in Philadelphia, and at an early age commenced writing verses. At eighteen she wrote a poem, *The Slave Ship*, which gained a prize offered by the Casket, a monthly magazine. She next became a contributor to the Genius of Universal Emancipation, an anti-slavery periodical of Philadelphia, in which most of her subsequent productions appeared.

In 1830, Miss Chandler removed with her aunt and brother (she had been left an orphan at an early age) to the territory of Michigan. The family settled near the village of Tecumseh, Lenawee county, on the river Raisin; the name of Hazlebank being given to their farm by the poetess. She continued her contributions from this place in prose and verse on the topic of Slavery until she was attacked in the spring of 1834 by a remittent fever; under the influence of which she gradually sank until her death on the twenty-second of November of the same year.

In 1836, a collection of *The Poetical Works of Elizabeth Margaret Chandler, with a Memoir of her Life and Character, by Benjamin Lundy*, the editor of the journal with which she was connected, appeared at Philadelphia. The volume also contains a number of *Essays, Philanthropical and Moral*, from the author's pen.

Miss Chandler's poems are on a variety of subjects; but whatever the theme, it is in almost every instance brought to bear on the topic of Slavery. Her compositions are marked by spirit, fluency, and feeling.

#### JOHN WOOLMAN.

Meek, humble, sinless as a very child,
Such wert thou,—and, though unbeheld, I seem.
Oft-times to gaze upon thy features mild,
Thy grave, yet gentle lip, and the soft beam
Of that kind eye, that knew not how to shed
A glance of aught save love, on any human head.

Digitized by Google

Servant of Jesus! Christian! not alone
In name and creed, with practice differing wide,
Thou didst not in thy conduct fear to own
His self-denying precepts for thy guide.
Stern only to thyself, all others felt
Thy strong rebuke was love, not meant to crush, but melt.

Thou, who didst pour o'er all the human kind
The gushing fervor of thy sympathy!
E'en the unreasoning brute failed not to find
A pleader for his happiness in thee.
Thy heart was moved for every breathing thing,
By careless man exposed to needless suffering.

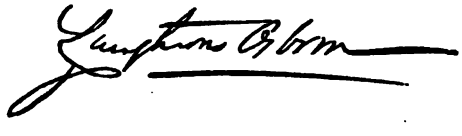
But most the wrongs and sufferings of the slave,
Stirred the deep fountain of thy pitying heart;
And still thy hand was stretched to aid and save,
Until it seemed that thou hadst taken a part
In their existence, and couldst hold no more
A separate life from them, as thou hadst done before.

How the sweet pathos of thy eloquence,
Beautiful in its simplicity, went forth
Entreating for them! that this vile offence,
So unbeseeming of our country's worth,
Might be removed before the threatening cloud,
Thou saw'st o'erhanging it, should burst in storm and blood.

So may thy name be reverenced,—thou wert one
Of those whose virtues link us to our kind,
By our best sympathies; thy day is done,
But its twilight lingers still behind,
In thy pure memory; and we bless thee yet,
For the example fair thou hast before us set.

### LAUGHTON OSBORNE.

The only account which we have met with of this gentleman, a member of a New York family, is in the late Mr. Poe's "Sketches of the Literati," and that furnishes little more than a recognition of the genius of the author, which is in some respects akin to that of his critic. Mr. Osborne has published anonymously, and all of his books have been of a character to excite attention. They are bold, discursive, play some tricks with good taste and propriety; and upon the whole are not less remarkable for their keenness of perception than for their want of judgment in its display. With more skill and a just proportion, the writer's powers would have made a deeper impression on the public. As it is, he has rather added to the curiosities of literature than to the familiar companions of the library. Mr. Osborne was a graduate of Columbia College, of the class of 1827.



His first book, *Sixty Years of the Life of Jeremy Levis*, was published in New York in 1831, in two stout duodecimo volumes. It is a rambling Shandean autobiography; grotesque, humorous, sentimental, and satirical, though too crude and unfinished to hold a high rank for any of those qualities.

Mr. Poe mentions its successor, *The Dream of Alla-ad-Deen, from the Romance of Anastasia*, by Charles Erskine White, D.D., a pamphlet of thirty-two small pages, the design of which he states to be, "to reconcile us to death and evil on the somewhat unphilosophical ground that comparatively we are of little importance in the scale of creation."

*The Confessions of a Poet* appeared in Philadelphia in 1835. Its prefatory chapter, announcing the immediate suicide of the Nero, prepares the reader for the passionate romance of the intense school which follows.

In 1838 a curious anomalous satire was published at Boston, in a full-sized octavo volume, of noticeable typographical excellence, *The Vision of Rubeta, an Epic Story of the Island of Manhattan, with Illustrations done on Stone.* In the relation of text and notes, and a certain air of learning, it bore a general resemblance to Mathias's "Pursuits of Literature." The labor was out of all proportion to the material. The particular game appeared to be the late Col. Stone, and his paper the *Commercial Advertiser*. The contributors to the New York American, the New York Review, and other periodicals of the time, also came in for notice; but the jest was a dull one, and the book failed to be read, notwithstanding its personalities. Among its other humors was a rabid attack on Wordsworth, the question of whose genius had by that time been settled for the rest of the world; and something of this was resumed in the author's subsequent volume, in 1841, published by the Appletons, entitled *Arthur Carryl, a Novel by the Author of the Vision of Rubeta, Cantos first and second. Odes; Epistles to Milton, Pope, Juvenal, and the Devil; Epigrams; Parodies of Horace; England as she is; and other minor Poems, by the same.* This is, upon the whole, the author's best volume. The critical prefaces exhibit his scholarship to advantage; the Odes, martial and amatory, are ardent and novel in expression; the Epistles to Milton, Pope, Juvenal—severally imitations of the blank verse, the couplet, and the hexameters of the originals—are skilful exercises; while the chief piece, Arthur Carryl, a poem of the Don Juan class, has many felicitous passages of personal description, particularly of female beauty.

The next production of Mr. Osborne, indicative of the author's study and accomplishments as an artist, was of a somewhat different character, being an elaborate didactic *Treatise on Oil Painting*, which was published by Wiley and Putnam. It was remarkable for its care and exactness, and was received as a useful manual to the profession.

The author's notes and illustrations exhibit his acquaintance with art, and show him to be a traveller, "a picked man of countries." From a poetic fragment, entitled "England as she is," he appears to have been a resident of that country in 1838. His permanent home is, we believe, New York.

#### SONNET—THE REPROACH OF VENUS.

The Queen of Rapture hovered o'er my bed,
Borne on the wings of Silence and the Night:
She touched with hers my glowing lips and said,
While my blood tingled with the keen delight,
"And is the spirit of thy youth then fled,
That made thee joy in other themes more bright?

Digitized by Google

For satire only must thine ink be shed,
And none but boys and fools my praises write!"
"O, by these swimming eyes," I said, and sighed,
"And by this pulse, which feels and fears thine art,
Thou know'st, enchantress, and thou seest with pride,
Thou of my being art the dearest part!
Let those sing love to whom love is denied;
But I, O queen, I chant thee in my heart."

TO JUVENAL.

Lord of the iron harp! thou master of diction satiric,
Who, with the scourge of song, lashed vices in monarch and people,
And to the scoff of the age, and the scorn of all ages succeeding,
Bared the rank ulcers of sin in the loins of the Mistress of Nations!
I, who have touched the same chords, but with an indifferent finger,
Claim to belong to the quire, at whose head thou art seated supernal.
More, I have read thee all through, from the first to the ultimate spondee,—
Therefore am somewhat acquaint with thy spirit and manner of thinking.
Knowing thee, then, I presume to address without more introduction
Part of this packet to thee, and, out of respect to thy manes,—
Owing not less unto thine than I rendered to Pope's and to Milton's,—
Whirl my brisk thoughts o'er the leaf, on the wheels of thy spondees and dactyls.
Doubtless, by this time at least, thou art fully conversant with English;
But, shouldst thou stumble at all, lo! Pope close at hand to assist thee.

Last of the poets of Rome! thou never wouldst dream from what region
Cometh this greeting to thee; no bard of thy kind hath yet mounted
Up to the stars of the wise, from the bounds of the Ocean Atlantic.
Green yet the world of the West, how should it yield matter for satire!
Hither no doubt, from thy Latium, the stone-eating husband of Rhea
Fled from the vices of men, as thou in thy turn, rather later,
Went to Pentapolis. Here, the Saturnian age is restored:
Witness Astræa's own form on the dome of the palace of justice!
Here, in his snug little cot, lives each one content with his neighbor,
Envy, nor Hatred, nor Lust, nor any bad passion, triumphant;
Avarice known not in name,—for devil a soul hath a stiver.

How then, you ask, do we live? O, nothing on earth is more simple!
A. has no coat to his back; or B. is deficient in breeches;
C. makes them both without charge, and comes upon A. for his slippers,
While for his shelterless head B. gratefully shapes him a beaver,
'T is the perfection of peace! social union most fully accomplished!
Man is a brother to man, not a rival, or slave, or oppressor.
Nay, in the compact of love, all creatures are joyful partakers.

THE DEATH OF GENERAL PIKE.

'Twas on the glorious day
When our valiant triple bande*
Drove the British troops away
From their strong and chosen stand;
When the city York was taken,
And the Bloody Cross hauled down
From the walls of the town
Its defenders had forsaken.

The gallant Pike had moved
A hurt foe to a spot
A little more removed
From the death-shower of the shot;
And he himself was seated
On the fragment of an oak,
And to a captive spoke,
Of the troops he had defeated.

He was seated in a place,
Not to shun the leaden rain
He had been the first to face,
And now burned to brave again,
But had chosen that position
Till the officer's return
The truth who 'd gone to learn
Of the garrison's condition.

When suddenly the ground
With a dread convulsion shook,
And arose a frightful sound,
And the sun was hid in smoke;
And huge stones and rafters, driven
Athwart the heavy rack,
Fell, fatal on their track
As the thunderbolt of Heaven.

Then two hundred men and more,
Of our bravest and our best,
Lay all ghastly in their gore,
And the hero with the rest.
On their folded arms they laid him;
But he raised his dying breath:
"On, men, avenge the death
Of your general!" They obeyed him.

They obeyed. Three cheers they gave,
Closed their scattered ranks, and on.
Though their leader found a grave,
Yet the hostile town was won.
To a vessel straight they bore him
Of the gallant Chauncey's fleet,
And, the conquest complete,
Spread the British flag before him.

O'er his eyes the long, last night
Was already falling fast;
But came back again the light
For a moment; 't was the last.
With a victor's joy they fired,
'Neath his head by signs he bade
The trophy should be laid;
And, thus pillowed, Pike expired.

## EDWARD S. GOULD.

EDWARD S. GOULD, a merchant of New York, whose occasional literary publications belong to several departments of literature, is a son of the late Judge Gould† of Connecticut, and was born at

* The troops that landed to the attack were in three divisions.

† James Gould (1770–1838) was the descendant of an English family which early settled in America. He was educated at Yale; studied with Judge Reeve at the law school at Litchfield; and on his admission to the bar, became associated with him in the conduct of that institution. The school became highly distinguished by the acumen and ability of its chief instructors and the many distinguished pupils who went forth

Digitized by Google

Litchfield in that state May 11, 1808. As a writer of Tales and Sketches, he was one of the early contributors to the Knickerbocker Magazine, and has since frequently employed his pen in the newspaper and periodical literature of the times; in Mr. Charles King's American in its latter days, where his signature of "Cassio" was well known; in the New World, the Mirror, the Literary World, and other journals. In 1836, he delivered a lecture before the Mercantile Library Association of New York, "American Criticism on American Literature," in which he opposed the prevalent spirit of ultra-laudation as injurious to the interests of the country. In 1839, he published a translation of Dumas's travels in Egypt and Arabia Petræa; in 1841, the Progress of Democracy by the same author; and in 1842–3, he published through the enterprising New World press, Translations of Dumas's Impressions of Travel in Switzerland; Balzac's Eugenie Grandet and Father Goriot; Victor Hugo's Handsome Pecopin and A. Royer's Charles de Bourbon.

In 1843, he also published *The Sleep Rider, or the Old Boy in the Omnibus, by the Man in the Claret-Colored Coat;* a designation which grew out of an incident at the City Arsenal during the exciting election times of 1834. A riot occurred in the sixth ward, which the police failed to suppress, and certain citizens volunteered to put it down. They took forcible possession of the Arsenal and supplied themselves with arms against the opposition of Gen. Arcularius, the keeper. Gen. A. made a notable report of the assault to the legislature, in which an unknown individual in a claret-colored coat was the hero: and the term, the man in the claret-colored coat, immediately became by-word. Mr. Gould wrote for the Mirror a parody on the report, purporting to come from the celebrated "Man in Claret," which made a great hit in literary circles. The Sleep Rider is a clever book of Sketches, a series of dramatic and colloquial Essays, presented after the runaway fashion of Sterne.

As a specimen of its peculiar manner, we may cite a brief chapter, which has a glance at the novelist.

. . . . . *fiction.*
MUNCHAUSEN.

I have ever sympathized deeply with the writer of fiction; the novelist, that is, et id genus omne.

He sustains a heavier load of responsibility——

I beg pardon, my dear sir. I know you are nice in the matter of language; and that word was not English when the noblest works in English literature were written. But sir, though I dread the principle of innovation, I do feel that "responsibility" is indispensable at the present day: it saves a circumlocution, in expressing a common thought, and there is no other word that performs its exact duty. Besides, did not the immortal Jackson use it and *take* it?

I say, then, He sustains a heavier load of responsibility than any other man. First of all, he must invent his plot—a task which, at this time of the world, and after the libraries that have been written, is no trifle. Then, he must create a certain number of characters for whose principles, conduct, and fate, he becomes answerable. He must employ them judiciously; he must make them all—from a cabin-boy to a King—speak French and utter profound wisdom on every imaginable and unimaginable subject—taking special care that no one of them, by any chance, shall feel, think, act, or speak as any human being, in real life, ever did or would or could feel, think, act, or speak; and in the meantime, and during all time, he must, by a process at once natural, dexterous, and superhuman, relieve these people from all embarrassments and quandaries into which, in his moments of fervid inspiration, he has inadvertently thrown them.

Now, my dear sir, when you come to reflect on it this is a serious business.

The historian, on the other hand, has a simple task to perform. His duty is light. He has merely to tell the truth. His wisdom, his invention, his dexterity, all go for nothing. I grant you, some historians have gained a sort of reputation—but how can they deserve it when all that is true in their books is borrowed; and all that is original, is probably false?

I was led into this train of reflection—which, in good sooth, is not very profound, though perhaps not the less useful on that account—while mending my pen: and I felicitated myself that I was no dealer in fiction. For, said I, had I invented this narrative and rashly put nine people into a magnetic slumber in an omnibus, how should I ever get them out again?

Fortunately, I stand on smooth ground here. I am telling the truth. I am relating events as they occurred. I am telling you, my dear sir, what actually took place in this omnibus, and I hope to inform you, ere long, what took place out of it. In short, I am a historian, whose simple duty is to proceed in a direct line.

And now, having mended my pen, I will get on as fast as the weather and the state of the roads permit.

The same year Mr. Gould published an *Abridgment of Alison's History of Europe* in a single octavo volume,* which from the labor and care bestowed upon it has claims of its own to consideration. The entire work of Alison was condensed from the author's ten volumes, and entirely re-written, every material fact being preserved while errors were corrected; a work the more desirable in consequence of the diffuse style and occasional negligence of the original author. The numerous editions which the book has since passed through, afford best proof of its utility and faithful execution.

In 1850, Mr. Gould published *The Very Age*,† a comedy written for the stage. The plot turns on distinctions of fashionable life, and the as-

from it, including John C. Calhoun, John M. Clayton, John Y. Mason, Levi Woodbury, Francis L. Hawks, Judge Theron Metcalf, James G. King, Daniel Lord, William C. Wetmore, and George Griffin, of the bar of New York. In 1816, Mr. Gould was appointed Judge of the Superior Court and Supreme Court of Errors of Connecticut. His legal reputation survives in his well known law book, *Treatise on the Principles of Pleading in Civil Actions.*

There is a memoir of Judge Gould in the second volume of Mr. G. H. Hollister's History of Connecticut, 1855.

* History of Europe, from the Commencement of the French Revolution in 1789 to the restoration of the Bourbons in 1815, by Archibald Alison, F.R.S.E., Advocate, abridged from the last London edition, for the use of general readers, colleges, academies, and other seminaries of learning, by Edward S. Gould. 4th ed. New York. A. S. Barnes & Co. 1845. 8vo. pp. 562.

† "The Very Age," a comedy in five acts—"to hold as 'were the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and *the very age* and body of the time his form and pressure."—Hamlet. By Edward S. Gould. New York. D. Appleton & Co. 1850. 18mo. pp. 188.

Digitized by Google

sumption by one of the characters of the favorable position in the intrigue of a foreign Count; while a serious element is introduced in the female revenge of a West Indian, who had been betrayed in her youth by the millionaire of the piece.

JOHN W. GOULD, a brother of the preceding, was born at Litchfield, Conn., Nov. 14, 1814. He was a very successful writer of tales and sketches of the sea; his fine talents having been directed to that department of literature by one or more long voyages undertaken for the benefit of his health. He died of consumption, at sea, in the twenty-fourth year of his age, Oct. 1, 1838.

His writings were originally published in detached numbers of the New York Mirror and the Knickerbocker Magazine in the years 1834–5; and after his death, in 1838, were collected in a handsome volume, containing also a biographical sketch and his private journal of the voyage on which he died. This volume was issued by his brothers for private circulation only.* The tales and sketches of the volume, under the title of *Forecastle Yarns*, were published by the New World press in 1843, and in a new edition by Stringer & Townsend, New York, 1854.

An unfinished story found among his papers after his death, will convey a correct impression of Mr. Gould's descriptive powers. The fragment is entitled

### MAN OVERBOARD.

"Meet her, quartermaster!" hailed the officer of the deck; "hold on, everybody!"

Torn from my grasp upon the capstan by a mountain-wave which swept us in its power, I was borne over the lee-bulwarks; and a rope which I grasped in my passage, not being belayed, unrove in my hands, and I was buried in the sea.

"Man overboard!" rang along the decks. "Cut away the life-buoy!"

Stunned and strangling, I rose to the surface, and instinctively struck out for the ship; while, clear above the roar of the storm and the dash of the cold, terrible sea, the loud thunder of the trumpet came full on my ear:

"Man the weather main and maintop-sail braces; slack the lee ones; round in; stand by to lower away the lee-quarter boat!"

My first plunge for the ship, whose dim outline I could scarcely perceive in the almost pitchy darkness of the night, most fortunately brought me within reach of the life-buoy grating. Climbing upon this, I used the faithless rope, still in my hand, to lash myself fast; and, thus freed from the fear of immediate drowning, I could more quietly watch and wait for rescue.

The ship was now hidden from my sight; but, being to leeward, I could with considerable distinctness make out her whereabout, and judge of the motions on board. Directly, a signal-lantern glanced at her peak; and oh! how brightly shone that solitary beam on my straining eye!—for, though rescued from immediate peril, what other succor could I look for, during that fearful swell, on which no boat could live a moment? What could I expect save a lingering, horrid death?

Within a cable's length, lay my floating home, where, ten minutes before, not a lighter heart than mine was inclosed by her frowning bulwarks; and, though so near that I could hear the rattling of her cordage and the rustling thunder of her canvas, I could also hear those orders from her trumpet which extinguished hope.

"Belay all with that boat!" said a voice that I knew right well; "she can't live a minute!"

My heart died within me, and I closed my eyes in despair. Next fell upon my ear the rapid notes of the drum beating to quarters, with all the clash, and tramp, and roar of a night alarm; while I could also faintly hear the mustering of the divisions, which was done to ascertain *who* was missing. Then came the hissing of a rocket, which, bright and clear, soared to heaven; and again falling, its momentary glare was quenched in the waves.

Drifting from the ship, the hum died away: but see—that sheet of flame!—the thunder of a gun boomed over the stormy sea. Now the blaze of a blue-light illumines the darkness, revealing the tall spars and white canvass of the ship, *still* near me!

"Maintop there!" came the hail again, "do you see him to leeward?"

"No, sir!" was the chill reply.

The ship now remained stationary, with her light aloft; but I could perceive nothing more for some minutes; they have given me up for lost.

That I could see the ship, those on board well knew, provided I had gained the buoy: but their object was to discover me, and now several blue-lights were burned at once on various parts of the rigging. How plainly could I see her rolling in the swell!—at one moment engulfed, and in the next rising clear above the wave, her bright masts and white sails glancing, the mirror of hope, in this fearful illumination; while I, covered with the breaking surge, was tossed wildly about, now on the crest, now in the trough of the sea.

"There he is, Sir! right abeam!" shouted twenty voices, as I rose upon a wave.

"Man the braces!" was the quick, clear, and joyous reply of the trumpet: while, to cheer the forlorn heart of the drowning seaman, the martial tones of the bugle rung out, "*Boarders, away!*" and the shrill call of the boatswain piped, "Haul taut and belay!" and the noble ship, blazing with light, fell off before the wind.

A new danger now awaited me; for the immense hull of the sloop-of-war came plunging around, bearing directly down upon me; while her increased proximity enabled me to discern all the minutiæ of the ship, and even to recognise the face of the first lieutenant, as, trumpet in hand, he stood on the forecastle.

Nearer yet she came, while I could move only as the wave tossed me; and now, the end of her flying-jib-boom is almost over my head!

"Hard a-port!" hailed the trumpet at this critical moment; "round in weather main-braces; right the helm!"

The spray from the bows of the ship, as she came up, dashed over me, and the increased swell buried me for an instant under a mountain-wave; emerging from which, there lay my ship, hove-to, not her length to windward!

"Garnet," hailed the lieutenant from the lee-gangway, "are you there, my lad?"

"Ay, ay, Sir!" I shouted in reply; though I doubted whether, in the storm, the response could reach him; but the thunder-toned cheering which, despite the discipline of a man-of-war, now rung from the decks and rigging, put *that* fear at rest,

* John W. Gould's Private Journal of a Voyage from New York to Rio Janeiro; together with a brief sketch of his life, and his Occasional Writings, edited by his brothers. Printed for private circulation only. New York. 1838. 8vo. pp. 207.

Digitized by Google

and my heart bounded with rapture in the joyous hope of a speedy rescue.

"All ready!" hailed the lieutenant again: "heave!" and four ropes with small floats attached, were thrown from the ship and fell around me. None, however, actually touched me; and for this reason the experiment failed; for I could not move my unwieldy grating, and dared not leave it; as by so doing, I might in that fearful swell miss the rope, be unable to regain my present position, and drown between the two chances of escape.

I was so near to the ship that I could recognise the faces of the crew on her illuminated deck, and hear the officers as they told me where the ropes lay; but the fearful alternative I have mentioned, caused me to hesitate, until I, being so much lighter than the vessel, found myself fast drifting to leeward. I *then* resolved to make the attempt, but as I measured the distance of the nearest float with my eye, my resolution again faltered, and the precious and final opportunity was lost! Now, too, the storm which, as if in compassion, had temporarily lulled, roared again in full fury; and the safety of the ship required that she should be put upon her course.

* * * * * * * *

### ASA GREENE.

Asa Greene was a physician of New England, who came to New York about 1830, and finally established himself as a bookseller in Beekman street. He was the author of *The Travels of Ex-Barber Fribbleton*, a satire on Fidler and other scribbling English tourists; *The Life and Adventures of Dr. Dodimus Duckworth, A.N.Q., to which is added the History of a Steam Doctor*, a semi-mock-heroic biography of a spoiled child, who grows up to be an awkward clown, but is gradually rounded off into a country practitioner of repute. The incidents of the story are slight, and the whole is in the style of the broadest farce, but possesses genuine humor. This appeared in 1838. In 1834 he published *The Perils of Pearl Street, including a Taste of the Dangers of Wall Street, by a Late Merchant*, a narrative of the fortunes or misfortunes of a country lad, who comes to New York in search of wealth, obtains a clerkship, next becomes a dealer on his own account, fails, and after a few desperate shifts, settles down as a professor of book-keeping, and, by the venture of the volume before us, of book-making.

The Perils of Pearl street is in a quieter tone than Dodimus Duckworth, but shares in its humor. Peter Funks and drumming, shinning and speculations, with the skin-flint operations of boarding-house keepers, are its chief topics. Greene was also the author of another volume, *A Glance at New York*, which bears his imprint as publisher in 1837, and was for some time editor of the Evening Transcript, a pleasant daily paper of New York. He was found dead in his store one morning in the year 1837.

### PETER FUNK.

The firm of Smirk, Quirk & Co. affected a great parade and bustle in the way of business. They employed a large number of clerks, whom they boarded at the different hotels, for the convenience of drumming; besides each member of the firm boarding in like manner, and for a similar purpose. They had an immense pile of large boxes, such as are used for packing dry-goods, constantly before their door, blocking up the side-walk so that it was nearly impossible to pass. They advertised largely in several of the daily papers, and made many persons believe, what they boasted themselves, that they sold more dry-goods than any house in the city.

But those who were behind the curtain, knew better. They knew there was a great deal of vain boast and empty show. They knew that Peter Funk was much employed about the premises, and putting the best possible face upon every thing.

By the by, speaking of Peter Funk, I must give a short history of that distinguished personage. When, or where, he was born, I cannot pretend to say. Neither do I know who were his parents, or what was his bringing up. He might have been the child of thirty-six fathers for aught I know; and instead of being brought up, have, as the vulgar saying is, come up himself.

One thing is certain, he has been known among merchants time out of mind; and though he is despised and hated by some, he is much employed and cherished by others. He is a little, bustling, active, smiling, bowing, scraping, quizzical fellow, in a powdered wig, London-brown coat, drab kerseymere breeches, and black silk stockings.

This is the standing portrait of Peter Funk,—if a being, who changes his figure every day, every hour, and perhaps every minute, may be said to have any sort of fixed or regular form. The truth is, Peter Funk is a very Proteus; and those who behold him in one shape to-day, may, if they will watch his transformations, behold him in a hundred different forms on the morrow. Indeed there is no calculating, from his present appearance, in what shape he will be likely to figure next. He changes at will, to suit the wishes of his employers.

His mind is as flexible as his person. He has no scruples of conscience. He is ready to be employed in all manner of deceit and deviltry; and he cares not who his employers are, if they only give him plenty of business. In short, he is the most active, industrious, accommodating, dishonest, unprincipled, convenient little varlet that ever lived.

Besides all the various qualities I have mentioned, Peter Funk seems to be endowed with ubiquity—or at least with the faculty of being present in more places than one at the same time. If it were not so, how could he serve so many masters at once? How could he be seen in one part of Pearl street buying goods at auction; in another part, standing at the door with a quill behind each ear; and in a third, figuring in the shape of a box of goods, or cooped up on the shelf, making a show of merchandise where all was emptiness behind?

With this account of Peter Funk, my readers have perhaps, by this time, gathered some idea of his character. If not, I must inform them that he is the very imp of deception; that his sole occupation is to deceive; and that he is only employed for that purpose. Indeed, such being his known character in the mercantile community, his name is sometimes used figuratively to signify any thing which is employed for the purpose of deception—or as the sharp ones say, to gull the flats.

Such being the various and accommodating character of Peter Funk, it is not at all surprising that his services should be in great demand. Accordingly he is very much employed in Pearl street, sometimes under one name, and sometimes under another—for I should have mentioned, as a part of his character, that he is exceedingly apt to change names, and has as many *aliases* as the most expert rogue in Bridewell or the Court of Sessions. Sometimes he takes

Digitized by Google

the name of John Smith, sometimes James Smith, and sometimes simply Mr. Smith. At other times he is called Roger Brown, Simon White, Bob Johnson, or Tommy Thompson. In short, he has an endless variety of names, under which he passes before the world for so many different persons. The initiated only know, and every body else is gulled.

Peter Funk is a great hand at auctions. He is constantly present, bidding up the goods as though he was determined to buy everything before him. He is well known for bidding higher than any body else; or at all events running up an article to the very highest notch, though he finally lets the opposing bidder take it, merely, as he says, to accommodate him—or, not particularly wanting the article himself, he professes to have bid upon it solely because he thought it a great pity so fine a piece of goods should go so very far beneath its value.

It is no uncommon thing to see the little fellow attending an auction in his powdered wig, his brown coat, his drab kerseys, as fat as a pig, as sleek as a mole, and smiling with the most happy countenance, as if he were about to make his fortune. It is no uncommon thing, to see him standing near the auctioneer, and exclaiming, as he keeps bobbing his head in token of bidding—"A superb piece of goods! a fine piece of goods! great pity it should go so cheap—I don't want it, but I'll give another twenty-five cents, rather than it should go for nothing." The opposite bidder is probably some novice from the country—some honest Johnny Raw, who is shrewd enough in what he understands, but has never in his life heard of Peter Funk. Seeing so very knowing and respectable a looking man, bidding upon the piece of goods and praising it up at every nod, he naturally thinks it must be a great bargain, and he is determined to have it, let it cost what it will. The result is, that he gives fifty per cent. more for the article than it is worth, and the auctioneer and Peter Funk are ready to burst with laughter at the prodigious gull they have made of the poor countryman.

By thus running up goods, Peter is of great service to the auctioneers, though he never pays them a cent of money. Indeed it is not his intention to purchase, nor is it that of the auctioneer that he should. Goods nevertheless are frequently struck off to him; and then the salesman cries out the name of Mr. Smith, Mr. Johnson, or some other among the hundred aliases of Peter Funk, as the purchaser. But the goods, on such occasions, are always taken back by the auctioneer, agreeably to a secret understanding between him and Peter.

In a word, Peter Funk is the great *under-bidder* at all the auctions, and might with no little propriety be styled the under-bidder general. But this sort of transactions are both unlawful and unpopular—not to say odious—and hence it becomes necessary for Peter Funk, *alias* the under-bidder, to have so many aliases to his name, in order that he may not be detected in the underhanded practice of under-bidding.

To avoid detection, however, he sometimes resorts to other tricks, among which one is, to act the part of a ventriloquist, and appear to be several different persons, bidding in different places. He has the knack of changing his voice at will, and counterfeiting that of sundry well-known persons; so that goods are sometimes knocked off to gentlemen who have never opened their mouths.

But a very common trick of Peter's, is, to conceal himself in the cellar, from whence, through a convenient hole near the auctioneer, his voice is heard bidding for goods; and nobody, but those in the secret, know from whence the sound proceeds. This is acting the part of Peter Funk in the cellar.

But Peter, for the most part, is fond of being seen in some shape or other; and it matters little what, so that he can aid his employers in carrying on a system of deception. He will figure in the shape of a box, bale, or package of goods; he will appear in twenty different places, at the same time, on the shelf of a jobber—sometimes representing a specimen of English, French, or other goods—but being a mere shadow, and nothing else—a phantasma—a show without the substance. In this manner it was, that he often figured in the service of Smirk, Quirk & Co.; and while people were astonished at the prodigious quantity of goods they had in their store, two thirds at least of the show was owing to Peter Funk.

### WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

William D. Gallagher, one of the leading writers of the West, was born at Philadelphia in 1808. His father was a native of Ireland, who emigrated to this country after the failure of the Rebellion of 1798, in which he had taken a prominent part on the popular side.

After his death his widow, removed in 1816 to Ohio, and settled at Cincinnati, where the son became a printer. As with many others of the same craft, the setting of type was after a while exchanged for the production of "copy." Mr. Gallagher became editor of a literary periodical, the Cincinnati Mirror, which he continued for some time, contributing to its pages from his own pen a number of prose tales and poems, which attracted much attention. The enterprise, as is usually the case with pioneer literary efforts, was pecuniarily unsuccessful. During a portion of its career, Mr. Gallagher also edited the Western Literary Journal, published at Cincinnati, a work which closed a brief existence in 1836. He has since been connected with the Hesperian, a publication of a similar character, and of a similarly brief duration.

The first production of Mr. Gallagher which attracted general public attention was a poem published anonymously in one of the periodicals, entitled *The Wreck of the Hornet*. This was reprinted in the first collection of his poems, published in a thin volume in 1835, entitled *Errato*. The chief poem of this collection is the *Penitent, a Metrical Tale*.

A second part of Errato appeared in the fall of 1835. It opens with *The Conqueror*, a poem of six hundred and sixty lines on Napoleon. The third and concluding number of the series appeared in 1837, and contained a narrative poem entitled *Cadwallen*, the incidents of which are drawn from the Indian conflicts of our frontier history.

The chief portions of Errato are occupied by a number of poems of description and reflection, with a few lyrical pieces interspersed, all of which possess melody, and have won a favorable reception throughout the country.

In 1841 Mr. Gallagher edited a volume entitled *Selections from the Poetical Literature of the West*, a work peculiarly appropriate for one who had done so much by his labors in behalf of literature, as well as his own contributions to the common stock, to foster and honor the necessarily arduous pursuit of literature in a new country.

Digitized by Google

AUGUST.

Dust on thy mantle! dust,
Bright Summer, on thy livery of green!
A tarnish, as of rust,
Dims thy late brilliant sheen:
And thy young glories—leaf, and bud, and flower—
Change cometh over them with every hour.

Thee hath the August sun
Looked on with hot, and fierce, and brassy face:
And still and lazily run,
Scarce whispering in their pace,
The half-dried rivulets, that lately sent
A shout of gladness up, as on they went.

Flame-like, the long mid-day—
With not so much of sweet air as hath stirred
The down upon the spray,
Where rests the panting bird,
Dozing away the hot and tedious noon,
With fitful twitter, sadly out of tune.

Seeds in the sultry air,
And gossamer web-work on the sleeping trees!
E'en the tall pines, that rear
Their plumes to catch the breeze,
The slightest breeze from the unfreshening west,
Partake the general languor, and deep rest.

Happy, as man may be,
Stretched on his back, in homely bean-vine bower,
While the voluptuous bee
Robs each surrounding flower,
And prattling childhood clambers o'er his breast,
The husbandman enjoys his noon-day rest.

Against the hazy sky,
The thin and fleecy clouds, unmoving, rest.
Beneath them far, yet high
In the dim, distant west,
The vulture, scenting thence its carrion-fare,
Sails, slowly circling in the sunny air.

Soberly, in the shade,
Repose the patient cow, and toil-worn ox;
Or in the shoal stream wade,
Sheltered by jutting rocks:
The fleecy flock, fly-scourged and restless, rush
Madly from fence to fence, from bush to bush.

Tediously pass the hours,
And vegetation wilts, with blistered root—
And droop the thirsting flowers,
Where the slant sunbeams shoot;
But of each tall old tree, the lengthening line,
Slow-creeping eastward, marks the day's decline.

Faster, along the plain,
Moves now the shade, and on the meadow's edge:
The kine are forth again,
The bird flits in the hedge.
Now in the molten west sinks the hot sun.
Welcome, mild eve!—the sultry day is done.

Pleasantly comest thou,
Dew of the evening, to the crisped-up grass;
And the curled corn-blades bow,
As the light breezes pass,
That their parched lips may feel thee, and expand,
Thou sweet reviver of the fevered land.

So, to the thirsting soul,
Cometh the dew of the Almighty's love;
And the scathed heart, made whole,
Turneth in joy above,
To where the spirit freely may expand,
And rove, untrammelled, in that "better land."

THE LABORER.

Stand up erect! Thou hast the form
And likeness of thy God!—who more?
A soul as dauntless 'mid the storm
Of daily life, a heart as warm
And pure as breast e'er wore.

What then?—Thou art as true a MAN
As moves the human mass among;
As much a part of the Great Plan
That with Creation's dawn began,
As any of the throng.

Who is thine enemy?—the high
In station, or in wealth the chief?
The great, who coldly pass thee by,
With proud step, and averted eye?
Nay! nurse not such belief.

If true unto thyself thou wast,
What were the proud one's scorn to thee?
A feather, which thou mightest cast
Aside, as idly as the blast
The light leaf from the tree.

No:—uncurbed passions—low desires—
Absence of noble self-respect—
Death, in the breast's consuming fires,
To that high nature which aspires
For ever, till thus checked:

These are thine enemies—thy worst:
They chain thee to thy lowly lot—
Thy labor and thy life accurst.
Oh, stand erect! and from them burst!
And longer suffer not!

Thou art thyself thine enemy!
The great!—what better they than thou?
As theirs, is not thy will as free?
Has God with equal favors thee
Neglected to endow?

True, wealth thou hast not: it is but dust!
Nor place: uncertain as the wind!
But that thou hast, which, with thy crust
And water, may despise the lust
Of both—a noble mind.

With this, and passions under ban,
True faith, and holy trust in God,
Thou art the peer of any man.
Look up, then—that thy little span
Of life may be well trod!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Is of a Quaker family, established, in spite of old Puritan persecutions, on the banks of the Merrimack, where, at the homestead in the neighborhood of Haverhill, Massachusetts, the poet was born in 1808. Until his eighteenth year he lived at home, working on the farm, writing occasional verses for the Haverhill Gazette, and turning his hand to a little shoemaking, one of the industrial resources with which the New England farmer sometimes eks out the family subsistence.* Then came two years of town academy learning, when

* In a genial article on Mr. Whittier from the pen of Mr. W. S. Thayer in the North American Review for July, 1854, to which we are under obligations for several facts in the present notice, there is this explanation of the shoemaking incident:—"Indeed, upon the strength of this, 'the gentle craft of leather' have laid an especial claim to him as one of their own poets; but we are afraid that mankind would go barefooted if St. Crispin had never had a more devoted disciple. It is characteristic of the thrift of New England farmers to provide extra occupation for a rainy day, and during the winter season, or when the weather is too inclement for out-of-door work, the farmer and his sons turn an honest penny by giving their attention to some employment equally remunerative. For this purpose they have near the farm-house a small shed stocked with the appropriate implements of labor. But from what we know of Whittier's life, it could not have been long before he violated the Horatian precept which forbids the shoemaker to go beyond his last."

Digitized by Google

he became editor, in 1829, at Boston, of the American Manufacture, a newspaper in the tariff interest. In 1830 he became editor of the paper which had been conducted by Brainard at Hartford, and when the "Remains" of that poet were published in 1832, he wrote the prefatory memoir. In 1831 appeared, in a small octavo volume, at Hartford, his *Legends of New England*, which represents a taste early formed by him of the quaint Indian and colonial superstitions of the country, and which his friend Brainard had delicately touched in several of his best poems. *The Supernaturalism of New England*, which he published in 1847, may be considered a sequel to this volume. There was an early poem published by Whittier, *Moll Pitcher*, a tale of a witch of Nahant, which may be classed with these productions, rather poetical essays in prose and verse on a favorite subject than, strictly speaking, poetical creations.

Kindred in growth to these, was his Indian story, *Mogg Megone*, which appeared in 1836, and has its name from a leader among the Saco Indians in the war of 1677. It is a spirited version, mostly in the octosyllabic measure, of Indian affairs and character from the old narratives, with a lady's story of wrong and penitence, which introduces the rites of the Roman Church in connexion with the Indians. *The Bridal of Pennacook* is another Indian poem, with the skeleton of a story out of Morton's New England's Canaan, which is made the vehicle for some of the author's finest ballad writings and descriptions of nature. Another reproduction of this old period is the *Leaves from Margaret Smith's Journal*, written in the antique style brought into vogue by the clever Lady Willoughby's Diary. The fair journalist, with a taste for nature, poetry, and character, and fully sensitive to the religious influences of the spot, visits New England in 1678, and writes her account of the manners and influences of the time to her cousin in England, a gentleman to

whom she is to be married. In point of delicacy and happy description, this work is full of beauties; though the unnecessary tediousness of its form will remain a permanent objection to it.

Returning to the order of our narrative, from these exhibitions of Whittier's early tastes, we find him, after a few years spent at home in farming, and representing his town in the state legislature, engaged in the proceedings of the American Anti-Slavery Society, of which he was elected a secretary in 1836, and in defence of its principles editing the Pennsylvania Freeman in Philadelphia. *The Voices of Freedom*, which form a section of his poems in the octavo edition of his writings, afford the best specimens of these numerous effusions.* The importance attached to them by the abolition party has probably thrown into the shade some of the finer qualities of his mind.

In 1840 Mr. Whittier took up his residence in Amesbury, Massachusetts, where his late productions have been written, and whence he forwards his contributions to the National Era at Washington; collecting from time to time his articles in books.

In 1850 appeared his volume, *Old Portraits and Modern Sketches*, a series of prose essays on Bunyan, Baxter, Ellwood, Nayler, Andrew Marvell, the Quaker John Robert-, for the ancients; and the Americans, Leggett, the abolition writer Rogers, and the poet Dinsmore for the moderns. In the same year he published *Songs of Labor and other Poems*, in which he seeks to dignify and render interesting the mechanic arts by the associations of history and fancy. *The Chapel of the Hermits, and other Poems*, was published in 1853. The chief poem commemorates an incident in the lives of Rousseau and St. Pierre, when they were visiting a hermitage, and while waiting for the monks, Rousseau—as the anecdote is recorded in the "Studies of Nature,"—proposed some devotional exercises. Whittier illustrates by this his Quaker argument for the spiritual independence of the soul, which will find its own nutriment for itself.

Mr. Whittier has written too frequently on occasional topics of local or passing interest, to claim for all his verses the higher qualities of poetry. Many of them are purely didactic, and serve the purposes of forcible newspaper leaders. In others he has risen readily to genuine eloquence, or tempered his poetic fire by the simplicity of true pathos. Like most masters of energetic expression, he relies upon the strong Saxon elements of the language, the use of which is noticeable in his poems.

THE NEW WIFE AND THE OLD.†

Dark the halls, and cold the feast—
Gone the bridemaids, gone the priest!
All is over—all is done,
Twain of yesterday are one!
Blooming girl and manhood grey,
Autumn in the arms of May!

Hushed within and hushed without,
Dancing feet and wrestlers' shout;

* Boston: Mussey and Co., 1850, with illustrations by Billings.

† This Ballad is founded upon one of the marvellous legends connected with the famous Gen. M., of Hampton, N.H., who was regarded by his neighbors as a Yankee Faust, in league with the adversary. I give the story as I heard it when a child from a venerable family visitant.

Digitized by Google

Dies the bonfire on the hill;
All is dark and all is still,
Save the starlight, save the breeze
Moaning through the grave-yard trees;
And the great sea-waves below,
Like the night's pulse, beating slow.

From the brief dream of a bride
She hath wakened, at his side.
With half uttered shriek and start—
Feels she not his beating heart?
And the pressure of his arm,
And his breathing near and warm?

Lightly from the bridal bed
Springs that fair dishevelled head,
And a feeling, new, intense,
Half of shame, half innocence,
Maiden fear and wonder speaks
Through her lips and changing cheeks.

From the oaken mantel glowing
Faintest light the lamp is throwing
On the mirror's antique mould,
High-backed chair, and wainscot old,
And, through faded curtains stealing,
His dark sleeping face revealing.

Listless lies the strong man there,
Silver-streaked his careless hair;
Lips of love have left no trace
On that hard and haughty face;
And that forehead's knitted thought
Love's soft hand hath not unwrought.

"Yet," she sighs, "he loves me well,
More than these calm lips will tell.
Stooping to my lowly state,
He hath made me rich and great,
And I bless him, though he be
Hard and stern to all save me!"

While she speaketh, falls the light
O'er her fingers small and white;
Gold and gem, and costly ring
Back the timid lustre fling—
Love's selectest gifts, and rare,
His proud hand had fastened there.

Gratefully she marks the glow
From those tapering lines of snow;
Fondly o'er the sleeper bending
His black hair with golden blending,
In her soft and light caress,
Cheek and lip together press.

Ha!—that start of horror!—Wh—
That wild stare and wilder cry,
Full of terror, full of pain!
Is there madness in her brain?
Hark! that gasping, hoarse and low:
"Spare me—spare me—let me go!"

God have mercy!—Icy cold
Spectral hands her own enfold,
Drawing silently from them
Love's fair gifts of gold and gem,
"Waken! save me!" still as death
At her side he slumbereth.

Ring and bracelet all are gone,
And that ice-cold hand withdrawn;
But she hears a murmur low,
Full of sweetness, full of woe,
Half a sigh and half a moan:
"Fear not! give the dead her own!"

Ah!—the dead wife's voice she knows!
That cold hand whose pressure frose,
Once in warmest life had borne
Gem and band her own hath worn

"Wake thee! wake thee!" Lo, his eyes
Open with a dull surprise.

In his arms the strong man folds her,
Closer to his breast he holds her;
Trembling limbs his own are meeting,
And he feels her heart's quick beating:
"Nay, my dearest, why this fear?"
"Hush!" she saith, "the dead is here!"

"Nay, a dream—an idle dream."
But before the lamp's pale gleam
Tremblingly her hand she raises,—
There no more the diamond blazes,
Clasp of pearl, or ring of gold,—
"Ah!" she sighs, "her hand was cold!"

Broken words of cheer he saith,
But his dark lip quivereth,
And as o'er the past he thinketh,
From his young wife's arms he shrinketh;
Can those soft arms round him lie,
Underneath his dead wife's eye?

She her fair young head can rest
Soothed and child-like on his breast,
And in trustful innocence
Draw new strength and courage thence;
He, the proud man, feels within
But the cowardice of sin!

She can murmur in her thought
Simple prayers her mother taught,
And His blessed angels call,
Whose great love is over all;
He, alone, in prayerless pride,
Meets the dark Past at her side.

One, who living shrank with dread
From his look, or word, or tread,
Unto whom her early grave
Was as freedom to the slave,
Moves him at this midnight hour,
With the dead's unconscious power!

Ah, the dead, the unforgot!
From their solemn homes of thought,
Where the cypress shadows blend
Darkly over foe and friend,
Or in love or sad rebuke,
Back upon the living look.

And the tenderest ones and weakest,
Who their wrongs have borne the meekest,
Lifting from those dark, still places,
Sweet and sad-remembered faces,
O'er the guilty hearts behind
An unwitting triumph find.

### A DREAM OF SUMMER.

Bland as the morning breath of June
The southwest breezes play;
And, through its haze, the winter noon
Seems warm as summer's day.
The snow-plumed Angel of the North
Has dropped his icy spear;
Again the mossy earth looks forth,
Again the streams gush clear.

The fox his hill-side cell forsakes,
The muskrat leaves his nook,
The bluebird in the meadow brakes
Is singing with the brook.
"Bear up, oh mother Nature!" cry
Bird, breeze, and streamlet free;
"Our winter voices prophesy
Of summer days to thee!"

So, in those winters of the soul,
By bitter blasts and drear

Digitized by Google

O'erswept from Memory's frozen pole,
Will sunny days appear.
Reviving Hope and Faith, they show
The soul its living powers,
And how beneath the winter's snow
Lie germs of summer flowers!

The Night is mother of the Day,
The Winter of the Spring,
And ever upon old Decay
The greenest mosses cling.
Behind the cloud the star-light lurks,
Through showers the sunbeams fall;
For God, who loveth all His works,
Has left His Hope with all!

PALESTINE.

Blest land of Judea! thrice hallowed of song,
Where the holiest of memories pilgrim-like throng;
In the shade of thy palms, by the shores of thy sea,
On the hills of thy beauty, my heart is with thee.

With the eye of a spirit I look on that shore,
Where pilgrim and prophet have lingered before;
With the glide of a spirit I traverse the sod
Made bright by the steps of the angels of God.

Blue sea of the hills!—in my spirit I hear
Thy waters, Genesaret, chime on my ear;
Where the Lowly and Just with the people sat down,
And thy spray on the dust of His sandals was thrown.

Beyond are Bethulia's mountains of green,
And the desolate hills of the wild Gadarene;
And I pause on the goat-crags of Tabor to see
The gleam of thy waters, O dark Galilee!

Hark, a sound in the valley! where swollen and strong,
Thy river, O Kishon, is sweeping along;
Where the Canaanite strove with Jehovah in vain,
And thy torrent grew dark with the blood of the slain.

There down from his mountains stern Zebulon came,
And Naphtali's stag, with his eye-balls of flame,
And the chariots of Jabin rolled harmlessly on,
For the arm of the Lord was Abinoam's son!

There sleep the still rocks and the caverns which rang
To the song which the beautiful prophetess sang,
When the princes of Issachar stood by her side,
And the shout of a host in its triumph replied.

Lo, Bethlehem's hill-site before me is seen,
With the mountains around, and the valleys between;
There rested the shepherds of Judah, and there
The songs of the angels rose sweet on the air.

And Bethany's palm trees in beauty still throw
Their shadows at noon on the ruins below;
But where are the sisters who hastened to greet
The lowly Redeemer, and sit at His feet?

I tread where the TWELVE in their way-faring trod;
I stand where they stood with the chosen of God—
Where His blessing was heard and His lessons were taught,
Where the blind were restored and the healing was wrought.

Oh, here with His flock the sad Wanderer came—
These hills He toiled over in grief, are the same—
The founts where He drank by the wayside still flow,
And the same airs are blowing which breathed on His brow!

And throned on her hills sits Jerusalem yet,
But with dust on her forehead, and chains on her feet;
For the crown of her pride to the mocker hath gone,
And the holy Shechinah is dark where it shone.

But wherefore this dream of the earthly abode
Of Humanity clothed in the brightness of God!
Where my spirit but turned from the outward and dim,
It could gaze, even now, on the presence of Him!

Not in clouds and in terrors, but gentle as when,
In love and in meekness, He moved among men;
And the voice which breathed peace to the waves of the sea,
In the hush of my spirit would whisper to me!

And what if my feet may not tread where He stood,
Nor my ears hear the dashing of Galilee's flood,
Nor my eyes see the cross which He bowed him to bear,
Nor my knees press Gethsemane's garden of prayer.

Yet loved of the Father, Thy Spirit is near
To the meek, and the lowly, and penitent here;
And the voice of Thy love is the same even now,
As at Bethany's tomb, or on Olivet's brow.

Oh, the outward hath gone!—but in glory and power,
The SPIRIT surviveth the things of an hour;
Unchanged, undecaying, its Pentecost flame
On the heart's sacred altar is burning the same!

GONE.

Another hand is beckoning us,
Another call is given;
And glows once more with Angel-steps
The path which reaches Heaven.

Our young and gentle friend whose smile
Made brighter summer hours,
Amid the frosts of autumn time
Has left us, with the flowers.

No paling of the cheek of bloom
Forewarned us of decay;
No shadow from the Silent Land
Fell around our sister's way.

The light of her young life went down,
As sinks behind the hill
The glory of a setting star—
Clear, suddenly, and still.

As pure and sweet, her fair brow seemed—
Eternal as the sky;
And like the brook's low song, her voice—
A sound which could not die.

And half we deemed she needed not
The changing of her sphere,
To give to Heaven a Shining One,
Who walked an Angel here.

The blessing of her quiet life
Fell on us like the dew;
And good thoughts, where her footsteps pressed,
Like fairy blossoms grew.

Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds
Were in her very look;
We read her face, as one who reads
A true and holy book:

The measure of a blessed hymn,
To which our hearts could move;
The breathing of an inward psalm;
A canticle of love.

We miss her in the place of prayer,
And by the hearth-fire's light;
We pause beside her door to hear
Once more her sweet "Good night!"

Digitized by Google

There seems a shadow on the day,
Her smile no longer cheers;
A dimness on the stars of night,
Like eyes that look through tears.

Alone unto our Father's will
One thought hath reconciled;
That He whose love exceedeth ours
Hath taken home His child.

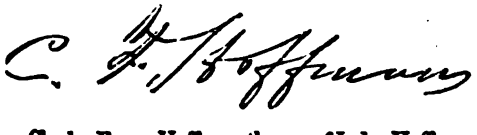
Fold her, oh Father! in thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and Thee.

Still let her mild rebuking stand
Between us and the wrong,
And her dear memory serve to make
Our faith in Goodness strong.

And, grant that she who, trembling, here
Distrusted all her powers,
May welcome to her holier home
The well beloved of ours.

### CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN is the descendant of a family which established itself in the State of New York during its possession by the Dutch. His maternal grandfather, from whom he derived the name of Fenno, was an active politician and writer of the federal party during the administration of Washington. His father, Judge Hoffman, was an eminent member of the bar of the United States. He pleaded and won his first cause at the age of seventeen, and at twenty-one filled the place previously occupied by his father in the New York Legislature. One of his sons is Ogden Hoffman, who has long maintained a high position as an eloquent pleader.



Charles Fenno Hoffman, the son of Judge Hoffman by a second marriage, was born in the city of New York in 1806. At the age of six years he was placed at a Latin Grammar School in the city, and three years after was sent to the Poughkeepsie Academy, a celebrated boarding-school on the Hudson. Owing, it is said, to harsh treatment, he ran away. His father not wishing to coerce him unduly, instead of sending him back, placed him in the charge of a Scottish gentleman in a village of New Jersey. While on a visit home in 1817 an accident occurred, an account of which is given in a paragraph quoted from the New York Gazette in the Evening Post of October 25, from which it appears that "he was sitting on Courtlandt-street Dock, with his legs hanging over the wharf, as the steamboat was coming in, which caught one of his legs and crushed it in a dreadful manner." It was found necessary to amputate the injured limb above the knee. Its place was supplied by a cork substitute, which seemed to form no impediment to the continuance of the out-door life and athletic exercises in which its wearer was a proficient. At the age of fifteen he entered Columbia College, where he was more distinguished in the debating society than in the class. He left College during his junior year, but afterwards received the honorary degree of Master of Arts from the institution. He next studied law with the late Harmanus Bleecker, at Albany, at the age of twenty-one was admitted to the bar, and practised for three years in New York. He then abandoned a professional for a literary life, having already tried his pen in anonymous contributions while a clerk to the Albany newspapers, and while an attorney to the New York American, in the editorship of which he became associated with Mr. Charles King. A series of articles by him, designated by a star, added to the literary reputation of the journal.

In 1833 Mr. Hoffman made a tour to the Prairies for the benefit of his health. He contributed a series of letters, descriptive of its incidents, to the American, which were collected and published in 1834, in a couple of volumes bearing the title *A Winter in the West*, which obtained a wide popularity in this country and England. His second work, *Wild Scenes in the Forest and the Prairie*, appeared in 1837. It was followed by the romance of Greyslaer, founded on the celebrated Beauchamp murder case in Kentucky.

The Knickerbocker Magazine was commenced in 1833 under the editorship of Mr. Hoffman. It was conducted by him with spirit, but after the issue of a few numbers passed into the hands of Timothy Flint. He was subsequently connected with the American Monthly Magazine, and was for a while engaged in the editorship of the New York Mirror. His continuous novel of Vanderlyn was published in the former in 1837. His poetical writings, which had long before become widely and favorably known, were first collected in a volume entitled *The Vigil of Faith and Other Poems*, in 1842. The main story which gave the book a title is an Indian legend of the Adirondach, which we take to be a pure invention of the author,—a poetic conception of a bride slain by the rival of her husband, who watches and guards the life of his foe lest so hated an object should intrude upon the presence of his mistress in the spirit world. It is in the octosyllabic measure, and in a pathetic, eloquent strain.

In 1844 a second poetical volume, including numerous additions, appeared with the title, *Borrowed Notes for Home Circulation*—suggested by an article which had recently been published in the Foreign Quarterly Review on the Poets and

Digitized by Google

Poetry of America, which was then attracting considerable attention. A more complete collection of his poems than is contained in either of these volumes appeared in 1845.

During 1846 and 1847 Mr. Hoffman edited for about eighteen months the Literary World. After his retirement he contributed to that journal a series of essays and tales entitled *Sketches of Society*, which are among his happiest prose efforts. One of these, *The Man in the Reservoir*, detailing the experiences of an individual who is supposed to have passed a night in that uncomfortable lodging-place of water and granite, became, like the author's somewhat similar narrative of The Man in the Boiler, a favorite with the public. This series was closed in December, 1848. During the following year the author was attacked by a mental disorder, which unhappily has permanently interrupted a brilliant and useful literary career.

The author's fine social qualities are reflected in his writings. A man of taste and scholarship, ingenious in speculation, with a healthy love of out-of-door life and objects, he unites the sentiment of the poet and the refinements of the thinker to a keen perception of the humors of the world in action. His conversational powers of a high order; his devoted pursuit of literature; his ardent love of Americanism in art and letters; his acquaintance with authors and artists; a certain personal chivalry of character;—are so many elements of the regard in which he is held by his friends, and they may all be found perceptibly imparting vitality to his writings. These, whether in the department of the essay, the critique, the song, the poem, the tale, or novel, are uniformly stamped by a generous nature.

### SPARKLING AND BRIGHT.

Sparkling and bright in liquid light,
Does the wine our goblets gleam in,
With hue as red as the rosy bed
Which a bee would choose to dream in.
Then fill to-night with hearts as light,
To loves as gay and fleeting
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
And break on the lips while meeting.

Oh! if Mirth might arrest the flight
Of Time through Life's dominions,
We here awhile would now beguile
The grey-beard of his pinions
To drink to-night with hearts as light,
To loves as gay and fleeting
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
And break on the lips while meeting.

But since delight can't tempt the wight,
Nor fond regret delay him,
Nor Love himself can hold the elf,
Nor sober Friendship stay him,
We'll drink to-night with hearts as light,
To loves as gay and fleeting
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
And break on the lips while meeting.

### THE MINT JULEP.

'Tis said that the gods, on Olympus of old
(And who the bright legend profanes with a doubt),
One night, 'mid their revels, by Bacchus were told
That his last butt of nectar had somehow run out!
But determined to send round the goblet once more,
They sued to the fairer immortals for aid
In composing a draught, which till drinking were o'er,
Should cast every wine ever drank in the shade.

Grave Ceres herself blithely yielded her corn,
And the spirit that lives in each amber-hued grain,
And which first had its birth from the dew of the morn,
Was taught to steal out in bright dewdrops again.

Pomona, whose choicest of fruits on the board
Were scattered profusely in every one's reach,
When called on a tribute to cull from the hoard,
Expressed the mild juice of the delicate peach.

The liquids were mingled while Venus looked on
With glances so fraught with sweet magical power,
That the honey of Hybla, e'en when they were gone,
Has never been missed in the draught from that hour.

Flora then, from her bosom of fragrancy, shook
And with roseate fingers pressed down in the bowl,
All dripping and fresh as it came from the brook,
The herb whose aroma should flavor the whole.

The draft was delicious, and loud the acclaim,
Though something seemed wanting for all to bewail;
But Juleps the drink of immortals became,
When Jove himself added a handful of hail.

### ROOM, BOYS, ROOM.

There was an old hunter camped down by the rill,
Who fished in this water, and shot on that hill.
The forest for him had no danger nor gloom,
For all that he wanted was plenty of room!
Says he, "The world's wide, there is room for us all;
Room enough in the greenwood, if not in the hall.
Room, boys, room, by the light of the moon,
For why shouldn't every man enjoy his own room?"

He wove his own nets, and his shanty was spread
With the skins he had dressed and stretched out overhead;
Fresh branches of hemlock made fragrant the floor,
For his bed, as he sung when the daylight was o'er,
"The world's wide enough, there is room for us all;
Room enough in the greenwood, if not in the hall.
Room, boys, room, by the light of the moon,
For why shouldn't every man enjoy his own room?"

That spring now half choked by the dust of the road,
Under boughs of old maples once limpidly flowed;
By the rock whence it bubbles his kettle was hung,
Which their sap often filled while the hunter he sung,
"The world's wide enough, there is room for us all;
Room enough in the greenwood, if not in the hall.
Room, boys, room, by the light of the moon,
For why shouldn't every man enjoy his own room?"

And still sung the hunter—when one gloomy day,
He saw in the forest what saddened his lay,—
A heavy wheeled wagon its black rut had made,
Where fair grew the greensward in broad forest glade—
"The world's wide enough, there is room for us all;
Room enough in the greenwood, if not in the hall.
Room, boys, room, by the light of the moon,
For why shouldn't every man enjoy his own room?"

He whistled to his dog, and says he, "We can't stay;
I must shoulder my rifle, up traps, and away;"
Next day, 'mid those maples the settler's axe rung,
While slowly the hunter trudged off as he sung.

Digitized by Google

"The world's wide enough, there is room for us all;
Room enough in the greenwood, if not in the hall.
Room, boys, room, by the light of the moon,
For why shouldn't every man enjoy his own room!"

RIO BRAVO—A MEXICAN LAMENT.*

Rio Bravo! Rio Bravo,
Saw men ever such a sight?
Since the field of Roncesvalles
Sealed the fate of many a knight.

Dark is Palo Alto's story,
Sad Resaca Palma's rout,
On those fatal fields so gory,
Many a gallant life went out.

There our best and bravest lances,
Shivered 'gainst the Northern steel,
Left the valiant hearts that couched them
'Neath the Northern charger's heel.

Rio Bravo! Rio Bravo!
Minstrel ne'er knew such a fight,
Since the field of Roncesvalles
Sealed the fate of many a knight.

Rio Bravo, fatal river,
Saw ye not while red with gore,
Torrejon all headless quiver,
A ghastly trunk upon thy shore!

Heard you not the wounded coursers,
Shrieking on your trampled banks,
As the Northern winged artillery
Thundered on our shattered ranks!

There Arista, best and bravest,
There Raguena tried and true,
On the fatal field thou lavest,
Nobly did all men could do.

Vainly there those heroes rally,
Castile on Montezuma's shore,
"Rio Bravo"—"Roncesvalles,"
Ye are names blent evermore.

Weepest thou, lorn lady Inez,
For thy lover mid the slain,
Brave La Vega's trenchant falchion,
Cleft his slayer to the brain.

Brave La Vega who all lonely,
By a host of foes beset,
Yielded up his sabre only,
When his equal there he met.

Other champions not less noted,
Sleep beneath that sullen wave,
Rio Bravo, thou hast floated
An army to an ocean grave.

On they came, those Northern horsemen,
On like eagles toward the sun,
Followed then the Northern bayonet,
And the field was lost and won.

Oh! for Orlando's horn to rally,
His Paladins on that sad shore,
"Rio Bravo"—"Roncesvalles,"
Ye are names blent evermore.

THE MAN IN THE RESERVOIR—A FANTASIE PIECE.

You may see some of the best society in New York on the top of the Distributing Reservoir, any of these fine October mornings. There were two or three carriages in waiting, and half a dozen senatorial-looking mothers with young children, pacing the parapet, as we basked there the other day in the sunshine—now watching the pickerel that glide along the lucid edges of the black pool within, and now looking off upon the scene of rich and wondrous variety that spreads along the two rivers on either side.

"They may talk of Alpheus and Arethusa," murmured an idling sophomore, who had found his way thither during recitation hours, "but the Croton in passing over an arm of the sea at Spuyten-duyvil, and bursting to sight again in this truncated pyramid, beats it all hollow. By George, too, the bay yonder looks as blue as ever the Ægean Sea to Byron's eye, gazing from the Acropolis! But the painted foliage on these crags!—the Greeks must have dreamed of such a vegetable phenomenon in the midst of their greyish olive groves, or they never would have supplied the want of it in their landscape by embroidering their marble temples with gay colors. "Did you see that pike break, Sir?"

"I did not."

"Zounds! his silver fin flashed upon the black Acheron, like a restless soul that hoped yet to mount from the pool."

"The place seems suggestive of fancies to you!" we observed in reply to the rattlepate.

"It is, indeed, for I have done up a good deal of anxious thinking within a circle of a few yards where that fish broke just now."

"A singular place for meditation—the middle of the reservoir!"

"You look incredulous, Sir—but it's a fact. A fellow can never tell, until he is tried, in what situation his most earnest meditations may be concentrated. I am boring you, though?"

"Not at all. But you seem so familiar with the spot, I wish you could tell me why that ladder leading down to the water is lashed against the stonework in yonder corner?"

"That ladder," said the young man, brightening at the question, "why the position, perhaps the very existence of that ladder, resulted from my meditations in the reservoir, at which you smiled just now. Shall I tell you all about them?"

"Pray do."

Well, you have seen the notice forbidding any one to fish in the reservoir. Now when I read that warning, the spirit of the thing struck me at once, as inferring nothing more than that one should not sully the temperance potations of our citizens by steeping bait in it, of any kind; but you probably know the common way of taking pike with a slip-noose of delicate wire. I was determined to have a touch at the fellows with this kind of tackle.

I chose a moonlight night; and an hour before the edifice was closed to visitors, I secreted myself within the walls, determined to pass the night on the top. All went as I could wish it. The night proved cloudy, but it was only a variable drift of broken clouds which obscured the moon. I had a walking cane-rod with me which would reach to the margin of the water, and several feet beyond if necessary. To this was attached the wire about fifteen inches in length.

I prowled along the parapet for a considerable time, but not a single fish could I see. The clouds made a flickering light and shade, that wholly foiled my steadfast gaze. I was convinced that should they come up thicker, my whole night's adventure would be thrown away. "Why should I not descend the sloping wall and get nearer on a level with the fish, for thus alone can I hope to see one?" The question had hardly shaped itself in my mind before I had one leg over the iron railing.

* This originally appeared in the Columbian Magazine, with the following lines of introduction. "Such of the readers of the Columbian as have seen the Vera Cruz Journal containing the original of the Rio Brave Lament, by the popular Mexican poet, Don Jose Maria Joaequin du Rio Axes de Saltillo, will perhaps not find the following hasty translation unacceptable."

Digitized by Google

If you look around you will see now that there are some half dozen weeds growing here and there, amid the fissures of the solid masonry. In one of the fissures from whence these spring, I planted a foot, and began my descent. The reservoir was fuller than it is now, and a few strides would have carried me to the margin of the water. Holding on to the cleft above, I felt round with one foot for a place to plant it below me.

In that moment the flap of a pound pike made me look round, and the roots of the weed upon which I partially depended, gave way as I was in the act of turning. Sir, one's senses are sharpened in deadly peril: as I live now, I distinctly heard the bells of Trinity chiming midnight, as I rose to the surface the next instant, immersed in the stone cauldron, where I must swim for my life heaven only could tell how long!

I am a capital swimmer; and this naturally gave me a degree of self-possession. Falling as I had, I of course had pitched out some distance from the sloping parapet. A few strokes brought me to the edge. I really was not yet certain but that I could clamber up the face of the wall anywhere. I hoped that I could. I felt certain at least there was some spot where I might get hold with my hands, even if I did not ultimately ascend it.

I tried the nearest spot. The inclination of the wall was so vertical that it did not even rest me to lean against it. I felt with my hands and with my feet. Surely, I thought, there must be some fissure like those in which that ill-omened weed had found a place for its root!

There was none. My fingers became sore in burying themselves with the harsh and inhospitable stones. My feet slipped from the smooth and slimy masonry beneath the water; and several times my face came in rude contact with the wall, when my foothold gave way on the instant that I seemed to have found some diminutive rocky cleet upon which I could stay myself.

Sir, did you ever see a rat drowned in a half-filled hogshead? how he swims round, and round, and round; and after vainly trying the sides again and again with his paws, fixes his eyes upon the upper rim as if he would *look himself* out of his watery prison.

I thought of the miserable vermin, thought of him as I had often watched thus his dying agonies, when a cruel urchin of eight or ten. Boys are horribly cruel, sir; boys, women, and savages. All child-like things are cruel; cruel from a want of thought and from perverse ingenuity, although by instinct each of these is so tender. You may not have observed it, but a savage is as tender to its own young as a boy is to a favorite puppy—the same boy that will torture a kitten out of existence. I thought, then, I say, of the rat drowning in a half-filled cask of water, and lifting his gaze out of the vessel as he grew more and more desperate, and I flung myself on my back, and floating thus, fixed my eyes upon the face of the moon.

The moon is well enough, in her way, however you may look at her; but her appearance is, to say the least of it, peculiar to a man floating on his back in the centre of a stone tank, with a dead wall of some fifteen or twenty feet rising squarely on every side of him (the young man smiled bitterly as he said this, and shuddered once or twice before he went on musingly)! The last time I had noted the planet with any emotion she was on the wane. Mary was with me, I had brought her out here one morning to look at the view from the top of the Reservoir. She said little of the scene, but as we talked of our old childish loves, I saw that its fresh features were incorporating themselves with tender memories of the past, and I was content.

There was a rich golden haze upon the landscape, and as my own spirits rose amid the voluptuous atmosphere, she pointed to the waning planet, discernible like a faint gash in the welkin, and wondered how long it would be before the leaves would fall! Strange girl, did she mean to rebuke my joyous mood, as if we had no right to be happy while nature withering in her pomp, and the sickly moon wasting in the blaze of noontide, were there to remind us of "the-gone-for-ever!" "They will all renew themselves, dear Mary," said I, encouragingly; "and there is one that will ever keep tryste alike with thee and Nature through all seasons, if thou wilt but be true to one of us, and remain as now a child of nature."

A tear sprang to her eye, and then searching her pocket for her card-case, she remembered an engagement to be present at Miss Lawson's opening of fall bonnets, at two o'clock!

And yet, dear, wild, wayward Mary, I thought of her now. You have probably outlived this sort of thing, sir; but I, looking at the moon, as I floated there upturned to her yellow light, thought of the loved being whose tears I knew would flow when she heard of my singular fate, at once so grotesque, yet melancholy to awfulness.

And how often we have talked, too, of that Carian shepherd who spent his damp nights upon the hills, gazing as I do on the lustrous planet! who will revel with her amid those old super titions? Who, from our own unlegended woods, will evoke their yet undetected, haunting spirits! Who peer with her in prying scrutiny into nature's laws, and challenge the whispers of poetry from the voiceless throat of matter! Who laugh merrily over the stupid guesswork of pedants, that never mingled with the infinitude of nature, through love exhaustless and all-embracing, as we have! Poor girl, she will be companionless.

Alas! companionless for ever—save in the exciting stages of some brisk flirtation. She will live hereafter by feeding other hearts with love's lore she has learned from me, and then, Pygmalion-like, grow fond of the images she has herself endowed with semblance of divinity, until they seem to breathe back the mystery the soul can truly catch from only one.

How anxious she will be lest the coroner shall have discovered any of her notes in my pocket!

I felt chilly as this last reflection crossed my mind. Partly at thought of the coroner, partly at the idea of Mary being unwillingly compelled to wear mourning for me, in case of such a disclosure of our engagement. It is a provoking thing for a girl of nineteen to have to go into mourning for a deceased lover, at the beginning of her second winter in the metropolis.

The water, though, with my motionless position, must have had something to do with my chilliness. I see, sir, you think that I tell my story with great levity; but indeed, indeed I should grow delirious did I venture to hold steadily to the awfulness of my feelings the greater part of that night. I think indeed, I must have been most of the time hysterical with horror, for the vibrating emotions I have recapitulated did pass through my brain even as I have detailed them.

But as I now became calm in thought, I summoned up again some resolution of action.

I will begin at that corner (said I), and swim around the whole enclosure. I will swim slowly and again feel the sides of the tank with my feet. If die I must, let me perish at least from well directed

Digitized by Google

though exhausting effort, not sink from mere bootless weariness in sustaining myself till the morning shall bring relief.

The sides of the place seemed to grow higher as I now kept my watery course beneath them. It was not altogether a dead pull. I had some variety of emotion in making my circuit. When I swam in the shadow it looked to me more cheerful beyond in the moonlight. When I swam in the moonlight I had the hope of making some discovery when I should again reach the shadow. I turned several times on my back to rest just where those wavy lines would meet. The stars looked viciously bright to me from the bottom of that well; there was such a company of them; they were so glad in their lustrous revelry; and they had such space to move in! I was alone, sad to despair, in a strange element, prisoned, and a solitary gazer upon their mocking chorus. And yet there was nothing else with which I could hold communion!

I turned upon my breast and struck out almost frantically, once more. The stars were forgotten, the moon, the very world of which I as yet formed a part, my poor Mary herself was forgotten. I thought only of the strong man there perishing; of me in my lusty manhood, in the sharp vigor of my dawning prime, with faculties illimitable, with senses all alert, battling there with physical obstacles which men like myself had brought together for my undoing. The Eternal could never have willed this thing! I could not and I would not perish thus. And I grew strong in insolence of self-trust; and I laughed aloud as I dashed the sluggish water from side to side.

Then came an emotion of pity for myself—of wild, wild regret; of sorrow, oh, infinite for a fate so desolate, a doom so dreary, so heart-sickening. You may laugh at the contradiction if you will, sir, but I felt that I could sacrifice my own life on the instant, to redeem another fellow creature from such a place of horror, from an end so piteous. My soul and my vital spirit seemed in that desperate moment to be separating; while one in parting grieved over the deplorable fate of the other.

And then I prayed!

I prayed, why or wherefore I know not. It was not from fear. It could not have been in hope. The days of miracles are passed, and there was no natural law by whose providential interposition I could be saved. *I* did not pray; it prayed of itself, my soul within me.

Was the calmness that I now felt, torpidity? the torpidity that precedes dissolution, to the strong swimmer who, sinking from exhaustion, must at last add a bubble to the wave as he suffocates beneath the element which now denied his mastery? If it were so, how fortunate was it that my floating rod at that moment attracted my attention as it dashed through the water by me. I saw on the instant that a fish had entangled himself in the wire noose. The rod quivered, plunged, came again to the surface, and rippled the water as it shot in arrowy flight from side to side of the tank. At last driven towards the southeast corner of the Reservoir, the small end seemed to have got foul somewhere. The brazen butt, which, every time the fish sounded, was thrown up to the moon, now sank by its own weight, showing that the other end must be fast. But the cornered fish, evidently anchored somewhere by that short wire, floundered several times to the surface, before I thought of striking out to the spot.

The water is low now and tolerably clear. You may see the very ledge there, sir, in yonder corner, on which the small end of my rod rested when I secured that pike with my hands. I did not take him from the slip-noose, however; but standing upon the ledge, handled the rod in a workmanlike manner, as I flung that pound pickerel over the iron-railing upon the top of the parapet. The rod, as I have told you, barely reached from the railing to the water. It was a heavy, strong bass rod which I had borrowed in "the Spirit of the Times" office; and when I discovered that the fish at the end of the wire made a strong enough knot to prevent me from drawing my tackle away from the railing around which it twined itself as I threw, why, as you can at once see, I had but little difficulty in making my way up the face of the wall with such assistance. The ladder which attracted your notice is, as you see, lashed to the iron railing in the identical spot where I thus made my escape; and for fear of similar accidents they have placed another one in the corresponding corner of the other compartment of the tank ever since my remarkable night's adventure in the Reservoir.

We give the above singular relation verbatim as heard from the lips of our chance acquaintance; and although strongly tempted to "work it up" after the fantastic style of a famous German namesake, prefer that the reader should have it in its American simplicity.

### LUCRETIA MARIA AND MARGARET MILLER DAVIDSON.

The sisters Lucretia Maria and Margaret Miller, were the daughters of Dr. Oliver Davidson, and Margaret Miller his wife. The parents were persons of education and refinement; and the mother, herself a poetess, had enjoyed the instructions of the celebrated Isabella Graham at New York. She was sensitive in body as well as mind, and subject to frequent attacks of sickness. Her daughter Lucretia was born at Plattsburgh, on the shore of Lake Champlain, September 27, 1808. Her infancy was sickly, and in her second year an attack of typhus fever threatened her life. She recovered from this, however, and with it the lesser disorders with which she had been also troubled, disappeared. At the age of four she was sent to school and soon learned to read and form letters in sand. She was an unwearied student of the little story books given her, neglecting for these all the ordinary plays of her age. We soon hear of her making books of her own. Her mother one day, when preparing to write a letter, missed a quire of paper; expressing her wonder, the little girl came forward and said, "Mamma, I have used it." Her mother, surprised, asked her how? Lucretia burst out crying and said, "she did not like to tell." She was not pressed to do so, and paper continued to disappear. Lucretia was often found busy with pen and ink, and in making little blank books; but would only cry and run away if questioned.

When she was six years old, these little books came to light on the removal of a pile of linen on a closet shelf, behind which they were hidden. "At first," says her biographer Miss Sedgwick, "the hieroglyphics seemed to baffle investigation. On one side of the leaf was an artfully sketched picture; on the other, Roman letters, some placed upright, others horizontally, obliquely, or backwards, not formed into words, nor spaced in any mode. Both parents pored over them till they ascertained the letters were poetical explanations in metre and rhyme of the picture in the reverse.

Digitized by Google

The little books were carefully put away as literary curiosities. Not long after this, Lucretia came running to her mother, painfully agitated, her face covered with her hands, and tears trickling down between her slender fingers—'Oh, Mama! mama!' she cried, sobbing, 'how could you treat me so? You have not used me well! My little books! you have shown them to papa, —Anne—Eliza, I know you have. Oh, what shall I do?' Her mother pleaded guilty, and tried to soothe the child by promising not to do so again; Lucretia's face brightened, a sunny smile played through her tears as she replied, 'Oh, mama, I am not afraid you will do so again, for I have burned them all;' and so she had! This reserve proceeded from nothing cold or exclusive in her character; never was there a more loving or sympathetic creature. It would be difficult to say which was most rare, her modesty, or the genius it sanctified."

She soon after learned to write in more legible fashion, and in her ninth year produced the following lines, the earliest of her compositions which has been preserved:—

ON THE DEATH OF MY ROBIN.

Underneath this turf doth lie
A little bird which ne'er could fly,
Twelve large angle worms did fill
This little bird, whom they did kill.
Puss! if you should chance to smell
My little bird from his dark cell,
Oh! do be merciful, my cat,
And not serve him as you did my rat.

She studied hard at school, and when needlework was given her as a preventive against this undue intellectual effort, dashed through the task assigned her with great rapidity, and studied harder than before. Her mother very properly took her away from school, and the child's health improved in consequence. She now frequently brought short poems to her mother, who always received them gladly, and encouraged her intellectual efforts. The kind parent has given us a glimpse of her daughter, engaged in her eleventh year in composition. "Immediately after breakfast she went to walk, and not returning to dinner, nor even when the evening approached, Mr. Townsend set forth in search of her. He met her, and as her eye encountered his, she smiled and blushed, as if she felt conscious of having been a little ridiculous. She said she had called on a friend, and, having found her absent, had gone to her library, where she had been examining some volumes of an Encyclopædia to aid her, we believe, in the oriental story she was employed upon. She forgot her dinner and her tea, and had remained reading, standing, and with her hat on, till the disappearance of daylight brought her to her senses.

A characteristic anecdote is related of her "cramming" for her long poem, *Amir Khan*. "I entered her room—she was sitting with scarcely light enough to discern the characters she was tracing; her harp was in the window, touched by a breeze just sufficient to rouse the spirit of harmony; her comb had fallen on the floor, and her long dark ringlets hung in rich profusion over her neck and shoulders, her cheek glowed with animation, her lips were half unclosed, her full dark eye was radiant with the light of genius, and beaming with sensibility, her head rested on her left hand, while she held her pen in her right —she looked like the inhabitant of another sphere; she was so wholly absorbed that she did not observe my entrance. I looked over her shoulder and read the following lines:—

What heavenly music strikes my ravished ear,
So soft, so melancholy, and so clear?
And do the tuneful nine then touch the lyre,
To fill each bosom with poetic fire?
Or does some angel strike the sounding strings
Who caught from echo the wild note he sings?
But ah! another strain, how sweet! how wild!
Now rushing low, 'tis soothing, soft, and mild.

"The noise I made in leaving the room roused her, and she soon after brought me her 'Lines to an Æolian Harp.'"

In 1824, an old friend of her mother and a frequent visitor, the Hon. Moss Kent, happened to take up some of Lucretia's MS. poems which had been given to his sister. Struck with their merit he went to the mother to see more, and on his way met the poetess, then a beautiful girl of sixteen; much pleased with her conversation, he proposed to her parents, after a further examination of her poems, to adopt her as his own daughter. They acquiesced in his wishes so far as to consent to his sending her to Mrs. Willard's seminary at Troy* to complete her education.

She was delighted with the opportunity afforded her of an improved literary culture, and on the 24th of November, 1824, left home in good health, which was soon impaired by her severe study. The chief mischief, however, appears to have been done by her exertions in preparing for the public examination of the school. Miss Davidson fell sick, Mrs. Willard sent for Dr. Robbins, who bled, administered an emetic, and allowed his patient, after making her still weaker, to resume her preparation for examination, for which she "must study morning, noon, and night, and rise between two and four every morning." The great event came off, "in a room crowded almost to suffocation," on the 12th of February.

---

* Emma, the daughter of Samuel Hart, and a descendant from Thomas Hooker, the founder of Hartford, was born at New Berlin, Conn., in February, 1787. At the age of sixteen, she commenced the career to which her life has been devoted as the teacher of the district school of her native town.

After filling in succession the post of principal of several academies, she took charge of an institution of the kind at Middlebury, Vermont, where in 1809 she married Dr. John Willard of that state.

In 1819, Mrs. Willard, at the invitation of Governor Clinton, and other distinguished men of the state of New York, removed to Waterford to take charge of an institution for female education, incorporated, and in part supported, by the legislature.

In consequence of being unable to secure an appropriate building at Waterford, Mrs. Willard accepted an invitation to establish a school at Troy, and in 1821 commenced the institution which has long been celebrated as the Troy Female Seminary, and with which she remained connected until 1838.

In 1830, Mrs. Willard made a tour in Europe, and on her return published her Travels, devoting her share of the proceeds of the sale to the support of a school in Greece, founded mainly by her exertions, for the education of female teachers.

Mrs. Willard has, since her retirement from Troy, resided at Hartford, where she has written and published several addresses on the subject of Female Education, especially as connected with the common-school system. She is also the author of a *Manual of American History, A Treatise on Ancient Geography*, and other works which have had an extensive school circulation. In 1836 she published a small volume of poems, and in 1846 *A Treatise on the Motive Powers which produce the Circulation of the Blood*, a work which attracted much attention on its appearance; and in 1849, *Last Leaves of American History*, a continuation of her "Manual."



Digitized by Google

In the spring vacation she returned home. Her mother was alarmed at the state of her health, but the physician called by her father to aid him in the treatment of her case recommending a change of scene and air, she was allowed to follow her wishes and return to school, the establishment of Miss Gibson at Albany being at this time selected. She had been there but a few weeks when her disease, consumption, assumed its worst features. Her mother hurried to her, and removed her home in July. It is a touching picture that of her last journey. "She shrunk painfully from the gaze her beauty inevitably attracted, heightened as it was by that disease which seems to delight to deck the victim for its triumph." She reached home. "To the last she manifested her love of books. A trunk filled with them had not been unpacked. She requested her mother to open it at her bed-side, and as each book was given to her, she turned over the leaves, kissed it, and desired to have it placed on a table at the foot of her bed. There they remained to the last day, her eye often fondly resting on them." She wrote while confined to her bed her last poem:—

There is a something which I dread,
  It is a dark and fearful thing;
It steals along with withering tread,
  Or sweeps on wild destruction's wing.

That thought comes o'er me in the hour
  Of grief, of sickness, or of sadness:
'Tis not the dread of death; 'tis more—
  It is the dread of madness.

Oh! may these throbbing pulses pause,
  Forgetful of their feverish course;
May this hot brain, which, burning glows
  With all a fiery whirlpool's force,

Be cold and motionless, and still
  A tenant of its lowly bed;
But let not dark delirium steal—
  [Unfinished.]

The fear was a groundless one, for her mind was calm, collected, and tranquil during the short period that intervened before her death, on the 27th of August, 1825, one month before her seventeenth birthday.

THE WIDE WORLD IS DREAR.

(Written in her sixteenth year.)

Oh say not the wide world is lonely and dreary!
  Oh say not that life is a wilderness waste!
There's ever some comfort in store for the weary,
  And there's ever some hope for the sorrowful breast.

There are often sweet dreams which will steal o'er the soul,
  Beguiling the mourner to smile through a tear,
That when waking the dew-drops of mem'ry may fall,
  And blot out for ever, the wide world is drear.

There is hope for the lost, for the lone one's relief,
  Which will beam o'er his pathway of danger and fear;
There is pleasure's wild throb, and the calm "joy of grief,"
  Oh then say not the wide world is lonely and drear!

There are fears that are anxious, yet sweet to the breast,
  Some feelings, which language ne'er told to the ear,
Which return on the heart, and there lingering rest,
  Soft whispering, this world is not lonely and drear.

'Tis true, that the dreams of the evening will fade,
  When reason's broad sunbeam shines calmly and clear;
Still fancy, sweet fancy, will smile o'er the shade,
  And say that the world is not lonely and drear.

Oh, then mourn not that life is a wilderness waste!
  That each hope is illusive, each prospect is drear,
But remember that man, undeserving, is blest,
  And rewarded with smiles for the fall of a tear.

KINDAR BURIAL SERVICE—VERSIFIED.

We commend our brother to thee, oh earth!
To thee he returns, from thee was his birth!
Of thee was he formed, he was nourished by thee;
Take the body, oh earth! the spirit is free.

Oh air! he once breathed thee, thro' thee he survived,
And in thee, and with thee, his pure spirit lived:
That spirit hath fled, and we yield him to thee;
His ashes be spread, like his soul, far and free.

Oh fire! we commit his dear reliques to thee,
Thou emblem of purity, spotless and free;
May his soul, like thy flames, bright and burning arise,
To its mansion of bliss, in the star-spangled skies.

Oh water! receive him; without thy kind aid
He had parched 'neath the sunbeams or mourned in the shade;
Then take of his body the share which is thine,
For the spirit hath fled from its mouldering shrine.

MARGARET MILLER DAVIDSON, at the time of her sister's death, was in her third year, having been born March 26, 1823. Her life seems in almost every respect a repetition of that of her departed sister. The same precocity was early developed. When she was six years old she read the English poets with "enthusiastic delight." While standing at the window with her mother she exclaimed—

Digitized by Google

See those lofty, those grand trees;
Their high tops waving in the breeze;
They cast their shadows on the ground,
And spread their fragrance all around.

At her mother's request she wrote down the little impromptu, but committed it to paper in a consecutive sentence, as so much prose. The act was, however, the commencement of her literary career, and she every day, for some time after, brought some little scrap of rhyme to her parent. She was at the same time delighting the children of the neighborhood by her improvised stories, which she would sometimes extend through a whole evening.

Her education was conducted at home, under her mother's charge. She advanced so rapidly in her studies that it was necessary to check her ardor, that over exertion might not injure her health. When about seven years old, an English gentleman who had been much interested in the poems of Lucretia Davidson, visited her mother, in order to learn more concerning an author he so much admired. While the two were conversing, Margaret entered with a copy of Thomson's Seasons in her hand, in which she had marked the passages which pleased her. The gentleman, overcoming the child's timidity by his gentleness, soon became as much interested in the younger as in the elder sister, and the little incident led to a friendship which lasted through life.

During the summer she passed a few weeks at Saratoga Springs and New York. She enjoyed her visit to the city greatly, and returned home with improved health. In the winter she removed with her mother to the residence of a married sister in Canada. The tour was undertaken for the health of her parent, but with ill success, as an illness followed, which confined her for eighteen months to her bed, during which her life was often despaired of. The mother recovered, but in January, 1833, the daughter was attacked by scarlet fever, from which she did not become free until April. In May the two convalescents proceeded to New York. Margaret remained here several months, and was the life and soul of the household of which she was the guest. It was proposed by her little associates to act a play, provided she would write one. This she agreed to do, and in two days "produced her drama, *The Tragedy of Alethia*. It was not very voluminous," observes Mr. Irving, "but it contained within it sufficient of high character and astounding and bloody incident to furnish out a drama of five times its size. A king and queen of England resolutely bent upon marrying their daughter, the Princess Alethia, to the Duke of Ormond. The Princess most perversely and dolorously in love with a mysterious cavalier, who figures at her father's court under the name of Sir Percy Lennox, but who, in private truth, is the Spanish king, Rodrigo, thus obliged to maintain an incognito on account of certain hostilities between Spain and England. The odious nuptials of the princess with the Duke of Ormond proceed: she is led, a submissive victim, to the altar; is on the point of pledging her irrevocable word; when the priest throws off his sacred robe, discovers himself to be Rodrigo, and plunges a dagger into the bosom of the king. Alethia instantly plucks the dagger from her father's bosom, throws herself into Rodrigo's arms, and kills herself. Rodrigo flies to a cavern, renounces England, Spain, and his royal throne, and devotes himself to eternal remorse. The queen ends the play by a passionate apostrophe to the spirit of her daughter, and sinks dead on the floor.

"The little drama lies before us, a curious specimen of the prompt talent of this most ingenious child, and by no means more incongruous in its incidents than many current dramas by veteran and experienced playwrights.

"The parts were now distributed and soon learnt; Margaret drew out a play-bill in theatrical style, containing a list of the dramatis personæ, and issued regular tickets of admission. The piece went off with universal applause; Margaret figuring, in a long train, as the princess, and killing herself in a style that would not have disgraced an experienced stage heroine."

In October she returned home to Ballston, the family residence having been changed from Plattsburgh, as the climate on the lake had been pronounced too trying for her constitution. She amused the family, old and young, during the winter, by writing a weekly paper called *The Juvenile Aspirant*. Her education was still conducted by her mother, who was fully competent to the task, and unwilling to trust her at a boarding-school. She studied Latin with her brother, under a private tutor. When she was eleven her delicate frame, rendered still more sensitive by a two months' illness, received a severe shock from the intelligence of the death of her sister, resident in Canada. A change of scene being thought desirable, she paid another visit to New York, where she remained until June. In December she was attacked by a liver complaint, which confined her to her room until Spring. "During this fit of illness her mind had remained in an unusual state of inactivity; but with the opening of spring and the faint return of health, it broke forth with a brilliancy and a restless excitability that astonished and alarmed. 'In conversation,' says her mother, 'her sallies of wit were dazzling. She composed and wrote incessantly, or rather would have done so, had I not interposed my authority to prevent this unceasing tax upon both her mental and physical strength. Fugitive pieces were produced every day, such as *The Shunamite*, *Belshazzar's Feast*, *The Nature of Mind*, *Boabdil el Chico*, &c. She seemed to exist only in the regions of poetry.' We cannot help thinking that these moments of intense poetical exaltation sometimes approached to delirium, for we are told by her mother that 'the image of her departed sister Lucretia mingled in all her aspirations; the holy elevation of Lucretia's character had taken deep hold of her imagination, and in her moments of enthusiasm she felt that she had close and intimate communion with her beautiful spirit.'"

In the autumn of 1835 the family removed to a pleasant residence, "Ruremont," near the Shot Tower, on Long Island Sound, below Hell Gate.

Here Mrs. Davidson received a letter from her English visitor, inviting Margaret and herself to pass the winter with him and the wife he had recently married at Havana.

Digitized by Google

Margaret M. Davidson

The first winter at the new home was a mournful one, for it was marked by the death of her little brother Kent. Margaret's own health was also rapidly failing—the fatal symptoms of consumption having already appeared. The accumulated grief was too much for the mother's feeble frame. "For three weeks," she says, "I hovered upon the borders of the grave, and when I arose from this bed of pain—so feeble that I could not sustain my own weight, it was to witness the rupture of a blood-vessel in her lung, caused by exertions to suppress a cough."

"Long and anxious were the days and nights spent in watching over her. Every sudden movement or emotion excited the hemorrhage. 'Not a murmur escaped her lips,' says her mother, 'during her protracted sufferings. "How are you, my love? how have you rested during the night?" "Well, dear mamma; I have slept sweetly." I have been night after night beside her restless couch, wiped the cold dew from her brow, and kissed her faded cheek in all the agony of grief, while she unconsciously slept on; or if she did awake, her calm sweet smile, which seemed to emanate from heaven, has, spite of my reason, lighted my heart with hope. Except when very ill, she was ever a bright dreamer. Her visions were usually of an unearthly cast: about heaven and angels. She was wandering among the stars; her sainted sisters were her pioneers; her cherub brother walked hand in hand with her through the gardens of paradise! I was always an early riser, but after Margaret began to decline I never disturbed her until time to rise for breakfast, a season of social intercourse in which she delighted to unite, and from which she was never willing to be absent. Often when I have spoken to her she would exclaim, "Mother, you have disturbed the brightest visions that ever mortal was blessed with! I was in the midst of such scenes of delight! Cannot I have time to finish my dream?" And when I told her how long it was until breakfast, "it will do," she would say, and again lose herself in her bright imaginings; for I considered these as moments of inspiration rather than sleep. She told me it was not sleep. I never knew but one except Margaret, who enjoyed this delightful and mysterious source of happiness—that one was her departed sister Lucretia. When awaking from these reveries, an almost ethereal light played about her eye, which seemed to irradiate her whole face. A holy calm pervaded her manner, and in truth she looked more like an angel who had been communing with kindred spirits in the world of light, than anything of a grosser nature.'"

It was during this illness that Margaret became acquainted with Miss Sedgwick. The disease unexpectedly yielding to care and skill, the invalid was enabled during the summer to make a tour to the western part of New York. Soon after her return, in September, the air of the river having been pronounced unfavorable for her health, the family removed to New York. Margaret persevered in the restrictions imposed by her physicians against composition and study for six months; but was so unhappy in her inactive state, that with her mother's consent she resumed her usual habits. In May, 1837, the family returned to Ballston. In the fall an attack of bleeding at the lungs necessitated an order from her physicians that she should pass the winter within doors. The quiet was of service to her health. We have a pleasant and touching picture of her Christmas, in one of her poems written at the time.

TO MY MOTHER AT CHRISTMAS.

Wake, mother, wake to hope and glee,
The golden sun is dawning!
Wake, mother, wake, and hail with me
This happy Christmas morning!

Each eye is bright with pleasure's glow,
Each lip is laughing merrily;
A smile hath passed o'er winter's brow,
And the very snow looks cheerily.

Hark to the voice of the awakened day,
To the sleigh-bells gaily ringing,
While a thousand, thousand happy hearts
Their Christmas lays are singing.

'Tis a joyous hour of mirth and love,
And my heart is overflowing!
Come, let us raise our thoughts above,
While pure, and fresh, and glowing.

'Tis the happiest day of the rolling year,
But it comes in a robe of mourning,
Nor light, nor life, nor bloom is here
Its icy shroud adorning.

It comes when all around is dark,
'Tis meet it so should be,
For its joy is the joy of the happy heart,
The spirit's jubilee.

It does not need the bloom of spring,
Or summer's light and gladness,
For love has spread her beaming wing,
O'er winter's brow of sadness.

'Twas thus he came, beneath a cloud
His spirit's light concealing,
No crown of earth, no kingly robe
His heavenly power revealing.

His soul was pure, his mission love,
His aim a world's redeeming;
To raise the darkened soul above
Its wild and sinful dreaming.

With all his Father's power and love,
The cords of guilt to sever;
To ope a sacred fount of light,
Which flows, shall flow for ever.

Digitized by Google

Then we shall hail the glorious day,
The spirit's new creation,
And pour our grateful feelings forth,
A pure and warm libation.

Wake, mother, wake to chastened joy,
The golden sun is dawning!
Wake, mother, wake, and hail with me
This happy Christmas morning.

The winter was occupied by a course of reading in history, and by occasional composition. In May the family removed to Saratoga. Margaret fancied herself, under the balmy influences of the season, much better—but all others had abandoned hope. It is a needless and painful task to trace step by step the progress of disease. The closing scene came on the 25th of the following November.

The poetical writings of Lucretia Davidson, which have been collected, amount in all to two hundred and seventy-eight pieces, among which are five of several cantos each. A portion of these were published, with a memoir by Professor S. B. F. Morse, in 1829. The volume was well received, and noticed in a highly sympathetic and laudatory manner by Southey, in the Quarterly Review.* The poems were reprinted, with a life by Miss Sedgwick, which had previously appeared in Sparks's American Biography.

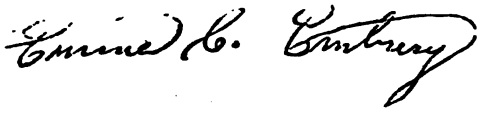
Margaret's poems were introduced to the world under the kind auspices of Washington Irving. Revised editions of both were published in 1850 in one volume, a happy companionship which will doubtless be permanent.

A volume of *Selections from the Writings of Mrs. Margaret M. Davidson, the Mother of Lucretia Maria and Margaret M. Davidson, with a preface by Miss C. M. Sedgwick*, appeared in 1844. It contains a prose tale, *A Few Eventful Days in* 1814; a poetical version of Ruth and of Ossian's McFingal, with a few Miscellaneous Poems.

Lieutenant L. P. Davidson, of the U. S. army, the brother of Margaret and Lucretia, who also died young, wrote verses with elegance and ease.†

## EMMA C EMBURY.

Mrs. Embury, the wife of Mr. Daniel Embury, a gentleman of wealth and distinguished by his intellectual and social qualities, a resident of Brooklyn, New York, is the daughter of James R. Manly, for a long while an eminent New York physician. She early became known to the public as a writer of verses in the columns of the New York Mirror and other journals under the signature of "Ianthe." In the year 1823 a volume from her pen was published, *Guido, and Other Poems, by Ianthe.* This was followed by a volume on *Female Education*, and a long series of tales and sketches in the magazines of the day, which were received with favor for their felicitous sentiment and ease in composition. Constance Latimer is one of these, which has given title to a collection of the stories, *The Blind Girl and Other Tales.* Her *Pictures of Early Life, Glimpses of Home Life or Causes and Consequences*, are similar volumes. In 1845 she contributed the letter-press, both prose and verse, to an illustrated volume in quarto, *Nature's Gems, or American Wild Flowers.* She has also written a volume of poems, *Love's Token-Flowers*, in which these symbols of sentiment are gracefully interpreted. In 1848 appeared her volume, *The Waldorf Family, or Grandfather's Legends*, in which the romantic lore of Brittany is presented to the young.



These writings, which exhibit good sense and healthy natural feeling, though numerous, are to be taken rather as illustrations of domestic life and retired sentiment than as the occupation of a professed literary career.

Of her poetry, her songs breathe an air of nature, with much sweetness.

### BALLAD.

The maiden sat at her busy wheel,
Her heart was light and free,
And ever in cheerful song broke forth
Her bosom's harmless glee:
Her song was in mockery of love,
And oft I heard her say,
"The gathered rose and the stolen heart
Can charm but for a day."

I looked on the maiden's rosy cheek,
And her lip so full and bright,
And I sighed to think that the traitor love
Should conquer a heart so light:
But she thought not of future days of woe,
While she carolled in tones so gay—
"The gathered rose and the stolen heart
Can charm but for a day."

A year passed on, and again I stood
By the humble cottage door;
The maid sat at her busy wheel,
But her look was blithe no more;
The big tear stood in her downcast eye,
And with sighs I heard her say,
"The gathered rose and the stolen heart
Can charm but for a day."

Oh, well I knew what had dimmed her eye,
And made her cheek so pale:
The maid had forgotten her early song,
While she listened to love's soft tale;
She had tasted the sweets of his poisoned cup,
It had wasted her life away—
And the stolen heart, like the gathered rose,
Had charmed but for a day.

---

*The following lines were addressed from Greta Hall, in 1842, by Caroline Southey, "To the Mother of Lucretia and Margaret Davidson."

Oh, lady! greatly favored! greatly tried!
Was ever glory, ever grief like thine,
Since her's,—the mother of the Man divine—
The perfect one—the crowned, the crucified?
Wonder and joy, high hopes and chastened pride
Thrilled thee; intently watching, hour by hour,
The fast unfolding of each human flower,
In hues of more than earthly brilliance dyed—
And then, the blight—the fading—the first fear—
The sickening hope—the doom—the end of all;
Heart-withering, if indeed all ended here.
But from the dust, the coffin, and the pall,
Mother bereaved! thy tearful eyes upraise—
Mother of angels! join their songs of praise.

†Some lines from his pen, entitled *Longings for the West*, are printed in the South Lit. Mess. for Feb. 1842.

Digitized by Google

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE MORAVIAN BURIAL-GROUND AT BETHLEHEM.

When in the shadow of the tomb
This heart shall rest,
Oh! lay me where spring flow'rets bloom
On earth's bright breast.

Oh! ne'er in vaulted chambers lay
My life'less form;
Seek not of such mean, worthless prey
To cheat the worm.

In this sweet city of the dead
I fain would sleep,
Where flowers may deck my narrow bed,
And night dews weep.

But raise not the sepulchral stone
To mark the spot;
Enough, if by thy heart alone
'Tis ne'er forgot.

ABSENCE.

Come to me, love; forget each sordid duty
That chains thy footsteps to the crowded mart,
Come, look with me upon earth's summer beauty,
And let its influence cheer thy weary heart.
Come to me, love!

Come to me, love; the voice of song is swelling
From nature's harp in every varied tone,
And many a voice of bird and bee is telling
A tale of joy amid the forests lone.
Come to me, love!

Come to me, love; my heart can never doubt thee,
Yet for thy sweet companionship I pine;
Oh, never more can joy be joy without thee,
My pleasures, even as my life, are thine.
Come to me, love!

OH! TELL ME NOT OF LOFTY FATE.

Oh! tell me not of lofty fate,
Of glory's deathless name;
The bosom love leaves desolate,
Has naught to do with fame.

Vainly philosophy would soar—
Love's height it may not reach;
The heart soon learns a sweeter lore
Than ever sage could teach.

The cup may bear a poisoned draught,
The altar may be cold,
But yet the chalice will be quaffed—
The shrine sought as of old.

Man's sterner nature turns away
To seek ambition's goal!
Wealth's glittering gifts, and pleasure's ray,
May charm his weary soul;

But woman knows one only dream—
That broken, all is o'er;
For on life's dark and sluggish stream
Hope's sunbeam rests no more.

## CAROLINE LEE HENTZ.

Mrs. Hentz is a daughter of General John Whiting, and a native of Lancaster, Massachusetts. She married, in 1825, Mr. N. M. Hentz, a French gentleman, at that time associated with Mr. Bancroft in the Round Hill School at Northampton. Mr. Hentz was soon after appointed Professor in the college at Chapel Hill, North Carolina, where he remained for several years. They then removed to Covington, Kentucky, and afterwards to Cincinnati and Florence, Alabama. Here they conducted for nine years a prosperous female Academy, which in 1843 was removed to Tuscaloosa, in 1845 to Tuskegee, and in 1848 to Columbus, Georgia.

While at Covington, Mrs. Hentz wrote the tragedy of *De Lara, or the Moorish Bride*, for the prize of $500, offered by the Arch Street Theatre, of Philadelphia. She was the successful competitor, and the play was produced, and performed for several nights with applause. It was afterwards published.

In 1843 she wrote a poem, *Human and Divine Philosophy*, for the Erosophic Society of the University of Alabama, before whom it was delivered by Mr. A. W. Richardson.

In 1846 Mrs. Hentz published *Aunt Patty's Scrap Bag*, a collection of short stories which she had previously contributed to the magazines. This was followed by *The Mob Cap*, 1848; *Linda, or the Young Pilot of the Belle Creole*, 1850; *Rena, or the Snow Bird*, 1851; *Marcus Warland, or the Long Moss Spring; Eoline, or Magnolia Vale*, 1852; *Wild Jack; Helen and Arthur, or Miss Thusa's Spinning Wheel*, 1853; *The Planter's Northern Bride*, two volumes, the longest of her novels, in 1854.

Mrs. Hentz has also written a number of fugitive poems which have appeared in various periodicals. Her second tragedy, *Lamorah, or the Western Wilds*, an Indian play, was performed, and published in a newspaper at Columbus. The scenes and incidents of her stories are for the most part drawn from the Southern states, and are said to be written in the midst of her social circle, and in the intervals of the ordinary avocations of a busy life.

THE SNOW FLAKES.

Ye're welcome, ye white and feathery flakes,
That fall like the blossoms the summer wind shakes
From the bending spray—Oh! say do ye come,
With tidings to me, from my far distant home?

"Our home is above in the depths of the sky—
In the hollow of God's own hand we lie—
We are fair, we are pure, *our* birth is divine—
Say, what can we know of thee, or of thine?"

I know that ye dwell in the kingdoms of air—
I know ye are heavenly, pure, and fair;
But oft have I seen ye, far travellers roam,
By the cold blast driven, round my northern home.

"We roam over mountain, and valley, and sea,
We hang our pale wreaths on the leafless tree:
The herald of wisdom and mercy we go,
And perchance the far home of thy childhood we know.

"We roam, and our fairy track we leave,
While for nature a winding sheet we weave—
A cold, white shroud that shall mantle the gloom,
Till her Maker recalls her to glory and bloom."

Oh! foam of the shoreless ocean above!
I know thou descendest in mercy and love:
All chill as thou art, yet benign is thy birth,
As the dew that impearls the green bosom of Earth.

And I've thought as I've seen thy tremulous spray,
Soft curling like mist on the branches lay,
In bright relief on the dark blue sky,
That thou meltest in grief when the sun came nigh.

"Say, whose is the harp whose echoing song
Breathes wild on the gale that wafts us along?

Digitized by Google

The moon, the flowers, the blossoming tree,
Wake the minstrel's lyre, they are brighter than we."

The flowers shed their fragrance, the moonbeams their light,
Over scenes never veiled by your drap'ry of white;
But the clime where I first saw your downy flakes fall,
My own native clime is far dearer than all.

Oh! fair, when ye clothed in their wintry mail,
The elms that o'ershadow my home in the vale,
Like warriors they looked, as they bowed in the storm,
With the tossing plume and the towering form.

Ye fade, ye melt—I feel the warm breath
Of the redolent South o'er the desolate heath—
But tell me, ye vanishing pearls, where ye dwell,
When the dew-drops of Summer bespangle the dell?

"We fade,—we melt into crystalline spheres—
We weep, for we pass through a valley of tears;
But onward to glory—away to the sky—
In the hollow of God's own hand we lie."

## SARAH HELEN WHITMAN.

Mrs. Whitman is a daughter of Mr. Nicholas Power, of Providence, a direct descendant of a follower of Roger Williams in his banishment. She was married at an early age to Mr. John Winslow Whitman, a descendant of Governor Winslow, with whom she removed to Boston, where her husband practised law with eminent success. He was soon after attacked by a disease which in a brief period closed his life. His widow returned to her native city of Providence, where she has since resided.

Mrs. Whitman published in 1853 *Hours of Life and Other Poems*, a few of which are translations from the German. She is also the author of three ballads founded on the fairy stories of the Golden Ball, the Sleeping Beauty, and Cinderella, portions of which are from the pen of her sister, Miss Anna Marsh Power; and of several elaborate critical articles on German and other authors of modern Europe, in the chief languages of which she is a proficient.

Mrs. Whitman's volume of poems is a book of a rare passionate beauty, marked by fine mental characteristics. The chief poem, "Hours of Life," is a picture of the soul in its progress through time, and its search out of disappointment and experience for peace and security. Its learned philosophical spirit is not less remarkable than its tenderness and spiritual melody.

The volume also contains numerous descriptions of scenery and poems of sentiment, in which passion is intimately blended with nature. Several of these are devoted to the memory of the late Edgar A. Poe, whose wild poetic creations and melancholy career have awakened in the author's mind a peculiar sympathy and imaginative interest.

### QUEST OF THE SOUL—FROM THE HOURS OF LIFE.

* * * * * * * *

O'erwearied with life's restless change
From extacy to agony,
Its fleeting pleasures born to die,
The mirage of its phantasie,
Its worn and melancholy range
Of hopes that could no more estrange
The married heart of memory,
Doomed, while we drain life's perfumed wine,
For the dull Lethean wave to pine,
And, for each thrill of joy, to know
Despair's slow pulse or sorrow's throe—
I sought some central truth to span
These wide extremes of good and ill—
I longed with one bold glance to scan
Life's perfect sphere,—to rend at will
The gloom of Erebus,—dread zone—
Coiled like a serpent round the throne
Of heaven,—the realm where Justice veils
Her heart and holds her even scales,—
Where awful Nemesis awaits
The doomed, by Pluto's iron gates.

In the long noon-tide of my sorrow,
I questioned of the eternal morrow;
I gazed in sullen awe
Far through the illimitable gloom
Down-deepening like the swift mælstroom,
The doubting soul to draw
Into eternal solitudes,
Where unrelenting silence broods
Around the throne of Law.

I questioned the dim chronicle
Of ages gone before—
I listened for the triumph songs
That rang from shore to shore,
Where the heroes and the conquerors wrought
The mighty deeds of yore—
Where the foot-prints of the martyrs
Had bathed the earth in gore,
And the war-horns of the warriors
Were heard from shore to shore.

Their blood on desert plains was shed—
Their voices on the wind had fled—
They were the drear and shadowy DEAD!

Still, through the storied past, I sought
An answer to my sleepless thought;
In the cloisters old and hoary
Of the mediæval time—
In the rude ancestral story
Of the ancient Runic rhyme.

I paused on Grecian plains, to trace
Some remnant of a mightier race,
Serene in sorrow and in strife,
Calm conquerors of Death and Life,
Types of the god-like forms that shone
Upon the sculptured Parthenon.

But still, as when Prometheus bare
From heaven the fiery dart,
I saw the "vulture passions" tear
The proud Caucasian heart—
The war of destiny with will
Still conquered, yet conflicting still.

I heard loud Hallelujas
From Israel's golden lyre,
And I sought their great Jehovah
In the cloud and in the fire.
I lingered by the stream that flowed
"Fast by the oracle of God"—
I bowed, its sacred wave to sip—

Digitized by Google

Its waters fled my thirsting lip.
The serpent trail was over all
Its borders,—and its palms that threw
Aloft their waving coronal,
Were blistered by a poison dew.

Serener elements I sought,
Sublimer altitudes of thought,
The truth Saint John and Plato saw,
The mystic light, the inward law;
The Logos ever found and lost,
The aureola of the Ghost.

I hailed its faint auroral beam
In many a Poet's delphic dream,
On many a shrine where faith's pure flame
Through fable's gorgeous oriel came.
Around the altars of the god,
In holy passion hushed, I trod,
Where once the mighty voice of Jove
Rang through Dodona's haunted grove.
No more the dove with sable plumes*
Swept through the forest's gorgeous glooms;
The shrines were desolate and cold,
Their pæans hushed, their story told,
In long, inglorious silence lost,
Like fiery tongues of Pentecost.

No more did music's golden surge
The mortal in immortal merge:
High canticles of joy and praise
Died with the dream of other days;
I only heard the Mænad's wail,
That shriek that made the orient pale:
Evohe!—ah evohe!
The mystic burden of a woe
Whose dark enigma none may know;†
The primal curse—the primal throe.
Evohe!—ah—evohe!
Nature shuddered at the cry
Of that ancient agony.

Still the fabled Python bound me—
Still the serpent coil enwound me—
Still I heard the Mænad's cry,
Evohe!—ah—evohe!

* * * * * * * *

Wearied with man's discordant creed,
I sought on Nature's page to read
Life's history, ere yet she shrined
Her essence in the incarnate mind;
Intent her secret laws to trace
In primal solitudes of space,
From her first, faint atomic throes,
To where her orbéd splendor glows
In the vast, silent spheres that roll
For ever towards their unknown goal.

I turned from dull alchemic lore
With starry Chaldeans to soar,
And sought, on fancy's wing, to roam
That glorious galaxy of light
Where mingling stars, like drifting foam,
Melt on the solemn shores of night;
But still the surging glory chased
The dark through night's chaotic waste;
And still, within its deepening voids,
Crumbled the burning asteroids.

Long gloating on that hollow gloom,
Methought that in some vast maelstroom,
The stars were hurrying to their doom,—
Bubbles upon life's boundless sea,
Swift meteors of eternity,
Pale sparks of mystic fire, that fall
From God's unwaning coronal.

Is there, I asked, a living woe
In all those burning orbs that glow
Through the blue ether?—do they share
Our dim world's anguish and despair—
In their vast orbits do they fly
From some avenging destiny—
And shall their wild eyes pale beneath
The dread anathema of Death?

Our own fair earth—shall she too drift,
For ever shrouded in a weft
Of stormy clouds, that surge and swirl
Around her in her dizzy whirl:—
For ever shall a shadow fall
Backward from her golden wall,
Its dark cone stretching, ghast and grey,
Into outer glooms away!—

From the sad, unsated quest
Of knowledge, how I longed to rest
On her green and silent breast!

I languished for the dews of death
My fevered heart to steep,
The heavy, honey-dews of death,
The calm and dreamless sleep.

I left my fruitless lore apart,
And leaned my ear on Nature's heart,
To hear, far from life's busy throng,
The chime of her sweet undersong.
She pressed her balmy lips to mine,
She bathed me in her sylvan springs;
And still, by many a rural shrine,
She taught me sweet and holy things.
I felt her breath my temples fan,
I learned her temperate laws to scan,
My soul, of hers, became a conscious part;
Her beauty melted through my inmost heart.

Still I languished for the word
Her sweet lips had never spoken,
Still, from the pale shadow-land,
There came nor voice nor token;
No accent of the Holy Ghost
Whispered of the loved and lost;
No bright wanderer came to tell
If, in worlds beyond the grave,
Life, love, and beauty, dwell.

* * * * * * * *

A holy light began to stream
Athwart the cloud-rifts, like a dream
Of heaven; and lo! a pale, sweet face,
Of mournful grandeur and imperial grace—
A face whose mystic sadness seemed to borrow
Immortal beauty from that mortal sorrow—
Looked on me; and a voice of solemn cheer
Uttered its sweet evangels on my ear;
The open secrets of that eldest lore
That seems less to reveal than to restore.

"Pluck thou the Life-tree's golden fruit,
Nor seek to bare its sacred root;
Live, and in life's perennial faith
Renounce the heresy of death:

---

* "The priestesses of Dodona assert that two black pigeons flew from Thebes in Egypt; one of which settled in Lybia, the other among themselves: which latter, resting on a beech-tree, declared with a human voice that here was to be the oracle of Jove."—*Herodotus. Book II. ch. 55.*

† "The Mænads, in their wild incantations, carried serpents in their hands, and with frantic gestures, cried out Eva! Eva! Epiphanius thinks that this invocation related to the mother of mankind; but I am inclined to believe that it was the word Epha or Opha, rendered by the Greeks, Ophis, *a serpent.* I take Abaddon to have been the name of the same ophite God whose worship has so long infected the world. The learned Heinsius makes Abaddon the same as the serpent Python."—*Jacob Bryant's Analysis of Ancient Mythology.*

While Mænads cry aloud Evoe, Evoe!
That voice that is contagion to the world.
*Shelley's Prometheus.*

Digitized by Google

Believe, and every sweet accord
Of being, to thine ear restored,
Shall sound articulate and clear;
Perfected love shall banish fear,
Knowledge and wisdom shall approve
The divine synthesis of love."

"Royally the lilies grow
On the grassy lea,
Basking in the sun and dew,
Swinging in the breeze.
Doth the wild-fowl need a chart
Through the illimitable air?
Heaven lies folded in my heart;
Seek the truth that slumbers there;
Thou art Truth's eternal heir."

"Let the shadows come and go;
Let the stormy north wind blow:
Death's dark valley cannot bind thee
In its dread abode;
There the Morning Star shall find thee,
There the living God.
Sin and sorrow cannot hide thee—
Death and hell cannot divide thee
From the love of God."

In the mystic agony
On the Mount of Calvary,
The Saviour with his dying eyes
Beheld the groves of Paradise.

"Then weep not by the charnel stone
Nor veil thine eyelids from the sun.
Upward, through the death-dark glides,
The spirit on resurgent tides
Of light and glory on its way:
Wilt thou by the cerements stay?—
Thou the risen Christ shalt see
In redeemed Humanity.
Though mourners at the portal wept,
And angels lingered where it slept,
The soul but tarried for a night,
Then plumed its wings for loftier flight."

"Is thy heart so lonely?—Lo,
Ready to share thy joy and woe,
Poor wanderers tarry at thy gate,
The way-worn and the desolate,
And angels at thy threshold wait:
Would'st thou love's holiest guerdon win—
Arise, and let the stranger in."

"The friend whom not thy fickle will,
But the deep heart within thee, still
Yearneth to fold to its embrace,
Shall seek thee through the realms of space.
Keep the image Nature sealed
On thy heart, by love annealed,
Keep thy faith serene and pure;
Her royal promises are sure,
Her sweet betrothals shall endure."

"Hope thou all things and believe;
And, in child-like trust, achieve
The simplest mandates of the soul,
The simplest good, the nearest goal;
Move but the waters and their pulse
The broad ocean shall convulse."

"When love shall reconcile the will
Love's mystic sorrow to fulfil,
Its fiery baptism to share,—
The burden of its cross to bear,—
Earth shall to equilibrium tend,
Ellipses shall to circles bend,
And life's long agony shall end."

"Then pluck the Life-tree's golden fruit,
No blight can reach its sacred root.
E'en though every blossom fell
Into Hades, one by one,
Love is deeper far than Hell—
Shadows cannot quench the sun."

"Can the child-heart promise more
Than the father hath in store?—
The blind shall see—the dead shall live;
Can the man-child forfeit more
Than the father can forgive?
The Dragon, from his empire driven,
No more shall find his place in Heaven,
'Till e'en the Serpent power approve
The divine potency of love."

"Guard thy faith with holy care,—
Mystic virtues slumber there;
'Tis the lamp within the soul
Holding genii in control:
Faith shall walk the stormy water—
In the unequal strife prevail—
Nor, when comes the dread avatar
From its fiery splendors quail.
Faith shall triumph o'er the grave,
Love shall bless the life it gave."

### THE TRAILING ARBUTUS.

There's a flower that grows by the greenwood tree,
In its desolate beauty more dear to me,
Than all that bask in the noontide beam
Through the long, bright summer by fount and stream.
Like a pure hope, nursed beneath sorrow's wing,
Its timid buds from the cold moss spring,
Their delicate hues like the pink sea-shell,
Or the shaded blush of the hyacinth's bell,
Their breath more sweet than the faint perfume
That breathes from the bridal orange-bloom.

It is not found by the garden wall,
It wreathes no brow in the festal hall,
But it dwells in the depths of the shadowy wood,
And shines, like a star, in the solitude.
Never did numbers its name prolong,
Ne'er hath it floated on wings of song,
Bard and minstrel have passed it by,
And left it, in silence and shade, to die.
But with joy to its cradle the wild-bees come,
And praise its beauty with drony hum,
And children love, in the season of spring,
To watch for its earliest blossoming.

In the dewy morn of an April day,
When the traveller lingers along the way,
When the sod is sprinkled with tender green
Where rivulets water the earth, unseen,
When the floating fringe on the maple's crest
Rivals the tulip's crimson vest,
And the budding leaves of the birch-trees throw
A trembling shade on the turf below,
When my flower awakes from its dreamy rest
And yields its lips to the sweet south-west,
Then, in those beautiful days of spring,
With hearts as light as the wild-bird's wing,
Flinging their tasks and their toys aside,
Gay little groups through the wood-paths glide,
Peeping and peering among the trees
As they scent its breath on the passing breeze,
Hunting about, among lichens grey,
And the tangled mosses beside the way,
Till they catch the glance of its quiet eye,
Like light that breaks through a cloudy sky.

For me, sweet blossom, thy tendrils cling
Round my heart of hearts, as in childhood's spring,
And thy breath, as it floats on the wandering air,
Wakes all the music of memory there,
Thou recallest the time when, a fearless child,

Digitized by Google

I roved all day through the wood-walks wild,
Seeking thy blossoms by bank and brae
Wherever the snow-drifts had melted away.

Now as I linger, 'mid crowds alone,
Haunted by echoes of music flown,
When the shadows deepen around my way
And the light of reason but leads astray,
When affections, nurtured with fondest care
In the trusting heart, become traitors there,
When, weary of all that the world bestows,
I turn to nature for calm repose,
How fain my spirit, in some far glen,
Would fold her wings, 'mid thy flowers again!

### A CHILL DAY IN AUTUMN.

I love to wander through the woodlands hoary,
In the soft gloom of an autumnal day,
When Summer gathers up her robes of glory
And, like a dream of beauty, glides away.

How through each loved, familiar path she lingers,
Serenely smiling through the golden mist,
Tinting the wild grape with her dewy fingers,
Till the cool emerald turns to amethyst,—

Kindling the faint stars of the hazel, shining
To light the gloom of Autumn's mouldering halls,
With hoary plumes the clematis entwining,
Where, o'er the rock, her withered garland falls.

Warm lights are on the sleepy uplands waning
Beneath dark clouds along the horizon rolled,
Till the slant sunbeams through their fringes raining,
Bathe all the hills in melancholy gold.

The moist winds breathe of crisped leaves and flowers,
In the damp hollows of the woodland sown,
Mingling the freshness of autumnal showers
With spicy airs from cedarn alleys blown.

Beside the brook and on the umbered meadow,
Where yellow fern-tufts fleck the faded ground,
With folded lids beneath their palmy shadow,
The gentian nods, in dewy slumbers bound.

Upon those soft, fringed lids the bee sits brooding
Like a fond lover loth to say farewell;
Or, with shut wings, through silken folds intruding,
Creeps near her heart his drowsy tale to tell.

The little birds upon the hillside lonely,
Flit noiselessly along from spray to spray,
Silent as a sweet, wandering thought, that only
Shows its bright wings and softly glides away.

The scentless flowers, in the warm sunlight dreaming,
Forget to breathe their fulness of delight,—
And through the tranced woods soft airs are streaming,
Still as the dew-fall of the summer night.

So, in my heart, a sweet, unwonted feeling
Stirs, like the wind in ocean's hollow shell,
Through all its secret chambers sadly stealing,
Yet finds no words its mystic charm to tell.

### BLOOMS NO MORE.

Oh primavera, gioventù dell' anno,
Bella madre di fiori,
Tu torni bea, ma tesa
Non tornano i sereni
E fortunati di delle mie gioie.
GUARINI.

I dread to see the summer sun
Come glowing up the sky,
And early pansies, one by one,
Opening the violet eye.

Again the fair azalia bows
Beneath her snowy crest;
In yonder hedge the hawthorn blows,
The robin builds her nest;

The tulips lift their proud tiars,
The lilac waves her plumes;
And, peeping through my lattice bars,
The rose-acacia blooms.

But she can bloom on earth no more,
Whose early doom I mourn;
Nor Spring nor Summer can restore
Our flower, untimely shorn.

She was our morning glory,
Our primrose, pure and pale,
Our little mountain daisy,
Our lily of the vale.

Now dim as folded violets,
Her eyes of dewy light;
And her rosy lips have mournfully
Breathed out their last good-night.

'Tis therefore that I dread to see
The glowing Summer sun;
And the balmy blossoms on the tree,
Unfolding one by one.

### HENRY REED.

HENRY REED, the late Professor of Literature and Moral Philosophy in the University of Pennsylvania, whose sudden death among the passengers of the steamer Arctic cast a shade over the intelligent circle in which he moved, belonged to an old and honored family in the state. His grandfather was Joseph Reed, the President of Pennsylvania, the secretary and confidant of Washington, and the incorruptible patriot, whose memorable answer to a munificent proposal of bribery and corruption from the British commissioners in 1778, is among the oft-repeated anecdotes of the Revolution:—"I am not worth purchasing, but, such as I am, the king of Great Britain is not rich enough to do it."

The wife of this honored lawyer and civilian also holds a place in the memoirs of the Revolution. Esther de Berdt, as she appears from the correspondence and numerous anecdotes in the biography prepared by her grandson, the subject of this notice,* was a lady of marked strength of character and refined disposition. She was the daughter of Dennis de Berdt, a London merchant much connected with American affairs, and the predecessor of Dr. Franklin as agent for the Province of Massachusetts. Having become acquainted with Mr. Reed in the society of Americans in which her father moved, she became his wife under circumstances of mournful interest, after the death of her parent, when removing to America she encountered the struggle of the Revolution, sustaining her family with great fortitude during the necessary absence of her husband on public duties. After acting well her part of a mother in America in those troublous times, and receiving the congratulations of Washington, she died in Philadelphia before the contest was closed, in 1780. The memoir by her grandson is a touching and delicate tribute to her memory,

* The Life of Esther De Berdt, afterwards Esther Reed, of Pennsylvania. Privately printed. Philadelphia: C. Sherman, Printer, 1853.

Digitized by Google

and a valuable contribution to the historical literature of the country.

Henry Reed

Henry Reed was born in Philadelphia, July 11, 1808. He received his early education in the classical school of James Ross, a highly esteemed teacher of his day in Philadelphia. Passing to the University of Pennsylvania, he attained his degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1825. He then pursued the study of the law in the office of John Sargent, and was admitted to the bar in 1829. After a short interval, he was, in the year 1831, elected Assistant Professor of English Literature in his University, and shortly after Assistant Professor of Moral Philosophy. In 1835 he was elected Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature. It was on a leave of absence from these college duties, that, in the spring of 1854, he left America for a summer visit to Europe, a pilgrimage which he had long meditated; and it was on his return in the ill-fated Arctic that he perished in the wreck of that vessel, September 27 of the same year. He had thus passed one-half of his entire period of life in the literary duties of his college, as professor.

When we add to these few dates, Professor Reed's marriage in 1834 to Elizabeth White Bronson, a grand-daughter of Bishop White, we have completed the external record of his life, save in the few publications which he gave to the world. A diligent scholar, and of a thoroughbred cultivation in the best schools of English literature and criticism, of unwearied habits of industry, he would probably, as life advanced, have further served his country by new offerings of the fruits of his mental discipline and studies.

The chief compositions of Professor Reed were several courses of lectures which he delivered to the public at the University of Pennsylvania, and of which a collection has been published since his death, by his brother, Mr. William B. Reed, with the title, *Lectures on English Literature, from Chaucer to Tennyson.* The tastes, mental habits, and associations of the writer, are fully exhibited in these productions, which cover many topics of moral and social philosophy, besides the criticism of particular authors. As a scholar and thinker, Mr. Reed belonged to a school of English writers who received their first impulses from the genius of Wordsworth and Coleridge. It is characterized by its sound conservatism, reverential spirit, and patient philosophical investigation. He was early brought into communication with Wordsworth, whom he assisted by the supervision and arrangement of an American edition of his poems. The preface to this work, and an elaborate article in the New York Review, of January, 1839, which appeared from his pen, show his devotion to this master of modern poetry. After the death of the poet, he superintended the publication of the American edition of the memoirs by Dr. Christopher Wordsworth.

With the Coleridge family, he maintained a similar correspondence and intimate relation. A memoir which he prepared of Sara Coleridge for the Literary World,* though brief, was so carefully and characteristically executed, that it appeared not long after reprinted entire among the obituaries of the Gentleman's Magazine.

A passage, referring to his foreign tour, from the personal introductory notice prefixed to the Lectures, will exhibit this relation to his English friends.

No American, visiting the Old World as a private citizen, ever received a kinder or more discriminating welcome. The last months of his life were pure sunshine. Before he landed in England, his friends, the family of Dr. Arnold, whom he had only known by correspondence, came on board the ship to receive him; and his earliest and latest hours of European sojourn were passed under the roof of the great poet whose memory he most revered, and whose writings had interwoven themselves with his intellectual and moral being. "I do not know," he said in one of his letters to his family, "what I have ever done to deserve all this kindness." And so it was throughout. In England he was at home in every sense; and scenes, which to the eye were strange, seemed familiar by association and study. His letters to America were expressions of grateful delight at what he saw and heard in the land of his forefathers, and at the respectful kindness with which he was everywhere greeted: and yet of earnest and loyal yearning to the land of his birth —his home, his family, and friends. It is no violation of good taste here to enumerate some of the friends for whose kind welcome Mr. Reed was so much indebted; I may mention the Wordsworths, Southeys, Coleridges, and Arnolds, Lord Mahon, Mr. Baring, Mr. Aubrey De Vere, Mr. Babbage, Mr. Henry Taylor, and Mr. Thackeray—names, one and all, associated with the highest literary or political distinction.

He visited the Continent, and went, by the ordinary route, through France and Switzerland, as far south as Milan and Venice, returning by the Tyrol to Inspruck and Munich, and thence down the Rhine to Holland. But his last associations were with the cloisters of Canterbury (that spot, to my eye, of matchless beauty), the garden vales of Devonshire, the valley of the Wye, and the glades of Rydal. His latest memory of this earth was of beautiful England in her summer garb of verdure. The last words he ever wrote were in a letter of the 20th September to his venerable friend, Mrs. Wordsworth, thanking her and his English friends generally for all she and they had done for him.

Professor Reed edited several books in con-

* No. 200, Aug. 21, 1852.

Digitized by Google

nexion with his courses of instruction. In 1845 he prepared an edition of Alexander Reid's Dictionary of the English Language, and in 1847 edited "with an introduction and illustrative authorities," G. F. Graham's English Synonymes—the series of poetical citations added by him, being confined to Shakespeare, Milton, and Wordsworth. He also edited American reprints of Thomas Arnold's Lectures on Modern History, and Lord Mahon's History of England from the Peace of Utrecht to the Peace of Paris.

In 1851 he edited the Poetical Works of Thomas Gray, for which he prepared a new memoir, written with his accustomed judgment and precision. An Oration on a True Education was delivered by him before the Zelosophic Society of the University of Pennsylvania in 1848. To this enumeration is to be added a life of his grandfather, Joseph Reed, published in Mr. Sparks's series of American biography.*

The life and correspondence of Joseph Reed have been given to the public at length by Mr. William B. Reed, who is also the author of several published addresses and pamphlets, chiefly on historical subjects. Among them are *A Letter on American History* in 1847, originally written for circulation among a few friends interested in the organization of a department of that study in Girard College; an Address before the Historical Society in Pennsylvania in 1848; an Address before the Alumni of the University of Pennsylvania in 1849; and a Reprint of the original Letters from Washington to Joseph Reed, in connexion with the Sparks and Lord Mahon controversy.†

### POETICAL AND PROSE READING.‡

It is a good practical rule to keep one's reading well proportioned in the two great divisions, prose and poetry. This is very apt to be neglected, and the consequence is a great loss of power, moral and intellectual, and a loss of some of the highest enjoyments of literature. It sometimes happens that some readers devote themselves too much to poetry; this is a great mistake, and betrays an ignorance of the true use of poetical studies. When this happens, it is generally with those whose reading lies chiefly in the lower and merely sentimental region of poetry, for it is hardly possible for the imagination to enter truly into the spirit of the great poets, without having the various faculties of the mind so awakened and invigorated, as to make a knowledge of the great prose writers also a necessity of one's nature.

The disproportion lies usually in the other direction—prose reading to the exclusion of poetry. This is owing chiefly to the want of proper culture, for although there is certainly a great disparity of imaginative endowment, still the imagination is part of the universal mind of man, and it is a work of education to bring it into action in minds even the least imaginative. It is chiefly to the wilfully unimaginative mind that poetry, with all its wisdom and all its glory, is a sealed book. It sometimes happens, however, that a mind, well gifted with imaginative power, loses the capacity to relish poetry simply by the neglect of reading metrical literature. This is a sad mistake, inasmuch as the mere reader of prose cuts himself off from the very highest literary enjoyments; for if the giving of power to the mind be a characteristic, the most essential literature is to be found in poetry, especially if it be such as English poetry is, the embodiment of the very highest wisdom and the deepest feeling of our English race. I hope to show in my next lecture, in treating the subject of our language, how rich a source of enjoyment the study of English verse, considered simply as an organ of expression and harmony, may be made; but to readers who confine themselves to prose, the metrical form becomes repulsive instead of attractive. It has been well observed by a living writer, who has exercised his powers alike in prose and verse, that there are readers "to whom the poetical form merely and of itself acts as a sort of veil to every meaning, which is not habitually met with under that form, and who are puzzled by a passage occurring in a poem, which would be at once plain to them if divested of its cadence and rhythm; not because it is thereby put into language in any degree more perspicuous, but because prose is the vehicle they are accustomed to for this particular kind of matter, and they will apply their minds to it in prose, and they will refuse their minds to it in verse."

The neglect of poetical reading is increased by the very mistaken notion that poetry is a mere luxury of the mind, alien from the demands of practical life—a light and effortless amusement. This is the prejudice and error of ignorance. For look at many of the strong and largely cultivated minds, which we know by biography and their own works, and note how large and precious an element of strength is their studious love of poetry. Where could we find a man of more earnest, energetic, practical cast of character than Arnold?—eminent as an historian, and in other the gravest departments of thought and learning, active in the cause of education, zealous in matters of ecclesiastical, political, or social reform; right or wrong, always intensely practical and single-hearted in his honest zeal; a champion for truth, whether in the history of ancient politics or present questions of modern society; and, with all, never suffering the love of poetry to be extinguished in his heart, or to be crowded out of it, but turning it perpetually to wise uses, bringing the poetic truths of Shakespeare and of Wordsworth to the help of the cause of truth; his enthusiasm for the poets breaking forth, when he exclaims, "What a treat it would be to teach Shakspeare to a good class of young Greeks in regenerate Athens; to dwell upon him line by line and word by word, and so to get all his pictures and thoughts leisurely into one's mind, till I verily think one would, after a time, almost give out light in the dark, after having been steeped, as it were, in such an atmosphere of brilliance!"

This was the constitution not of one man alone, but of the greatest minds of the race; for if our Anglo-Saxon character could be analysed, a leading characteristic would be found to be the admirable combination of the practical and the poetical in it. This is reflected in all the best English literature, blending the ideal and the actual, never severing its highest spirituality from a steady basis of sober good sense—philosophy and poetry for ever disclosing affinities with each other. It was no false boast when it was said that "Our great poets have been our best political philosophers;" nor would it be to add, that they have been our best moralists. The reader, then, who, on the one hand, gives himself wholly to visionary poetic dreamings, is false to his Saxon blood; and equally false is he who diver-

* Life and Correspondence of Joseph Reed, Military Secretary of General Washington at Cambridge, President of the Executive Council of Pennsylvania, &c. 2 vols. 8vo. Phila. 1847.

† *Ante*, vol. I. p. 180.

‡ From Professor Reed's Lectures on English Literature.

Digitized by Google

ces himself from communion with the poets. There is no great philosopher in our language in whose genius imagination is not an active element; there is no great poet in whose character the philosophic element does not largely enter. This should teach us a lesson in our studies of English literature.

For the combination of prose and poetic reading, a higher authority is to be found than the predominant characteristic of the Saxon intellect as displayed in our literature. In the One Book, which, given for the good of all mankind, is supernaturally fitted for all phases of humanity and all conditions of civilization, observe that the large components of it are history and poetry. How little else is there in the Bible! In the Old Testament all is chronicle and song, and the high-wrought poetry of prophecy. In the New Testament are the same elements, with this difference, that the actual and the imaginative are more interpenetrated—narrative and parable, fact and poetry blended in matchless harmony; and even in the most argumentative portion of holy Writ, the poetic element is still present, to be followed by the vision and imagery of the Apocalypse.

Such is the unquestioned combination of poetry and prose in sacred Writ—the best means, we must believe, for the universal and perpetual good of man; and if literature have, as I have endeavored to prove, a kindred character, of an agency to build up our incorporeal being, then does it follow that we should take this silent warning from the pages of Revelation, and combine in our literary culture the same elements of the actual and the ideal or imaginative.

#### COMPANIONSHIP OF THE SEXES IN THE STUDY OF LITERATURE.

All that is essential literature belongs alike to mind of woman and of man; it demands the same kind of culture from each, and most salutary may the companionship of mind be found, giving reciprocal help by the diversity of their power. Let us see how this will be. In the first place, a good habit of reading, whether in man or woman, may be described as the combination of passive recipiency from the book and the mind's reaction upon it; this equipoise is true culture. But, in a great deal of reading, the passiveness of impression is well nigh all, for it is luxurious indolence, and the reactive process is neglected. With the habitual novel-reader, for instance, the luxury of reading becomes a perpetual stimulant, with no demand on the mind's own energy, and slowly wearing it away. The true enjoyment of books is when there is a co-operating power in the reader's mind—an active sympathy with the book; and those are the best books which demand that of you. And here let me notice how unfortunate and, indeed, mischievous a term is the word "taste" as applied in intercourse with literature or art; a metaphor taken from a passive sense, it fosters that lamentable error, that literature, which requires the strenuous exertion of action and sympathy, may be left to mere passive impressions. The temptation to receive an author's mind unreflectingly and passively is common to us all, but greater, I believe, for women, who gain, however, the advantages of a readier sympathy and a more unquestioning faith. The man's mind reacts more on the book, sets himself more in judgment upon it, and trusts less to his feelings; but, in all this, he is in more danger of bringing his faculties separately into action; he is more apt to be misled by our imperfect systems of metaphysics, which give us none but the most meagre theories of the human mind, and which are destined, I believe, to be swept away, if ever a great philosopher should devote himself to the work of analysing the processes of thought. That pervading error of drawing a broad line of demarcation between our moral and intellectual nature, instead of recognising the intimate interdependence of thought and feeling, is a fallacy that scarce affects the workings of a woman's spirit. If a gifted and cultivated woman take a thoughtful interest in a book, she brings her whole being to bear on it, and hence there will often be a better assurance of truth in her conclusions than in man's more logical deductions, just as, by a similar process, she often shows finer and quicker tact in the discrimination of character. It has been justly remarked, that, with regard "to women of the highest intellectual endowments, we feel that we do them the utmost injustice in designating them by such terms as 'clever,' 'able,' 'learned,' 'intellectual;' they never present themselves to our minds as such. There is a sweetness, or a truth, or a kindness—some grace, some charm, some distinguishing moral characteristic which keeps the intellect in due subordination, and brings them to our thoughts, temper, mind, affections, one harmonious whole."

A woman's mind receiving true culture and preserving its fidelity to all womanly instincts, makes her, in our intercourse with literature, not only a companion, but a counsellor and a helpmate, fulfilling in this sphere the purposes of her creation. It is in letters as in life, and there (as has been well said) the woman "who praises and blames, persuades and resists, warns or exhorts upon occasion given, and carries her love through all with a strong heart, and not a weak fondness—she is the true helpmate."

Cowper, speaking of one of his female friends, writes, "She is a critic by nature and not by rule, and has a perception of what is good or bad in composition, that I never knew deceive her; insomuch that when two sorts of expressions have pleaded equally for the precedence in my own esteem, and I have referred, as in such cases I always did, the decision of the point to her, I never knew her at a loss for a just one."

His best biographer, Southey, alluding to himself, and to the influence exerted on Wordsworth's mind by the genius of the poet's sister, adds the comment, "Were I to say that a poet finds his best advisers among his female friends, it would be speaking from my own experience, and the greatest poet of the age would confirm it by his. But never was any poet more indebted to such friends than Cowper. Had it not been for Mrs. Unwin, he would probably never have appeared in his own person as an author; had it not been for Lady Austin, he never would have been a popular one."

The same principles which cause the influences thus salutary to authorship, will carry it into reading and study, so that by virtue of this companionship the logical processes in the man's mind shall be tempered with more of affection, subdued to less of wilfulness, and to a truer power of sympathy; and the woman's spirit shall lose none of its earnest, confiding apprehensiveness in gaining more of reasoning and reflection; and so, by reciprocal influences, that vicious divorcement of our moral and intellectual natures shall be done away with, and the powers of thought and the powers of affection be brought into that harmony which is wisdom. The woman's mind must rise to a wiser activity, the man's to a wiser passiveness; each true to its nature, they may consort in such just companionship that strength of mind shall pass from each to each; and thus chastened and invigorated, the common humanity of the sexes rises higher than it could be carried by either the powers peculiar to man or the powers peculiar to woman.

Digitized by Google

Now in proof of this, if we were to analyse the philosophy which Coleridge employed in his judgment on books, and by which he may be said to have made criticism a precious department of literature—raising it into a higher and purer region than was ever approached by the contracted and shallow dogmatism of the earlier schools of critics—it would, I think, be proved that he differed from them in nothing more than this, that he cast aside the wilfulness and self-assurance of the more reasoning faculties; his marvellous powers were wedded to a child-like humility and a womanly confidingness, and thus his spirit found an avenue, closed to feeble and less docile intellects, into the deep places of the souls of mighty poets; his genius as a critic rose to its majestic height, not only by its inborn manly strength, but because, with woman-like faith, it first bowed beneath the law of obedience and love.

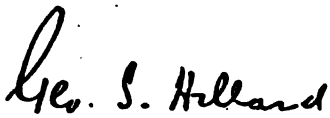
It is a beautiful example of the companionship of the manly and womanly mind, that this great critic of whom I have been speaking proclaimed, by both principle and practice, that the sophistications which are apt to gather round the intellects of men, clouding their vision, are best cleared away by that spiritual condition more congenial to the souls of women, the interpenetrating the reasoning powers with the affections.

Coleridge taught his daughter that there is a spirit of love to which the truth is not obscured; that there are natural partialities, moral sympathies, which clear rather than cloud the vision of the mind; that in our communion with books, as with mankind, it is not true that "love is blind." The daughter has preserved the lesson in lines worthy of herself, her sire, and the precious truth embodied in them:

> Passion is blind, not love; her wondrous might
> Informs with three-fold power man's inward sight;
> To her deep glance the soul, at large displayed,
> Shows all its mingled mass of light and shade:
> Men call her blind, when she but turns her head,
> Nor scan the fault for which her tears are shed.
> Can dull Indifference or Hate's troubled gaze
> See through the secret heart's mysterious maze?
> Can Scorn and Envy pierce that "dread abode"
> Where true faults rest beneath the eye of God?
> Not theirs, 'mid inward darkness, to discern
> The spiritual splendours, how they shine and burn.
> All bright endowments of a noble mind
> They, who with joy behold them, soonest find;
> And better none its stains of frailty know
> Than they who fain would see it white as snow.

### GEORGE STILLMAN HILLARD

Was born at Machias, Maine, September 22, 1808. He was educated at the Boston Latin school, of which he afterwards published some curious reminiscences. He entered Harvard, where his name appears in the catalogue of graduates in 1828, and where, in the senior year of his course, he was one of the editors of the college periodical, The Harvard Register. He next passed to the law school of the college and the office of Charles P. Curtis, where he pursued his legal studies, and soon became an accomplished member of the Suffolk bar. In 1833 or 1834 Mr. Hillard was, with Mr. George Ripley, a conductor of the weekly



Unitarian newspaper, the Christian Register. In 1835 he delivered the anniversary address on the Fourth of July before the city authorities. He has been a member of the city council and an influential representative in both branches of the State Legislature.

The literary occupations with which Mr. Hillard has varied an active professional life are numerous. He edited in 1839 a Boston edition of the Poetical Works of Spenser, to which he wrote a critical introduction. In 1843 he was the Phi Beta Kappa orator at Cambridge.

In 1847 he delivered twelve lectures, in the course of the Lowell Institute, on the genius and writings of John Milton, which remain unpublished. Having made a tour to Europe in the years 1846 and 1847, he published in 1853, some time after his return, a record of a portion of his journey, entitled *Six Months in Italy*. It is a book of thoughts, impressions, and careful description of objects of history, art, and of social characteristics of a permanent interest; and has acquired a position with the public seldom accorded to the mere record of personal adventure.

In 1852 Mr. Hillard was chosen by the city council of Boston to deliver the public eulogy, in connexion with the procession and funeral services of the thirtieth of November, in memory of Daniel Webster. His address on this occasion was marked by its ease, dignity, and eloquence.

Besides these writings, Mr. Hillard is the author of a memoir of Captain John Smith, in Mr. Sparks's series of American Biography.

As a contributor to the best journals of his time articles from his pen have frequently appeared on select topics. He was one of the body of excellent writers attached to Mr. Buckingham's New England Magazine, where he wrote a series of Literary Portraits, the articles Selections from the Papers of an Idler, etc. To the North American Review and Christian Examiner he has occasionally furnished critical articles.* In addition to the addresses already enumerated we may mention discourses on Geography and History, read before the American Institute of Instruction, Boston, 1846; on the Dangers and Duties of the Mercantile Profession, before the Mercantile Library Association of Boston, in 1850; and an oration before the New England Society of the Pilgrims of New York, in 1851.

#### RUINS IN ROME—FROM SIX MONTHS IN ITALY.

The traveller who visits Rome with a mind at all inhabited by images from books, especially if he come from a country like ours, where all is new, enters it with certain vague and magnificent expectations on the subject of ruins, which are pretty sure to end in disappointment. The very name of a ruin paints a picture upon the fancy. We construct at once an airy fabric which shall satisfy all the claims of the imaginative eye. We build it of such material that every fragment shall have a beauty of its own. We shatter it with such graceful desolation that all the lines shall be picturesque, and every broken outline traced upon the sky shall at once charm and sadden the eye. We wreathe it with a becoming drapery of ivy, and crown its battlements with long grass, which gives a voice to the wind

* We may refer to his articles in the North American Review on Sebastian Cabot, vol. xxxiv.; Chief-Justice Marshall, vol. xlii.; Prescott's Mexico, vol. lviii. In the Christian Examiner he has reviewed Ticknor's Spanish Literature, vol. xlviii.; and Everett's Orations and Speeches, vol. xlix.

Digitized by Google

that waves it to and fro. We set it in a becoming position, relieve it with some appropriate background, and touch it with soft melancholy light—with the mellow hues of a deepening twilight, or, better still, with the moon's idealizing rays.

In Rome, such visions, if they exist in the mind, are rudely dispelled by the touch of reality. Many of the ruins in Rome are not happily placed for effect upon the eye and mind. They do not stand apart in solitary grandeur, forming a shrine for memory and thought, and evolving an atmosphere of their own. They are often in unfavorable positions, and bear the shadow of disenchanting proximities. The tide of population flows now in different channels from those of antiquity, and in far less volume; but Rome still continues a large capital, and we can nowhere escape from the debasing associations of actual life. The trail of the present is everywhere over the past. The forum is a cattle-market strewn with wisps of hay, and animated with bucolical figures that never played upon the pipe of Tityrus, or taught the woods to repeat the name of Amaryllis. The pert villa of an English gentleman has intruded itself into the palace of the Cæsars—as discordant an object to a sensitive Idealist as the pink parasol of a lady's-maid, which put to flight the reveries of some romantic traveller under the shadow of the great pyramid. The Temple of Antoninus Pius is turned into the custom-house. The mausoleum of Augustus is encrusted with paltry houses, like an antique coin embedded in lava, and cannot even be discovered without the help of a guide. The beautiful columns of the Theatre of Marcellus—Virgil's Marcellus—are stuck upon the walls of the Orsini Palace, and defaced by dirty shops at the base. Ancient grandeur is degraded to sordid modern uses. "Mummy is become merchandise; Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams."

To most men, ruins are merely phenomena, or, at most, the moral of a tale; but to the antiquary they are texts. They have a secondary interest, founded upon the employment they have given to the mind, and the learning they have called forth. We value everything in proportion as it awakens our faculties, and supplies us with an end and aim. The scholar, who finds in a bath or a temple a nucleus for his vague and divergent reading to gather around, feels for it something like gratitude as well as attachment; for though it was merely a point of departure, yet, without it, the glow and ardor of the chase would not have quickened his languid energies into life. Scott, in his introduction to the "Monastery," has described with much truth as well as humor the manner in which Captain Clutterbuck became interested in the ruins of Kennaquhair—how they supplied him with an object in life, and how his health of body and mind improved the moment he had something to read about, think about, and talk about. Every ruin in Rome has had such devoted and admiring students, and many of these shapeless and mouldering fabrics have been the battle-grounds of antiquarian controversy, in which the real points at issue have been lost in the learned dust which the combatants have raised. The books which have been written upon the antiquities of Rome would make a large library; but when we walk down, on a sunny morning, to look at the Basilica of Constantine or the Temple of Nerva, we do not think of the folios which are slumbering in the archives, but only of the objects before us.

THE PICTURESQUE IN ROME—FROM SIX MONTHS IN ITALY.

Every young artist dreams of Rome as the spot where all his visions may be realized; and it would indeed seem that there, in a greater degree than anywhere else, were gathered those influences which expand the blossoms, and ripen the fruit of genius. Nothing can be more delicious than the first experiences of a dreamy and imaginative young man who comes from a busy and prosaic city, to pursue the study of art in Rome. He finds himself transported into a new world, where everything is touched with finer lights and softer shadows. The hurry and bustle to which he has been accustomed are no longer perceived. No sounds of active life break the silence of his studies, but the stillness of a Sabbath morning rests over the whole city. The figures whom he meets in the streets move leisurely, and no one has the air of being due at a certain place at a certain time. All his experiences, from his first waking moment till the close of the day, are calculated to quicken the imagination and train the eye. The first sound which he hears in the morning, mingling with his latest dreams, is the dash of a fountain in a neighboring square. When he opens his window, he sees the sun resting upon some dome or tower, grey with time, and heavily freighted with traditions. He takes his breakfast in the ground-floor of an old palazzo, still bearing the stamp of faded splendor, and looks out upon a sheltered garden, in which orange and lemon trees grow side by side with oleanders and roses. While he is sipping his coffee, a little girl glides in, and lays a bunch of violets by the side of his plate, with an expression in her serious black eyes which would make his fortune if he could transfer it to canvas. During the day, his only difficulty is how to employ his boundless wealth of opportunity. There are the Vatican and the Capitol, with treasures of art enough to occupy a patriarchal life of observation and study. There are the palaces of the nobility, with their stately architecture, and their rich collections of painting and sculpture. Of the three hundred and sixty churches in Rome, there is not one which does not contain some picture, statue, mosaic, or monumental structure, either of positive excellence or historical interest. And when the full mind can receive no more impressions, and he comes into the open air for repose, he finds himself surrounded with objects which quicken and feed the sense of art. The dreary monotony of uniform brick walls, out of which doors and windows are cut at regular intervals, no longer disheartens the eye, but the view is everywhere varied by churches, palaces, public buildings, and monuments, not always of positive architectural merit, but each with a distinctive character of its own. The very fronts of the houses have as individual an expression as human faces in a crowd. His walks are full of exhilarating surprises. He comes unawares upon a fountain, a column, or an obelisk—a pine or a cypress—a ruin or a statue. The living forms which he meets are such as he would gladly pause and transfer to his sketch-book—ecclesiastics with garments of flowing black, and shovel-hats upon their heads—capuchins in robes of brown—peasant girls from Albano, in their holiday boddices, with black hair lying in massive braids, large brown eyes, and broad, low foreheads—beggars with white beards, whose rags flutter picturesquely in the breeze, and who ask alms with the dignity of Roman senators. Beyond the walls are the villas, with their grounds and gardens, like landscapes sitting for their pictures; and then the infinite, inexhaustible Campagna, set in its splendid frame of mountains, with its tombs and aqueducts, its skeleton cities and nameless ruins, its clouds and cloud-shadows, its memories and traditions. He sees the sun go down behind the dome of St. Peter's, and light up the windows of the drum with his red blaze, and the dusky veil of twilight gradually ex-

Digitized by Google

tend over the whole horizon. In the moonlight evenings he walks to the Colosseum, or to the piazza of St. Peter's, or to the ruins of the Forum, and under a light which conceals all that is unsightly, and idealizes all that is impressive, may call up the spirit of the past, and bid the buried majesty of old Rome start from its tomb.

To these incidental influences which train the hand and eye of an artist, indirectly, and through the mind, are to be added many substantial and direct advantages,—such as the abundance of models to draw from, the facility of obtaining assistance and instruction, the presence of an atmosphere of art, and the quickening impulse communicated by constant contact with others engaged in the same pursuits, and animated with the same hopes. If, besides all these external influences, the mind of the young artist be at peace,—if he be exempt from the corrosion of anxious thoughts, and live in the light of hope, there would seem to be nothing wanting to develope every germ of power, and to secure the amplest harvest of beauty.

### HUGH MOORE.

A SELF-EDUCATED man, and practical printer, was born in Amherst, N. H., Nov. 19, 1808. He served his time as an apprentice with his brother-in-law, Elijah Mansur, at Amherst; published *Time's Mirror*, a weekly newspaper, at Concord for a short time, in the autumn of 1828; commenced the Democratic Spy at Sanbornton, October, 1829, which was removed to Gilford in 1830, and discontinued in June, the same year. He was afterwards editor of the Burlington Centinel, and at one time connected with the Custom House in Boston. He died at Amherst, February 18, 1837.

The New Hampshire Book, which gives two specimens of his poetical pieces, which were written when he was quite young, speaks of his death as occurring when he was "about entering upon a station of increased honor and responsibility."

#### OLD WINTER IS COMING.

Old Winter is coming again—alack!
  How icy and cold is he!
He cares not a pin for a shivering back—
He's a saucy old chap to white and black—
He whistles his chills with a wonderful knack,
  For he comes from a cold countree!

A witty old fellow this Winter is—
  A mighty old fellow for glee!
He cracks his jokes on the pretty, sweet miss,
The wrinkled old maiden, unfit to kiss,
And freezes the dew of their lips: for this
  Is the way with old fellows like he!

Old Winter's a frolicsome blade I wot—
  He is wild in his humor, and free!
He'll whistle along, for "the want of thought,"
And set all the warmth of our furs at naught,
And ruffle the laces by pretty girls bought—
  A frolicsome fellow is he!

Old winter is blowing his gusts along,
  And merrily shaking the tree!
From morning 'till night he will sing his song—
Now moaning, and short—now howling, and long,
His voice is loud—for his lungs are strong—
  A merry old fellow is he!

Old Winter's a tough old fellow for blows,
  As tough as ever you see!
He will trip up our *trotters*, and rend our clothes,
And stiffen our limbs from our fingers to toes—
He minds not the cries of his friends or his foes—
  A tough old fellow is he!

A cunning old fellow is Winter, they say,
  A cunning old fellow is he!
He peeps in the crevices day by day,
To see how we're passing our time away—
And marks all our doings from grave to gay
  I'm afraid he is peeping at me!

#### SPRING IS COMING.

Every breeze that passes o'er us,
Every stream that leaps before us,
Every tree in silvan brightness
Bending to the soft winds' lightness;
Every bird and insect humming
Whispers sweetly, "Spring is coming!"

Rouse thee, boy! the sun is beaming
  Brightly in thy chamber now;
Rouse thee, boy! nor slumber, dreaming
  Of sweet maiden's eye and brow.
See! o'er Nature's wide dominions,
  Beauty revels as a bride;
All the plumage of her pinions
  In the rainbow's hues is dyed!

Gentle maiden, vainly weeping
  O'er some loved and faithless one;
Rouse thee! give thy tears in keeping
  To the glorious morning sun!
Roam thou where the flowers are springing,
  Where the whirling stream goes by;
Where the birds are sweetly singing
  Underneath a blushing sky!

Rouse thee, hoary man of sorrow!
  Let thy grief no more subdue;
God will cheer thee on the morrow,
  With a prospect ever new.
Though you now weep tears of sadness,
  Like a withered flower bedewed;
Soon thy heart shall smile in gladness
  With the holy, just, and good!

Frosty Winter, cold and dreary,
  Totters to the arms of Spring,
Like the spirit, sad and weary,
  Taking an immortal wing.
Cold the grave to every bosom,
  As the Winter's keenest breath;
Yet the buds of joy will blossom
  Even in the vale of Death!

### B. B. THATCHER.

BENJAMIN B. THATCHER was born in the state of Maine in the year 1809. His father was a distinguished lawyer, and for many years a representative in Congress. The son, on the completion of his course at Bowdoin College in 1826, commenced the study of law, and was admitted to practice at Boston, where he resided during the remainder of his life. He was a constant contributor to the leading literary periodicals of the day, and in 1832 published a work entitled *Indian Biography*, which forms two volumes of Harpers' Family Library. He afterwards prepared two volumes on *Indian Traits*, for a juvenile series, "The Boys' and Girls' Library," issued by the same house. He also wrote a brief memoir of Phillis Wheatley. In 1838 he visited Europe for the benefit of his health, but returned after passing nearly two years in England, in a worse state than that in which he left home.

Digitized by Google

He died on the fourteenth of July, 1840. His poems are numerous, and mostly of a meditative and descriptive character. They are all brief, and like most of his prose productions, are scattered over a number of annuals and magazines.

THE LAST REQUEST.

Bury me by the ocean's side—
Oh! give me a grave on the verge of the deep,
Where the noble tide
When the sea-gales blow, my marble may sweep—
And the glistering turf
Shall burst o'er the surf,
And bathe my cold bosom in death as I sleep!

Bury me by the sea—
That the vesper at eve-fall may ring o'er my grave,
Like the hymn of the bee,
Or the hum of the shell, in the silent wave!
Or an anthem roar
Shall be rolled on the shore
By the storm, like a mighty march of the brave!

Bury me by the deep—
Where a living footstep never may tread;
And come not to weep—
Oh! wake not with sorrow the dream of the dead,
But leave me the dirge
Of the breaking surge,
And the silent tears of the sea on my head!

And grave no Parian praise;
Gather no bloom for the heartless tomb,—
And burn no holy blaze
To flatter the awe of its solemn gloom!
For the holier light
Of the star-eyed night,
And the violet morning, my rest will illume:—

And honors more dear
Than of sorrow and love, shall be strown on my clay
By the young green year,
With the fragrant dews and crimson array.—
Oh! leave me to sleep
On the verge of the deep,
Till the skies and the seas shall have passed away!

## HANNAH F. GOULD.

HANNAH FLAGG GOULD is the daughter of a soldier of the Revolution, who fought in the battle of Lexington, and served in the army throughout the war. She was born at Lancaster, Vermont, but removed soon after to Newburyport, Mass. While yet a child she lost her mother. Her father survived for several years, his declining age being tenderly cared for and cheered by his constant companion, his daughter, whose subsequent poems contain many touching traces of their intercourse.



Miss Gould's poems, after a favorable reception in several periodicals, were collected in a volume in 1833. By 1835, a second had accumulated, and a third appeared in 1841. In 1846, she collected a volume of her prose contributions, entitled *Gathered Leaves*.

Miss Gould's poems are all short, and simple in subject, form, and expression. They are natural, harmonious, and sprightly. She treats of the patriotic themes of the Revolution, and the scenes of nature and incidents of society about the ordinary path of woman; and her household themes have gained her a widely extended audience.

Some of her prettiest poems were written for children, with whom they are favorites. In 1850, she published *The Youth's Coronal*, a little collection of verses of this class.

THE FROST.

The Frost looked forth one still, clear night,
And whispered, "Now I shall be out of sight,
So through the valley and over the height,
In silence I'll take my way.
I will not go on like that blustering train,
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain,
But I'll be as busy as they!"

Then he flew to the mountain, and powdered its crest;
He lit on the trees, and their boughs he drest
In diamond beads—and over the breast
Of the quivering lake, he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The downward point of many a spear,
That he hung on its margin, far and near,
Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept,
And over each pane, like a fairy, crept;
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,
By the light of the morn were seen
Most beautiful things; there were flowers and trees,
There were bevies of birds and swarms of bees;
There were cities with temples and towers; and these
All pictured in silver sheen!

But he did one thing that was hardly fair—
He peeped in the cupboard, and finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare,
"Now, just to set them a-thinking,
I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he,
"This costly pitcher I'll burst in three;
And the glass of water they've left for me
Shall 'tchick!' to tell them I'm drinking!"

MARY DOW.

"Come in, little stranger," I said,
As she tapped at my half-open door,
While the blanket pinned over her head,
Just reached to the basket she bore.

A look full of innocence fell
From her modest and pretty blue eye,
As she said, "I have matches to sell,
And hope you are willing to buy.

"A penny a bunch is the price;
I think you'll not find it too much;
They're tied up so even and nice,
And ready to light with a touch."

I asked, "what's your name, little girl?"
"'T is Mary," said she, "Mary Dow."
And carelessly tossed off a curl,
That played o'er her delicate brow.

"My father was lost in the deep,
The ship never got to the shore;
And mother is sad, and will weep,
When she hears the wind blow and sea roar.

"She sits there at home without food,
Beside our poor sick Willie's bed;
She paid all her money for wood,
And so I sell matches for bread.



Digitized by Google

"For every time that she tries,
Some things she'd be paid for, to make,
And lays down the baby, it cries,
And that makes my sick brother wake.

"I'd go to the yard and get chips,
But then it would make me too sad;
To see men there building the ships,
And think they had made one so bad.

"I've one other gown, and with care,
We think it may decently pass,
With my bonnet that's put by to wear
To meeting and Sunday-school class.

"I love to go there, where I'm taught
Of One, who 's so wise and so good,
He knows every action and thought,
And gives e'en the raven his food.

"For He, I am sure, who can take
Such fatherly care of a bird,
Will never forget or forsake
The children who trust to his word.

"And now, if I only can sell
The matches I brought out to-day,
I think I shall do very well,
And mother 'll rejoice at the pay."

"Fly home, little bird," then I thought,
"Fly home full of joy to your nest!"
For I took all the matches she brought,
And Mary may tell you the rest.

### IT SNOWS.

It snows! it snows! from out the sky
The feathered flakes, how fast they fly,
Like little birds, that don't know why
They 're on the chase, from place to place,
While neither can the other trace.
It snows! it snows! a merry play
Is o'er us, on this heavy day!

As dancers in an airy hall,
That hasn't room to hold them all,
While some keep up, and others fall,
The atoms shift, then, thick and swift,
They drive along to form the drift,
That weaving up, so dazzling white,
Is rising like a wall of light

But now the wind comes whistling loud,
To snatch and waft it, as a cloud,
Or giant phantom in a shroud;
It spreads! it curls! it mounts and whirls,
At length a mighty wing unfurls;
And then, away! but, where, none knows,
Or ever will.—It snows! it snows!

To-morrow will the storm be done;
Then, out will come the golden sun:
And we shall see, upon the run
Before his beams, in sparkling streams,
What now a curtain o'er him seems.
And thus, with life, it ever goes;
'Tis shade and shine!—It snows! it snows!

### THE VETERAN AND THE CHILD.

"Come, grandfather, show how you carried your gun
To the field, where America's freedom was won,
Or bore your old sword, which you say was new then,
When you rose to command, and led forward your men;
And tell how you felt with the balls whizzing by,
Where the wounded fell round you, to bleed and to die!"

The prattler had stirred, in the veteran's breast,
The embers of fires that had long been at rest.
The blood of his youth rushed anew through his veins;
The soldier returned to his weary campaigns;
His perilous battles at once fighting o'er,
While the soul of nineteen lit the eye of four-score.

"I carried my musket, as one that must be
But loosed from the hold of the dead, or the free!
And fearless I lifted my good, trusty sword,
In the hand of a mortal, the strength of the Lord!
In battle, my vital flame freely I felt
Should go, but the chains of my country to melt!

"I sprinkled my blood upon Lexington's sod,
And Charlestown's green height to the war-drum I trod.
From the fort, on the Hudson, our guns I depressed,
The proud coming sail of the foe to arrest.
I stood at Stillwater, the Lakes and White Plains,
And offered for freedom to empty my veins!

"Dost now ask me, child, since thou hear'st where I've been,
Why my brow is so furrowed, my locks white and thin—
Why this faded eye cannot go by the line,
Trace out little beauties, and sparkle like thine;
Or why so unstable this tremulous knee,
Who bore 'sixty years since,' such perils for thee!

"What! sobbing so quick! are the tears going to start!
Come! lean thy young head on thy grandfather's heart!
It has not much longer to glow with the joy
I feel thus to clasp thee, so noble a boy!
But when in earth's bosom it long has been cold,
A man, thou 'lt recall, what, a babe, thou art told.'

### HYMN OF THE REAPERS.

Our Father, to fields that are white,
Rejoicing, the sickle we bear,
In praises our voices unite
To thee, who hast made them thy care.

The seed, that was dropped in the soil,
We left, with a holy belief
In One, who, beholding the toil,
Would crown it at length with the sheaf.

And ever our faith shall be firm
In thee, who hast nourished the root;
Whose finger has led up the germ,
And finished the blade and the fruit!

The heads, that are heavy with grain,
Are bowing and asking to fall:
Thy hand is on mountain and plain,
Thou maker and giver of all!

Thy blessings shine bright from the hills,
The valleys thy goodness repeat;
And, Lord, 't is thy bounty that fills
The arms of the reaper with wheat!

Oh! when with the sickle in hand,
The angel thy mandate receives,
To come to the field with his band
To bind up, and bear off thy sheaves,

May we be as free from the blight,
As ripe to be taken away,
As full in the year, to thy sight,
As that which we gather to-day!

Our Father, the heart and the voice
Flow out our fresh offrings to yield.
The Reapers! the Reapers rejoice,
And send up their song from the field!

Digitized by Google

## PARK BENJAMIN.

PARK BENJAMIN is descended from a New England family, which came originally from Wales. His father resided as a merchant in Demerara, in British Guiana. The son in his infancy suffered from an illness, the improper treatment of which left him with a permanent lameness. He was brought to America, was educated in New England, studied law at Cambridge, and was admitted to practice in Connecticut. He soon, however, withdrew from the law to the pursuits of literature, embarking in the editorship of the New England Magazine in March, 1835, shortly after the retirement of its projector, Mr. Buckingham. In less than a year he brought the work to New York, continuing it with the publishing house of Dearborn and Co., with which he became connected, as the American Monthly Magazine, five volumes of which were published from January, 1836, to June, 1838. He next published the New Yorker, a weekly journal, in association with Horace Greeley; and in January, 1840, established the New World, a weekly newspaper of large size, which met the wants of the day by its cheap, wholesale republication of the English magazine literature. It was also well sustained by a *corps* of spirited writers which the editor drew round him in its original departments. Of those more immediately connected with the conduct of the paper were Epes Sargent, James Aldrich, H. C. Deming, and Rufus W. Griswold; while among the frequent contributors were Judge W. A. Duer, Judge J. D. Hammond, author of the Life and Times of Silas Wright, H. W. Herbert, Charles Lanman, W. M. Evarts, John O. Sargent, John Jay, E. S. Gould, and many others.

Mr. Aldrich was a merchant of New York, and the writer of a number of poems which find a place in the collections, though never brought together by the author into a volume. One of the most popular of these is entitled

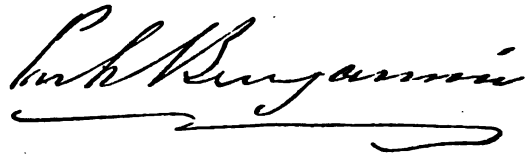
### A DEATH-BED.

Her suff'ring ended with the day,
  Yet lived she at its close,
And breathed the long, long night away
  In statue-like repose.

But when the sun in all his state,
  Illumed the eastern skies,
She passed through glory's morning-gate,
  And walked in Paradise!

The success of the New World led to the cheap publishing enterprises of Winchester, which were conducted with boldness, and had for the time a marked effect on the book trade.* Mr. Benjamin conducted the New World for nearly five years, when it passed into the hands of Mr. Charles Eames, a writer of marked ability, by whom it was edited for a short time in 1845, when it was finally discontinued. In 1846 Mr. Benjamin projected, at Baltimore, The Western Continent, a weekly newspaper on the plan of the New World. It was published only for a short time. The next year he published another weekly paper on a similar plan, involving a liberal outlay of expenditure, The American Mail, of which twelve numbers were issued from June 5 to August 21.

Since the discontinuance of these newspaper enterprises Mr. Benjamin has frequently appeared before the public with favor and success, in different parts of the country, as a lecturer on popular topics and literature.



Mr. Benjamin's poems, lyrics, and occasional effusions are numerous, but have not been collected. They are to be found scattered over the entire periodical literature of the country for the last twenty years. His only distinct publications have been several college poems of a descriptive and satirical character. A poem on *The Meditation of Nature* was delivered before the alumni of Washington College, at Hartford, in 1832; *Poetry, a Satire*, before the Mercantile Library Association of New York, the same year; *Infatuation*, before the Mercantile Library of Boston, in 1844.

### THE DEPARTED.

The departed! the departed!
  They visit us in dreams,
And they glide above our memories
  Like shadows over streams,
But where the cheerful lights of home
  In constant lustre burn,
The departed, the departed,
  Can never more return.

The good, the brave, the beautiful,
  How dreamless is their sleep,
Where rolls the dirge-like music
  Of the ever-tossing deep!
Or where the hurrying night winds
  Pale winter's robes have spread
Above their narrow palaces,
  In the cities of the dead!

I look around and feel the awe
  Of one who walks alone
Among the wrecks of former days,
  In mournful ruin strown
I start to hear the stirring sounds
  Among the cypress trees,
For the voice of the departed
  Is borne upon the breeze.

That solemn voice! it mingles with
  Each free and careless strain;
I scarce can think earth's minstrelsy
  Will cheer my heart again.
The melody of summer waves,
  The thrilling notes of birds,
Can never be so dear to me
  As their remembered words.

I sometimes dream their pleasant smiles
  Still on me sweetly fall,
Their tones of love I faintly hear
  My name in sadness call.
I know that they are happy,
  With their angel-plumage on,

* One of the most extensive of the Winchester publications was an entire reprint in numbers of Johns' translation of Froissart's Chronicles. The success of this work, in popular form, at a low price, was a decided triumph for his system. He also made a hit with the early translation of Sue's Mysteries of Paris, which was executed by Mr. Deming.

Digitized by Google

But my heart is very desolate
To think that they are gone.

INDOLENCE.

Time! thou destroy'st the relics of the past,
And hidest all the footprints of thy march
On shattered column and on crumbled arch,
By moss and ivy growing green and fast.
Hurled into fragments by the tempest-blast,
The Rhodian monster lies: the obelisk,
That with sharp line divided the broad disc
Of Egypt's sun, down to the sands was cast:
And where these stood, no remnant-trophy stands,
And even the art is lost by which they rose:
Thus, with the monuments of other lands,
The place that knew them now no longer knows.
Yet triumph not, oh, Time; strong towers decay,
But a great name shall never pass away!

SPORT.

To see a fellow of a summer's morning,
With a large foxhound of a slumberous eye
And a slim gun, go slowly lounging by,
About to give the feathered bipeds warning,
That probably they may be shot hereafter,
Excites in me a quiet kind of laughter;
For, though I am no lover of the sport
Of harmless murder, yet it is to me
Almost the funniest thing on earth to see
A corpulent person, breathing with a snort,
Go on a shooting frolic all alone;
For well I know that when he's out of town,
He and his dog and gun will all lie down,
And undestructive sleep till game and light are flown.

STEPHEN GREENLEAF BULFINCH,

A UNITARIAN CLERGYMAN, and contributor to the collection of hymns in use in that denomination, was born in Boston, June 18th, 1809. At nine years of age he was taken to Washington, in the District of Columbia, where his father, Charles Bulfinch, had been appointed architect of the Capitol. He was graduated at the Columbian College, D. C., in 1826, and entered the Divinity School at Cambridge the following year. From 1830 to 1837, with some interruptions, he ministered as a Unitarian clergyman at Augusta, Georgia. After this he preached and kept school at Pittsburgh, Pa., for a short time, and was then engaged in similar relations for six years at Washington, D. C. In 1845 he became settled at Nashua, N. H., and in 1852 removed to Boston, where he has been since established.

His writings are a volume, *Contemplations of the Saviour*, published at Boston in 1832; a volume of *Poems* published at Charleston, South Carolina, in 1834; *The Holy Land*, issued in Ware's Sunday Library in 1834; *Lays of the Gospel*, 1845; a devotional volume, *Communion Thoughts*, 1852; with several sermons and contributions to the Magazines.

LINES ON VISITING TALLULAH FALLS, GEORGIA.

The forest, Lord! is thine;
Thy quickening voice calls forth its buds to light;
Its thousand leaflets shine,
Bathed in thy dews, and in thy sunbeams bright.

Thy voice is on the air,
Where breezes murmur through the pathless shades;
Thy universal care
These awful deserts, as a spell pervades.

Father! these rocks are thine,
Of Thee the everlasting monument,
Since at thy glance divine,
Earth trembled and her solid hills were rent.

Thine is this flashing wave,
Poured forth by thee from its rude mountain urn,
And thine yon secret cave,
Where haply, gems of orient lustre burn.

I hear the eagle scream;
And not in vain his cry! Amid the wild
Thou hearest! Can I deem
Thou wilt not listen to thy human child?

God of the rock and flood!
In this deep solitude I feel thee nigh.
Almighty, wise and good,
Turn on thy supplant child a parent's eye.

Guide through life's vale of fear
My placid current, from defilement free,
Till, seen no longer here,
It finds the ocean of its rest in Thee!

ROBERT CHARLES WINTHROP.

MR. WINTHROP is justly and honorably considered a representative man of Massachusetts. Tracing his descent through six generations of a family always eminent in the state, he arrives at the first emigrant of the name, John Winthrop, who became the first Governor of the colony, and who bore not only the truncheon of office but the pen of the chronicler.*

His son John, the Governor of Connecticut, was also a man of liberal tastes, was one of the founders of the Royal Society, and contributed to its proceedings and collections. His second wife was a step-daughter of Hugh Peters. Of his two sons, one of them, Fitz John, was Governor of Connecticut, and the younger, Wait Still (a family and not a fanciful Puritanical designation), became Chief Justice of the Superior Court of Massachusetts. The latter left a son John, who renewed the connexion with the Royal Society and removed to England. His son John married in New England and was a gentleman of wealth and leisure, passing his time in New London, Conn. His son, Thomas Lindall Winthrop, in the fifth generation of the American founder of the family, filled the position of Lieutenant Governor of Massachusetts. He married a daughter of Sir John Temple, the associate of Franklin in England, and a grand-daughter of Governor James Bowdoin.

Thus honorably connected, in the direct and collateral branches of the family tree, Robert Charles Winthrop was born in Boston, May 12, 1809. He was educated at the Boston Latin school, and once, as "a medal boy," received a set of books from the city authorities. He was graduated at Harvard in 1828. For the next three years he studied law with Daniel Webster. Being a man of fortune, with an inherited taste for public life, he chose employment in affairs of the state in preference to the more private pursuit of the law. He took a prominent part in military affairs as captain of the Boston Light Infantry and other civic stations of the kind. In 1834 he became a member of the Massachusetts State Legislature, and was speaker of its House of Representatives from 1838 till his election to Congress in 1840.

* *Ante*, vol. i. pp. 25–26.

Digitized by Google

After seven years' service in the national House of Representatives he was chosen its speaker for the sessions of 1848–9. In 1850 he was appointed by the executive of Massachusetts to succeed Webster in the Senate, when the latter withdrew to the office of Secretary of State under President Fillmore. In 1851 he was a candidate for the office of Governor of Massachusetts, and received 65,000 votes, the two other candidates receiving about 40,000 and 30,000 respectively; but an absolute majority being required for an election by the people, he was defeated by a coalition of the minority parties in the legislature.

Besides his political relations Mr. Winthrop is President of the Massachusetts Historical Society, of which his father was also President, and which he lately represented in 1854, delivering a speech of much ability at the semi-centennial anniversary of the New York Historical Society; a member of the American Antiquarian Society, and of other kindred institutions.

The claims to literary distinction of Mr. Winthrop are through his Addresses and Orations. A series of these is strung along the whole course of his public life; all marked by their careful execution, literary propriety, and marked utility. They are easy, natural, finished performances, whether addressed to the State Legislature or the larger audience of national Representatives; whether in the popular political meeting, at an Agricultural, Scientific, or Historical Anniversary, or at the brilliant Public Dinner The prominent trait of the orator and rhetorician, as he shows himself on these occasions, is self-command; command of himself and of his subject. In person at once lithe and full-formed, tall and erect, he speaks with plenary, distinct tone, without the least effort. Each thought takes its appropriate place in his skilful method, which seems rather the result of a healthy physique of the mind than of art. In temper he is moderate, as his counsels in affairs of state have shown. This disposition is reflected in his discourses. The style has a tendency to expansion which might degenerate into weakness were it not relieved by the frequent points of a poetical or fanciful nature, at times of great ingenuity.

The Congressional speeches of Mr. Winthrop, with others of a special character, are included in a volume of *Addresses and Speeches on Various Occasions*, published in 1852. It includes, besides his political efforts, his address on the laying the corner-stone of the national monument to Washington at the Seat of Government, July 4, 1848; his Maine Historical Society address on the life of James Bowdoin, and several educational and other themes. Since that volume was issued he has published his address before the association of the alumni of Harvard in 1852; a Lecture on Algernon Sidney before the Boston Mercantile Library Association in 1853; and in the same season his Lecture on Archimedes and Franklin, which gave the suggestion and impulse to the erection of a statue of Franklin in Boston.*

### PEACE BETWEEN ENGLAND AND AMERICA.†

If it be a fit subject for reproach, to entertain the most anxious and ardent desire for the peace of this country, its peace with England, its peace with all the world, I submit myself willingly to the fullest measure of that reproach. War between the United States and Great Britain for Oregon! Sir, there is something in this idea too monstrous to be entertained for a moment. The two greatest nations on the globe, with more territorial possessions than they know what to do with already, and bound together by so many ties of kindred, and language, and commercial interest, going to war for a piece of barren earth! Why, it would put back the cause of civilization a whole century, and would be enough not merely to call down the rebuke of men, but the curse of God. I do not yield to the honorable gentleman in a just concern for the national honor. I am ready to maintain that honor, whenever it is really at stake, against Great Britain as readily as against any other nation. Indeed, if war is to come upon us, I am quite willing that it should be war with a first-rate power—with a foeman worthy of our steel.

> Oh! the blood more stirs,
> To rouse a lion, than to start a hare.

If the young Queen of England were the veritable Victoria whom the ancient poets have sometimes described as descending from the right hand of Jupiter to crown the banner of predestined Triumph, I would still not shrink from the attempt to vindicate the rights of my country on every proper occasion. To her forces, however, as well as to ours, may come the "*cita mors*," as well as the "*Victoria læta*." We have nothing to fear from a protracted war with any nation, though our want of preparation might give us the worst of it in the first encounter. We are all and always ready for war, when there is no other alternative for maintaining our country's honor. We are all and always ready for any war into which a Christian man, in a civilized land, and in this age of the world, can have the face to enter. But I thank God that there are very few such cases. War and honor are fast getting to have less and less to do with each other. The highest honor of any

---

* "Life and Public Services of R. C. Winthrop," American Review, March, 1848. Loring's Hundred Boston Orators. Wheeler's Biog. and Polit. Hist. of Congress, 1850, vol. i.

† From a Speech in Congress, 1844.

Digitized by Google

country is to preserve peace, even under provocations which might justify war. The deepest disgrace to any country is to plunge into war under circumstances which leave the honorable alternative of peace. I heartily hope and trust, Sir, that in deference to the sense of the civilized world, in deference to that spirit of Christianity which is now spreading its benign and healing influences over both hemispheres with such signal rapidity, we shall explore the whole field of diplomacy, and exhaust every art of negotiation, before we give loose to that passion for conflict which the honorable gentleman from Pennsylvania seems to regard as so grand and glorious an element of the American character.

#### OBJECTS AND LIMITS OF SCIENCE.*

There are fields enough for the wildest and most extravagant theorizings, within his own appropriate domain, without overleaping the barriers which separate things human and divine. Indeed, I have often thought that modern science had afforded a most opportune and providential safety-valve for the intellectual curiosity and ambition of man, at a moment when the progress of education, invention, and liberty, had roused and stimulated them to a pitch of such unprecedented eagerness and ardor. Astronomy, Chemistry, and more than all, Geology, with their incidental branches of study, have opened an inexhaustible field for investigation and speculation. Here, by the aid of modern instruments and modern modes of analysis, the most ardent and earnest spirits may find ample room and verge enough for their insatiate activity and audacious enterprise, and may pursue their course not only without the slightest danger of doing mischief to others, but with the certainty of promoting the great c. of scientific truth.

Let them lift their vast reflectors or refractors to the skies, and detect new planets in their hiding-places. Let them waylay the fugitive comets in their flight, and compel them to disclose the precise period of their orbits, and to give bonds for their punctual return. Let them drag out reluctant satellites from "their habitual concealments." Let them resolve the unresolvable nebulæ of Orion or Andromeda. They need not fear. The sky will not fall, nor a single star be shaken from its sphere.

Let them perfect and elaborate their marvellous processes for making the light and the lightning their ministers, for putting "a pencil of rays" into the hand of art, and providing tongues of fire for the communication of intelligence. Let them foretell the path of the whirlwind and calculate the orbit of the storm. Let them hang out their gigantic pendulums, and make the earth do the work of describing and measuring her own motions. Let them annihilate human pain, and literally "charm ache with air, and agony with *ether*." The blessing of God will attend all their toils, and the gratitude of man will await all their triumphs.

Let them dig down into the bowels of the earth. Let them rive asunder the massive rocks, and unfold the history of creation as it lies written on the pages of their piled up strata. Let them gather up the fossil fragments of a lost Fauna, reproducing the ancient forms which inhabited the land or the seas, bringing them together, bone to his bone, till Leviathan and Behemoth stand before us in bodily presence and in their full proportions, and we almost tremble lest these dry bones should live again! Let them put nature to the rack, and torture her, in all her forms, to the betrayal of her inmost secrets and confidences. They need not forbear. The foundations of the round world have been laid so strong that they cannot be moved.

But let them not think by searching to find out God. Let them not dream of understanding the Almighty to perfection. Let them not dare to apply their tests and solvents, their modes of analysis or their terms of definition, to the secrets of the spiritual kingdom. Let them spare the foundations of faith. Let them be satisfied with what is revealed of the mysteries of the Divine Nature. Let them not break through the bounds to gaze after the Invisible,—lest the day come when they shall be ready to cry to the mountains, Fall on us, and to the hills, Cover us!

* From an Address to the Alumni of Harvard University, 1832.

#### VISIT OF CICERO TO THE GRAVE OF ARCHIMEDES.*

While Cicero was quæstor in Sicily,—the first public office which he ever held, and the only one to which he was then eligible, being but just thirty years old, (for the Roman laws required for one of the humblest of the great offices of state the very same age which our American Constitution requires for one of the highest,)—he paid a visit to Syracuse, then among the greatest cities of the world.

The magistrates of the city, of course, waited on him at once, to offer their services in showing him the lions of the place, and requested him to specify anything which he would like particularly to see. Doubtless, they supposed that he would ask immediately to be conducted to some one of their magnificent temples, that he might behold and admire those splendid works of art with which,—notwithstanding that Marcellus had made it his glory to carry not a few of them away with him for the decoration of the Imperial City,—Syracuse still abounded, and which soon after tempted the cupidity, and fell a prey to the rapacity, of the infamous Verres.

Or, haply, they may have thought that he would be curious to see and examine the ear of Dionysius, as it was called,—a huge cavern, cut out of the solid rock in the shape of a human ear, two hundred and fifty feet long and eighty feet high, in which that execrable tyrant confined all persons who came within the range of his suspicion,—and which was so ingeniously contrived and constructed, that Dionysius, by applying his own ear to a small hole, where the sounds were collected as upon a tympanum, could catch every syllable that was uttered in the cavern below, and could deal out his proscription and his vengeance accordingly, upon all who might dare to dispute his authority, or to complain of his cruelty.

Or they may have imagined perhaps, that he would be impatient to visit at once the sacred fountain of Arethusa, and the seat of those Sicilian Muses whom Virgil so soon after invoked in commencing that most inspired of all uninspired compositions, which Pope has so nobly paraphrased in his glowing and glorious Eclogue—the Messiah.

To their great astonishment, however, Cicero's first request was, that they would take him to see the tomb of *Archimedes*. To his own still greater astonishment, as we may well believe, they told him in reply, that they knew nothing about the tomb of Archimedes, and had no idea where it was to be found, and they even positively denied that any such tomb was still remaining among them.

But Cicero understood perfectly well what he was talking about. He remembered the exact description of the tomb. He remembered the very verses which had been inscribed on it. He remembered

* From the Lecture, "Archimedes and Franklin," November 26, 1838.

Digitized by Google

the sphere and the cylinder which Archimedes had himself requested to have wrought upon it, as the chosen emblems of his eventful life. And the great orator forthwith resolved to make search for it himself.

Accordingly, he rambled out into the place of their ancient sepulchres, and, after a careful investigation, he came at last to a spot overgrown with shrubs and bushes, where presently he descried the top of a small column just rising above the branches. Upon this little column the sphere and the cylinder were at length found carved, the inscription was painfully decyphered, and the tomb of Archimedes stood revealed to the reverent homage of the illustrious Roman quæstor.

This was in the year 76 before the birth of our Saviour. Archimedes died about the year 212 before Christ. One hundred and thirty-six years, only, had thus elapsed since the death of this celebrated person, before his tomb-stone was buried up beneath briers and brambles, and before the place and even the existence of it were forgotten, by the magistrates of the very city, of which he was so long the proudest ornament in peace, and the most effective defender in war.

What a lesson to human pride, what a commentary on human gratitude, was here! It is an incident almost precisely like that which the admirable and venerable Dr. Watts imagined or imitated, as the topic of one of his most striking and familiar Lyrics:—

> Theron, amongst his travels, found
> A broken statue on the ground;
> And searching onward as he went,
> He traced a ruined monument.
> Mould, moss, and shades had overgrown
> The sculpture of the crumbling stone,
> Yet ere he pass'd, with much ado,
> He guessed, and spelled out, Sci-pi-o.
> "Enough," he cried; "I'll drudge no more
> In turning the dull stoics o'er;
> * * * * * * *
> For when I feel my virtue fail,
> And my ambitious thoughts prevail,
> I'll take a turn among the tombs,
> And see whereto all glory comes."

I do not learn, however, that Cicero was cured of his eager vanity and his insatiate love of fame by this "turn" among the Syracusan tombs. He was then only just at the threshold of his proud career, and he went back to pursue it to its bloody end, with unabated zeal, and with an ambition only extinguishable with his life.

And after all, how richly, how surpassingly, was this local ingratitude and neglect made up to the memory of Archimedes himself, by the opportunity which it afforded to the greatest orator of the greatest Empire of antiquity, to signalize his appreciation and his admiration of that wonderful genius, by going out personally into the ancient graveyards of Syracuse, and with the robes of office in their newest gloss around him, to search for his tomb and to do honor to his ashes! The greatest orator of Imperial Rome anticipating the part of Old Mortality upon the gravestone of the great mathematician and mechanic of antiquity! This, surely, is a picture for mechanics in all ages to contemplate with a proud satisfaction and delight.

### NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Was born at Salem, Massachusetts, of a family of whom we have some glimpses in one of his late prefaces. His earliest American ancestor came from England, in the early part of the seventeenth century, "a soldier, legislator, judge, a ruler in the church;" like the venerable Dudley "no libertine," in his opinions, since he persecuted the Quakers with the best of them. His son was a man of respectability in his day, for he took part in the burning of the witches. The race established by these founders of the family, "from father to son, for above a hundred years followed the sea; a grey-headed shipmaster in each generation retiring from the quarter-deck to the homestead, while a boy of fourteen took the hereditary place before the mast, confronting the salt spray, and the gale which had blustered against his sire and grandsire." From this old home at Salem, bleached and weatherbeaten, like most of the old houses there, Nathaniel Hawthorne went forth one day to College. He was a fellow student with Longfellow at Bowdoin, Maine, where he was graduated in 1825. His earliest acknowledged publications were his series of papers in the *Token*, from year to year; the popular annual conducted by Mr. S. G. Goodrich, who early appreciated the fine sensitive genius which adorned his pages —though the public, which seldom has any profound understanding of literature in a book of amusement, scarcely recognised the new author. A portion of these stories and essays were collected in a volume, with the title *Twice Told Tales*, in 1837. Longfellow reviewed the book with enthusiasm, in the *North American;* but the publication languished, and a second edition was rather urged by his friends than called for by the public, when it appeared with a second series of the *Tales* in 1842.

It was about this time that Hawthorne became connected for a while with the occupants of the Brook Farm at Roxbury; a community of literati and philosophers, who supported the freedom of a rural life by the independent labor of their hands. Hawthorne took part in the affair, dropped his pen for the hoe, and looked over the horns and bristles of the brutes it was his lot to provide for, to the humanities gathered around him. Though he spiritualized the affair quite beyond any recognition of its actual condition, Brook Farm was the seed, in his mind, of the Blithedale Romance.

His next publication was *The Journal of an African Cruiser*, which he re-wrote from the MS. of his friend and college companion, Mr. Horatio Bridge, of the United States Navy. It is a carefully prepared volume of judicious observation of the Canaries, the Cape de Verd, Liberia, Madeira, Sierra Leone, and other places of interest on the West Coast of Africa.

Hawthorne had now changed his residence to Concord, carrying with him his newly married wife, Miss Peabody, where he occupied the Old Manse, which he has described with quaint and touching fidelity in the introduction to the further collection of his papers from the magazines, the New England, the American Monthly, and a new gleaning of the fruitful old Token—to which he gave the title, *Mosses from an Old Manse*. He lived in close retirement in this old spot, concentrating his mind upon his habitual fancies for three years, during which time, if we are to take literally, and it is probably not far from the truth, the pleasant sketch of his residences by his friend, Mr. G. W. Curtis, he was not seen by more than a dozen of the villagers.

In 1846 Mr. Polk was President, and Mr. Bancroft the historian Secretary of the Navy, when

Digitized by Google

The Old Manse.

Hawthorne's friends secured his appointment as Surveyor in the Custom-House at Salem. He held this post for a year, discharging its duties with unfailing regularity, and meditating the characters of his associates, as the event proved, when he was dismissed on a change of the political powers at Washington, and wrote *The Scarlet Letter*, in the preface to which he gives an account of his Custom-House Experiences, with a literary photograph of that honored building and its occupants.

The *Scarlet Letter* was at last a palpable hit. It was published by Ticknor & Co., and had been wisely enlarged at the suggestion of the author's friend, Mr. J. T. Fields, a member of the firm, from a sketch containing the germ of the story, to an entire volume.

The Scarlet Letter is a pyschological romance. The hardiest Mrs. Malaprop would never venture to call it a novel. It is a tale of remorse, a study of character, in which the human heart is anatomized, carefully, elaborately, and with striking poetic and dramatic power. Its incidents are simply these: A woman, in the early days of Boston, becomes the subject of the discipline of the court of those times, and is condemned to stand in the pillory and wear henceforth, in token of her shame, the scarlet letter A attached to her bosom. She carries her child with her to the pillory. Its other parent is unknown. At this opening scene her husband, from whom she had been separated in Europe, preceding him by ship across the Atlantic, reappears from the forest, whither he has been thrown by shipwreck on his arrival. He was a man of a cold intellectual temperament, and devotes his life thereafter to search for his wife's guilty partner, and a fiendish revenge. The young clergyman of the town, a man of a devout sensibility and warmth of heart, is the victim, as the Mephistophilean old physician fixes himself by his side, to watch over him and protect his health, an object of great solicitude to his parishioners, and, in reality, to detect his suspected secret, and gloat over his tortures. This slow, cool, devilish purpose, like the concoction of some sublimated hell broth, is perfected gradually and inevitably. The wayward, elfish child, a concentration of guilt and passion, binds the interests of the parties together, but throws little sunshine over the scene. These are all the characters, with some casual introductions of the grim personages and manners of the period, unless we add the scarlet letter, which, in Hawthorne's hands, skilled to these allegorical, typical semblances, becomes vitalized as the rest. It is the hero of the volume. The denouement is the death of the clergyman on a day of public festivity, after a public confession, in the arms of the pilloried, branded woman. But few as are these main incidents thus briefly told, the action of the story, or its passion, is "long, obscure, and infinite." It is a drama in which thoughts are acts. The material has been thoroughly fused in the writer's mind, and springs forth an entire perfect creation.

The public, on the appearance of the Scarlet Letter, was for once apprehensive, and the whole retinue of literary reputation-makers fastened upon the genius of Hawthorne. He had retired from Salem to Berkshire, Massachusetts, where he occupied a small, charmingly situated farmer's house at Lenox, on the Lake called the Stockbridge Bowl. There he wrote the *House of the Seven Gables*, published in 1851, one of the most elaborate and powerfully drawn of his later volumes.

In the preface to this work Mr. Hawthorne establishes a separation between the demands of the novel and the romance, and under the privilege of the latter, sets up his claim to a certain degree of license in the treatment of the characters and incidents of his coming story. This license is in the direction of the spiritualities of the piece, in favor of a process semi-allegorical, by which an acute analysis may be wrought out, and the truth of feeling be minutely elaborated; an apology, in fact, for the preference of character to action, and of character for that which is allied to the darker elements of life—the dread blossoming of evil in the soul, and its fearful retributions. The House of the Seven Gables, one for each deadly sin, may be no unmeet adumbration of the corrupted soul of man. It is a ghostly, mouldy abode, built in some eclipse of the sun, and raftered with curses dark; founded on a grave, and sending its turrets heavenward, as the lightning rod transcends its summit, to invite the wrath supernal. Every darker shadow of human life lingers in and about its melancholy shelter. There all the passions allied to crime,—pride in its intensity, avarice with its steely gripe, and unrelenting conscience, are to be expiated in the house built on injustice. Wealth there withers, and the human heart grows cold: and thither are brought as accessories the chill glance of speculative philosophy, the descending hopes of the aged laborer, whose vision closes on the workhouse, the poor necessities of the humblest means of livelihood, the bodily and mental dilapidation of a wasted life.

> A residence for woman, child and man,
> A dwelling-place,—and yet no habitation
> A Home,—but under some prodigious ban
> Of excommunication.
>
> O'er all there hung a shadow and a fear;
> A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
> And said as plain as whisper in the ear,
> The place is haunted!

Digitized by Google

Yet the sunshine casts its rays into the old building, as it must, were it only to show us the darkness.

The story of the House of the Seven Gables is a tale of retribution, of expiation, extending over a period of two hundred years, it taking all that while to lay the ghost of the earliest victim, in the time of the Salem witchcraft; for, it is to Salem that this blackened old dwelling, mildewed with easterly scud, belongs. The yeoman who originally struck his spade into the spot, by the side of a crystal spring, was hanged for a wizard, under the afflictive dispensation of Cotton Mather. His land passed by force of law under cover of an old sweeping grant from the State, though not without hard words and thoughts and litigations, to the possession of the Ahab of the Vineyard, Colonel Pyncheon, the founder of the house, whose statuesque death-scene was the first incident of the strongly ribbed tenement built on the ground thus suspiciously acquired. It was a prophecy of the old wizard on his execution at Gallows' Hill, looking steadfastly at his rival, the Colonel, who was there, watching the scene on horseback, that "God would give him blood to drink." The sudden death of apoplexy was thereafter ministered to the magnates of the Pyncheon family. After an introductory chapter detailing this early history of the house, we are introduced to its broken fortunes of the present day, in its decline. An old maid is its one tenant, left there with a life interest in the premises by the late owner, whose vast wealth passed into the hands of a cousin, who immediately, touched by this talisman of property, was transformed from a youth of dissipation into a high, cold, and worldly state of respectability. His portrait is drawn in the volume with the repeated limnings and labor of a Titian, who, it is known, would expend several years upon a human head. We see him in every light, walk leisurely round the vast circle of that magical outline, his social position, till we close in upon the man, narrowing slowly to his centre of falsity and selfishness. For a thorough witch laugh over fallen hollow-heartedness and pretence, there is a terrible sardonic greeting in the roll-call of his uncompleted day's performances as he sits in the fatal chamber, death-cold, having drunk the blood of the ancient curse. Other inmates gather round old maid Hepzibah. A remote gable is rented to a young artist, a daguerreotypist, and then comes upon the scene the brother of the old maid, Clifford Pyncheon, one day let out from life incarceration for —what circumstantial evidence had brought home to him—the murder of the late family head. Thirty years had obliterated most of this man's moral and intellectual nature, save in a certain blending of the two with his physical instinct for the sensuous and beautiful. A rare character that for our spiritual limner to work upon! The agent he has provided, nature's ministrant to this feebleness and disease, to aid in the rebuilding of the man, is a sprig of unconscious spontaneous girlhood—who enters the thick shades of the dwelling of disaster as a sunbeam, to purify and nourish its stagnant life. Very beautiful is this conception, and subtly wrought the chapters in which the relation is developed. Then we have the sacrifice of pride and solitary misanthropy in the petty retail shop Hepzibah opens for the increasing needs of the rusty mansion.

The scene passes on, while Hepzibah, her existence bound up in the resuscitation of Clifford, supported by the salient life of the youthful womanhood of Phœbe, fulfils her destiny at the Old House —where, for a little sprinkling of pleasantry to this sombre tale, comes a voracious boy to devour the gingerbread Jim Crows, elephants, and other seductive fry of the quaintly arranged window. His stuffed hide is a relief to the empty-waistcoated ghosts moving within. There is a humble fellow too, one Uncle Venner, a good-natured servitor at small chores—a poor devil in the eye of the world—of whom Hawthorne, with kindly eye, makes something by digging down under his tattered habiliments to his better-preserved human heart. He comes to the shop, and is a kind of out-of-door appendant to the fortunes of the house.

The Nemesis of the House is pressing for a new victim. Judge Pyncheon's thoughts are intent on an old hobby of the establishment, the procurement of a deed which was missing, and which was the evidence wanting to complete the title to a certain vast New Hampshire grant—a portentous and arch-deceiving ignis fatuus of the family. Clifford is supposed to know something of this matter; but, knowledge or not, the Judge is the one man in the world whom he will not meet. Every instinct of his nature rises within him, in self-protection of his weak, sensitive life, against the stern magnetic power of the coarse, granite judge. More than that lies underneath. Clifford had been unjustly convicted by those suspicious death-marks of his suddenly deceased relative—and the Judge had suffered it, holding all the time the key which would have unlocked the mystery,—besides some other shades of criminality. To escape an interview with this man, Clifford and Hepzibah leave the house in flight, while Judge Pyncheon sits in the apartment of his old ancestor, waiting for him. He is dead in his chair of apoplexy.

The fortunes of the House, after this tremendous purgation, look more brightly for the future. The diverted patrimony of his ex-respectability—the Governor in posse of Massachusetts—returns to its true channel to irrigate the dry heart of the Old Maid, and furnish Clifford the luxuries of the beautiful. The daguerreotypist, who turns out to be the descendant of the wizard,—the inventor of the curse—marries Phœbe, of course, and the parties have left the Old House, mouldering away in its by-street, for the sunny realm of a country summer retreat.

*A Wonder Book for Boys and Girls*, a series of delicately modernized versions of old classical myths and legends, followed, in a vein of fancy, pleasantry, and earnest sympathy, with the fresh simple mind of childhood.

Several small earlier volumes of a similar adaptation for the young, entitled *Grandfather's Chair*, in which biographical events of the old Puritan history were arranged about that family heirloom, with another volume of *Biographical Stories*, were also about this time collected and published together.

Then came in answer to the increasing demand, a new collection from the bountiful stock of the

Digitized by Google

magazines and annuals, *The Snow Image and other Twice Told Tales*, at least as quaint, poetical, and reflective as its predecessors.

Hawthorne had now attained those unexpected desiderata, a public and a purse, and with the contents of the latter he purchased a house in Concord —not the Old Manse, for that had passed into the hands of a son of the old clergyman; but a cottage once occupied by Alcott, the philosopher of the Orphic Sayings. His latest book, the *Blithedale Romance*, dates from this new home, the "Wayside."

It has been generally understood that the character of Zenobia in this work was drawn, in some of its traits, from the late Margaret Fuller, who was an occasional visitor to the actual Brook Farm. The work, however, is anything but a literal description. In philosophical delineation of character, and its exhibition of the needs and shortcomings of certain attempts at improvement of the social state, set in a framework of imaginative romance, it is one of the most original and inventive of the author's productions.

In 1852, when his old friend and college companion, Franklin Pierce, was nominated for the Presidency, Mr. Hawthorne came forward as his biographer—a work which he executed in moderate space and with literary decorum. When the President was duly installed the following year, Hawthorne was not forgotten. One of the most lucrative offices of the government was bestowed upon him—the consulship at Liverpool—which, at the present time, he is still in the enjoyment of.

*Nath'l Hawthorne*

The neglect of Hawthorne's early writings compared with the subsequent acknowledgment of their merits, is a noticeable fact in the history of American literature. He has himself spoken of it. In a preface to a new edition of the *Tales*, in 1851, he says: "The author of 'Twice Told Tales' has a claim to one distinction, which, as none of his literary brethren will care about disputing it with him, he need not be afraid to mention. He was, for a good many years, the obscurest man of letters in America. These stories were published in magazines and annuals, extending over a period of ten or twelve years, and comprising the whole of the writer's young manhood, without making (so far as he has ever been aware) the slightest impression on the public. One or two among them, the 'Rill from the Town Pump,' in perhaps a greater degree than any other, had a pretty wide newspaper circulation; as for the rest, he has no ground for supposing that, on their first appearance, they met with the good or evil fortune to be read by anybody." And he goes on to say how the most "effervescent" period of his productive faculties was chilled by this neglect. He burnt at this period many of his writings quite as good as what the public have since eagerly called for.

This early neglect is the more remarkable, as there is scarcely a trait of his later writings which did not exist in perfection in the first told tales. Without undervaluing the dramatic unity, the constructive ability, and the philosophical development of the Scarlet Letter, the House with the Seven Gables, and the Blithedale Romance, this neglect was the more extraordinary looking at the maturity and finished execution of the early writings, which contained something more than the germ of the author's later and more successful volumes. Though in the longer works, dramatic unity of plot, sustained description, and acute analysis, are supported beyond the opportunities of a short tale, it would be easy to enumerate sketches of ordinary length in the early writings which exhibit these qualities to advantage. The genius of Mr. Hawthorne, from the outset, has been marked by its thorough mastery of means and ends. Even his style is of that nature of simplicity,—a pure, colorless medium of his thought—that it seems to have attained its perfection at once, without undergoing those changes which mark the improvements of writers of composite qualities. The whole matter which he works in is subdued to his hand; so that the plain current of his language, without any foreign aid of ornament, is equal to all his necessities, whether he is in company with the laughter of playful children, the dignified ancestral associations of family or history, or the subtle terrors and dismays of the spiritual world. The calm, equable, full, unvarying style is everywhere sufficient.

In the mastery of the supernatural, or rather spiritual, working in the darker passages of life, the emotions of guilt and pain, the shadows which cross the happiest existence, Hawthorne has a peculiar vein of his own. For these effects he relies upon the subtle analogies or moralities which he traces with exquisite skill, finding constantly in nature, art, and the commonest experiences of life, the ready material of his weird and gentle homilies. This fondness for allegory and the parable reacts upon his every-day topics, giving to his description fulness and circumstantiality of detail, to which he is invited by his warm sympathy with what is passing on about him. However barren the world may appear to many minds, it is full of significance to him. In his solitude and retirement, for into whatever public positions he may be oddly cast he will always

Digitized by Google

be in retirement, the genius of the author will create pictures to delight, solace, and instruct the players of the busy world, who see less of the game than this keen-sighted, sympathetic looker-on.

### THE GRAY CHAMPION.

There was once a time when New England groaned under the actual pressure of heavier wrongs than those threatened ones which brought on the Revolution. James II., the bigoted successor of Charles the Voluptuous, had annulled the charters of all the colonies, and sent a harsh and unprincipled soldier to take away our liberties and endanger our religion. The administration of Sir Edmund Andros lacked scarcely a single characteristic of tyranny: a Governor and Council, holding office from the King, and wholly independent of the country; laws made and taxes levied without concurrence of the people, immediate or by their representatives; the rights of private citizens violated, and the titles of all landed property declared void; the voice of complaint stifled by restrictions on the press; and finally, disaffection overawed by the first band of mercenary troops that ever marched on our free soil. For two years our ancestors were kept in sullen submission, by that filial love which had invariably secured their allegiance to the mother country, whether its head chanced to be a Parliament, Protector, or popish Monarch. Till these evil times, however, such allegiance had been merely nominal, and the colonists had ruled themselves, enjoying far more freedom than is even yet the privilege of the native subjects of Great Britain.

At length, a rumor reached our shores, that the Prince of Orange had ventured on an enterprise, the success of which would be the triumph of civil and religious rights and the salvation of New England. It was but a doubtful whisper; it might be false, or the attempt might fail; and, in either case, the man that stirred against King James would lose his head. Still the intelligence produced a marked effect. The people smiled mysteriously in the streets, and threw bold glances at their oppressors; while far and wide there was a subdued and silent agitation, as if the slightest signal would rouse the whole land from its sluggish despondency. Aware of their danger, the rulers resolved to avert it by an imposing display of strength, and perhaps to confirm their despotism by yet harsher measures. One afternoon in April, 1689, Sir Edmund Andros and his favorite councillors, being warm with wine, assembled the red-coats of the Governor's Guard, and made their appearance in the streets of Boston. The sun was near setting when the march commenced.

The roll of the drum, at that unquiet crisis, seemed to go through the streets less as the martial music of the soldiers, than as a muster-call to the inhabitants themselves. A multitude, by various avennes, assembled in King street, which was destined to be the scene, nearly a century afterwards, of another encounter between the troops of Britain and a people struggling against her tyranny. Though more than sixty years had elapsed since the Pilgrims came, this crowd of their descendants still showed the strong and sombre features of their character, perhaps more strikingly in such a stern emergency than on happier occasions. There was the sober garb, the general severity of mien, the gloomy but undismayed expression, the scriptural forms of speech, and the confidence in Heaven's blessing on a righteous cause, which would have marked a band of the original Puritans, when threatened by some peril of the wilderness. Indeed, it was not yet time for the old spirit to be extinct; since there were men in the street, that day, who had worshipped there beneath the trees, before a house was reared to the God for whom they had become exiles. Old soldiers of the Parliament were here too, smiling grimly at the thought that their aged arms might strike another blow against the house of Stuart. Here, also, were the veterans of King Philip's war, who had burned villages and slaughtered young and old with pious fierceness, while the godly souls throughout the land were helping them with prayer. Several ministers were scattered among the crowd, which, unlike all other mobs, regarded them with such reverence, as if there were sanctity in their very garments. These holy men exerted their influence to quiet the people, but not to disperse them. Meantime, the purpose of the Governor in disturbing the peace of the town, at a period when the slightest commotion might throw the country into a ferment, was almost the universal subject of inquiry, and variously explained.

"Satan will strike his master-stroke presently," cried some, "because he knoweth that his time is short. All our godly pastors are to be dragged to prison; We shall see them at a Smithfield fire in King street!"

Hereupon, the people of each parish gathered closer round their minister, who looked calmly upwards and assumed a more apostolic dignity, as well befitted a candidate for the highest honor of his profession, the crown of martyrdom. It was actually fancied, at that period, that New England might have a John Rogers of her own, to take the place of that worthy in the Primer.

"The Pope of Rome has given orders for a new St. Bartholomew!" cried others. "We are to be massacred, man and male child!"

Neither was this rumor wholly discredited, although the wiser class believed the Governor's object somewhat less atrocious. His predecessor under the old charter, Bradstreet, a venerable companion of the first settlers, was known to be in town. There were grounds for conjecturing, that Sir Edmund Andros intended at once to strike terror by a parade of military force, and to confound the opposite faction by possessing himself of their chief.

"Stand firm for the old charter, Governor!" shouted the crowd, seizing upon the idea. "The good old Governor Bradstreet!"

While this cry was at the loudest, the people were surprised by the well-known figure of Governor Bradstreet himself, a patriarch of nearly ninety, who appeared on the elevated steps of a door, and, with characteristic mildness, besought them to submit to the constituted authorities.

"My children," concluded this venerable person, "do nothing rashly. Cry not aloud, but pray for the welfare of New England, and expect patiently what the Lord will do in this manner!"

The event was soon to be decided. All this time the roll of the drum had been approaching through Cornhill, louder and deeper, till, with reverberations from house to house, and the regular tramp of martial footsteps, it burst into the street. A double rank of soldiers made their appearance, occupying the whole breadth of the passage, with shouldered matchlocks, and matches burning, so as to present a row of fires in the dusk. Their steady march was like the progress of a machine, that would roll irresistibly over everything in its way. Next, moving slowly, with a confused clatter of hoofs on the pavement, rode a party of mounted gentlemen, the central figure being Sir Edmund Andros, elderly, but erect and soldier-like. Those around him were

Digitized by Google

his favorite councillors, and the bitterest foes of New England. At his right hand rode Edward Randolph, our arch enemy, that "blasted wretch," as Cotton Mather calls him, who achieved the downfall of our ancient government, and was followed with a sensible curse through life and to his grave. On the other side was Bullivant, scattering jests and mockery as he rode along. Dudley came behind, with a downcast look, dreading, as well he might, to meet the indignant gaze of the people, who beheld him, their only countryman by birth, among the oppressors of his native land. The captain of a frigate in the harbor, and two or three civil officers under the Crown, were also there. But the figure which most attracted the public eye, and stirred up the deepest feeling, was the Episcopal clergyman of King's Chapel, riding haughtily among the magistrates in his priestly vestments, the fitting representative of prelacy and persecution, the union of church and state, and all those abominations which had driven the Puritans to the wilderness. Another guard of soldiers, in double rank, brought up the rear.

The whole scene was a picture of the condition of New England, and its moral, the deformity of any government that does not grow out of the nature of things and the character of the people. On one side the religious multitude, with their sad visages and dark attire, and on the other, the group of despotic rulers, with the high churchman in the midst, and here and there a crucifix at their bosoms, all magnificently clad, flushed with wine, proud of unjust authority, and scoffing at the universal groan. And the mercenary soldiers, waiting but the word to deluge the street with blood, showed the only means by which obedience could be secured.

"Oh! Lord of Hosts!" cried a voice among the crowd, "provide a Champion for thy people!"

This ejaculation was loudly uttered, and served as a herald's cry to introduce a remarkable personage. The crowd had rolled back, and were now huddled together nearly at the extremity of the street, while the soldiers had advanced no more than a third of its length. The intervening space was empty—a paved solitude, between lofty edifices, which threw almost a twilight shadow over it. Suddenly, there was seen the figure of an ancient man, who seemed to have emerged from among the people, and was walking by himself along the centre of the street, to confront the armed band. He wore the old Puritan dress, a dark cloak and a steeple-crowned hat, in the fashion of at least fifty years before, with a heavy sword upon his thigh, but a staff in his hand, to assist the tremulous gait of age.

When at some distance from the multitude, the old man turned slowly round, displaying a face of antique majesty, rendered doubly venerable by the hoary beard that descended on his breast. He made a gesture at once of encouragement and warning, then turned again and resumed his way.

"Who is this gray patriarch!" asked the young men of their sires.

"Who is this venerable brother!" asked the old men among themselves.

But none could make reply. The fathers of the people, those of fourscore years and upwards, were disturbed, deeming it strange that they should forget one of such evident authority, whom they must have known in their early days, the associate of Winthrop and all the old Councillors, giving laws, and making prayers, and leading them against the savage. The elderly men ought to have remembered him, too, with locks as gray in their youth, as their own were now. And the young! How could he have passed so utterly from their memories—that hoary sire, the relic of long departed times, whose awful benediction had surely been bestowed on their uncovered heads in childhood.

"Whence did he come? What is his purpose? Who can this old man be?" whispered the wondering crowd.

Meanwhile, the venerable stranger, staff in hand, was pursuing his solitary walk along the centre of the street. As he drew near the advancing soldiers, and as the roll of their drum came full upon his ear, the old man raised himself to a loftier mien, while the decrepitude of age seemed to fall from his shoulders, leaving him in gray but unbroken dignity. Now, he marched onwards with a warrior's step, keeping time to the military music. Thus the aged form advanced on one side, and the whole parade of soldiers and magistrates on the other, till, when scarcely twenty yards remained between, the old man grasped his staff by the middle, and held it before him like a leader's truncheon.

"Stand!" cried he.

The eye, the face, and attitude of command; the solemn yet warlike peal of that voice, fit either to rule a host in the battle-field or be raised to God in prayer, were irresistible. At the old man's word and outstretched arm, the roll of the drum was hushed at once, and the advancing line stood still. A tremulous enthusiasm seized upon the multitude. That stately form, combining the leader and the saint, so gray, so dimly seen, in such an ancient garb, could only belong to some old champion of the righteous cause, whom the oppressor's drum had summoned from his grave. They raised a shout of awe and exultation, and looked for the deliverance of New England.

The Governor, and the gentlemen of his party, perceiving themselves brought to an unexpected stand, rode hastily forward, as if they would have pressed their snorting and affrighted horses right against the hoary apparition. He, however, blenched not a step, but glancing his severe eye round the group which half encompassed him, at last bent it sternly on Sir Edmund Andros. One would have thought that the dark old man was chief ruler there, and that the Governor and Council, with soldiers at their back, representing the whole power and authority of the Crown, had no alternative but obedience.

"What does this old fellow here?" cried Edward Randolph, fiercely. "On, Sir Edmund! Bid the soldiers forward, and give the dotard the same choice that you give all his countrymen—to stand aside or be trampled on!"

"Nay, nay, let us show respect to the good grandsire," said Bullivant, laughing. "See you not he is some old round-headed dignitary, who hath lain asleep these thirty years, and knows nothing of the change of times? Doubtless, he thinks to put us down with a proclamation in Old Noll's name!"

"Are you mad, old man?" demanded Sir Edmund Andros, in loud and harsh tones. "How dare you stay the march of King James's Governor?"

"I have staid the march of a King himself, ere now," replied the gray figure, with stern composure. "I am here, Sir Governor, because the cry of an oppressed people hath disturbed me in my secret place; and beseeching this favor earnestly of the Lord, it was vouchsafed me to appear once again on earth in the good old cause of his saints. And what speak ye of James? There is no longer a popish tyrant on the throne of England, and by to-morrow noon his name shall be a by-word in this very street, where ye would make it a word of terror. Back, thou that wast a Governor, back! With

Digitized by Google

this night thy power is ended—to-morrow, the prison!—back, lest I foretell the scaffold!"

The people had been drawing nearer and nearer, and drinking in the words of their champion, who spoke in accents long disused, like one unaccustomed to converse, except with the dead of many years ago. But his voice stirred their souls. They confronted the soldiers, not wholly without arms, and ready to convert the very stones of the street into deadly weapons. Sir Edmund Andros looked at the old man; then he cast his hard and cruel eye over the multitude, and beheld them burning with that lurid wrath, so difficult to kindle or to quench; and again he fixed his gaze on the aged form, which stood obscurely in an open space, where neither friend nor foe had thrust himself. What were his thoughts, he uttered no word which might discover. But whether the oppressor was overawed by the Gray Champion's look, or perceived his peril in the threatening attitude of the people, it is certain that he gave back, and ordered his soldiers to commence a slow and guarded retreat. Before another sunset, the Governor, and all that rode so proudly with him, were prisoners, and long ere it was known that James had abdicated King William was proclaimed throughout New England.

But where was the Gray Champion? Some reported that when the troops had gone from King street, and the people were thronging tumultuously in their rear, Bradstreet, the aged Governor, was seen to embrace a form more aged than his own. Others soberly affirmed, that while they marvelled at the venerable grandeur of his aspect, the old man had faded from their eyes, melting slowly into the hues of twilight, till where he stood there was an empty space. But all agreed that the hoary shape was gone. The men of that generation watched for his reappearance, in sunshine and in twilight, but never saw him more, nor knew when his funeral passed, nor where his gravestone was.

And who was the Gray Champion? Perhaps his name might be found in the records of that stern Court of Justice which passed a sentence too mighty for the age, but glorious in all after times for its humbling lesson to the monarch and its high example to the subject. I have heard, that whenever the descendants of the Puritans are to show the spirit of their sires the old man appears again. When eighty years had passed he walked once more in King street. Five years later, in the twilight of an April morning, he stood on the green, beside the meeting-house, at Lexington, where now the obelisk of granite, with a slab of slate inlaid, commemorates the first fallen of the Revolution. And when our fathers were toiling at the breastwork on Bunker's Hill, all through that night the old warrior walked his rounds. Long, long may it be ere it comes again! His hour is one of darkness, and adversity, and peril. But should domestic tyranny oppress us, or the invader's step pollute our soil, still may the Gray Champion come; for he is the type of New England's hereditary spirit; and his shadowy march on the eve of danger must ever be the pledge that New England's sons will vindicate their ancestry.

### SIGHTS FROM A STEEPLE.

So! I have climbed high, and my reward is small. Here I stand, with wearied knees, earth, indeed, at a dizzy depth below, but heaven far, far beyond me still. O that I could soar up into the very zenith, where man never breathed, nor eagle ever flew, and where the ethereal azure melts away from the eye, and appears only a deepened shade of nothingness! And yet I shiver at that cold and solitary thought. What clouds are gathering in the golden west, with direful intent against the brightness and the warmth of this summer afternoon! They are ponderous air-ships, black as death, and freighted with the tempest; and at intervals their thunder, the signal-guns of that unearthly squadron, rolls distant along the deep of heaven. These nearer heaps of fleecy vapor—methinks I could roll and toss upon them the whole day long!—seem scattered here and there, for the repose of tired pilgrims through the sky. Perhaps—for who can tell!—beautiful spirits are disporting themselves there, and will bless my mortal eye with the brief appearance of their curly locks of golden light, and laughing faces, fair and faint as the people of a rosy dream. Or, where the floating mass so imperfectly obstructs the color of the firmament, a slender foot and fairy limb, resting too heavily upon the frail support, may be thrust through, and suddenly withdrawn, while longing fancy follows them in vain. Yonder again is an airy archipelago, where the sunbeams love to linger in their journeyings through space. Every one of those little clouds has been dipped and steeped in radiance, which the slightest pressure might disengage in silvery profusion, like water wrung from a sea-maid's hair. Bright they are as a young man's visions, and, like them, would be realized in chillness, obscurity, and tears. I will look on them no more.

In three parts of the visible circle, whose centre is this spire, I discern cultivated fields, villages, white country-seats, the waving lines of rivulets, little placid lakes, and here and there a rising ground, that would fain be termed a hill. On the fourth side is the sea, stretching away towards a viewless boundary, blue and calm, except where the passing anger of a shadow flits across its surface, and is gone. Hitherward, a broad inlet penetrates far into the land; on the verge of the harbor, formed by its extremity, is a town; and over it am I, a watchman, all-heeding and unheeding. Oh! that the multitude of chimneys could speak, like those of Madrid, and betray, in smoky whispers, the secrets of all who, since their first foundation, have assembled at the hearths within! Oh, that the Limping Devil of Le Sage would perch beside me here, extend his wand over this contiguity of roofs, uncover every chamber, and make me familiar with their inhabitants! The most desirable mode of existence might be that of a spiritualized Paul Pry, hovering invisible round man and woman, witnessing their deeds, searching into their hearts, borrowing brightness from their felicity, and shade from their sorrow, and retaining no emotion peculiar to himself. But none of these things are possible; and if I would know the interior of brick walls, or the mystery of human bosoms, I can but guess.

Yonder is a fair street, extending north and south. The stately mansions are placed each on its carpet of verdant grass, and a long flight of steps descends from every door to the pavement. Ornamental trees, the broad-leafed horse chestnut, the elm so lofty and bending, the graceful but infrequent willow, and others whereof I know not the names, grow thrivingly among brick and stone. The oblique rays of the sun are intercepted by these green citizens, and by the houses, so that one side of the street is a shaded and pleasant walk. On its whole extent there is now but a single passenger, advancing from the upper end; and he, unless distance, and the medium of a pocket-spyglass do him more than justice, is a fine young man of twenty. He saunters slowly forward, slapping his left hand with his folded gloves, bending his eyes upon the pavement, and sometimes raising them to throw a glance

Digitized by Google

before him. Certainly, he has a pensive air. Is he in doubt, or in debt? Is he, if the question be allowable, in love? Does he strive to be melancholy and gentlemanlike? Or, is he merely overcome by the heat? But I bid him farewell, for the present. The door of one of the houses, an aristocratic edifice, with curtains of purple and gold waving from the windows, is now opened, and down the steps come two ladies, swinging their parasols, and lightly arrayed for a summer ramble. Both are young, both are pretty; but methinks the left hand lass is the fairer of the twain; and though she be so serious at this moment, I could swear that there is a treasure of gentle fun within her. They stand talking a little while upon the steps, and finally proceed up the street. Meantime, as their faces are now turned from me, I may look elsewhere.

Upon that wharf, and down the corresponding street, is a busy contrast to the quiet scene which I have just noticed. Business evidently has its centre there, and many a man is wasting the summer afternoon in labor and anxiety, in losing riches, or in gaining them, when he would be wiser to flee away to some pleasant country village, or shaded lake in the forest, or wild and cool sea-beach. I see vessels unlading at the wharf, and precious merchandise strown upon the ground, abundantly as at the bottom of the sea, that market whence no goods return, and where there is no captain nor supercargo to render an account of sales. Here, the clerks are diligent with their paper and pencils, and sailors ply the block and tackle that hang over the hold, accompanying their toil with cries, long drawn and roughly melodious, till the bales and puncheons ascend to upper air. At a little distance, a group of gentlemen are assembled round the door of a warehouse. Grave seniors be they, and I would wager—if it were safe, in these times, to be responsible for any one—that the least eminent among them, might vie with old Vincentio, that incomparable trafficker of Pisa. I can even select the wealthiest of the company. It is the elderly personage, in somewhat rusty black, with powdered hair, the superfluous whiteness of which is visible upon the cape of his coat. His twenty ships are wafted on some of their many courses by every breeze that blows, and his name—I will venture to say, though I know it not—is a familiar sound among the far separated merchants of Europe and the Indies.

But I bestow too much of my attention in this quarter. On looking again to the long and shady walk, I perceive that the two fair girls have encountered the young man. After a sort of shyness in the recognition, he turns back with them. Moreover, he has sanctioned my taste in regard to his companions by placing himself on the inner side of the pavement, nearest the Venus to whom I—enacting, on a steeple-top, the part of Paris on the top of Ida—adjudged the golden apple.

In two streets, converging at right angles towards my watchtower, I distinguish three different processions. One is a proud array of voluntary soldiers in bright uniform, resembling from the height whence I look down, the painted veterans that garrison the windows of a toyshop. And yet, it stirs my heart; their regular advance, their nodding plumes, the sunflash on their bayonets and musket-barrels, the roll of their drums ascending past me, and the fife ever and anon piercing through—these things have wakened a warlike fire, peaceful though I be. Close to their rear marches a battalion of schoolboys, ranged in crooked and irregular platoons, shouldering sticks, thumping a harsh and unripe clatter from an instrument of tin, and ridiculously aping the intricate manœuvres of the foremost band. Nevertheless, as slight differences are scarcely perceptible from a church spire, one might be tempted to ask, 'Which are the boys?'—or rather, 'Which the men?' But, leaving these, let us turn to the third procession, which, though sadder in outward show, may excite identical reflections in the thoughtful mind. It is a funeral. A hearse, drawn by a black and bony steed, and covered by a dusty pall; two or three coaches rumbling over the stones, their drivers half asleep; a dozen couple of careless mourners in their every-day attire; such was not the fashion of our fathers, when they carried a friend to his grave. There is now no doleful clang of the bell, to proclaim sorrow to the town. Was the King of Terrors more awful in those days than in our own, that wisdom and philosophy have been able to produce this change? Not so. Here is a proof that he retains his proper majesty. The military men, and the military boys, are wheeling round the corner, and meet the funeral full in the face. Immediately, the drum is silent, all but the tap that regulates each simultaneous footfall. The soldiers yield the path to the dusty hearse and unpretending train, and the children quit their ranks, and cluster on the sidewalks, with timorous and instinctive curiosity. The mourners enter the church-yard at the base of the steeple, and pause by an open grave among the burial-stones; the lightning glimmers on them as they lower down the coffin, and the thunder rattles heavily while they throw the earth upon its lid. Verily, the shower is near, and I tremble for the young man and the girls, who have now disappeared from the long and shady street.

How various are the situations of the people covered by the roofs beneath me, and how diversified are the events at this moment befalling them! The newborn, the aged, the dying, the strong in life, and the recent dead, are in the chambers of these many mansions. The full of hope, the happy, the miserable, and the desperate, dwell together within the circle of my glance. In some of the houses over which my eyes roam so coldly, guilt is entering into hearts that are still tenanted by a debased and trodden virtue—guilt is on the very edge of commission, and the impending deed might be averted; guilt is done, and the criminal wonders if it be irrevocable. There are broad thoughts struggling in my mind, and, were I able to give them distinctness, they would make their way in eloquence. Lo! the rain-drops are descending.

The clouds, within a little time, have gathered over all the sky, hanging heavily, as if about to drop in one unbroken mass upon the earth. At intervals, the lightning flashes from their brooding hearts, quivers, disappears, and then comes the thunder, travelling slowly after its twin-born flame. A strong wind has sprung up, howls through the darkened streets, and raises the dust in dense bodies, to rebel against the approaching storm. The disbanded soldiers fly, the funeral has already vanished like its dead, and all people hurry homeward—all that have a home; while a few lounge by the corners, or trudge on desperately, at their leisure. In a narrow lane, which communicates with the shady street, I discern the rich old merchant, putting himself to the top of his speed, lest the rain should convert his hair-powder to a paste. Unhappy gentleman! By the slow vehemence, and painful moderation wherewith he journeys, it is but too evident that Podagra has left its thrilling tenderness in his great toe. But yonder, at a far more rapid pace, come three other of my acquaintance, the two pretty girls and the young man, unseasonably interrupted in their walk. Their footsteps are supported by the risen dust, the wind lends them its velocity, they fly like three seabirds driven landward

Digitized by Google

by the tempestuous breeze. The ladies would not thus rival Atalanta, if they but knew that any one were at leisure to observe them. Ah! as they hasten onward, laughing in the angry face of nature, a sudden catastrophe has chanced. At the corner where the narrow lane enters into the street, they come plump against the old merchant, whose tortoise motion has just brought him to that point. He likes not the sweet encounter; the darkness of the whole air gathers speedily upon his visage, and there is a pause on both sides. Finally, he thrusts aside the youth with little courtesy, seizes an arm of each of the two girls, and plods onward, like a magician with a prize of captive fairies. All this is easy to be understood. How disconsolate the poor lover stands! regardless of the rain that threatens an exceeding damage to his well fashioned habiliments, till he catches a backward glance of mirth from a bright eye, and turns away with whatever comfort it conveys.

The old man and his daughters are safely housed, and now the storm lets loose its fury. In every dwelling I perceive the faces of the chambermaids as they shut down the windows, excluding the impetuous shower, and shrinking away from the quick fiery glare. The large drops descend with force upon the slated roofs, and rise again in smoke. There is a rush and roar, as of a river through the air, and muddy streams bubble majestically along the pavement, whirl their dusky foam into the kennel, and disappear beneath iron grates. Thus did Arethusa sink. I love not my station here aloft, in the midst of the tumult which I am powerless to direct or quell, with the blue lightning wrinkling on my brow, and the thunder muttering its first awful syllables in my ear. I will descend. Yet let me give another glance to the sea, where the foam breaks out in long white lines upon a broad expanse of blackness, or boils up in far distant points, like snowy mountain-tops in the eddies of a flood; and let me look once more at the green plain, and little hills of the country, over which the giant of the storm is riding in robes of mist, and at the town, whose obscured and desolate streets might beseem a city of the dead; and turning a single moment to the sky, now gloomy as an author's prospects, I prepare to resume my station on lower earth. But stay! A little speck of azure has widened in the western heavens; the sunbeams find a passage, and go rejoicing through the tempest; and on yonder darkest cloud, born, like hallowed hopes, of the glory of another world, and the trouble and tears of this, brightens forth the Rainbow!

### OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES,

Whose polished verses and playful satiric wit are the delight of his contemporaries, as they will be cherished bequests of our own day to posterity, is a son of the author of the Annals, the Doctor of Divinity at Cambridge. At that learned town of Massachusetts, he was born August 29, 1809. He was educated at the Phillips Academy at Exeter, and graduated at Harvard in 1829. He then gave a year to the law, during which time he was entertaining the good people of Cambridge with various anonymous effusions of a waggish poetical character, in the *Collegian*,* a periodical published by a number of undergraduates of Harvard University in 1830, in which John O. Sargent wrote the versatile papers in prose and verse, signed Charles Sherry; and the accomplished William H. Simmons, a brilliant rhetorician, and one of the purest readers we have ever listened to, was "Lockfast," translating Schiller, enthusiastic on Ossian, and snapping up college jokes and trifles; and Robert Habersham, under the guise of "Mr. Airy," and Theodore Wm. Snow as "Geoffrey la Touche," brought their quotas to the literary pic-nic. Holmes struck out a new vein among them, just as Praed had done in the Etonian and Knight's Quarterly Magazine. Of the twenty-five pieces published by him, some half dozen have been collected in his "Poems." The "Meeting of the Dryads," on occasion of a Presidential thinning of the college trees; "The Spectre Pig" and "Evening by a Tailor," are among them.

As a lawyer, Holmes, like most of the American literati who have generally begun with that profession, was evidently falling under the poets' censure, "penning a stanza when he should engross;" when he turned his attention to medicine, and forswore for a time the Muses. He was, however, guilty of some very clever anonymous contributions to a volume, the *Harbinger*, mainly written by himself, Park Benjamin, and Epes Sargent, and which was published for the benefit of a charitable institution.* In 1833, the year of this production, he visited Europe, residing chiefly at Paris, in the prosecution of his medical studies.

After nearly three years' residence abroad, he returned to take his medical degree at Cambridge, in 1836, when he delivered *Poetry, a Metrical Essay*, before the Harvard Phi Beta Kappa; which he published the same year, in the first acknowledged volume of his Poems.† In "Poetry," he describes four stages of the art, the Pastoral, Martial, Epic, and Dramatic; successfully illustrating the two former by his lines on "The Cambridge Churchyard" and "Old Ironsides," which last has become a national lyric, having first been printed in the *Boston Daily Advertiser* when the frigate Constitution lay at the Navy Yard in Charlestown, and the department had resolved upon breaking her up—a fate from which she was preserved by the verses, which ran through the newspapers with universal applause, and were circulated in the city of Washington in handbills.‡

In this poem he introduced a descriptive passage on Spring, at once literal and poetical, in a vein which he has since followed out with brilliant effect. The volume also contained "The Last Leaf," and "My Aunt," which established Holmes's reputation for humorous quaintness. In his preface he offers a vindication of the extravagant in literature; but it is only a dull or unthinking mind which would quarrel with such extravagances as his humor sometimes takes on, or deny the force of his explanation that, "as material objects in different lights repeat themselves in shadows variously elongated, contracted, or exaggerated, so our solid and sober thoughts caricature themselves in fantastic shapes, inseparable from their originals, and having a unity in their

* The Collegian. In six numbers. Cambridge: Hilliard & Brown.

* The Harbinger; a May Gift, dedicated to the ladies who have so kindly aided the New England Institution for the Education of the Blind. Boston: Carter, Hendee & Co., 1832. 12mo. pp. 96.

† Poems by Oliver Wendell Holmes. Boston: Otis, Broaders & Co., 1836. 12mo. pp. 168.

‡ Benjamin's American Monthly Magazine, January, 1837

Digitized by Google

extravagance, which proves them to have retained their proportions in certain respects, however differing in outline from their prototypes."

In 1838 Dr. Holmes became Professor of Anatomy and Physiology at Dartmouth. On his marriage in 1840, he established himself in Boston, where he acquired the position of a fashionable and successful practitioner of medicine. In 1847 he was made Parkman Professor of Anatomy and Physiology, in the Medical School at Harvard.

His chief professional publications are his Boylston Prize Dissertations for 1836–7, on *Indigenous Intermittent Fever in New England, Nature and Treatment of Neuralgia, and Utility and Importance of Direct Exploration in Medical Practice; Lectures on Homœopathy and other Delusions* in 1841; Report on Medical Literature to the American Association, 1848; and occasional articles in the journals, of which the most important is "the Contagiousness of Puerperal Fever," in the New England Journal of Medicine and Surgery, April, 1843.

Dr. Holmes is celebrated for his *vers d'occasion*, cleverly introduced with impromptu graces (of course, entirely unpremeditated) at medical feasts and Phi Beta Kappa Festivals, and other social gatherings, which are pretty sure to have some fanciful descriptions of nature, and laugh loudly at the quackeries, both the properly professional, and the literary and social of the day. His *Terpsichore* was pronounced on one of these opportunities, in 1843. His *Stethoscope Song* was one of these effusions; his *Modest Request* at Everett's inauguration at Harvard another, and many more will be remembered.

*Urania, a Rhymed Lesson*, with some shrewd hits at the absurd, and suggestions of the practical in the social economy of the day, was delivered before the Boston Mercantile Library Association, in 1846. *Astrea* is a Phi Beta Kappa poem, pronounced by the author at Yale College in 1850.

In 1852 Dr. Holmes delivered a course of lectures on the *English Poets of the Nineteenth Century*, a portion of which he subsequently repeated in New York. The style was precise and animated; the illustrations, sharp and cleanly cut. In the criticism, there was a leaning rather to the bold and dashing bravura of Scott and Byron, than the calm philosophical mood of Wordsworth. Where there was any game on the wing, when the "servile herd" of imitators and the poetasters came in view, they were dropped at once by a felicitous shot. Each lecture closed with a copy of verses humorous or sentimental, growing out of the prevalent mood of the hour's discussion.

In look and manners, Dr. Holmes is the vivacious sparkling personage his poems would indicate. His smile is easily invoked; he is fond of pun and inevitable at repartee, and his conversation runs on copiously, supplied with choice discriminating words laden with the best stores of picked fact from the whole range of science and society; and of ingenious reflection in a certain vein of optimism. As a medical lecturer, his style must be admirable, at once clear and subtle, popular and refined.

In the winter season he resides at Boston; latterly amusing himself with the profitable variety of visiting the towns and cities of the Northern and Middle States in the delivery of lectures, of which he has a good working stock on hand. The anatomy of the popular lecture he understands perfectly—how large a proportion of wit he may safely associate with the least quantity of dulness; and thus he carries pleasure and refinement from the charmed salons of Beacon street to towns and villages in the back districts, suddenly opened to light and civilization by the straight cut of the railroad. In summer, or rather in spring, summer, and autumn, the Doctor is at his home on the Housatonic, at Pittsfield, with acres around him, inherited from his maternal ancestors, the Wendells, in whom the whole township was once vested. In 1735, the Hon. Jacob Wendell bought the township of Pontoosuc, and his grandson now resides on the remnant of twenty-four thousand ancestral acres.*

Oliver Wendell Holmes

In remembrance of one of the ancient Indian deeds he calls his residence Canoe Place. He has described the river scenery of the vicinity in a poem which has been lately printed.†

The muse of Holmes is a foe to humbug. There is among his poems "A professional ballad—the Stethoscope Song," descriptive of the practices of a young physician from Paris, who went about knocking the wind out of old ladies, and terrifying young ones, mistaking, all the while, a buzzing fly in the instrument for a frightful array of diseases expressed in a variety of terrible French appellations. The exposure of this young man is a hint of the author's process with the social grievances and absurdities of the day. He clears the moral atmosphere of the morbid literary and other pretences afloat. People breathe freer for his verses. They shake the cobwebs out of the system, and keep up in the world that brisk healthy current of common sense, which is to the mind what circulation is to the body. A tincture of the Epicurean Philosophy is not a bad corrective of ultraism, Fourierism, transcendentalism, and

* O. W. Holmes's remarks at the Berkshire Jubilee, August, 1844.

† The Knickerbocker Gallery.

Digitized by Google

other morbidities. Dr. Holmes sees a thing objectively in the open air, and understands what is due to nature, and to the inevitable conventionalisms of society. He is a lover of the fields, trees, and streams, and out-of-door life; but we question whether his muse is ever clearer in its metaphysics than when on some convivial occasion it ranges a row of happy faces, reflected in the wax-illuminated plateau of the dining table.

OUR YANKEE GIRLS.

Let greener lands and bluer skies,
If such the wide earth shows,
With fairer cheeks and brighter eyes,
Match us the star and rose;
The winds that lift the Georgian's veil
Or wave Circassia's curls,
Waft to their shores the sultan's sail,—
Who buys our Yankee girls!

The gay grisette, whose fingers touch
Love's thousand chords so well;
The dark Italian, loving much,
But more than one can tell;
And England's fair-haired, blue-eyed dame,
Who binds her brow with pearls;—
Ye who have seen them, can they shame
Our own sweet Yankee girls!

And what if court and castle vaunt
Its children loftier born!—
Who heeds the silken tassel's flaunt
Beside the golden corn!
They ask not for the dainty toil
Of ribboned knights and earls,
The daughters of the virgin soil,
Our freeborn Yankee girls!

By every hill whose stately pines
Wave their dark arms above
The home where some fair being shines,
To warm the wilds with love,
From barest rock to bleakest shore
Where farthest sail unfurls,
That stars and stripes are streaming o'er,—
God bless our Yankee girls!

OLD IRONSIDES.

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar;—
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more!

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee;—
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

O better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,—
The lightning and the gale!

THE CHURCH-YARD AT CAMBRIDGE.

Our ancient church! its lowly tower,
Beneath the loftier spire,
Is shadowed when the sunset hour
Clothes the tall shaft in fire;
It sinks beyond the distant eye,
Long ere the glittering vane,
High wheeling in the western sky,
Has faded o'er the plain.

Like Sentinel and Nun, they keep
Their vigil on the green;
One seems to guard, and one to weep,
The dead that lie between;
And both roll out, so full and near,
Their music's mingling waves,
They shake the grass, whose pennoned spear
Leans on the narrow graves.

The stranger parts the flaunting weeds,
Whose seeds the winds have strown
So thick beneath the line he reads,
They shade the sculptured stone;
The child unveils his clustered brow,
And ponders for a while
The graven willow's pendent bough,
Or rudest cherub's smile.

But what to them the dirge, the knell!
These were the mourner's share;—
The sullen clang, whose heavy swell
Throbbed through the beating air;—
The rattling cord,—the rolling stone,—
The shelving sand that slid,
And, far beneath, with hollow tone
Rung on the coffin's lid.

The slumberer's mound grows fresh and green,
Then slowly disappears;
The mosses creep, the gray stones lean
Earth hides his date and years;
But long before the once-loved name
Is sunk or worn away,
No lip the silent dust may claim,
That pressed the breathing clay.

Go where the ancient pathway guides,
See where our sires laid down
Their smiling babes, their cherished brides,
The patriarchs of the town;
Hast thou a tear for buried love!
A sigh for transient power!
All that a century left above,
Go, read it in an hour!

The Indian's shaft, the Briton's ball,
The sabre's thirsting edge,
The hot shell shattering in its fall,
The bayonet's rending wedge,—
Here scattered death; yet seek the spot,
No trace thine eye can see,
No altar,—and they need it not
Who leave their children free!

Look where the turbid rain-drops stand
In many a chiselled square,
The knightly crest, the shield, the brand:
Of honored names were there;—
Alas! for every tear is dried
Those blazoned tablets knew,
Save when the icy marble's side
Drips with the evening dew.

Or gaze upon yon pillared stone,
The empty urn of pride;
There stand the Goblet and the Sun,—
What need of more beside!
Where lives the memory of the dead,
Who made their tomb a toy!



Digitized by Google

Whose ashes press that nameless bed?
Go, ask the village boy!

Lean o'er the slender western wall,
Ye ever-roaming girls;
The breath that bids the blossom fall
May lift your floating curls,
To sweep the simple lines that tell
An exile's date and doom;
And sigh, for where his daughters dwell,
They wreathe the stranger's tomb.

And one amid these shades was born,
Beneath this turf who lies,
Once beaming as the summer's morn,
That closed her gentle eyes;—
If sinless angels love as we,
Who stood thy grave beside,
Three seraph welcomes waited thee,
The daughter, sister, bride!

I wandered to thy buried mound
When earth was hid below
The level of the glaring ground,
Choked to its gates with snow,
And when with summer's flowery waves
The lake of verdure rolled,
As if a Sultan's white-robed slaves
Had scattered pearls and gold.

Nay, the soft pinions of the air,
That lift this trembling tone,
Its breath of love may almost bear,
To kiss thy funeral stone;—
And, now thy smiles have past away,
For all the joy they gave,
May sweetest dews and warmest ray
Lie on thine early grave!

When damps beneath, and storms above,
Have bowed these fragile towers,
Still o'er the graves yon locust-grove
Shall swing its Orient flowers;—
And I would ask no mouldering bust,
If e'er this humble line,
Which breathed a sigh o'er others' dust,
Might call a tear on mine.

L'INCONNUE.

Is thy name Mary, maiden fair?
Such should, methinks, its music be
The sweetest name that mortals bear,
Were best befitting thee;
And she, to whom it once was given,
Was half of earth and half of heaven.

I hear thy voice, I see thy smile,
I look upon thy folded hair;
Ah! while we dream not they beguile,
Our hearts are in the snare;
And she, who chains a wild bird's wing,
Must start not if her captive sing.

So, lady, take the leaf that falls,
To all but thee unseen, unknown;
When evening shades thy silent walls,
Then read it all alone;
In stillness read, in darkness seal,
Forget, despise, but not reveal!

THE LAST LEAF.

I saw him once before,
As he passed by the door,
And again
The pavement stones resound
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the Crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
Sad and wan,
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said,—
Poor old lady, she is dead
Long ago,—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,—
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

MY AUNT.

My aunt! my dear unmarried aunt!
Long years have o'er her flown;
Yet still she strains the aching clasp
That binds her virgin zone;
I know it hurts her,—though she looks
As cheerful as she can;
Her waist is ampler than her life,
For life is but a span.

My aunt, my poor deluded aunt!
Her hair is almost gray;
Why will she train that winter curl
In such a spring-like way?
How can she lay her glasses down,
And say she reads as well
When, through a double convex lens,
She just makes out to spell?

Her father,—grandpapa! forgive
This erring lip its smiles,—
Vowed she should make the finest girl
Within a hundred miles.
He sent her to a stylish school;
'Twas in her thirteenth June;
And with her, as the rules required,
"Two towels and a spoon."

They braced my aunt against a board,
To make her straight and tall;
They laced her up, they starved her down,
To make her light and small;

Digitized by Google

They pinched her feet, they singed her hair,
They screwed it up with pins;—
O never mortal suffered more
In penance for her sins.

So, when my precious aunt was done,
My grandsire brought her back;
(By daylight, lest some rabid youth
Might follow on the track;)
"Ah!" said my grandsire, as he shook
Some powder in his pan,
"What could this lovely creature do
Against a desperate man!"

Alas! nor chariot, nor barouche,
Nor bandit cavalcade
Tore from the trembling father's arms
His all-accomplished maid.
For her how happy had it been!
And Heaven had spared to me
To see one sad, ungathered rose
On my ancestral tree.

EVENING—BY A TAILOR.

Day hath put on his jacket, and around
His burning bosom buttoned it with stars.
Here will I lay me on the velvet grass,
That is like padding to earth's meagre ribs,
And hold communion with the things about me.
Ah me! how lovely is the golden braid,
That binds the skirt of night's descending robe!
The thin leaves, quivering on their silken threads,
Do make a music like to rustling satin,
As the light breezes smoothe their downy nap.

Ha! what is this that rises to my touch
So like a cushion? Can it be a cabbage?
It is, it is that deeply injured flower,
Which boys do flout us with;—but yet I love thee,
Thou giant rose, wrapped in a green surtout!
Doubtless in Eden thou didst blush as bright
As these, thy puny brethren; and thy breath
Sweetened the fragrance of her spicy air;
But now thou seemest like a bankrupt beau,
Stripped of his gaudy hues and essences,
And growing portly in his sober garments.

Is that a swan that rides upon the water?
O no, it is that other gentle bird,
Which is the patron of our noble calling.
I well remember, in my early years,
When these young hands first closed upon a goose;
I have a scar upon my thimble finger,
Which chronicles the hour of young ambition.
My father was a tailor, and his father,
And my sire's grandsire, all of them were tailors;
They had an ancient goose,—it was an heir-loom
From some remoter tailor of our race.
It happened I did see it on a time
When none was near, and I did deal with it,
And it did burn me,—oh, most fearfully!

It is a joy to straighten out one's limbs,
And leap elastic from the level counter,
Leaving the petty grievances of earth,
The breaking thread, the din of clashing shears,
And all the needles that do wound the spirit,
For such a pensive hour of soothing silence.
Kind Nature, shuffling in her loose undress,
Lays bare her shady bosom; I can feel
With all around me;—I can hail the flowers
That sprig earth's mantle,—and yon quiet bird,
That rides the stream, is to me as a brother.
The vulgar know not all the hidden pockets,
Where Nature stows away her loveliness.
But this unnatural posture of the legs
Cramps my extended calves, and I must go
Where I can coil them in their wonted fashion.

ON LENDING A PUNCH-BOWL.

This ancient silver bowl of mine—it tells of good old times,
Of joyous days, and jolly nights, and merry Christmas chimes;
They were a free and jovial race, but honest, brave, and true,
That dipped their ladle in the punch when this old bowl was new.

A Spanish galleon brought the bar,—so runs the ancient tale;
'Twas hammered by an Antwerp smith, whose arm was like a flail;
And now and then between the strokes, for fear his strength should fail,
He wiped his brow, and quaffed a cup of good old Flemish ale.

'T was purchased by an English squire to please his loving dame,
Who saw the cherubs, and conceived a longing for the same;
And oft, as on the ancient stock another twig was found,
'Twas filled with caudle spiced and hot, and handed smoking round.

But, changing hands, it reached at length a Puritan divine,
Who used to follow Timothy, and take a little wine,
But hated punch and prelacy; and so it was, perhaps,
He went to Leyden, where he found conventicles and schnaps.

And then, of course, you know what's next,—it left the Dutchman's shore
With those that in the Mayflower came,—a hundred souls and more,—
Along with all the furniture, to fill their new abodes,—
To judge by what is still on hand, at least a hundred loads.

'T was on a dreary winter's eve, the night was closing dim,
When old Miles Standish took the bowl, and filled it to the brim;
The little Captain stood and stirred the posset with his sword,
And all his sturdy men at arms were ranged about the board.

He poured the fiery Hollands in,—the man that never feared,—
He took a long and solemn draught, and wiped his yellow beard;
And one by one the musketeers,—the men that fought and prayed,—
All drank as 't were their mother's milk, and not a man afraid.

That night, affrighted from his nest, the screaming eagle flew,
He heard the Pequot's ringing whoop, the soldier's wild halloo;
And there the sachem learned the rule he taught to kith and kin;
"Run from the white man when you find he smells of Hollands gin!"

A hundred years, and fifty more, had spread their leaves and snows,
A thousand rubs had flattened down each little cherub's nose;
When once again the bowl was filled, but not in mirth or joy,
'T was mingled by a mother's hand to cheer her parting boy.

Digitized by Google

Drink, John, she said, 'twill do you good,—poor child you 'll never bear
This working in the dismal trench, out in the midnight air;
And if,—God bless me,—you were hurt, 't would keep away the chill;
So John *did* drink,—and well he wrought that night at Bunker's Hill!

I tell you, there was generous warmth in good old English cheer;
I tell you, 't was a pleasant thought to bring its symbol here.
'T is but the fool that loves excess;—hast thou a drunken soul?
Thy bane is in thy shallow skull, not in my silver bowl!

I love the memory of the past,—its pressed yet fragrant flowers,—
The moss that clothes its broken walls,—the ivy on its towers,—
Nay, this poor bauble it bequeathed,—my eyes grow moist and dim,
To think of all the vanished joys that danced around its brim.

Then fill a fair and honest cup, and bear it straight to me;
The goblet hallows all it holds, whate'er the liquid be;
And may the cherubs on its face protect me from the sin,
That dooms one to those dreadful words,—"My dear, where *have* you been?"

### THE PILGRIM'S VISION.

In the hour of twilight shadows
The Puritan looked out;
He thought of the "bloudy Salvages"
That lurked all round about,
Of Wituwamet's pictured knife
And Pecksuot's whooping shout;
For the baby's limbs were feeble,
Though his father's arms were stout.

His home was a freezing cabin
Too bare for the hungry rat,
Its roof was thatched with ragged grass
And bald enough of that;
The hole that served for casement
Was glazed with an ancient hat;
And the ice was gently thawing
From the log whereon he sat.

Along the dreary landscape
His eyes went to and fro,
The trees all clad in icicles,
The streams that did not flow;
A sudden thought flashed o'er him,—
A dream of long ago,—
He smote his leathern jerkin
And murmured "Even so!"

"Come hither, God-be-Glorified,
And sit upon my knee,
Behold the dream unfolding,
Whereof I spake to thee
By the winter's hearth in Leyden
And on the stormy sea;
True is the dream's beginning,—
So may its ending be!

"I saw in the naked forest
Our scattered remnant cast
A screen of shivering branches
Between them and the blast;
The snow was falling round them,
The dying fell as fast;
I looked to see them perish,
When lo, the vision passed.

"Again mine eyes were opened;—
The feeble had waxed strong,
The babes had grown to sturdy men,
The remnant was a throng;
By shadowed lake and winding stream
And all the shores along,
The howling demons quaked to hear
The Christian's godly song.

"They slept,—the village fathers,—
By river, lake, and shore,
When far adown the steep of Time
The vision rose once more;
I saw along the winter snow
A spectral column pour,
And high above their broken ran
A tattered flag they bore.

"Their Leader rode before them,
Of bearing calm and high,
The light of Heaven's own kindling
Throned in his awful eye;
These were a Nation's champions
Her dread appeal to try;
God for the right! I faltered,
And lo, the train passed by.

"Once more;—the strife is ended,
The solemn issue tried,
The Lord of Hosts, his mighty arm
Has helped our Israel's side;
Grey stone and grassy hillock
Tell where our martyrs died,
But peaceful smiles the harvest,
And stainless flows the tide.

"A crash,—as when some swollen cloud
Cracks o'er the tangled trees!
With side to side, and spar to spar,
Whose smoking decks are these?
I know Saint George's blood-red cross,
Thou Mistress of the Seas,—
But what is she, whose streaming bars
Roll out before the breeze?

"Ah, well her iron ribs are knit,
Whose thunders strive to quell
The bellowing throats the blazing lips,
That pealed the Armada's knell!
The mist was cleared,—a wreath of stars
Rose o'er the crimsoned swell,
And, wavering from its haughty peak,
The cross of England fell!

"O trembling Faith! though dark the morn,
A heavenly torch is thine;
While feebler races melt away,
And paler orbs decline,
Still shall the fiery pillar's ray
Along the pathway shine,
To light the chosen tribe that sought
This Western Palestine!

"I see the living tide roll on;
It crowns with flaming towers
The icy capes of Labrador,
The Spaniard's 'land of flowers!'
It streams beyond the splintered ridge
That parts the Northern showers;
From eastern rock to sunset wave
The Continent is ours!"

He ceased,—the grim old Puritan,—
Then softly bent to cheer
The pilgrim-child whose wasting face
Was meekly turned to hear;
And drew his toil-worn sleeve across,
To brush the manly tear

Digitized by Google

From cheeks that never changed in woe,
And never blanched in fear.

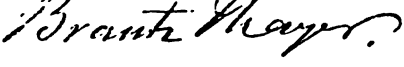
The weary pilgrim slumbers,
His resting-place unknown;
His hands were crossed, his lids were closed,
The dust was o'er him strown;
The drifting soil, the mouldering leaf,
Along the sod were blown;
His mound has melted into earth,
His memory lives alone.

So let it live unfading,
The memory of the dead,
Long as the pale anemone
Springs where their tears were shed,
Or, raining in the summer's wind
In flakes of burning red,
The wild rose sprinkles with its leaves
The turf where once they bled!

Yea, when the frowning bulwarks
That guard this holy strand
Have sunk beneath the trampling surge
In beds of sparkling sand,
While in the waste of ocean
One hoary rock shall stand,
Be this its latest legend,—
HERE WAS THE PILGRIM'S LAND!

### BRANTZ MAYER

WAS born in Baltimore, Maryland, September 27, 1809. His father, Christian Mayer, was a native of Ulm, in Würtemburg; his mother was a lady



of Pennsylvania. He was educated at St. Mary's College, and privately by the late Michael Powers. He then went to India, visiting Java, Sumatra, and China; returned in 1828; studied law, travelled throughout Europe, and practised his profession in America, taking a part in politics till 1841, when he received the appointment of Secretary of Legation at Mexico. There he resided till 1843, when he resigned. Since that time, he has practised law at his native city, edited the *Baltimore American* for a portion of the time, written numerous articles for the press, daily, monthly, and quarterly, all of which have appeared anonymously. His acknowledged publications are observations and speculations on Mexico, deduced from his residence there, and historical memoirs. His *Mexico as it was and as it is*, was published in 1844, and his *Mexico—Aztec, Spanish, and Republican*, in two volumes in 1851.

In 1844, he also published *A Memoir, and the Journal of Charles Carroll of Carrollton during his Mission to Canada with Chase and Franklin in* 1776, in 8vo.

In 1851, he delivered the Anniversary Discourse before the Maryland Historical Society, which he published with the title, *Tah-gah-jute; or Logan and Captain Michael Cresap.* It is a vindication of a worthy backwoodsman and captain of the Revolution from the imputation of cruelty in the alleged "speech" of Logan, handed down by Jefferson. Logan is made out a passionate drunken savage, passing through various scenes of personal revenge, and ending his career in a melée induced by himself, under the idea that in a fit of intoxication he had murdered his wife. Colonel Cresap, on the other hand, appears not only entirely disconnected with the attack on Logan's family, but becomes of interest as a well tried, courageous pioneer of the western civilization—a type of his class, and well worthy a chapter in the historical narrative of America. The history of the speech is somewhat of a curiosity. It was not spoken at all, but was a simple message, communicated in an interview with a single person, an emissary from the British camp, by whom it was reported on his return.

In 1854, Mr. Mayer published *Captain Canot, or Twenty Years of an African Slaver*, a book which, from its variety of adventure, and a certain story-telling faculty in its pages, may easily be mistaken, as it has been, for a work of pure invention. But such is not the case. Captain Canot, whose name is slightly altered, is an actual personage, who supplied the author with the facts which he has woven into his exciting narrative. The force of the book consists in its cool, matter-of-fact account of the wild life of the Slave Trader on the western coast of Africa; the rationale of whose iniquitous proceedings is unblushingly avowed, and given with a fond and picturesque detail usually reserved for topics for which the civilized world has greater respect and sympathy. As a picture of a peculiar state of life it has a verisimilitude, united with a romantic interest worthy the pages of De Foe.

The Maryland Historical Society, with which several of the literary labors of Mr. Mayer have been identified, of which he is an active superintendent, and to which he has been a liberal benefactor, was founded on the 27th February, 1844, at a meeting called by him. It became possessed of a valuable building, the Athenæum, the following year, in conjunction with the Baltimore Library Company, by a voluntary subscription of citizens; and recently in 1854, the Library Company having ceded its collection of books and rights in the property to the Historical Society, the latter is now in the enjoyment of one of the most valuable endowments of the kind in the country.

This building was erected under the direction of the architect Robert Cary Long, a gentleman of taste and energy in his profession, and a cultivator of literature. He came to New York in 1848, where he was fast establishing himself in general estimation, when he was suddenly cut off at the outset of what promised to be an active career, by the cholera in July, 1849. He was about publishing a work on architecture, had delivered an ingenious paper before the New York Historical Society on *Aztec Architecture*, and written a series of Essays on topics growing out of his profession, entitled *Architectonics*, in the *Literary World*. He was a man of active mind, intent on the practical employment of his talents, while his amiable qualities endeared him to his friends in society.

On the completion of the Athenæum, the Inaugural Discourse was delivered by Mr. Mayer, who took for his subject *Commerce, Literature, and Art.*

The joint library now (1854) numbers about

Digitized by Google

fourteen thousand volumes. The collection of MSS., of which a catalogue has been issued, is peculiarly valuable and well arranged. The Maryland State MSS. are numerous, including the "Gilmor Papers," presented to the Society by Robert Gilmor, embracing the Early and Revolutionary Period. The "Peabody Index," prepared by Henry Stevens at the expense of George Peabody, the banker in London, is a catalogue in eleven costly volumes of 1729 documents in the State Paper office in London, of the Colonial Period. The Library has also a collection of Coins and Medals, and a Gallery of Art, which is a nucleus for the exhibitions in the city, and which has an excellent feature in a series of good copies of the works of the Old Masters.

### LITERARY INFLUENCES IN AMERICA.*

It was remarked by Mr. Legaré,—one of the purest scholars given by America to the world—in advising a young friend, at the outset of his life, that, "nothing is more perilous in America than to be too long learning, or to get the name of bookish." Great, indeed, is the experience contained in this short paragraph! It is a sentence which nearly banishes a man from the fields of wealth, for it seems to deny the possibility of the concurrent lives of thought and action. The "bookish" man cannot be the "business" man! And such, indeed, has been the prevailing tone of public sentiment for the last thirty or forty years, since it became the parental habit to cast our children into the stream of trade to buffet their way to fortune, as soon as they were able either to make their labor pay, or to relieve their parents from a part of the expense of maintenance. Early taught that the duty of life is incompatible with the pursuits of a student, the young man whose school years gave promise of renown, speedily finds himself engaged in the mechanical pursuit of a business upon which his bread depends, and either quits for ever the book he loved, or steals to it in night and secrecy, as Numa did to the tangled crypt when he wooed Egeria!

In the old world there are two classes to which Literature can always directly appeal,—government, and the aristocracy. That which is elegant, entertaining, tasteful, remotely useful, or merely designed for embellishment, may call successfully on men who enjoy money and leisure, and are ever eager in the pursuit of new pleasures. This is particularly the case with individuals whose revenues are the mere alluvium of wealth,—the deposit of the golden tide flowing in with regularity,—but not with those whose fortunes are won from the world in a struggle of enterprise. Such men do not enjoy the refreshing occupation of necessary labor, and consequently, they crave the excitement of the intellect and the senses. Out of this want, in Europe, has sprung the Opera,—that magnificent and refined luxury of extreme wealth—that sublime assemblage of all that is exquisite in dress, decoration, declamation, melody, picture, motion, art,—that marriage of music and harmonious thought, which depends, for its perfect success, on the rarest organ of the human frame. The patrons of the Opera have the time and the money to bestow as rewards for their gratification; and yet, I am still captious enough to be discontented with a patronage, springing, in a majority of cases, from a desire for sensual relaxation, and not offered as a fair recompense in the barter that continually occurs in this world between talent and money. I would level the mind of the mass up to such an appreciative position, that, at last, it would regard Literature and Art as wants, not as pastimes,—as the substantial food, and not the frail confectionery of life.

And what is the result, in our country, of this unprotective sentiment towards Literature? The answer is found in the fact that nearly all our young men whose literary tastes and abilities force them to use the pen, are driven to the daily press, where they sell their minds, by retail, in paragraphs;—where they print their crudities without sufficient thought or correction;—where the iron tongue of the engine is for ever bellowing for novelty;—where the daily morsel of opinion must be coined into phrases for daily bread,—and where the idea, which an intelligent editor should expand into a volume, must be condensed into an aphoristic sentence.

Public speaking and talk, are also the speediest mediums of plausible conveyance of opinion in a Republic. The value of talk from the pulpit, the bar, the senate, and the street corner, is inappreciable in America. There is no need of its cultivation among us, for fluency seems to be a national gift. From the slow dropping chat of the provoking button-holder, to the prolonged and rotund tumidities of the stump orator—everything can be achieved by a harangue. It is a fearful facility of speech! Men of genius talk the results of their own experience and reflection. Men of talent talk the results of other men's minds: and thus, in a country where there are few habitual students,—where there are few professed authors,—where all are mere *writers*, where there is, in fact, scarcely the seedling germ of a national literature, we are in danger of becoming mere telegraphs of opinion, as ignorant of the full meaning of the truths we convey as are the senseless wires of the electric words which thrill and sparkle through their iron veins.

It is not surprising, then, that the mass of American reading consists of newspapers and novels;—that nearly all our good books are imported and reprinted;—that, with a capacity for research and composition quite equal to that of England, our men become editors instead of authors. No man but a well paid parson, or a millionaire, can indulge in the expensive delights of amateur authorship. Thus it is that Sue is more read than Scott. Thus it is that the *intense* literature of the weekly newspapers is so prosperous, and that the laborer, who longs to mingle cheaply the luxuries of wealth, health, and knowledge, purchases, on his way homeward, with his pay in his pocket, on Saturday night, a lottery ticket, a Sunday newspaper, and a dose of quack physic, so that he has the chance of winning a fortune by Monday, whilst he is purifying his body and amusing his mind, without losing a day from his customary toil!

In this way we trace downward from the merchant and the literary man to the mechanic, the prevailing notion in our country of necessary devotion to labor as to a dreary task, without respite or relaxation. This is the expansive illustration of Mr. Legaré's idea, that no man must get, in America, the repute of being "bookish." And yet, what would become of the world without these derided "bookish" men!—these recorders of history—these developers of science—these philosophers—these writers of fiction—these thousand scholars who are continually adding by almost imperceptible contributions to the knowledge and wealth of the world! Some there are, who, in their day and generation, indeed *appear* to be utterly useless;—men who *seem* to be literary idlers, and yet, whose works tell upon the world in the course of ages. Such was the charac-

* From the Discourse, "Commerce, Literature, and Art."

Digitized by Google

ter of the occupations of Atticus, in Rome, and of Horace Walpole, in England. Without Atticus,—the elegant scholar, who stood aloof from the noisy contests of politics and cultivated letters,—we should never have had the delicious correspondence addressed to him by Cicero. Without the vanity, selfishness, avarice, and dilettantism of Walpole, we should never have enjoyed that exquisite mosaic-work of history, wit, anecdote, character and incident, which he has left us in the letters addressed to his various friends. Too idle for a sustained work, too gossiping for the serious strain that would have excluded the malice, scandal, and small talk of his compositions,—he adopted the easy chat of familiar epistles, and converted his correspondence into an intellectual curiosity shop whose relics are now becoming of inestimable value to a posterity which is greedy for details.

No character is to be found in history that unites in itself so many various and interesting objects as that of the friend of Atticus. Cicero was a student, a scholar, a devoted friend of art, and, withal, an eminent "man of business." He was at home in the Tusculum and the Senate. It was supposed, in his day, that a statesman should be an accomplished man. It was the prevailing sentiment, that polish did not impair strength. It was believed that the highest graces of oratory—the most effective wisdom of speech,—the conscientious advice of patriotic oratory,—could only be expected from a zealous student who had exhausted the experience of the world without the dread of being "bookish." It was the opinion that cultivation and business moved hand in hand,—and that Cicero could criticise the texture of a papyrus, the grain and chiselling of a statue, or the art of a picture, as well as the foreign and domestic relations of Rome. Taste, architecture, morals, poetry, oratory, gems, rare manuscripts, curious collections, government, popular favor, all, in turn, engaged his attention, and, for all, he displayed a remarkable aptitude. No man thought he was less a "business man" because he filled his dwelling with groups of eloquent marble; because he bought and read the rarest books; because he chose to mingle only with the best and most intellectual society; because he shunned the demagogue and never used his arts even to suppress crime! Cicero would have been Cicero had he never been consul. Place gave nothing to him but the chance to save his country. It can bestow no fame; for fame is won by the qualities that should win place; whilst place is too often won by the tricks that should condemn the practicer. It were well, both on the score of accomplishment and of personal biography, that our own statesmen would recollect the history of a man whose books and orations will endear him to a posterity which will scarcely know that he was a ruler in Rome!

## SAMUEL TYLER.

Samuel Tyler was born 22d October, 1809, in Prince George's County, Maryland. His father, Grafton Tyler, is a tobacco planter and farmer, and resides on the plantation where Samuel was born, and where his ancestors have dwelt for several generations. Samuel received his early education at a school in the neighborhood, and subsequently at the seminary of Dr. Carnahan at George Town, in the District of Columbia. The Doctor, soon afterwards, was elected President of Princeton College in New Jersey, and the Rev. James M'Vean became his successor. The Latin and Greek languages and their literatures were the studies which were at once the pleasure and the business of this instructor's life. Inspired with his teacher's enthusiasm, the young Tyler became a pupil worthy of his master. So fascinated was he with Greek literature, that for the last year he remained at this school he devoted fourteen hours out of every twenty-four to the study, until the Greek forms of expression became as familiar as those of his native tongue.

In 1827 Mr. Tyler passed a short time at Middlebury College, Vermont. Returning to Maryland, he entered himself as a student of law in the office in Frederick City of John Nelson, since Attorney-General of the United States, and now a distinguished member of the Baltimore bar. The Frederick bar had, for many years, been distinguished for its learning and ability; and therefore Frederick City was considered the best law school in Maryland. Cases were tried in the Frederick Court after the most technical rules of practice, as much so as at any time in Westminster Hall. The present Chief-Justice of the United States, Mr. Taney, built up his professional character at the Frederick bar, and stepped from it to the first place at the bar of Baltimore city.

Mr. Tyler was admitted to the bar in 1831, and has continued to reside, in the prosecution of his profession, in Frederick city, as affording more leisure for the indulgence of his literary pursuits than a large city, where the practice of his profession would be likely to engross his whole time.

An article on "Balfour's Inquiry into the Doctrine of Universal Salvation," in the Princeton Review for July, 1836, was the beginning of Mr. Tyler's authorship. In the Princeton Review for July, 1840, he published an article on the Baconian Philosophy; and in the same journal for July, 1841, an article on Leuhart the mathematician. In the Princeton Review for April, 1843, Mr. Tyler published an article on Psychology, followed by other papers; in July of the same year, on the Influence of the Baconian Philosophy; in October, 1844, on Agricultural Chemistry, in review of Liebig; July, 1845, on the Connexion between Philosophy and Revelation; July, 1846, on Bush on the Soul; and in the number for July, 1852, an article on Humboldt's Cosmos. Mr. Tyler is the author of the article on Whately's Logic in the number of the American Quarterly Review published immediately before that journal was merged in the New York Review. He also wrote the article on Brougham's Natural Theology and that on Rauch's Psychology in the Baltimore Literary and Religious Magazine, edited by Dr. R. J. Breckinridge.

In 1844 Mr. Tyler published the first, and in 1846 the second edition of his *Discourse of the Baconian Philosophy*. This work has received the approbation of eminent thinkers and men of science in America, and has been signalized by the approbation of Sir William Hamilton.

In 1848 Mr. Tyler published in New York *Burns as a Poet and as a Man*, of which one or more editions have appeared in Great Britain.

A convention of delegates elected by the people of Maryland, assembled in 1850 to frame a new Constitution for the state. The subject of reforming the laws was a matter that engaged much of the consideration of the body. Amongst other things, it was proposed to incorporate in

Digitized by Google

the new constitution a provision abolishing what is called special pleading in actions at law. This induced Mr. Tyler to address to the convention, of which he was not a member, a written defence of the importance of retaining special pleading in law procedure; and also showing that all law procedure should be simplified. This view of the subject of law reform finally prevailed, and a provision was incorporated in the new constitution requiring the Legislature to elect three commissioners to simplify the pleadings and practice in all the Courts of the State. Mr. Tyler was elected one of these commissioners. In the division of the work amongst himself and his colleagues it was assigned to him to prepare the first report, which should embrace a general discussion of the subject of law reform, and also present a simplified system of special pleading for all the courts of law in the state. When the report was published, its profound discussion on the relative merits of the Common Law and the Civil Law won the approbation of many of the first lawyers of the county, while the propriety of the simplifications in the system proposed has been generally acknowledged.

### GEORGE BURGESS.

The author of a new poetical version of the Book of Psalms, and Bishop of the Diocese of Maine, was born at Providence, Rhode Island, October 31, 1809. Upon being graduated at Brown University in 1826, he became a tutor in that institution, and subsequently continued his studies at the Universities of Bonn, Gottingen, and Berlin. After entering the ministry, he was rector of Christ Church, Hartford, from 1834 to 1847, when he was consecrated to his present office.

In 1840, he published *The Book of Psalms, translated into English Verse*, an animated and successful version. He is also the author of *Pages from the Ecclesiastical History of New England; The Last Enemy, Conquering and Conquered*, two academic poems, and several published Sermons.

#### PSALM XLVII.*

O, all ye nations, clap your hands,
And let your shouts of victory ring,
To praise the Lord of all your lands,
The broad creation's awful King.

He treads the realms beneath our feet,
He breaks the hostile armies down,
And gives and guards his chosen seat,
The home of Jacob's old renown.

God is gone up with shouting throngs;
Before him pealed the trumpet's call!
Oh, sing to God with lofty songs;
Sing praises to the Lord of all!

Oh, sing to God a royal strain,
To earth's high King a raptured cry!
God o'er the nations spreads his reign,
God lifts his holy seat on high.

The heirs of many a Gentile throne,
With God's and Abraham's seed adore.
The shields of earth are all his own,
As high as heaven his glorious soar.

* "For the chief musician, a Psalm of the Sons of Korah." Whether it was composed for the dedication of the temple, or on any other festival, it is impossible to decide; but it can hardly be read without being referred, in its highest allusion, to the ascension of the Saviour.

*God is gone up with shouting throngs.* The Son of God, returning to his heavenly throne, with all the pomp of a conqueror, is welcomed by the songs and harps of heaven, and shall soon receive the praises of all the earth.

### ALBERT PIKE.

Albert Pike was born at Boston on the 29th of December, 1809. When he was four years old his family removed to Newburyport, where his boyhood was passed, until his matriculation at Harvard in his sixteenth year. Not having the requisite means of support he soon left college, and became an assistant teacher and afterwards principal of the Newburyport Academy. After a few years passed in teaching in this and other towns, during which he continued his classical studies in private, he started in the spring of 1831 for the West. Arriving at St. Louis, having travelled over much of the intervening distance on foot, he joined a band of forty in an expedition to Santa Fe. He arrived at that place on the 25th of the following November, and passed about a year as a clerk in a store, and in travelling about with merchandise in the country. In September, 1832, he left Taos with a company of trappers, visited the head-waters of the Red river and the Brazos, and with four others, separating from the main party, directed his course to Arkansas, and arrived at Fort Smith in November, well nigh naked and penniless. He passed the winter in teaching near the fort, and after attempting to establish a school at a place in the settlements, which was broken up in consequence of his falling ill of a fever, accepting the invitation of the editor of the Arkansas Advocate, at Little Rock, who had been greatly pleased by some poetical communications he had furnished to the paper, became his partner. In 1834 he succeeded to the entire proprietorship of the journal. In 1836 he sold out his newspaper property and commenced the practice of the law, having studied and been admitted to the profession during his editorial career. He also published at Boston a volume containing an account in prose of his adventurous journeyings, and a number of poems suggested by the noble scenery through which he had passed.

He has since published *Hymns to the Gods*, written in his earlier days of school-keeping. A number of other poems by him have also appeared in several periodicals.

Mr. Pike served with distinction as a volunteer in the Mexican war. He occupies a prominent position as a public man in the Southwest. He published in 1854, *Nugæ, by Albert Pike, printed for private distribution*, a collection of his poems, including the Hymns to the Gods.*

#### HYMN TO CERES.

Goddess of bounty! at whose spring-time call,
When on the dewy earth thy first tones fall,
Pierces the ground each young and tender blade,
And wonders at the sun; each dull, grey glade
Is shining with new grass; from each chill hole,
Where they had lain enchained and dull of soul,
The birds come forth, and sing for joy to thee,
Among the springing leaves; and fast and free,

* Griswold's Poets of America.

Digitized by Google

The rivers toss their chains up to the sun,
And through their grassy banks leapingly run,
When thou hast touched them;—thou who ever art
The goddess of all beauty;—thou whose heart
Is ever in the sunny meads and fields;
To whom the laughing earth looks up and yields
Her waving treasures;—thou that in thy car
With winged dragons, when the morning star
Sheds his cold light, touchest the morning trees
Until they spread their blossoms to the breeze;—
O, pour thy light
Of truth and joy upon our souls this night,
And grant to us all plenty and good ease!

O thou, the goddess of the rustling corn!
Thou to whom reapers sing, and on the lawn
Pile up their baskets with the full eared wheat;
While maidens come, with little dancing feet,
And bring thee poppies, weaving thee a crown
Of simple beauty, bending their heads down
To garland thy full baskets; at whose side,
Among the sheaves of wheat, doth Bacchus ride
With bright and sparkling eyes, and feet and mouth
All wine-stained from the warm and sunny south;
Perhaps one arm about thy neck he twines,
While in his ear ye ride among the vines,
And with the other hand he gathers up
The rich, full grapes, and holds the glowing cup
Unto thy lips—and then he throws it by,
And crowns thee with bright leaves to shade thine eye,
So it may gaze with richer love and light
Upon his beaming brow: If thy swift flight
Be on some hill
Of vine-hung Thrace—O, come, while night is still,
And greet with heaping arms our gladdened sight!

Lo! the small stars, above the silver wave,
Come wandering up the sky, and kindly lave
The thin clouds with their light, like floating sparks
Of diamonds in the air; or spirit barks,
With unseen riders, wheeling in the sky.
Lo! a soft mist of light is rising high,
Like silver shining through a tint of red,
And soon the queuéd moon her love will shed,
Like pearl mist, on the earth and on the sea,
Where thou shalt cross to view our mystery.
Lo! we have torches here for thee, and urns,
Where incense with a floating odor burns,
And altars piled with various fruits and flowers,
And ears of corn, gathered at early hours,
And odors fresh from India, with a heap
Of many-colored poppies:—Lo! we keep
Our silent watch for thee, sitting before
Thy ready altars, till to our lone shore
Thy chariot wheels
Shall come, while ocean to the burden reels,
And utters to the sky a stifled roar.

### FAREWELL TO NEW ENGLAND.

Farewell to thee, New England!
Farewell to thee and thine!
Good-bye to leafy Newbury,
And Rowley's hills of pine!

Farewell to thee, brave Merrimac!
Good-bye old heart of blue!
May I but find, returning,
That all, like thee, are true!

Farewell to thee, old Ocean!
Grey father of mad waves!
Whose surge, with constant motion,
Against the granite raves.

Farewell to thee, old Ocean!
I shall see thy face once more,
And watch thy mighty waves again,
Along my own bright shore.

Farewell the White Hill's summer-snow,
Ascutney's cone of green!
Farewell Monadnock's regal glow,
Old Holyoke's emerald sheen!

Farewell grey hills, broad lakes, sweet dells,
Green fields, trout-peopled brooks!
Farewell the old familiar bells!
Good-bye to home and books!

Good-bye to all! to friend and foe!
Few foes I leave behind:
I bid to all, before I go,
A long farewell, and kind.

Proud of thee am I, noble land!
Home of the fair and brave!
Thy motto evermore should stand,
"*Honor, or honor's grave!*"

Whether I am on ocean tossed,
Or hunt where the wild deer run,
Still shall it be my proudest boast,
That I 'm New England's son.

So, a health to thee, New England,
In a parting cup of wine!
Farewell to leafy Newbury,
And Rowley's woods of pine!

### ADRIAN ROUQUETTE.

The Abbé Adrian Rouquette, an ecclesiastic of the Roman Catholic Church, a native of Louisiana, is of mingled European and American parentage; his father, Dominique Rouquette, being a

A. Rouquette

Frenchman, and his mother, Louise Cousin, a native of Louisiana. He was born in New Orleans, and received his education in France, at the Royal College of Nantes; studied for the bar but relinquished it for the church, becoming attached to the Catholic seminary at New Orleans, where he officiates on stated occasions during the week, passing the rest of his time in retirement and study at his residence at Mandeville, in the parish of St. Tammany, in that state. He has cultivated poetic writing in both French and

Digitized by Google

English, with ease and elegance, and is also the author of some eloquent prose compositions. His chief volume of poems, *Les Savanes, Poésies Américaines*, was published at Paris and New Orleans in 1841. It contains numerous expressions of sentiment and emotion of the school of Chateaubriand, in his American writings, several of whose themes he pursues. There are also poems of personal feeling exhibiting warmth and tenderness. Of the American descriptive passages we may present a *Souvenir of Kentucky*, written in 1838:—

SOUVENIR DE KENTUCKY.

Kentucky, the bloody land!

* * * * * *

Le Seigneur dit à Osée: "Après cela, néanmoins, je l'attirerai doucement à moi, je l'amènerai dans la solitude, et je lui parlerai au cœur."

(*La Bible* OSEE.)

Enfant, je dis un soir: Adieu, ma bonne mère!
Et je quittai gaiment sa maison et sa terre.
Enfant, dans mon exil, une lettre, un matin,
(O Louise!) m'apprit que j'étais orphelin!
Enfant, je vis les bois du Kentucky sauvage,
Et l'homme se souvient des bois de son jeune âge!
Ah! dans le Kentucky les arbres sont bien beaux:
C'est la *terre de sang*, aux indiens tombeaux,
Terre aux belles forêts, aux séculaires chênes,
Aux bois suivis de bois, aux magnifiques scènes;
Imposant cimetière, où dorment en repos
Tant de *rouges-tribus* et tant de *blanches-peaux*;
Où l'ombre du vieux Boon, immobile génie,
Semble écouter, la nuit, l'éternelle harmonie,
Le murmure éternel des immenses déserts,
Ces mille bruits confus, ces mille bruits divers,
Cet orgue des forêts, cet orchestre sublime,
O Dieu! que seul tu fis, que seul ton souffle anime!
Quand au vaste clavier pèse un seul de tes doigts,
Soudain, roulent dans l'air mille flots à la fois:
Soudain, au fond des bois, sonores basiliques,
Bourdonne un océan de sauvages musiques;
Et l'homme, à tous ces sons de l'orgue universel,
L'homme tombe à genoux, en regardant le ciel!
Il tombe, il croit, il prie; et, chrétien sans étude,
Il retrouve, étonné, Dieu dans la solitude!

A portion of this has been vigorously rendered by a writer in the *Southern Quarterly Review*.*

"Here, with its Indian tombs, the Bloody Land
Spreads out:—majestic forests, secular oaks,
Woods stretching into woods; a witching realm,
Yet haunted with dread shadows;—a vast grave,
Where, laid together in the sleep of death,
Rest myriads of the red men and the pale.
Here, the stern forest genius, veteran Boon,
Still harbors: still he hearkens, as of yore,
To never ceasing harmonies, that blend,
At night, the murmurs of a thousand sounds,
That rise and swell capricious, change yet rise,
Borne from far wastes immense, whose mingling strains—
The forest organ's tones, the sylvan choir—
Thy breath alone, O God! can'st animate.
Making it fruitful in the matchless space!
Thy mighty fingers pressing on its keys,
How suddenly the billowy tones roll up
From the great temples of the solemn depths,
Resounding through the immensity of wood
To the grand gushing harmonies, that speak
For thee, alone, O Father. As we hear
The unanimous concert of this mighty chaunt,
We bow before thee; eyes uplift to Heaven,
We pray thee, and believe. A Christian sense
Informs us, though untaught in Christian books
Awed into worship, as we learn to know
That thou, O God, art in the solitude!"

In 1846 the Abbé Rouquette pronounced an animated Discourse at the Cathedral of St. Louis, on occasion of the anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans. In 1848 he published *Wild Flowers*, a volume of sacred poetry, written in English, in which his style is restrained. It falls in the rank of occasional verses, within the range of topics growing out of the peculiar views of his church, and shows a delicate sensibility in its choice of subjects.

In 1852 a prose work appeared from his pen, entitled *La Thebaide en Amerique, ou Apologie de la Vie Solitaire et Contemplative;* a species of tract in which the religious retreats from the world supported by the Roman Catholic church, are defended by various philosophical and other considerations, colored by the writer's sentimental poetic view.

THE NOOK.

L'humble coin qu'il me faut pour prier et chanter.
The humble nook where I may sing and pray.
*Victor Laprade.*

The nook! O lovely spot of land,
Where I have built my cell;
Where, with my Muse, my only friend,
In peacefulness I dwell.

The nook! O verdant seat of bliss,
My shelter from the blast
Midst deserts, smiling *oasis*,
Where I may rest at last.

The nook! O home of birds and flowers,
Where I may sing and pray;
Where I may dream, in shady bowers,
So happy night and day.

The nook! O sacred, deep retreat,
Where crowds may ne'er intrude;
Where men with God and angels meet
In peaceful solitude;

O paradise, where I have flown;
O woody, lovely spot,
Where I may live and die alone,
Forgetful and forgot!

TO NATURE, MY MOTHER.

Dear Nature is the kindest mother still.—*Byron.*

O nature, powerful, smiling, calm,
To my unquiet heart,
Thy peace, distilling as a balm,
Thy mighty life impart.

O nature, mother still the same,
So lovely mild with me,
To live in peace, unsung by fame—
Unchanged, I come to thee;

I come to live as saints have lived
I fly where they have fled,
By men unholy never grieved,
In prayer my tears to shed.

Alone with thee, from cities far,
Dissolved each earthly tie,
By some divine, magnetic star,
Attracted still on high.

Oh! that my heart, inhaling love
And life with ecstasy,
From this low world to worlds above,
Could rise exultingly!

* July, 1854.

Digitized by Google

Francois Dominique Rouquette, the brother of the preceding, is also an author. He was born January 2, 1810, at New Orleans, educated there under Prof. Rochefort at the Orleans college, and pursued his classical studies at Nantes, in France. In 1828 he returned to the United States; studied law with Rawle, the author of the work on the Constitution of the United States, at Philadelphia; but preferring the profession of literature, returned to France, where he published a volume of poetry, *Les Meschacébéennes*, and was encouraged by Beranger, Victor Hugo, Barthelemy, and others. M. Rouquette has led the life of a traveller or of retirement, and has prepared a work on the Choctaw Nation, which he proposes to publish in French and English, as he writes with ease in both languages.

### JONES VERY

Is the author of a volume of *Essays and Poems*, published in Boston in 1839. It contains three articles in prose on Epic Poetry, Shakespeare, and Hamlet, and a collection of Poems, chiefly sonnets, which are felicitous in their union of thought and emotion. They are expressions of the spiritual life of the author, and in a certain metaphysical vein and simplicity, their love of nature, and sincerity of utterance, remind us of the meditations of the philosophical and pious writers in the old English poetry of the seventeenth century. The subtle essay on Shakespeare illustrates the universality of his genius by a condition of the higher Christian life.

*Jones Very*

The author of these productions is a native and resident of Salem, Massachusetts. His father was a sea captain, with whom he made several voyages to Europe. Upon the death of this parent he prepared himself for college, and was a graduate of Harvard of 1836, where he became for awhile a tutor of Greek. "While he held this office," says Griswold, "a religious enthusiasm took possession of his mind, which gradually produced so great a change in him, that his friends withdrew him from Cambridge, and he returned to Salem, where he wrote most of the poems in the collection of his writings."*

#### TO THE PAINTED COLUMBINE.

Bright image of the early years
When glowed my cheek as red as thou,
And life's dark throng of cares and fears
Were swift-winged shadows o'er my sunny brow!

Thou blushest from the painter's page,
Robed in the mimic tints of art;
But Nature's hand in youth's green age
With fairer hues first traced thee on my heart.

The morning's blush, she made it thine,
The morn's sweet breath, she gave it thee,
And in thy look, my Columbine!
Each fond-remembered spot she bade me see.

I see the hill's far-gazing head,
Where gay thou noddest in the gale;
I hear light-bounding footsteps tread
The grassy path that winds along the vale.

I hear the voice of woodland song
Break from each bush and well-known tree,
And on light pinions borne along,
Comes back the laugh from childhood's heart of glee.

O'er the dark rock the dashing brook,
With look of anger, leaps again,
And, hastening to each flowery nook,
Its distant voice is heard far down the glen.

Fair child of art! thy charms decay,
Touched by the withered hand of Time;
And hushed the music of that day,
When my voice mingled with the streamlet's chime;

But in my heart thy cheek of bloom
Shall live when Nature's smile has fled;
And, rich with memory's sweet perfume,
Shall o'er her grave thy tribute incense shed.

There shalt thou live and wake the glee
That echoed on thy native hill;
And when, loved flower! I think of thee,
My infant feet will seem to seek thee still.

#### THE WIND-FLOWER.

Thou lookest up with meek confiding eye
Upon the clouded smile of April's face,
Unharmed though Winter stands uncertain by
Eyeing with jealous glance each opening grace.
Thou trustest wisely! in thy faith arrayed
More glorious thou than Israel's wisest King;
Such faith was his whom men to death betrayed
As thine who hear'st the timid voice of Spring,
While other flowers still hide them from her call
Along the river's brink and meadow bare.
These will I seek beside the stony wall,
And in thy trust with childlike heart would share,
O'erjoyed that in thy early leaves I find
A lesson taught by him who loved all human kind.

#### THE NEW BIRTH.

'Tis a new life;—thoughts move not as they did
With slow uncertain steps across my mind,
In thronging haste fast pressing on they bid
The portals open to the viewless wind
That comes not save when in the dust is laid
The crown of pride that gilds each mortal brow,
And from before man's vision melting fade
The heavens and earth;—their walls are falling now,—
Fast crowding on, each thought asks utterance strong;
Storm-lifted waves swift rushing to the shore,
On from the sea they send their shouts along,
Back through the cave-worn rocks their thunders roar;
And I a child of God by Christ made free
Start from death's slumbers to Eternity.

#### DAY.

Day! I lament that none can hymn thy praise
In fitting strains, of all thy riches bless;
Though thousands sport them in thy golden rays,
Yet none like thee their Maker's name confess.
Great fellow of my being! woke with me
Thou dost put on thy dazzling robes of light,
And onward from the east go forth to free
Thy children from the bondage of the night;
I hail thee, pilgrim! on thy lonely way,
Whose looks on all alike benignant shine;
A child of light, like thee, I cannot stay,
But on the world I bless must soon decline,
Now rising still, though setting to mankind,
And ever in the eternal West my dayspring find.

* Poets and Poetry of America.

Digitized by Google

### NIGHT.

I thank thee, Father, that the night is near
When I this conscious being may resign;
Whose only task thy words of love to hear,
And in thy acts to find each act of mine;
A task too great to give a child like me,
The myriad-handed labors of the day,
Too many for my closing eyes to see,
Thy words too frequent for my tongue to say;
Yet when thou see'st me burthened by thy love,
Each other gift more lovely then appears,
For dark-robed night comes hovering from above,
And all thine other gifts to me endears;
And while within her darkened couch I sleep,
Thine eyes untired above will constant vigils keep.

### THE LATTER RAIN.

The latter rain,—it falls in anxious haste
Upon the sun-dried fields and branches bare,
Loosening with searching drops the rigid waste,
As if it would each root's lost strength repair;
But not a blade grows green as in the Spring,
No swelling twig puts forth its thickening leaves;
The robins only 'mid the harvests sing
Pecking the grain that scatters from the sheaves;
The rain falls still,—the fruit all ripened drops,
It pierces chestnut burr and walnut shell,
The furrowed fields disclose the yellow crops,
Each bursting pod of talents used can tell,
And all that once received the early rain
Declare to man it was not sent in vain.

### NATURE.

The bubbling brook doth leap when I come by,
Because my feet find measure with its call,
The birds know when the friend they love is nigh,
For I am known to them both great and small;
The flower that on the lovely hill-side grows
Expects me there when Spring its bloom has given;
And many a tree and bush my wanderings knows,
And e'en the clouds and silent stars of heaven;
For he who with his Maker walks aright,
Shall be their lord as Adam was before;
His ear shall catch each sound with new delight,
Each object wear the dress that then it wore;
And he, as when erect in soul he stood,
Hear from his Father's lips that all is good.

### THE PRAYER.

Wilt thou not visit me?
The plant beside me feels thy gentle dew;
And every blade of grass I see,
From thy deep earth its moisture drew.

Wilt thou not visit me?
Thy morning calls on me with cheering tone;
And every hill and tree
Lend but one voice, the voice of Thee alone.

Come, for I need thy love,
More than the flower the dew, or grass the rain
Come gentle as thy holy dove,
And let me in thy sight rejoice to live again.

I will not hide from them,
When thy storms come, though fierce may be their wrath;
But bow with leafy stem,
And strengthened follow on thy chosen path.

Yes, Thou wilt visit me;
Nor plant nor tree thy eye delight so well,
As when from sin set free
My spirit loves with thine in peace to dwell.

## MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI.

Margaret Fuller, whose native disposition, studies, association with her contemporaries, and remarkable fate, will secure her a permanent place among the biographies of literary women, was born in Cambridgeport, Mass., the 23d of May, 1810. In a chapter of autobiography which was found among her papers, she speaks of her father as a working lawyer (he was also a politician and member of Congress), with the ordinary activities of men of his class; but of her mother as of a delicate, sensitive, spontaneous nature. During her early years the whole attention of Margaret was confined to books. She was taught the Latin and English grammar at the same time, and began to read the former language at six years of age. Her father set her this task-work of study, which soon grew into a necessity. At fifteen she describes her day's performances to a friend. She was studying Greek, French, and Italian literature. Scottish metaphysics—we may be sure a full share of English reading—and writing a critical journal of the whole at night. The result of this was a forced product of the parental discipline; but it would have been no product at all without a vigorous, generous nature. This the pupil possessed. Her temperament, bold and confident, assimilated this compulsory education; and she extracted a passionate admiration for Rome out of her Latin studies. The passage in which she records this is noticeable as an illustration of her character:—

In accordance with this discipline in heroic common sense, was the influence of those great Romans, whose thoughts and lives were my daily food during these plastic years. The genius of Rome displayed itself in Character, and scarcely needed an occasional wave of the torch of thought to show its lineaments, so marble strong they gleamed in every light. Who, that has lived with those men, but admires the plain force of fact, of thought passed into action? They take up things with their naked hands. There is just the man, and the block he casts before you,—no divinity, no demon, no unfulfilled aim, but just the man and Rome, and what he did for Rome. Everything turns your attention to what a man can become, not by yielding himself freely to impressions, not by letting nature play freely through him, but by a single thought, an earnest purpose, an indomitable will, by hardihood, self-command, and force of expression. Architecture was the art in which Rome excelled, and this corresponds with the feeling these men of Rome excite. They did not grow,—they built themselves up, or were built up by the fate of Rome, as a temple for Jupiter Stator. The ruined Roman sits among the ruins; he flies to no green garden; he does not look to heaven; if his intent is defeated, if he is less than he meant to be, he lives no more. The names which end in "*us*," seem to speak with lyric cadence. That measured cadence,—that tramp and march,—which are not stilted, because they indicate real force, yet which seem so when compared with any other language,—make Latin a study in itself of mighty influence. The language alone, without the literature, would give one the *thought* of Rome. Man present in nature, commanding nature too sternly to be inspired by it, standing like the rock amid the sea, or moving like the fire over the land, either impassive or irresistible; knowing not the soft mediums or fine flights of life, but by the force which he expresses, piercing to the centre.

Digitized by Google

We are never better understood than when we speak of a "Roman virtue," a "Roman outline." There is somewhat indefinite, somewhat yet unfulfilled in the thought of Greece, of Spain, of modern Italy; but Rome! it stands by itself, a clear Word. The power of will, the dignity of a fixed purpose is what it utters. Every Roman was an Emperor. It is well that the infallible church should have been founded on this rock; that the presumptuous Peter should hold the keys, as the conquering Jove did before his thunderbolts, to be seen of all the world. The Apollo tends flocks with Admetus; Christ teaches by the lonely lake, or plucks wheat as he wanders through the fields some Sabbath morning. They never come to this stronghold; they could not have breathed freely where all became stone as soon as spoken, where divine youth found no horizon for its all-promising glance, but every thought put on before it dared issue to the day in action, its *toga virilis*.

Suckled by this wolf, man gains a different complexion from that which is fed by the Greek honey. He takes a noble bronze in camps and battle-fields; the wrinkles of councils well beseem his brow, and the eye cuts its way like the sword. The Eagle should never have been used as a symbol by any other nation: it belonged to Rome.

The history of Rome abides in mind, of course, more than the literature. It was degeneracy for a Roman to use the pen; his life was in the day. The "vaunting" of Rome, like that of the North American Indians, is her proper literature. A man rises; he tells who he is, and what he has done; he speaks of his country and her brave men; he knows that a conquering god is there, whose agent is his own right hand; and he should end like the Indian, "I have no more to say."

It never shocks us that the Roman is self-conscious. One wants no universal truths from him, no philosophy, no creation, but only his life, his Roman life felt in every pulse, realized in every gesture. The universal heaven takes in the Roman only to make us feel his individuality the more. The Will, the Resolve of Man!—it has been expressed,—fully expressed!

I steadily loved this ideal in my childhood, and this is the cause, probably, why I have always felt that man must know how to stand firm on the ground, before he can fly. In vain for me are men more, if they are less, than Romans. Dante was far greater than any Roman, yet I feel he was right to take the Mantuan as his guide through hell, and to heaven.

This education acting upon a sensitive nature made excitement a necessity. Her school life, described by herself in the sketch of Mariana in her book the Summer on the Lakes, appears a constant effort to secure activity for herself and the notice of others by fantastic conduct. One of her companions at Cambridge, the Rev. F. H. Hedge, then a student of Harvard, describes her at thirteen: "A child in years, but so precocious in her mental and physical developments, that she passed for eighteen or twenty. Agreeably to this estimate, she had her place in society as a lady full-grown." At twenty-two, led by the review articles of Carlyle, she entered upon the study of German literature, reading the works of Goethe, Schiller, Tieck, Novalis, and Richter, within the year. She was at this time fond of society, as she always was. Her admiration of the personal qualities of others was strong and undisguised. In possession of power and authority and self-will, in the world of books, nature was not to be defeated: she was dependent to a proportionate degree upon the sympathy of others. In this way she became a kind of female confessor, listening to the confidences and experiences of her young friends.

In 1833 she removed with her father to Groton. His death occurred there shortly after, in 1835, and the following year Margaret Fuller became a teacher in Boston of Latin and French in Mr. Alcot's school, and had her own æsthetic classes of young ladies in French, German, and Italian, with whom she read portions of Schiller, Goethe, Lessing, Tasso, Ariosto, and Dante.

In 1837 she became principal teacher in the Greene-street school at Providence, "to teach the elder girls her favorite branches."

These literary engagements are of less consequence in her biography than her friendships—of the story of which the memoirs published after her death are mostly composed. She became acquainted with Miss Martineau on her visit to this country in 1835. Her intimacy with Emerson grew up in visits to Concord about the same time. His notices of her conversation and spiritual refinements are graphic. Her conversational powers, in the familiarity of the congenial society at Concord, were freely exercised. Emerson says, "the day was never long enough to exhaust her opulent memory; and I, who knew her intimately for ten years—from July, 1836, till August, 1846, when she sailed for Europe—never saw her without surprise at her new powers." Nor was this charm confined to her philosophical friends: she had the art of drawing out her humblest companions. Her mind, with all its fine culture, was essentially manly, giving a common-sense, dogmatic tone to her remarks. It is noticeable how large a space criticism occupies in her writings. It is her chief province; and criticism as exhibited by her pen or words, whether antagonistic or otherwise, is but another name for sympathy.

The Providence arrangement does not appear to have lasted long. She soon took up her residence in Boston or its vicinity, employing herself in 1839 in a species of lectureship or class of ladies—they were called Conversations—in which German philosophy, æsthetic culture of the Fine Arts, etc., were made the topics of instruction. Those exercises are thus described "by a very competent witness," in Mr. Emerson's portion of the Memoirs, in a few sentences, which show the spirit in which they were received by her admirers:—"Margaret used to come to the conversations very well dressed, and altogether looked sumptuously. She began them with an exordium, in which she gave her leading views; and those exordiums were excellent, from the elevation of the tone, the ease and flow of discourse, and from the tact with which they were kept aloof from any excess, and from the gracefulness with which they were brought down, at last, to a possible level for others to follow. She made a pause, and invited the others to come in. Of course, it was not easy for every one to venture her remark, after an eloquent discourse, and in the presence of twenty superior women, who were all inspired. But whatever was said, Margaret knew how to seize the good meaning of it with hospitality, and

Digitized by Google

to make the speaker feel glad, and not sorry, that she had spoken."

She also employed herself at this time, as afterwards, in composition. She published in 1839 a translation of Eckermann's Conversations with Goethe, and in 1841 the Letters of Gunderode and Bettine. The two first volumes of the Dial were edited by her in 1840–41. For this quarterly publication, supported by the writings of Emerson and his friends, she wrote papers on Goethe, Beethoven, the Rhine and Romaic ballads, and the poems of Sterling. The Dial made a reputation for itself and its conductors; but they might have starved on its products. Emerson tells us that "as editor she received a compensation which was intended to be two hundred dollars per annum, but which, I fear, never reached even that amount."

In 1846 she travelled to the West, to Lake Superior and Michigan, and published an account of the journey, full of subtle reflection, and with some studies of the Indian character, in the book entitled *Summer on the Lakes*.

S. M. Fuller

In 1844 Margaret Fuller came to New York, induced by an offer of well paid, regular employment upon the Tribune newspaper. She resided in the family of Mr. Greeley, in a picturesquely situated house on the East river, one of the last footholds of the old rural beauties of the island falling before the rapid mercantile encroachments of the city. Here she wrote a series of somewhat sketchy but always forcible criticisms on the higher literature of the day, a complete collection of which would add to her reputation. A portion of them were included in the volume from her pen, *Papers on Literature and Art*, published in New York in 1846. Her work entitled *Woman in the Nineteenth Century* was published at this time from the Tribune office.

In the spring of 1846 she accompanied her friends, Mr. Marcus Spring of Brooklyn, New York, and his wife to Europe. Her contributions to the Tribune were continued in letters from England and the Continent. She saw the chief literary celebrities, Wordsworth, De Quincey, Chalmers, and Carlyle. At Paris she became intimate with George Sand. At Rome she took part in the hopes and revolutionary movements of Mazzini, and when the revolution broke out was appointed by the Roman commissioner for the service of the wounded, during the siege by the French troops, to the charge of the hospital of the Fate-Bene Fratelli. In a letter to Emerson dated June, 1849, she describes her visits to the sick and wounded, and her walks with the convale-cents in the beautiful gardens of the Pope's palace on the Quirinal:—"The gardener plays off all his water-works for the defenders of the country, and gathers flowers for me, their friend." At this time she acquainted her mother with her marriage.

Shortly after her arrival at Rome, in 1847, she had been separated on the evening of Holy Thursday from her companions at vespers in St. Peter's. A stranger, an Italian, seeing her perplexity, offered his assistance. This was the son of the Marquis Ossoli. The acquaintance was continued, and Ossoli offered his hand. He was at first refused, but afterwards they were married in December, after the death of his father. The marriage was for a while kept secret, on the ground that the avowal of his union with a person well known as a liberal would render him liable to exile by the government, while he might, by secrecy, be ready to avail himself of employment under the new administration then looked forward to. September 5, 1848, their child, Angelo, was born at Rieti among the mountains.

The fortunes of the revolution being now broken by the occupation of the French, Ossoli with his wife and child left Rome on their way to America. They passed some time in Florence, and on the 17th May, 1850, embarked from Leghorn in the ship *Elizabeth*, bound for New York. The captain fell ill of small-pox, and died the 3d of June, off Gibraltar. On the 9th they set sail again; the child sickened of the disease and recovered; on the 15th of July the vessel was off the Jersey coast, and the passengers made their preparations for arriving in port the next day. That night the wind increased to a gale of great violence. The ship was driven past Rockaway to the beach of Fire Island, where, early on the morning of the 16th, she struck upon the sand. The bow was elevated and the passengers took refuge in the forecastle, the sea sweeping over the vessel. Some of the passengers were saved by floating ashore on a plank. One of them, Horace Sumner of Boston, perished in the attempt. It was proposed to Margaret to make the trial. She would not be separated from her husband and child, but would wait for the life-boat. It never came. The forecastle became filled with water. The small party left went on the deck by the foremast. A sea struck the quarter. The vessel was entirely broken up. The dead body of the child floated to the shore; the husband and wife were lost in the sea. This happened at nine o'clock in the morning, in mid-summer of the year, and at a place the usual resort at that time of pleasure-loving citizens. As if to enhance the sudden contrast of life and death the disaster took place within full sight of the people on the shore. The simple expedient of passing a rope to the land, attached to a barrel, at the proper time, might, one of the most experienced of those present told us, have

Digitized by Google

saved every life: but the captain was not there.

It was known that Madame Ossoli had with her the manuscript of a History of the Revolution in Italy, which her study of the people, her knowledge of the leaders, her love of freedom, and participation in the struggle, well qualified her to write. Diligent search was made for it among the property which came ashore from the wreck, but it could not be found. The waves had closed over that too—which might long have survived the longest term of life.

So perished this intellectual, sympathetic, kind, generous, noble-hearted woman.

The materials for the study of her life are ample in the jointly prepared Memoirs by her friends, the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, the Rev. F. H. Hedge, the Rev. W. H. Channing, and Ralph Waldo Emerson. These able writers have taken separate portions of her career, with which they have been particularly acquainted, for illustration, and the result is a biography preservative of far more than is usually kept for posterity of the peculiar moods and humors of so individual a life.

### A DIALOGUE.

Poet. Approach me not, man of cold, steadfast eye and compressed lips. At thy coming nature shrouds herself in dull mist; fain would she hide her sighs and smiles, her buds and fruits even in a veil of snow. For thy unkindly breath, as it pierces her mystery, destroys its creative power. The birds draw back into their nests, the sunset hues into their clouds, when you are seen in the distance with your tablets all ready to write them into prose.

Critic. O my brother, my benefactor, do not thus repel me. Interpret me rather to our common mother; let her not avert her eyes from a younger child. I know I can never be dear to her as thou art, yet I am her child, nor would the fated revolutions of existence be fulfilled without my aid.

Poet. How meanest thou? What have thy measurements, thy artificial divisions and classifications, to do with the natural revolutions? In all real growths there is a "give and take" of unerring accuracy; in all the acts of thy life there is falsity, for all are negative. Why do you not receive and produce in your kind, like the sunbeam and the rose? Then new light would be brought out, were it but the life of a weed, to bear witness to the healthful beatings of the divine heart. But this perpetual analysis, comparison, and classification, never add one atom to the sum of existence.

Critic. I understand you.

Poet. Yes, that is always the way. You understand me, who never have the arrogance to pretend that I understand myself.

Critic. Why should you?—that is my province. I am the rock which gives you back the echo. I am the tuning-key, which harmonizes your instrument, the regulator to your watch. Who would speak, if no ear heard? nay, if no mind knew what the ear heard?

Poet. I do not wish to be heard in thought but in love, to be recognised in judgment but in life. I would pour forth my melodies to the rejoicing winds. I would scatter my seed to the tender earth. I do not wish to hear in prose the meaning of my melody. I do not wish to see my seed neatly put away beneath a paper label. Answer in new peans to the soul of our souls. Wake me to sweeter childhood by a fresher growth. At present you are but an excrescence produced by my life; depart, self-conscious Egotist, I know you not.

Critic. Dost thou so adore Nature, and yet deny me? Is not Art the child of Nature, Civilization of Man? As Religion into Philosophy, Poetry into Criticism, Life into Science, Love into Law, so did thy lyric in natural order transmute itself into my review.

Poet. Review! Science! the very etymology speaks. What is gained by looking again at what has already been seen? What by giving a technical classification to what is already assimilated with the mental life?

Critic. What is gained by living at all?

Poet. Beauty loving itself.—Happiness!

Critic. Does not this involve consciousness?

Poet. Yes! consciousness of Truth manifested in the individual form.

Critic. Since consciousness is tolerated, how will you limit it?

Poet. By the instincts of my nature, which rejects yours as arrogant and superfluous.

Critic. And the dictate of my nature compels me to the processes which you despise, as essential to my peace. My brother (for I will not be rejected), I claim my place in the order of nature. The Word descended and became flesh for two purposes, to organize itself, and to take cognizance of its organization. When the first Poet worked alone, he paused between the cantos to proclaim, "It is very good." Dividing himself among men, he made some to create, and others to proclaim the merits of what is created.

Poet. Well! if you were content with saying, "it is very good;" but you are always crying, "it is very bad," or ignorantly prescribing how it might be better. What do you know of it? Whatever is good could not be otherwise than it is. Why will you not take what suits you, and leave the rest? True communion of thought is worship, not criticism. Spirit will not flow through the sluices nor endure the locks of canals.

Critic. There is perpetual need of protestantism in every church. If the church be catholic, yet the priest is not infallible. Like yourself, I sigh for a perfectly natural state, in which the only criticism shall be tacit rejection, even as Venus glides not into the orbit of Jupiter, nor do the fishes seek to dwell in fire. But as you soar towards this as a Maker, so do I toil towards the same aim as a Seeker. Your pinions will not upbear you towards it in steady flight. I must often stop to cut away the brambles from my path. The law of my being is on me, and the ideal standard seeking to be realized in my mind bids me demand perfection from all I see. To say how far each object answers this demand is my criticism.

Poet. If one object does not satisfy you, pass on to another, and say nothing.

Critic. It is not so that it would be well with me. I must penetrate the secret of my wishes, verify the justice of my reasonings. I must examine, compare, sift, and winnow; what can bear this ordeal remains to me as pure gold. I cannot pass on till I know what I feel and why. An object that defies my utmost rigor of scrutiny is a new step on the stair I am making to the Olympian tables.

Poet. I think you will not know the gods when you get there, if I may judge from the cold presumption I feel in your version of the great facts of literature.

Critic. Statement of a part always looks like ignorance, when compared with the whole, yet may promise the whole. Consider that a part implies the whole, as the everlasting No the everlasting

Digitized by Google

Yes, and permit to exist the shadow of your light, the register of your inspiration.

As he spake the word he paused, for with it his companion vanished, and left floating on the cloud a starry banner with the inscription "Afflatur Numine." The Critic unfolded one on whose flagstaff he had been leaning. Its heavy folds of pearly gray satin slowly unfolding, gave to view the word Nottia, and *Causarum* would have followed, when a sudden breeze from the west caught it, those heavy folds fell back round the poor man, and stifled him probably,—at least he has never since been heard of.

### JAMES H. PERKINS.

James Handasyd Perkins, a writer of an acute mind and versatile powers, was born in Boston July 31, 1810. His parents were Samuel G. Perkins and Barbara Higginson. He was educated by Mr. S. P. Miles, afterwards a tutor of mathematics at Harvard, and at the Phillips Academy at Exeter, and the Round Hill school at Northampton. He wrote clever tales and verses at this period, humorous and sentimental.

At the age of eighteen he entered the counting-house of his uncle, Mr. Thomas H. Perkins, who was engaged in the Canton trade. He remained faithful to the discharge of the routine duties of this occupation for more than two years. The necessities of a poetic and naturally despondent nature, however, grew upon him, and demanded other employment for his faculties. In the winter of 1830 he found relief in a business tour to England and thence to the West Indies, of which his faithful friend and biographer, Mr. William Henry Channing, has preserved some interesting memorials. His letters on the journey are spirited and abounding with character; thoughtful on serious points and amusing in the lighter.

Returning home in the summer of 1831, he abandoned mercantile life and sought a home in the West. He took up his residence at Cincinnati, and devoted his attention to the study of the law with his friend the Hon. Timothy Walker. He studied laboriously and conscientiously; but the toil was too severe in the practice of the profession for an infirm constitution, and a scrupulous conscience was still more in the way. His pen offered the next field, and he laid on the shifting foundation of the magazines and newspapers some of the corner-stones of the "Literature of the West." He conducted the Western Monthly Magazine, and edited the Evening Chronicle, a weekly paper which he purchased in the winter of 1835, and united with the Cincinnati Mirror then published by Mr. William D. Gallagher and Mr. Thomas H. Shreve, who has been since prominently associated with the Louisville Gazette. The last mentioned gentleman remarks of his friend's powers, "Had Mr. Perkins devoted himself to humorous literature he would have stood at the head of American writers in that line."* His fancy was fresh and original; and his descriptive talent, as exhibited in Mr. Channing's collection of his writings, a pleasurable and ready faculty.

Literature, however meritorious, was hardly, under the circumstances, a sufficient reliance. Mr. Perkins was now a married man in need of a settled support, when the failure of his publisher induced him to engage in rural life. Failing in the scheme of a plantation on the Ohio he took a few acres near Cincinnati with the view of raising a nursery of fruit trees. To acquire information in this new line, and make arrangements for the publication of two books which he meditated on the "Constitutional Opinions of Judge Marshall," and "Reminiscences of the St. Domingo Insurrection," of which his father had been an eye-witness, he paid a visit to New England. Neither of his plans was carried out; but a new and honorable career was found for him on his return to Cincinnati in the performance of the duty of Minister at Large, a mission of benevolence to which he devoted the remainder of his life. He brought his characteristic fervor to the work, and gave a practical direction to the charities of the city; almsgiving, in his view, being but subordinate to the elevation of the poor in the self-respect and rewards of labor. He also identified himself with the cause of prison discipline and reform, and gave much attention to education. He was a generous supporter of the Mercantile Library Association of Cincinnati. He was the first President of the Cincinnati Historical Society in 1844, and was afterwards Vice-President of the Ohio Historical Society; his fondness for the latter pursuits being liberally witnessed by his publication, *The Annals of the West*, and his subsequent series of historical sketches of that region in the North American Review from 1839 to 1847, characterized by their research and excellent descriptive style.*

In the latter part of his life, Mr. Perkins interested himself in a plan of Christian Union, to which he was led by his quick sensitive mind.

His death, December 14, 1849, was under melancholy circumstances. He had been thrown, during the day, into a state of nervous agitation by the supposed loss of his children, who had failed to return home at a time appointed, and in the evening he proposed a walk to recover his spirits. He took his course to a ferry-boat on the river, and in a state of depression threw himself into the stream and was drowned.

Thus closed the career of a man of subtle powers, keen and delicate perceptions, of honorable attainments in literature, and of philanthropic usefulness in the business affairs of society.

From the few verses preserved in the interesting memoirs by Mr. Channing, who has traced his career with an unaffected admiration of his virtues, and with the warmth of personal friendship, we select two passages which exhibit something of the nature of the man.

#### POVERTY AND KNOWLEDGE.

Ah, dearest, we are young and strong,
With ready heart and ready will
To tread the world's bright paths along;
But poverty is stronger still.

* Channing's Memoir and Writings of Perkins, i. 91.

* The articles are, Fifty Years of Ohio, July, 1838; Early French Travellers in the West, January, 1839; English Discoveries in the Ohio Valley, July, 1839; The Border War of the Revolution, October, 1839; The Pioneers of Kentucky, January, 1846; Settlement of the North-Western Territory, October, 1847. He also wrote for the North American Review of January, 1830, an article on Australia; and for the New York Review, July, 1838, an article on The French Revolution.

Digitized by Google

Yet, my dear wife, there is a might
That may bid poverty defiance,—
The might of knowledge; from this night
Let us on her put our reliance.

Armed with her sceptre, to an hour
We may condense whole years and ages;
Bid the departed, by her power,
Arise, and talk with seers and sages.

Her word, to teach us, may bid stop
The noonday sun; yea, she is able
To make an ocean of a drop,
Or spread a kingdom on our table.

In her great name we need but call
Scott, Schiller, Shakspeare, and, behold!
The suffering Mary smiles on all,
And Falstaff riots as of old.

Then, wherefore should we leave this hearth,
Our books, and all our pleasant labors,
If we can have the whole round earth,
And still retain our home and neighbours!

Why wish to roam in other lands!
Or mourn that poverty hath bound us!
We have our hearts, our heads, our hands,
Enough to live on,—friends around us,—

And, more than all, have hope and love.
Ah, dearest, while those last, be sure
That, if there be a God above,
We are not and cannot be poor!

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG CHILD.

Stand back, uncovered stand, for lo!
The parents who have lost their child
Bow to the majesty of woe!

He came, a herald from above,—
Pure from his God he came to them,
Teaching new duties, deeper love;
And, like the boy of Bethlehem,
He grew in stature and in grace.
From the sweet spirit of his face
They learned a new, more heavenly joy,
And were the better for their boy.
But God hath taken whom he gave,
Recalled the messenger he sent!
And now beside the infant's grave
The spirit of the strong is bent.

But though the tears must flow, the heart
Ache with a vacant, strange distress,—
Ye did not from your infant part
When his clear eye grew meaningless,
That eye is beaming still, and still
Upon his Father's errand he,
Your own dear, bright, unearthly boy,
Worketh the kind, mysterious will,
And from this fount of bitter grief
Will bring a stream of joy;—
O, may this be your faith and your relief!

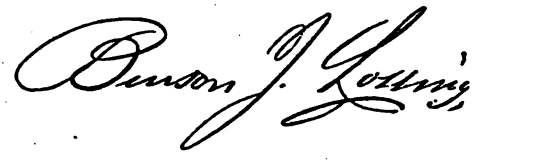
Then will the world be full of him; the sky,
With all its placid myriads, to your eye
Will tell of him; the wind will breathe his tone;
And slumbering in the midnight, they alone,
Your father and your child, will hover nigh.
Believe in him, behold him everywhere,
And sin will die within you,—earthly care
Fall to its earth,—and heavenward, side by side,
Ye shall go up beyond this realm of storms,
Quick and more quick, till, welcomed there above,
His voice shall bid you, in the might of love,
Lay down these weeds of earth, and wear your native forms.



BENSON J. LOSSING.

Benson J. Lossing, the son of a farmer, was born in the town of Beekman, Dutchess County, N. Y. His paternal ancestors came from Holland in 1670, and were the first settlers in the county. His maternal ancestors were among the early English settlers on Long Island, who came from Massachusetts Bay and intermarried with the Dutch at New Amsterdam, now New York.

At a common district school Mr. Lossing received a meagre portion of the elementary branches of an English education. After the death of his mother, young Lossing, after passing a short time on a farm, in the autumn of 1826, was apprenticed to a watchmaker in Poughkeepsie, the county town of his native place. So satisfactory had his conduct been during this period, that before the expiration of his apprenticeship his employer made him an offer of partnership in his business, which was accepted.



Meantime, he devoted every moment of leisure to study, although opportunities as yet for obtaining books were extremely limited. His business connexion proving unsuccessful he relinquished it, after an experiment of upwards of two years; and in the autumn of 1835, he became joint owner and editor of the *Poughkeepsie Telegraph*, the leading weekly paper of the county. The co-partnership of Killey and Lossing continued for six years.

In January, 1836, was commenced the publication of a small semi-monthly paper entirely devoted to literature, entitled *The Poughkeepsie Casket*, which was solely edited by Mr. Lossing. The Casket was a great favorite throughout Dutchess and the neighboring counties, and gave evident token of the correct taste and sound judgment of its youthful editor. Having, moreover, a taste for art, and being desirous of illustrating his little periodical, Mr. Lossing placed himself under the tuition of J. A. Adams, the eminent wood-engraver in the city of New York, pleased with the practical application of engraving to his editorial business. The same autumn he went to New York to seek improvement in the use of the pencil by drawing in the Academy of Design.

About this time, Mr. Lossing was called upon to undertake the editorship of the Family Magazine, which work he also illustrated in a superior manner. He now became permanently settled in New York as an engraver, but continued his business connexion in Poughkeepsie until the autumn of 1841. While engaged throughout the day in his increasing engraving business, he performed his editorial labors at night and early in the morning, and at the same period, during the winter of 1840–41, wrote a valuable little volume entitled *An Outline History of the Fine Arts*, which was published as No. 103 of Harpers' Family Library. In the autumn of 1846, he wrote a book entitled *Seventeen Hundred and Seventy-Six*, consisting of upwards of five hundred pages

Digitized by Google

royal octavo, and illustrated by seventy engravings; and shortly after, produced three biographical and historical pamphlets of upwards of one hundred pages each; together with the *Lives of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence*, a duodecimo volume of over four hundred pages. This, and the subsequent year, he also edited a small paper entitled *The Young People's Mirror*, published by Edward Walker, which met with a ready reception from that class of the community.

In June, 1848, Mr. Lossing conceived the idea and plan of the Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution. He defined the size of the proposed pages; drew some rough sketches in sepia as indications of the manner in which he intended to introduce the illustrations, and with a general description of the plan of his work, submitted it to the consideration of the Messrs. Harper and Brothers. Four days afterwards they had concluded a bargain with him, involving an expenditure of much labor and many thousands of dollars; and something within a month afterwards Mr. Lossing was on his way to the battle-fields and other localities of interest connected with the war for Independence. In the collection of his materials, he travelled upwards of nine thousand miles, not in a continuous journey from place to place, but a series of journeys, undertaken whenever he could leave his regular business, the supervision of which he never omitted. Although the Field Book was upwards of four years in hand, yet the aggregate time occupied in travelling, making sketches and notes, drawing a large portion of the pictures on the blocks for engraving, and writing the work, was only about twenty months. The work was published in thirty numbers, the first issued on the first of June, 1850; the last in December, 1852. It was just beginning to be widely and generally known, and was enjoying a rapidly increasing sale, when the great conflagration of the Harpers' establishment in 1853 destroyed the whole remainder of the edition. It was out of print for a year, but a new and revised edition was put to press in March, 1855.

During portions of 1852–54, Mr. Lossing devoted much time to the preparation of an Illustrated History of the United States for schools and families; and early in 1855 completed a work of four hundred pages which he entitled *Our Countrymen*, containing numerous brief sketches with portraits on wood of remarkable persons eminent by their connexion with the history of the United States.

During the last three years, Mr. Lossing has been engaged in collecting materials for an elaborate illustrated history of the war of 1812, and also a history of the French Empire in America; each to be uniform in size of page and style with his Field Book. He has also formed an association with Mr. Lyman C. Draper, well known throughout the west as an indefatigable collector of traditions, manuscripts, journals, letters, &c., relating to the history and biography of the settlements and settlers beyond the Alleganies, for the purpose of producing a series of volumes commencing with the life of Daniel Boone.

Mr. Lossing has also contributed many valuable papers to various publications of the day, especially to Harpers' Magazine, in a series of American biographical articles in which his pen and pencil are equally employed.

### ANN S. STEPHENS.

Mrs. STEPHENS is a native of Connecticut. She married at an early age and removed to Portland, Maine, where she commenced and continued for some time, the Portland Magazine. In 1836 she edited the Portland Sketch Book, a collection of Miscellanies by the writers of the state. She afterwards removed with her husband to New York, where she has since resided.

A tale from her pen, *Mary Derwent*, won a prize of four hundred dollars offered by one of the periodicals, and its publication brought the author prominently forward as a popular writer for the magazines, to which she has contributed a large number of tales, sketches, and poems. Her last and most elaborate work is the novel of *Fashion and Famine*, a story of the contrasts of city life. It is of the intense school, and contains many scenes of questionable taste and probability, with much that is excellent in description and the delineation of character. One of the best drawn personages of the book is a well to do and kindly huckster woman of Fulton Market. The scenes about her stall, and at the farm whose abundance constantly replenishes her stock, are in a pleasant vein. The chief interest of the plot centres on a trial for murder, and the scenes connected with it are written with energy and effect. We present the introduction of the Strawberry Girl to the market-woman in the opening scene of the book.

#### THE STRAWBERRY GIRL.

Like wild flowers on the mountain side,
Goodness may be of any soil;
Yet intellect, in all its pride,
And energy, with pain and toil,
Hath never wrought a holier thing
Than Charity in humble birth.
God's brightest angel stoops his wing,
To meet so much of Heaven on earth.

The morning had not fully dawned on New York, yet its approach was visible everywhere amid the fine scenery around the city. The dim shadows piled above Weehawken were warming up with purple, streaked here and there with threads of rosy gold. The waters of the Hudson heaved and rippled to the glow of yellow and crimson light, that came and went in flashes on each idle curl of the waves. Long Island lay in the near distance like a thick, purplish cloud, through which the dim outline of house, tree, mast and spire loomed mistily, like half-formed objects on a camera obscura.

Silence—that strange, dead silence that broods over a scene crowded with slumbering life—lay upon the city, broken only by the rumble of vegetable carts and the jar of milk-cans, as they rolled up from the different ferries; or the half-smothered roar of some steamboat putting into its dock, freighted with sleeping passengers.

After a little, symptoms of aroused life became visible about the wharves. Grocers, carmen, and huckster-women began to swarm around the provision boats. The markets nearest the water were opened, and soon became theatres of active bustle.

The first market opened that day was in Fulton

Digitized by Google

street. As the morning deepened, piles of vegetables, loads of beef, hampers of fruit, heaps of luscious butter, cages of poultry, canary birds swarming in their wiry prisons, forests of green-house plants, horse-radish grinders with their reeking machines, venders of hot coffee, root beer and dough nuts, all with men, women, and childrens warming in, over, and among them, like so many ants, hard at work, filled the spacious arena, but late a range of silent, naked, and gloomy looking stalls. Then carts, laden and groaning beneath a weight of food, came rolling up to this great mart, crowding each avenue with fresh supplies. All was life and eagerness. Stout men and bright-faced women moved through the verdant chaos, arranging, working, chatting, all full of life and enterprise, while the rattling of carts outside, and the gradual accumulation of sounds everywhere, bespoke a great city aroused, like a giant refreshed, from slumber.

Slowly there arose out of this cheerful confusion, forms of homely beauty, that an artist or a thinking man might have loved to look upon. The butchers' stalls, but late a desolate range of gloomy beams, were reddening with fresh joints, many of them festooned with fragrant branches and gorgeous garden flowers. The butchers standing, each by his stall, with snow-white apron, and an eager, joyous look of traffic on his face, formed a display of comfort and plenty, both picturesque and pleasant to contemplate.

The fruit and vegetable stands were now loaded with dark, green vegetables, each humble root having its own peculiar tint, often arranged with a singular taste for color, unconsciously possessed by the woman who exercised no little skill in setting off her stand to advantage.

There was one vegetable stand to which we would draw the reader's particular attention; not exactly as a type of the others, for there was something so unlike all the rest, both in this stall and its occupant, that it would have drawn the attention of any person possessed of the slightest artistical taste. It was like the arrangement of a picture, that long table heaped with fruit, the freshest vegetables, and the brightest flowers, ready for the day's traffic. Rich scarlet radishes glowing up through their foliage of tender green, were contrasted with young onions swelling out from their long emerald stalks, snowy and transparent as so many great pearls. Turnips, scarcely larger than a hen's egg, and nearly as white, just taken fresh and fragrant from the soil, lay against heads of lettuce, tinged with crisp and greenish gold, piled against the deep blackish green of spinach and water-cresses, all moist with dew, or wet with bright water-drops that had supplied its place, and taking a deeper tint from the golden contrast. These with the red glow of strawberries in their luscious prime, piled together in masses, and shaded with fresh grape leaves; bouquets of roses, hyacinths, violets, and other fragrant blossoms, lent their perfume and the glow of their rich colors to the coarser children of the soil, and would have been an object pleasant to look upon, independent of the fine old woman who sat complacently on her little stool, at one end of the table, in tranquil expectation of customers that were sure to drop in as the morning deepened.

And now the traffic of the day commenced in earnest. Servants, housekeepers, and grocers, swarmed into the market. The clink of money—the sound of sharp, eager banter—the dull noise of the butcher's cleaver, were heard on every hand. It was a pleasant scene, for every face looked smiling and happy. The soft morning air seemed to have brightened all things into cheerfulness.

With the earliest group that entered Fulton market that morning was a girl, perhaps thirteen or fourteen years old, but tiny in her form, and appearing far more juvenile than that. A pretty quilted hood, of rose-colored calico, was turned back from her face, which seemed naturally delicate and pale; but the fresh air, and perhaps a shadowy reflection from her hood, gave the glow of a rose-bud to her cheeks. Still there was anxiety upon her young face. Her eyes of a dark violet blue, drooped heavily beneath their black and curling lashes, if any one from the numerous stalls addressed her; for a small splint basket on her arm, new and perfectly empty, was a sure indication that the child had been sent to make purchase; while her timid air—the blush that came and went on her face—bespoke as plainly that she was altogether unaccustomed to the scene, and had no regular place at which to make her humble bargains. The child seemed a waif cast upon the market; and she was so beautiful, notwithstanding her humble dress of faded and darned calico, that at almost every stand she was challenged pleasantly to pause and fill her basket. But she only cast down her eyes and blushed more deeply, as with her little bare feet she hurried on through the labyrinth of stalls, toward that portion of the market occupied by the huckster-women. Here she began to slacken her pace, and to look about her with no inconsiderable anxiety.

"What do you want, little girl; anything in my way?" was repeated to her once or twice as she moved forward. At each of these challenges she would pause, look earnestly into the face of the speaker, and then pass on with a faint wave of the head, that expressed something of sad and timid disappointment.

At length the child—for she seemed scarcely more than that—was growing pale, and her eyes turned with a sort of sharp anxiety from one face to another, when suddenly they fell upon the buxom old huckster-woman, whose stall we have described. There was something in the good dame's appearance that brought an eager and satisfied look to that pale face. She drew close to the stand, and stood for some seconds, gazing timidly on the old woman. It was a pleasant face, and a comfortable, portly form enough, that the timid girl gazed upon. Smooth and comely were the full and rounded cheeks, with their rich autumn color, dimpled like an over-ripe apple. Fat and good-humored enough to defy wrinkles, the face looked far too rosy for the thick, grey hair that was shaded, not concealed, by a cap of clear white muslin, with a broad, deep border, and tabs that met like a snowy girth to support the firm, double chin. Never did your eyes dwell upon a chin so full of health and good humor as that. It sloped with a sleek, smiling grace down from the plump mouth, and rolled with a soft, white wave into the neck, scarcely leaving an outline, or the want of one, before it was lost in the white of that muslin kerchief, folded so neatly beneath the ample bosom of her gown. Then the broad linen apron of blue and white check, girding her waist, and flowing over the smooth rotundity of person, was a living proof of the ripeness and wholesome state of her merchandise.—I tell you, reader, that woman, take her for all in all, was one to draw the attention, aye, and the love of a child, who had come forth barefooted and alone in search of kindness.

## RALPH HOYT.

Mr. Hoyt, the author of a number of poems which have become popular favorites through their spirit and sincerity, is a clergyman of the

Digitized by Google

Protestant Episcopal Church in New York. He is a native of the city. His early years were passed in the country on Long Island. He had the benefit of a good education, and after some practice at various mechanical pursuits, became himself a teacher in turn, wrote occasionally for the newspapers, and in 1842 took orders in the church. In 1846 the church of the Good Shepherd was organized as the result of the missionary labors of Mr. Hoyt, who has since continued its minister, supporting its feeble fortunes through many privations. He has latterly resided at a cottage pleasantly situated on the high ground in the rear of the Palisades, at the village of Fort Lee, New Jersey, opposite New York; and he has there shown his accustomed spirit and activity, his humble home being partly the work of his own hands, while a simple but convenient church, of small but sufficient dimensions, on the main street of the village, has been built by his own labor and ingenuity, with moderate aid from his friends. He holds religious services there a part of each Sunday.

Ralph Hoyt

Mr. Hoyt's poems are simple in expression, and of a delicate moral or devout sentiment. They touch tenderly upon the disappointments of life, with a sorrowful refrain. In another mood his verse is hopeful and animated. The title of his longest poem, *The Chaunt of Life*, which is but a fragmentary composition, indicates the burden of his song; which is of the common feelings, longings, and experiences of the world. A cheerful love of nature, an eye for the picturesque, a quaint originality of expression, are exhibited in many of his poems, which have already found their way into the popular collections of the school-books.

SNOW; A WINTER SKETCH.

The blessed morn has come again;
The early gray
Taps at the slumberer's window pane,
And seems to say

Break, break from the enchanter's chain,
Away, away!

'Tis winter, yet there is no sound
Along the air,
Of winds upon their battle-ground,
But gently there,
The snow is falling,—all around
How fair—how fair!

The jocund fields would masquerade;
Fantastic scene!
Tree, shrub, and lawn, and lonely glade
Have cast their green,
And joined the revel, all arrayed
So white and clean.

E'en the old posts, that hold the bars
And the old gate,
Forgetful of their wintry wars,
And age sedate,
High capped, and plumed, like white hussars,
Stand there in state.

The drifts are hanging by the sill,
The eaves, the door;
The hay-stack has become a hill;
All covered o'er
The wagon, loaded for the mill
The eve before.

Maria brings the water-pail,
But where's the well!
Like magic of a fairy tale,
Most strange to tell,
All vanished, curb, and crank, and rail!
How deep it fell!

The wood-pile too is playing hide;
The axe, the log,
The kennel of that friend so tried,
(The old watch-dog,)
The grindstone standing by its side,
Are all now *incog.*

The bustling cock looks out aghast
From his high shed;
No spot to scratch him a repast
Up curves his head,
Starts the dull hamlet with a blast,
And back to bed.

Old drowsy dobbin, at the call,
Amazed, awakes;
Out from the window of his stall
A view he takes;
While thick and faster seem to fall
The silent flakes.

The barn-yard gentry, musing, chime
Their morning moan;
Like Memnon's music of old time
That voice of stone!
So marbled they—and so sublime
Their solemn tone.

Good Ruth has called the younker folk
To dress below;
Full welcome was the word she spoke,
Down, down they go,
The cottage quietude is broke,—
The snow!—the snow!

Now rises from around the fire
A pleasant strain;
Ye giddy sons of mirth, retire!
And ye profane!
A hymn to the Eternal Sire
Goes up again.

The patriarchal Book divine,
Upon the knee,

Digitized by Google

Opes where the gems of Judah shine,
(Sweet minstrelsie!)
How soars each heart with each fair line,
Oh God, to Thee!

Around the altar low they bend,
Devout in prayer;
As snows upon the roof descend,
So angels there
Come down that household to defend
With gentle care.

Now sings the kettle o'er the blaze;
The buckwheat heaps;
Rare Mocha, worth an Arab's praise,
Sweet Susan steeps;
The old round stand her nod obeys,
And out it leaps.

Unerring presages declare
The banquet near;
Soon busy appetites are there;
And disappear
The glories of the ample fare,
With thanks sincere.

Now tiny snow-birds venture nigh
From copse and spray,
(Sweet strangers! with the winter's sky
To pass away;)
And gather crumbs in full supply,
For all the day.

Let now the busy hours begin:
Out rolls the churn;
Forth hastes the farm-boy, and brings in
The brush to burn;
Sweep, shovel, scour, sew, knit, and spin,
'Till night's return.

To delve his threshing John must hie;
His sturdy shoe
Can all the subtle damp defy;
How wades he through!
While dainty milkmaids slow and shy,
His track pursue.

Each to the hour's allotted care;
To shell the corn;
The broken harness to repair;
The sleigh t' adorn;
As cheerful, tranquil, frosty, fair,
Speeds on the morn.

While mounts the eddying smoke amain
From many a hearth,
And all the landscape rings again
With rustic mirth;
So gladsome seems to every swain
The snowy earth.

### THE WORLD-SAIR.

There wandered from some mystic sphere,
A youth, celestial, down to earth;
So strangely fair seemed all things here,
He e'en would crave a mortal birth;
And soon, a rosy boy, he woke,
A dweller in some stately dome;
Soft sunbeams on his vision broke,
And this low world became his home.

Ah, cheated child! Could he but know
Sad soul of mine, what thou and I!
The bud would never wish to blow,
The nestling never long to fly;
Perfuming the regardless air,
High soaring into empty space;
A blossom ripening to despair,
A flight—without a resting place!

How bright to him life's opening morn!
No cloud to intercept a ray;
The rose had then no hidden thorn,
The tree of life knew no decay.
How greeted oft his wondering soul
The fairy shapes of childish joy,
As gaily on the moments stole
And still grew up the blooming boy.

How gently played the odorous air
Among his wavy locks of gold,
His eye how bright, his cheek how fair,
As still youth's summer days were told.
Seemed each succeeding hour to tell
Of some more rare unfolding grace;
Some swifter breeze his sail to swell,
And press the voyager apace!

He roved a swain of some sweet vale,
Or climbed, a daring mountaineer;
And oft, upon the passing gale,
His merry song we used to hear;
Might none e'er mount a fleeter steed,
His glittering chariot none outvie,
Or village mart, or rural mead,
The hero he of heart and eye.

Anon a wishful glance he cast
Where storied thrones their empire hold,
And soon beyond the billowy Vast
He leaped upon the shores of old!
He sojourned long in classic halls,
At learning's feast a favored guest,
And oft within imperial walls,
He tasted all delights, save—rest!

It was a restless soul he bore,
And all unquenchable its fire;
Nor banquet, pomp, nor golden store,
Could e'er appease its high desire.
And yet would he the phantom band
So oft deceiving still pursue,
Delicious sweets in every land,
But ah, not lasting, pure, or true!

He knelt at many a gorgeous shrine;
Reclined in love's voluptuous bowers;
Yet did his weary soul repine,
Were listless still the lingering hours.
Then sped an argosie to bear
The sated truant to his home,
But sorrow's sombre cloud was there,
'Twas dark in all that stately dome.

Was rent at last life's fair disguise,
And that Immortal taught to know
He had been wandering from the skies,
Alas, how long—alas, how low.
Deluded,—but the dream was done;
A conqueror,—but his banner furled;
The race was over,—he had won,—
But found his prize—a worthless World!

Oh Earth, he sighed, and gazed afar,
How thou encumberest my wing!
My home is yonder radiant star,
But thither thee I cannot bring.
How have I tried thee long and well,
But never found thy joys sincere,
Now, now my soul resolves to sell
Thy treasures strewn around me here!

The flatteries I so long have stored
In memory's casket one by one,
Must now be stricken from the board;
The day of tinselled joy is done!
Here go the useless jewels! see
The golden lustre they impart!
But vain the smiles of earth for me,
They cannot gild a broken heart!

Digitized by Google

THE WORLD FOR SALE!—Hang out the sign;
Call every traveller here to me;
Who'll buy this brave estate of mine,
And set me from earth's bondage free!
'Tis going!—yes, I mean to fling
The bauble from my soul away;
I'll sell it, whatsoe'er it bring;—
The World at Auction here to-day!

It is a glorious thing to see;
Ah, it has cheated me so sore!
It is not what it seems to be:
For sale! It shall be mine no more:
Come, turn it o'er and view it well;
I would not have you purchase dear;
'Tis going—going! I must sell!
Who bids! Who'll buy the Splendid Tear!

Here's Wealth in glittering heaps of gold,
Who bids! but let me tell you fair,
A baser lot was never sold;
Who'll buy the heavy heaps of care!
And here, spread out in broad domain,
A goodly landscape all may trace;
Hall, cottage, tree, field, hill and plain;
Who'll buy himself a Burial Place!

Here's Love, the dreamy potent spell
That beauty flings around the heart!
I know its power, alas, too well!
'Tis going! Love and I must part!
Must part! What can I more with Love!
All over the enchanter's reign!
Who'll buy the plumeless, dying dove,
An hour of bliss,—an age of Pain!

And Friendship,—rarest gem of earth,
(Who e'er hath found the jewel his!)
Frail, fickle, false and little worth,
Who bids for Friendship—as it is!
'Tis going—going!—Hear the call;
Once, twice, and thrice!—'Tis very low!
'Twas once my hope, my stay, my all,
But now the broken staff must go!

Fame! hold the brilliant meteor high;
How dazzling every gilded name!
Ye millions, now's the time to buy!
How much for Fame! How much for Fame!
Hear how it thunders! would you stand
On high Olympus, far renowned,
Now purchase, and a world command!—
And be with a world's curses crowned!

Sweet star of Hope! with ray to shine
In every sad foreboding breast,
Save this desponding one of mine,
Who bids for man's last friend and best!
Ah, were not mine a bankrupt life,
This treasure should my soul sustain;
But Hope and I are now at strife,
Nor ever may unite again.

And Song!—For sale my tuneless lute;
Sweet solace, mine no more to hold;
The chords that charmed my soul are mute,
I cannot wake the notes of old!
Or e'en were mine a wizard shell,
Could chain a world in raptures high;
Yet now a sad farewell!—farewell!
Must on its last faint echoes die.

Ambition, fashion, show, and pride,
I part from all for ever now;
Grief is an overwhelming tide,
Has taught my haughty heart to bow.
Poor heart! distracted, ah, so long,
And still its aching throb to bear;
How broken, that was once so strong;
How heavy, once so free from care.

Ah, cheating earth!—could man but know,
Sad soul of mine, what thou and I,—
The bud would never wish to blow,
The nestling never long to fly!
Perfuming the regardless air;
High soaring into empty space;
A blossom ripening to despair,
A flight—without a resting place!

No more for me life's fitful dream;
Bright vision, vanishing away!
My bark requires a deeper stream;
My sinking soul a surer stay.
By death, stern sheriff! all bereft,
I weep, yet humbly kiss the rod;
The best of all I still have left,—
My Faith, my Bible, and my God.

STRIKE!

I've a liking for this "striking,"
If we only do it well;
Firm, defiant, like a giant,
Strike!—and make the effort tell!

One another, working brother,
Let us freely now advise:
For reflection and correction
Help to make us great and wise.

Work and wages, say the sages,
Go for ever hand in hand;
As the motion of an ocean,
The supply and the demand.

My advice is, strike for prices
Nobler far than sordid coin;
Strike with terror, sin and error,
And let man and master join.

Ever failing, now prevailing,
In the heart or in the head,—
Make no clamor—take the hammer—
Drive it down,—and strike it dead!

Much the chopping, lopping, propping,
Carpenter, we have to do,
Ere the plummet, from the summit,
Mark our moral fabric true.

Take the measure of false pleasure;
Try each action by the square;
Strike a chalk-line for your walk-line;
Strike, to keep your footsteps there!

The foundation of creation
Lies in Truth's unerring laws;
Man of mortar, there's no shorter
Way to base a righteous cause.

Every builder, painter, gilder,
Man of leather, man of clothes,
Each mechanic in a panic
With the way his labor goes.

Let him reason thus in season;
Strike the root of all his wrong.
Cease his quarrels, mend his morals,
And be happy, rich, and strong.

### WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.—LEWIS GAYLORD CLARK.

THE twin brothers Clark were born at Otisco, Onondaga county, New York, in the year 1810. Their father had served in the Revolutionary war, and was a man of reading and observation. Willis, on the completion of his education, under the care of this parent and the Rev. George Colton, a relative on his mother's side, went to Philadelphia, where he commenced a weekly periodical similar in plan to the New York Mir-

Digitized by Google

ror. It was unsuccessful and soon discontinued. He next became an assistant of the Rev. Dr. Brantley, a Baptist clergyman (afterwards President of the College of South Carolina), in the editorship of the Columbian Star, a religious newspaper. He retired from this position to take charge of the Philadelphia Gazette, the oldest daily journal of that city. He became its proprietor, and continued his connexion with it until his death.

One of the most successful of Clark's literary productions was the *Ollapodiana*, a series of brief essays, anecdotes, and observations, continued from month to month in the Knickerbocker Magazine, of which his brother Lewis had become the editor.

Mr. Clark was married in 1836 to Anne P. Caldcleugh, the daughter of a gentleman of Philadelphia. She was attacked by consumption, and died not long after her marriage. Her husband soon followed her, falling a victim to a lingering disease in June, 1841.

Clark's poems, with the exception of *The Spirit of Life*—pronounced before the Franklin Society of Brown University in 1833—are brief, and were written for and published in his own journals and the magazines and annuals of the day. A portion were collected in a volume during his lifetime, and a complete edition appeared in New York in 1847. His *Ollapodiana* have also been collected, with a number of other prose sketches and his poems, in a volume of his *Literary Remains*, published in 1844.

The humors and sensibility of the essayist and poet, alike witness to his warm, amiable sympathies. His mirth was rollicking, exuberant in anima. spirits, but always innocent, while his muse dwelt fondly on the various moods of nature, and portrayed domestic tenderness in the consolations of its darker hours of suffering and death.

Mr. Lewis Gaylord Clark is the editor of the Knickerbocker Magazine, having conducted that periodical since its third volume in 1832. He has become widely known by his monthly *Editor's Table* and *Gossip with Readers and Correspondents*, embracing a collection of the jests and *on dits* of the day, connected by a light running comment. A selection from the *Gossip* was published in one volume in 1852, with the title *Knick-Knacks from an Editor's Table*,* and a compliment has recently been paid to its author in the shape of a volume containing original contributions by many of the leading writers of the day, accompanied by their portraits, entitled *The Knickerbocker Memorial*.

### A SONG OF MAY.

The spring scented buds all around me are swelling,
There are songs in the stream, there is health in the gale;
A sense of delight in each bosom is dwelling,
As float the pure day-beams o'er mountain and vale;
The desolate reign of Old Winter is broken,
The verdure is fresh upon every tree;
Of Nature's revival the charm—and a token
Of love, oh thou Spirit of Beauty! to thee.

The sun looketh forth from the halls of the morning.
And flushes the clouds that begirt his career;
He welcomes the gladness and glory, returning
To rest on the promise and hope of the year.
He fills with rich light all the balm-breathing flowers,
He mounts to the zenith, and laughs on the wave;
He wakes into music the green forest-bowers,
And gilds the gay plains which the broad rivers lave.

The young bird is out on his delicate pinion—
He timidly sails in the infinite sky;
A greeting to May, and her fairy dominion,
He pours, on the west wind's fragrant sigh:
Around, above, there are peace and pleasure,
The woodlands are singing, the heaven is bright;
The fields are unfolding their emerald treasure,
And man's genial spirit is soaring in light.

Alas! for my weary and care-haunted bosom!
The spells of the spring-time arouse it no more;
The song in the wild-wood, the sheen of the blossom,
The fresh-welling fountain, their magic is o'er!
When I list to the streams, when I look on the flowers,
They tell of the Past with so mournful a tone,
That I call up the throngs of my long-vanished hours,
And sigh that their transports are over and gone.

From the wide-spreading earth, from the limitless heaven,
There have vanished an eloquent glory and gleam;
To my veiled mind no more is the influence given,
Which coloreth life with the hues of a dream:
The bloom-purpled landscape its loveliness keepeth—
I deem that a light as of old gilds the wave;
But the eye of my spirit in heaviness sleepeth,
Or sees but my youth, and the visions it gave.

Yet it is not that age on my years hath descended,
'Tis not that its snow-wreaths encircle my brow;
But the *rareness* and sweetness of Being are ended,
I feel not their love-kindling witchery now:
The shadows of death o'er my path have been sweeping;
There are those who have loved me debarred from the day;
The green turf is bright where in peace they are sleeping,
And on wings of remembrance my soul is away.

It is shut to the glow of this present existence,
It hears, from the Past, a funeral strain;
And it eagerly turns to the high-seeming distance,
Where the last blooms of earth will be garnered again;
Where no mildew the soft damask-rose cheek shall nourish,
Where Grief bears no longer the poisonous sting;
Where pitiless Death no dark sceptre can flourish,
Or stain with his blight the luxuriant spring.

It is thus that the hopes which to others are given,
Fall cold on my heart in this rich month of May;
I hear the clear anthems that ring through the heaven,
I drink the bland airs that enliven the day;
And if gentle Nature, her festival keeping,
Delights not my bosom, ah! do not condemn;

* Mr Clark had previously published a volume of articles from the Knickerbocker, by Washington Irving, Mr. Cary, Mr Shelton, and others, entitled *The Knickerbocker Sketch-Book*.

Digitized by Google

O'er the lost and the lovely my spirit is weeping,
For my heart's fondest raptures are buried with them.

TO MY BOY.

Thou hast a fair unsullied cheek,
A clear and dreaming eye,
Whose bright and winning glances speak
Of life's first revelry;
And on thy brow no look of care
Comes like a cloud, to cast a shadow there.

In feeling's early freshness blest,
Thy wants and wishes few:
Rich hopes are garnered in thy breast,
As summer's morning dew
Is found, like diamonds, in the rose,
Nestling, 'mid folded leaves, in sweet repose.

Keep thus, in love, the heritage
Of thy ephemeral spring;
Keep its pure thoughts, till after-age
Weigh down thy spirit's wing;
Keep the warm heart, the hate of sin,
And heavenly peace will on thy soul break in.

And when the even-song of years
Brings in its shadowy train
The record of life's hopes and fears,
Let it not be in vain,
That backward on existence thou canst look,
As on a pictured page or pleasant book.

LINES

*Written at Laurel Hill Cemetery, near Philadelphia.*

Here the lamented dead in dust shall lie,
Life's lingering languors o'er—its labors done;
Where waving boughs, betwixt the earth and sky,
Admit the farewell radiance of the sun.

Here the long concourse from the murmuring town,
With funeral pace and slow, shall enter in;
To lay the loved in tranquil silence down,
No more to suffer, and no more to sin.

And here the impressive stone, engraved with words
Which Grief sententious gives to marble pale,
Shall teach the heart, while waters, leaves, and birds
Make cheerful music in the passing gale.

Say, wherefore should we weep, and wherefore pour
On scented airs the unavailing sigh—
While sun-bright waves are quivering to the shore,
And landscapes blooming—that the loved should die?

There is an emblem in this peaceful scene:
Soon, rainbow colors on the woods will fall;
And autumn gusts bereave the hills of green,
As sinks the year to meet its cloudy pall.

Then, cold and pale, in distant vistas round,
Disrobed and tuneless, all the woods will stand!
While the chained streams are silent as the ground,
As Death had numbed them with his icy hand.

Yet, when the warm soft winds shall rise in spring,
Like struggling day-beams o'er a blasted heath,
The bird returned shall poise her golden wing,
And liberal Nature break the spell of Death.

So, when the tomb's dull silence finds an end,
The blessed Dead to endless youth shall rise;
And hear the archangel's thrilling summons blend
Its tones with anthems from the upper skies.

There shall the good of earth be found at last,
Where dazzling streams and vernal fields expand;
Where Love her crown attains—her trials past—
And, filled with rapture, hails the better land!

OLD SONGS.

Give me the songs I loved to hear,
In sweet and sunny days of yore;
Which came in gushes to my ear
From lips that breathe them now no more;
From lips, alas! on which the worm,
In coiled and dusty silence lies,
Where many a loved, lamented form
Is hid from Sorrow's filling eyes!

Yes! when those unforgotten lays
Come trembling with a spirit-voice,
I mind me of those early days,
When to respire was to rejoice:
When gladsome flowers and fruitage shone
Where'er my willing footsteps fell;
When Hope's bright realm was all mine own,
And Fancy whispered, "All is well."

Give me old songs! They stir my heart
As with some glorious trumpet-tone:
Beyond the reach of modern art,
They rule its thrilling cords alone,
Till, on the wings of thought, I fly
Back to that boundary of bliss,
Which once beneath my childhood's sky
Embraced a scene of loveliness!

Thus, when the portals of mine ear
Those long-remembered lays receive,
They seem like guests, whose voices cheer
My breast, and bid it not to grieve:
They ring in cadences of love,
They tell of dreams now vanished all:
Dreams, that descended from above—
Visions, 'tis rapture to recall!

Give me old songs! I know not why,
But every tone they breathe to me
Is fraught with pleasures pure and high,
With honest love or honest glee:
They move me, when by chance I hear,
They rouse each slumbering pulse anew;
Till every scene to memory dear
Is pictured brightly to my view.

I do not ask those sickly lays
O'er which affected maidens bend;
Which scented fops are bound to praise,
To which dull crowds their homage lend
Give me some simple Scottish song,
Or lays from Erin's distant isle:
Lays that to love and truth belong,
And cause the saddest lip to smile!

## EDGAR A. POE.

THE family of Edgar A. Poe was of ancient respectability in Maryland. His grandfather, David Poe, served in the Revolution, and was the personal friend of Lafayette. His father, David Poe, jr., was a law student at Baltimore, when, in his youth, he fell in love with an English actress on the stage, Elizabeth Arnold, married her, and took to the boards himself. Their son Edgar was born in Baltimore in January, 1811. After a career of several years of theatrical life, passed in the chief cities of the Union, the parents both died within a short period at Richmond, leaving three orphan children.

Edgar was a boy of beauty and vivacity, and attracted the attention of a friend of his parents, John Allan, a wealthy merchant of Virginia, by whom he was adopted, and his education liberally

Digitized by Google

provided for. In 1816 he was taken by Mr. and Mrs. Allan to England, and deposited for a stay of four or five years at a school near London; a passage of his youth which he has recurred to in almost the only instance in his writings in which he has any personal allusion to his own affairs. It was a trait, too, in his conversation that he seldom spoke of his own history. In his tale of William Wilson he has touched these early school-days with a poetical hand, as he recalls the awe of their formal discipline, and the admiration with which he saw the dingy head-master of the week ascend the village pulpit in clerical silk and dignity on Sunday. He returned home in his eleventh year, passed a short time at a Richmond academy, and entered the University at Charlottesville, where he might have attained the highest honors from the celerity of his wit as a student, had he not thrown himself upon a reckless course of dissipation which led to his expulsion from the college. His biographer, Griswold, tells us that he was at this time celebrated for his feats of personal hardihood: "On one occasion, in a hot day of June, swimming from Richmond to Warwick, seven miles and a half, against a tide running probably from two to three miles an hour." He left Charlottesville in debt, though he had been generously provided for by his friend Allan, whose benevolence, however, could not sustain the drafts freely drawn upon him for obligations incurred in gambling. Poe quarrelled with his benefactor, and abandoned his home with the Byronic motive, it is said, of assisting the Greeks in their struggle for liberty. He went abroad and passed a year in Europe, the history of which would be a matter of singular curiosity, if it could be recovered. It is known that he did not reach Greece, and that he was one day involved in some difficulty at St. Petersburgh, from which he was relieved by the American Minister, Mr. Henry Middleton, who provided him with the means of returning home.* He was afterwards received into favor by Mr. Allan, who procured him an entrance as a cadet at West Point, an institution with which his wayward and reckless habits, and impracticable mind, were so much at war, that he was compelled to retire from it within the year. Mr. Allan having lost his first wife, married again, and Poe, still received with favor at the house, was soon compelled to leave it for ever, doubtless from gross misconduct on his part, for Mr. Allan had proved himself a much-enduring benefactor.

Poe was now thrown upon his own resources. He had already written a number of verses, said to have been produced between his sixteenth and nineteenth years, which were published in Baltimore in 1829, with the title *Al Aaraaf, Tamerlane, and Minor Poems*.† Taking the standards of the country, and the life of the young author in Virginia into consideration, they were singular productions. A certain vague poetic luxury and sensuousness of mere sound, distinct from definite meaning, peculiarities which the author refined upon in his latest and best poems, characterize these juvenile effusions. Al Aaraaf is an oriental poetic mystification, with some fine chanting in

it, particularly a melodious dithyrambic on one of the poet's airy maidens, Ligeia.

A certain longing of passion, without hearty animality, marked thus early the ill-regulated disposition of a man of genius uncontrolled by the restraint of sound principle and profound literary motives. Other young writers have copied this strain, and have written verses quite as nonsensical without any corruption of heart; but with Poe the vein was original. His whole life was cast in that mould; his sensitive, spiritual organization, deriving no support from healthy moral powers, became ghostly and unreal.* His rude contact with the world, which might have set up a novelist for life with materials of adventure, seems scarcely to have impinged upon his perceptions. His mind, walking in a vain show, was taught nothing by experience or suffering. Altogether wanting in the higher faculty of humor, he could extract nothing from the rough usages of the world but a cold, frivolous mockery of its plans and pursuits. His intellectual enjoyment was in the power of his mind over literature as an art; his skill, in forcing the mere letters of the alphabet, the dry elements of the dictionary, to take forms of beauty and apparent life which would command the admiration of the world. This may account for his sensitiveness as to the recep-

* Griswold's Memoirs, x.

† Baltimore: Hatch & Dunning, 1829. 8vo. pp. 71.

* A lady of this city wittily mentioned her first impressions of his unhappy, distant air, in the opening lines of Goldsmith's Traveller:

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheldt, or wandering Po.

A gentleman, who was a fellow-cadet with him at West Point, has described to us his utter inefficiency and state of abstractedness at that place. He could not or would not follow its mathematical requirements. His mind was off from the matter-of-fact routine of the drill, which in such a case as his seemed practical joking, on some etherial, visionary expedition. He was marked, says our informant, for an early death, if only from the incompatibility of soul and body. They had not the usual relations to each other, and were on such distant terms of acquaintance that a separation seemed inevitable!

Digitized by Google

tion of his writings. He could afford to trust nothing to the things themselves, since they had no root in realities. Hence his delight in the exercise of his powers as a destructive critic, and his favorite proposition that literature was all a trick, and that he could construct another Paradise Lost, or something equivalent to it, to order, if desirable.

With this fine, sensitive organization of the intellect, and a moderate share of scholarship, Poe went forth upon the world as an author. It is a little singular, that, with intellectual powers sometimes reminding us, in a partial degree, of those of Coleridge,—poetic exercises, take Kubla Khan for instance, being after Poe's ideal,—the two should have had a similar adventure in the common ranks of the army. Coleridge, it will be remembered, was for a short time a dragoon in London, under the assumed name of Comberbatch; Poe enlisted in the ranks and deserted.*

About this time, in 1833, a sum was offered by the Baltimore Saturday Visitor for a prize poem and tale. Mr. Kennedy, the novelist, was on the committee. Poe sent in several tales which he had composed for a volume, and readily secured the prize for his *MS. found in a Bottle*,—incidentally assisted, it is said, by the beauty of his handwriting. Mr. Kennedy became acquainted with the author, then, as almost inevitable with a man of genius depending upon such scanty resources as the sale of a few subtle productions, in a state of want and suffering, and introduced him to Mr. T. W. White, the conductor of the Southern Literary Messenger, who gave him employment upon his publication. Poe in 1835 removed to Richmond, and wrote chiefly in the critical department of the magazine. He was rapidly making a high reputation for the work in this particular, by his ingenuity, when the connexion was first interrupted and soon finally severed, in 1837, by his irregularities. At Richmond he married his cousin Virginia Clemm, a delicate and amiable lady, who after a union of some ten years fell a victim of consumption.

In 1838 a book from Poe's pen, growing out of some sketches which he had commenced in the Messenger, *The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym of Nantucket*, was published by the Harpers.† It is a fiction of considerable ingenuity, but the author, who was generally anything but indifferent to the reception of his writings, did not appear in his conversation to pride himself much upon it. This book was written in New York at the close of the year. Poe settled in Philadelphia, and was employed by Burton, the comedian, upon his Gentleman's Magazine, with a salary of ten dollars a week. His *Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque*, a collection of his scattered magazine stories, were published in two volumes by Lea and Blanchard, Philadelphia, in 1840.

The arrangement with Burton lasted more than a year, when it was broken up, it is said, by Poe's wanton depreciation of the American poets who came under review, and by a final fit of intoxication. He then projected a new magazine, to be called after William Penn, but it was a project only. When Graham established his magazine in 1840 he engaged Poe as its editor, and the weird, spiritual tales, and ingenious, slashing criticisms were again resumed, till the old difficulties led to a termination of the arrangement at the end of a year and a half. Several of his most striking tales, *The Gold Ring*, *The Murders of the Rue Morgue*, were written at this period. A development of the plot of Barnaby Rudge, in Graham's Magazine, before the completion of that novel in England, secured the admiration of Dickens.

In 1844 Poe took up his residence in New York, projecting a magazine to be called The Stylus, and anticipating the subscriptions to the work, which never appeared. When Morris and Willis commenced this year the publication of the Evening Mirror, Poe was for a while engaged upon it, though his sympathies with the actual world were far too feeble for a daily journalist.

The poem of the *Raven*, the great hit of Poe's literary career, was published in the second number of Colton's Whig Review, in February, 1845. The same year he commenced the Broadway Journal, in conjunction with Mr. Charles F. Briggs, and had actually perseverance enough to continue it to its close in a second volume, after it had been abandoned by his associate, in consequence of difficulties growing out of a joint editorship. It was during this period that Poe accepted an invitation to deliver a poem before the Boston Lyceum. When the time for its delivery came Poe was unprepared with anything for the occasion, and read, with more gravity than sobriety in the emergency, his juvenile publication Al Aaraaf. The ludicrous affair was severely commented upon by the Bostonians, and Poe made it still more ridiculous by stating in his Broadway Journal that it was an intentional insult to the genius of the Frog Pond! Poe next wrote a series of random sketches of *The New York Literati** for Godey's Lady's Book. In one of them he chose to caricature an old Philadelphia friend, Dr. Thomas Dunn English, who retaliated in a personal newspaper article. The communication was reprinted in the Evening Mirror in New York, whereupon Poe instituted a libel suit against that journal, and recovered several hundred dollars, with which he refitted a small cottage he now occupied on a hill-side at Fordham, in Westchester county, where he lived with his wife and his mother-in-law, Mrs. Maria Clemm, by whose unwearied guardianship he was protected in his frequently recurring fits of illness, and by whose prudent and skilful management he was provided for at other times.

* Griswold's Memoirs, xl.

† The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym of Nantucket, comprising the details of a Mutiny and atrocious Butchery on board the American brig Grampus, on her way to the South Seas, in the month of June, 1827, with an Account of the Recapture of the Vessel by the Survivors; their Shipwreck and subsequent horrible Sufferings from Famine; their Deliverance by means of the British schooner Jane Gray; the brief Cruise of this latter Vessel in the Antarctic Ocean; her Capture, and the Massacre of her Crew among a Group of Islands in the Eighty-fourth parallel of Southern Latitude; together with the incredible Adventures and Discoveries still farther South to which that disastrous Calamity gave rise. *Harper & Brothers*, 1838. 12mo. pp. 201.

* They are now included in a thick volume of the author's works, published by Redfield, which contains the memoir by Dr. Griswold. It is entitled, The Literati: Some Honest Opinions about Autorial Merits and Demerits, with occasional Words of Personality; together with Marginalia, Suggestions, and Essays. With here and there a nice observation, the sketches of the Literati are careless papers, sometimes to be taken for nothing more than mere jest. Some of the longer critical papers are admirable.

Digitized by Google

In 1848 he delivered a lecture at the Society Library in New York, entitled Eureka, an Essay on the Material and Spiritual Universe; the ingenious obscurities of which are hardly worth the trouble of unravelling, if they are at all intelligible.

His wife was now dead, and he was preparing for marriage with a highly-cultivated lady of New England, when the union was broken off. After this, in 1849, he made a tour to Maryland and Virginia, delivering lectures by the way, and having concluded a new engagement of marriage was on his way to New York to make some arrangements, when he fell into one of his now frequently recurring fits of intoxication at Baltimore, was carried in a fit of insanity from the street to the hospital, and there died on Sunday morning, October 7, 1849, at the age of thirty-eight.

At the close of this melancholy narrative a feeling of deep sorrow will be entertained by those familiar with the author's undoubted genius. It will be difficult to harmonize this wild and reckless life with the neatness and precision of his writings. The same discrepancy was apparent in his personal conduct. Neat to fastidiousness in his dress, and, as we have noticed, in his handwriting; ingenious in the subtle employment of his faculties, with the nice sense of the gentleman in his conduct and intercourse with others while personally before them—there were influences constantly reversing the pure, healthy life these qualities should have represented. Had he been really in earnest, with what a solid brilliancy his writings might have shone forth to the world. With the moral proportioned to the intellectual faculty he would have been in the first rank of critics. In that large part of the critic's perceptions, a knowledge of the mechanism of composition, he has been unsurpassed by any writer in America; but lacking sincerity, his forced and contradictory critical opinions are of little value as authorities, though much may be gathered from them by any one willing to study the peculiar mood in which they were written. In ingenuity of invention, musical effects, and artificial terrors for the imagination, his poems as well as his prose sketches are remarkable. His intricate police story, The Murders of the Rue Morgue, secured admiration when it was translated in Paris, where such details are of frequent occurrence. The mesmeric revelation of *The Facts in the Case of M. Valdemar*, published in the Whig Review, imposed upon some innocent philosophic people in England as a report of actual phenomena. As a good specimen of his peculiar literary logic we may refer to his article *The Philosophy of Composition*, in which he gives the rationale of his creation of the poem The Raven. Having first determined to write a popular poem, he determines the allowable extent: it must be brief enough to be read at a single sitting, and the brevity "must be in the direct ratio of the intensity of the intended effect;" one hundred lines are the maximum, and the poem turns out, "in fact, one hundred and eight." The length being settled, the "effect" was to be universally appreciable, and "beauty" came to be the object of the poem, as he holds it to be the especial object of all true poetry; then the "tone" must be sad, "beauty in its supreme development invariably exciting the sensitive soul to tears." As "an artistic piquancy" he brings in "the refrain" as an old approved resource, and as its most effective form, a single word. The sound of that word was important, and the long *ō* being "the most sonorous vowel," and *r* "the most producible consonant," *nevermore* came to hand, "in fact it was the very first which presented itself." To get the word in often enough, stanzas were to be employed, and as a rational creature would be out of his senses uttering the spell, "a non-reasoning creature capable of speech" was called for, hence the Raven. Death is the theme, as universal and the saddest, and most powerful in alliance with beauty: so the death of a beautiful woman is invoked. The rest is accounted for *d priori* in the same explicit manner in this extraordinary criticism.

Though in any high sense of the word, as in the development of character, Poe would hardly be said to possess much humor, yet with his skill in language, and knowledge of effects, he was a master of ridicule, and could turn the merest nonsense to a very laughable purpose. Instances of this will occur to the reader of his writings, especially in his criticisms and satiric sketches; but they will hardly bear to be detached for quotation, as they must be approached along his gradual course of rigmarole. With more practical knowledge of the world, and more stamina generally, he might have been a very powerful satirist. As it was, too frequently he wasted his efforts on paltry literary puerilities.

His inventions, both in prose and verse, take a sombre, morbid hue. They have a moral aspect, though it is not on the surface. Apparently they are but variations of the forms of the terrible, in its quaint, melodramatic character: in reality they are the expressions of the disappointment and despair of the soul, alienated from happy human relations; misused faculties:

> Sweet bells jangled, out of tune, and harsh.

While we admire their powerful eccentricity, and resort to them for a novel sensation to our jaded mental appetites, let us remember at what cost of pain, suffering, and disappointment they were produced; and at what prodigal expense of human nature, of broken hopes, and bitter experiences, the rare exotics of literature are sometimes grown.

THE HAUNTED PALACE.

In the greenest of our valleys
By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace—
Radiant palace—reared its head.
In the monarch Thought's dominion—
It stood there!
Never seraph spread a pinion
Over fabric half so fair!

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
On its roof did float and flow,
(This—all this—was in the olden
Time long ago,)
And every gentle air that dallied,
In that sweet day,
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
A winged odour went away.

Wanderers in that happy valley,
Through two luminous windows, saw

Digitized by Google

Spirits moving musically,
To a lute's well-tuned law,
Round about a throne where, sitting
(Porphyrogene!)
In state his glory well befitting,
The ruler of the realm was seen.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing
Was the fair palace door,
Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing,
And sparkling evermore,
A troop of Echoes, whose sweet duty
Was but to sing,
In voices of surpassing beauty,
The wit and wisdom of their king.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
Assailed the monarch's high estate.
(Ah, let us mourn!—for never sorrow
Shall dawn upon him desolate!)
And round about his home the glory
That blushed and bloomed,
Is but a dim-remembered story
Of the old time entombed.

And travellers, now, within that valley,
Through the red-litten windows see
Vast forms, that move fantastically
To a discordant melody,
While, like a ghastly rapid river,
Through the pale door
A hideous throng rush out for ever
And laugh—but smile no more.

LENORE.

Ah! broken is the golden bowl! the spirit flown forever!
Let the bell toll!—a saintly soul floats on the Stygian river;
And, Guy De Vere, hast *thou* no tear!—weep now or never more!
See! on yon drear and rigid bier low lies thy love, Lenore!
Come! let the burial rite be read—the funeral song be sung!—
An anthem for the queenliest dead that ever died so young—
A dirge for her the doubly dead in that she died so young.

"Wretches! ye loved her for her wealth and hated her for her pride,
And when she fell in feeble health, ye blessed her—that she died!
How *shall* the ritual, then, be read!—the requiem how be sung
By you—by yours, the evil eye,—by yours the slanderous tongue
That did to death the innocence that died, and died so young!"

*Peccavimus;* but rave not thus! and let a Sabbath song
Go up to God so solemnly the dead may feel no wrong!
The sweet Lenore hath "gone before," with Hope, that flew beside,
Leaving thee wild for the dear child that should have been thy bride—
For her, the fair and *dèbonair*, that now so lowly lies,
The life upon her yellow hair but not within her eyes—
The life still there, upon her hair—the death upon her eyes.

"Avaunt! to-night my heart is light. No dirge will I upraise,
But waft the angel on her flight with a Paean of old days!
Let *no* bell toll;—lest her sweet soul, amid its hallowed mirth,
Should catch the note, as it doth float—up from the damnéd Earth.
To friends above, from fiends below, the indignant ghost is riven—
From Hell unto a high estate far up within the Heaven—
From grief and groan, to a golden throne, beside the King of Heaven."

THE RAVEN.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
"'Tis some visiter," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door—
Only this, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating
"'Tis some visiter entreating entrance at my chamber door—
Some late visiter entreating entrance at my chamber door;—
This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened wide the door;—
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the darkness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore!"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, "Lenore!"
Merely this, and nothing more.

Digitized by Google

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon I heard again a tapping somewhat louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore;—
'Tis the wind and nothing more!"

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately raven of the saintly days of yore;
Not the least obeisance made he; not an instant stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly grim and ancient raven wandering from the Nightly shore—
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such a name as "Nevermore."

But the raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing farther then he uttered—not a feather then he fluttered—
Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have flown before—
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore
Of 'Never—nevermore.'"

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust, and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamplight gloating o'er,
*She* shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by angels whose faint foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh, quaff, this kind nepenthe and forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!—
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead!—tell me—tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that Heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore."
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting—
"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!

Digitized by Google

### A DESCENT INTO THE MAELSTROM.

The ways of God in Nature, as in Providence, are not as *our* ways; nor are the models that we frame any way commensurate to the vastness, profundity, and unsearchableness of His works, which *have a depth in them greater than the well of Democritus.*—*Joseph Glanville.*

We had now reached the summit of the loftiest crag. For some minutes the old man seemed too much exhausted to speak.

"Not long ago," said he at length, "and I could have guided you on this route as well as the youngest of my sons; but, about three years past, there happened to me an event such as never happened before to mortal man—or at least such as no man ever survived to tell of—and the six hours of deadly terror which I then endured have broken me up body and soul. You suppose me a *very* old man—but I am not. It took less than a single day to change these hairs from a jetty black to white, to weaken my limbs, and to unstring my nerves, so that I tremble at the least exertion, and am frightened at a shadow. Do you know I can scarcely look over this little cliff without getting giddy?"

The "little cliff," upon whose edge he had so carelessly thrown himself down to rest that the weightier portion of his body hung over it, while he was only kept from falling by the tenure of his elbow on its extreme and slippery edge—this "little cliff" arose, a sheer unobstructed precipice of black shining rock, some fifteen or sixteen hundred feet from the world of crags beneath us. Nothing would have tempted me to within half a dozen yards of its brink. In truth so deeply was I excited by the perilous position of my companion, that I fell at full length upon the ground, clung to the shrubs around me, and dared not even glance upward at the sky—while I struggled in vain to divest myself of the idea that the very foundations of the mountain were in danger from the fury of the winds. It was long before I could reason myself into sufficient courage to sit up and look out into the distance.

"You must get over these fancies," said the guide, "for I have brought you here that you might have the best possible view of the scene of that event I mentioned—and to tell you the whole story with the spot just under your eye."

* * * * * * * *

"You have had a good look at the whirl now," said the old man, "and if you will creep round this crag, so as to get in its lee, and deaden the roar of the water, I will tell you a story that will convince you I ought to know something of the Moskoe-ström."

I placed myself as desired, and he proceeded.

"Myself and my two brothers once owned a schooner-rigged smack of about seventy tons burthen, with which we were in the habit of fishing among the islands beyond Moskoe, nearly to Vurrgh. In all violent eddies at sea there is good fishing, at proper opportunities, if one has only the courage to attempt it; but among the whole of the Lofoden coastmen, we three were the only ones who made a regular business of going out to the islands, as I tell you. The usual grounds are a great way lower down to the southward. There fish can be got at all hours, without much risk, and therefore these places are preferred. The choice spots over here among the rocks, however, not only yield the finest variety, but in far greater abundance; so that we often got in a single day, what the more timid of the craft could not scrape together in a week. In fact, we made it a matter of desperate speculation—the risk of life standing instead of labor, and courage answering for capital.

"We kept the smack in a cove about five miles higher up the coast than this; and it was our practice, in fine weather, to take advantage of the fifteen minutes' slack to push across the main channel of the Moskoe-ström, far above the pool, and then drop down upon anchorage somewhere near Otterholm, or Sandflesen, where the eddies are not so violent as elsewhere. Here we used to remain until nearly time for slack-water again, when we weighed and made for home. We never set out upon this expedition without a steady side-wind for going and coming—one that we felt sure would not fail us before our return—and we seldom made a miscalculation upon this point. Twice, during six years, we were forced to stay all night at anchor on account of a dead calm, which is a rare thing indeed just about here; and once we had to remain on the grounds nearly a week, starving to death, owing to a gale which blew up shortly after our arrival, and made the channel too boisterous to be thought of. Upon this occasion we should have been driven out to sea in spite of everything (for the whirlpools threw us round and round so violently, that, at length, we fouled our anchor and dragged it), if it had not been that we drifted into one of the innumerable cross currents—here to-day and gone to-morrow—which drove us under the lee of Flimen, where, by good luck, we brought up.

"I could not tell you the twentieth part of the difficulties we encountered 'on the grounds'—it is a bad spot to be in, even in good weather—but we made shift always to run the gauntlet of the Moskoe-ström itself without accident; although at times my heart has been in my mouth when we happened to be a minute or so behind or before the slack. The wind sometimes was not as strong as we thought it at starting, and then we made rather less way than we could wish, while the current rendered the smack unmanageable. My eldest brother had a son eighteen years old, and I had two stout boys of my own. These would have been of great assistance at such times, in using the sweeps, as well as afterward in fishing—but, somehow, although we ran the risk ourselves, we had not the heart to let the young ones get into the danger—for, after all is said and done, it *was* a horrible danger, and that is the truth.

"It is now within a few days of three years since what I am going to tell you occurred. It was on the tenth day of July, 18—, a day which the people of this part of the world will never forget—for it was one in which blew the most terrible hurricane that ever came out of the heavens. And yet all the morning, and indeed until late in the afternoon, there was a gentle and steady breeze from the south-west, while the sun shone brightly, so that the oldest seaman amongst us could not have foreseen what was to follow.

"The three of us—my two brothers and myself—had crossed over to the islands about two o'clock, P.M., and had soon nearly loaded the smack with fine fish, which, we all remarked, were more plenty that day than we had ever known them. It was just seven, *by my watch*, when we weighed and started for home, so as to make the worst of the Strom at slack water, which we knew would be at eight.

"We set out with a fresh wind on our starboard quarter, and for some time spanked along at a great rate, never dreaming of danger, for indeed we saw not the slightest reason to apprehend it. All at once we were taken aback by a breeze from over Helseggen. This was most unusual—something that had never happened to us before—and I began to feel a little uneasy, without exactly knowing why. We put the boat on the wind, but could make no headway at all for the eddies, and I was upon the point of proposing to return to the anchorage, when,

Digitized by Google

looking astern, I saw the whole horizon covered with a singular copper-colored cloud that rose with the most amazing velocity.

"In the meantime the breeze that had headed us off fell away, and we were dead becalmed, drifting about in every direction. This state of things, however, did not last long enough to give us time to think about it. In less than a minute the storm was upon us—in less than two the sky was entirely overcast—and what with this and the driving spray, it became suddenly so dark that we could not see each other in the smack.

"Such a hurricane as then blew it is folly to attempt describing. The oldest seaman in Norway never experienced any thing like it. We had let our sails go by the run before it cleverly took us; but, at the first puff, both our masts went by the board as if they had been sawed off—the mainmast taking with it my youngest brother, who had lashed himself to it for safety.

"Our boat was the lightest feather of a thing that ever sat upon water. It had a complete flush deck, with only a small hatch near the bow, and this hatch it had always been our custom to batten down when about to cross the Ström, by way of precaution against the chopping seas. But for this circumstance we should have foundered at once—for we lay entirely buried for some moments. How my elder brother escaped destruction I cannot say, for I never had an opportunity of ascertaining. For my part, as soon as I had let the foresail run, I threw myself flat on deck, with my feet against the narrow gunwale of the bow, and with my hands grasping a ring-bolt near the foot of the foremast. It was mere instinct that prompted me to do this—which was undoubtedly the very best thing I could have done—for I was too much flurried to think.

"For some moments we were completely deluged, as I say, and all this time I held my breath, and clung to the bolt. When I could stand it no longer I raised myself upon my knees, still keeping hold with my hands, and thus got my head clear. Presently our little boat gave herself a shake, just as a dog does in coming out of the water, and thus rid herself, in some measure, of the seas. I was now trying to get the better of the stupor that had come over me, and to collect my senses so as to see what was to be done, when I felt somebody grasp my arm. It was my elder brother, and my heart leaped for joy, for I had made sure that he was overboard—but the next moment all this joy was turned into horror—for he put his mouth close to my ear, and screamed out the word '*Moskoe-ström!*'

"No one ever will know what my feelings were at that moment. I shook from head to foot as if I had had the most violent fit of the ague. I knew what he meant by that one word well enough—I knew what he wished to make me understand. With the wind that now drove us on, we were bound for the whirl of the Ström, and nothing could save us!

"You perceive that in crossing the Ström *channel*, we always went a long way up above the whirl, even in the calmest weather, and then had to wait and watch carefully for the slack—but now we were driving right upon the pool itself, and in such a hurricane as this! 'To be sure,' I thought, 'we shall get there just about the slack—there is some little hope in that'—but in the next moment I cursed myself for being so great a fool as to dream of hope at all. I knew very well that we were doomed, had we been ten times a ninety-gun ship.

"By this time the first fury of the tempest had spent itself, or perhaps we did not feel it so much, as we scudded before it, but at all events the seas, which at first had been kept down by the wind, and lay flat and frothing, now got up into absolute mountains. A singular change, too, had come over the heavens. Around in every direction it was still as black as pitch, but nearly overhead there burst out, all at once, a circular rift of clear sky—as clear as I ever saw—and of a deep bright blue—and through it there blazed forth the full moon with a lustre that I never before knew her to wear. She lit up everything about us with the greatest distinctness—but, O God, what a scene it was to light up!

"I now made one or two attempts to speak to my brother—but, in some manner which I could not understand, the din had so increased that I could not make him hear a single word, although I screamed at the top of my voice in his ear. Presently he shook his head, looking as pale as death, and held up one of his fingers, as if to say '*listen!*'

"At first I could not make out what he meant—but soon a hideous thought flashed upon me. I dragged my watch from its fob. It was not going. I glanced at its face by the moonlight, and then burst into tears as I flung it far away into the ocean. *It had run down at seven o'clock! We were behind the time of the slack, and the whirl of the Ström was in full fury!*

"When a boat is well built, properly trimmed, and not deep laden, the waves in a strong gale, when she is going large, seem always to slip from beneath her—which appears very strange to a landsman—and this is what is called *riding* in sea phrase. Well, so far we had ridden the swells very cleverly; but presently a gigantic sea happened to take us right under the counter, and bore us with it as it rose—up—up—as if into the sky. I would not have believed that any wave could rise so high. And then down we came with a sweep, a slide, and a plunge, that made me feel sick and dizzy, as if I was falling from some lofty mountain-top in a dream. But while we were up I had thrown a quick glance around—and that one glance was all-sufficient. I saw our exact position in an instant. The Moskoe-ström whirlpool was about a quarter of a mile dead ahead—but no more like the every-day Moskoe-ström, than the whirl as you now see it is like a mill-race. If I had not known where we were, and what we had to expect, I should not have recognised the place at all. As it was, I involuntarily closed my eyes in horror. The lids clenched themselves together as if in a spasm.

"It could not have been more than two minutes afterward until we suddenly felt the waves subside, and were enveloped in foam. The boat made a sharp half turn to larboard, and then shot off in its new direction like a thunderbolt. At the same moment the roaring noise of the water was completely drowned in a kind of shrill shriek—such a sound as you might imagine given out by the waste pipes of many thousand steam-vessels, letting off their steam all together. We were now in the belt of surf that always surrounds the whirl; and I thought, of course, that another moment would plunge us into the abyss—down which we could only see indistinctly on account of the amazing velocity with which we were borne along. The boat did not seem to sink into the water at all, but to skim like an air-bubble upon the surface of the surge. Her starboard side was next the whirl, and on the larboard arose the world of ocean we had left. It stood like a huge writhing wall between us and the horizon.

"It may appear strange, but now, when we were in the very jaws of the gulf, I felt more composed than when we were only approaching it. Having made up my mind to hope no more, I got rid of a great deal of that terror which unmanned me at first. I suppose it was despair that strung my nerves.

Digitized by Google

"It may look like boasting—but what I tell you is truth—I began to reflect how magnificent a thing it was to die in such a manner, and how foolish it was in me to think of so paltry a consideration as my own individual life, in view of so wonderful a manifestation of God's power. I do believe that I blushed with shame when this idea crossed my mind. After a little while I became possessed with the keenest curiosity about the whirl itself. I positively felt a *wish* to explore its depths, even at the sacrifice I was going to make; and my principal grief was that I should never be able to tell my old companions on shore about the mysteries I should see. These, no doubt, were singular fancies to occupy a man's mind in such extremity—and I have often thought since, that the revolutions of the boat around the pool might have rendered me a little light-headed.

"There was another circumstance which tended to restore my self-possession; and this was the cessation of the wind, which could not reach us in our present situation—for, as you saw yourself, the belt of surf is considerably lower than the general bed of the ocean, and this latter now towered above us, a high, black, mountainous ridge. If you have never been at sea in a heavy gale, you can form no idea of the confusion of mind occasioned by the wind and spray together. They blind, deafen, and strangle you, and take away all power of action or reflection. But we were now, in a great measure, rid of these annoyances—just as death-condemned felons in prison are allowed petty indulgences, forbidden them while their doom is yet uncertain.

"How often we made the circuit of the belt it is impossible to say. We careered round and round for perhaps an hour, flying rather than floating, getting gradually more and more into the middle of the surge, and then nearer and nearer to its horrible inner edge. All this time I had never let go of the ring-bolt. My brother was at the stern, holding on to a small empty water-cask which had been securely lashed under the coop of the counter, and was the only thing on deck that had not been swept overboard when the gale first took us. As we approached the brink of the pit he let go his hold upon this, and made for the ring, from which, in the agony of his terror, he endeavored to force my hands, as it was not large enough to afford us both a secure grasp. I never felt deeper grief than when I saw him attempt this act—although I knew he was a madman when he did it—a raving maniac through sheer fright. I did not care, however, to contest the point with him. I knew it could make no difference whether either of us held on at all; so I let him have the bolt, and went astern to the cask. This there was no great difficulty in doing; for the smack flew round steadily enough, and upon an even keel—only swaying to and fro, with the immense sweeps and swelters of the whirl. Scarcely had I secured myself in my new position, when we gave a wild lurch to starboard, and rushed headlong into the abyss. I muttered a hurried prayer to God, and thought all was over.

"As I felt the sickening sweep of the descent, I had instinctively tightened my hold upon the barrel, and closed my eyes. For some seconds I dared not open them—while I expected instant destruction, and wondered that I was not already in my death-struggles with the water. But moment after moment elapsed. I still lived. The sense of falling had ceased; and the motion of the vessel seemed much as it had been before while in the belt of foam, with the exception that she now lay more along. I took courage, and looked once again upon the scene.

"Never shall I forget the sensations of awe, horror, and admiration with which I gazed about me. The boat appeared to be hanging, as if by magic, midway down, upon the interior surface of a funnel vast in circumference, prodigious in depth, and whose perfectly smooth sides might have been mistaken for ebony, but for the bewildering rapidity with which they spun around, and for the gleaming and ghastly radiance they shot forth, as the rays of the full moon, from that circular rift amid the clouds which I have already described, streamed in a flood of golden glory along the black walls, and far away down into the inmost recesses of the abyss.

"At first I was too much confused to observe anything accurately. The general burst of terrific grandeur was all that I beheld. When I recovered myself a little, however, my gaze fell instinctively downward. In this direction I was able to obtain an unobstructed view, from the manner in which the smack hung on the inclined surface of the pool. She was quite upon an even keel—that is to say, her deck lay in a plane parallel with that of the water—but this latter sloped at an angle of more than forty-five degrees, so that we seemed to be lying upon our beam-ends. I could not help observing, nevertheless, that I had scarcely more difficulty in maintaining my hold and footing in this situation, than if we had been upon a dead level; and this, I suppose, was owing to the speed at which we revolved.

"The rays of the moon seemed to search the very bottom of the profound gulf; but still I could make out nothing distinctly, on account of a thick mist in which everything there was enveloped, and over which there hung a magnificent rainbow, like that narrow and tottering bridge which Mussulmen say is the only pathway between Time and Eternity. This mist, or spray, was no doubt occasioned by the clashing of the great walls of the funnel, as they all met together at the bottom—but the yell that went up to the Heavens from out of that mist, I dare not attempt to describe.

"Our first slide into the abyss itself, from the belt of foam above, had carried us a great distance down the slope; but our farther descent was by no means proportionate. Round and round we swept—not with any uniform movement—but in dizzying swings and jerks, that sent us sometimes only a few hundred yards—sometimes nearly the complete circuit of the whirl. Our progress downward, at each revolution, was slow, but very perceptible.

"Looking about me upon the wide waste of liquid ebony on which we were thus borne, I perceived that our boat was not the only object in the embrace of the whirl. Both above and below us were visible fragments of vessels, large masses of building timber and trunks of trees, with many smaller articles, such as pieces of house furniture, broken boxes, barrels and staves. I have already described the unnatural curiosity which had taken the place of my original terrors. It appeared to grow upon me as I drew nearer and nearer to my dreadful doom. I now began to watch, with a strange interest, the numerous things that floated in our company. I *must* have been delirious—for I even sought *amusement* in speculating upon the relative velocities of their several descents toward the foam below. 'This fir tree,' I found myself at one time saying, 'will certainly be the next thing that takes the awful plunge and disappears,'—and then I was disappointed to find that the wreck of a Dutch merchant ship overtook it and went down before. At length, after making several guesses of this nature, and being deceived in all—this fact—the fact of my invariable miscalculation—set me upon a train of reflection that made my limbs again tremble, and my heart beat heavily once more.

"It was not a new terror that thus affected me, but the dawn of a more exciting *hope*. This hope

Digitized by Google

arose partly from memory, and partly from present observation. I called to mind the great variety of buoyant matter that strewed the coast of Lofoden, having been absorbed and then thrown forth by the Moskoe-ström. By far the greater number of the articles were shattered in the most extraordinary way—so chafed and roughened as to have the appearance of being stuck full of splinters—but then I distinctly recollected that there were *some* of them which were not disfigured at all. Now I could not account for this difference except by supposing that the roughened fragments were the only ones which had been *completely absorbed*—that the others had entered the whirl at so late a period of the tide, or, for some reason, had descended so slowly after entering, that they did not reach the bottom before the turn of the flood came, or of the ebb, as the case might be. I conceived it possible, in either instance, that they might thus be whirled up again to the level of the ocean, without undergoing the fate of those which had been drawn in more early, or absorbed more rapidly. I made, also, three important observations. The first was, that, as a general rule, the larger the bodies were, the more rapid their descent—the second, that, between two masses of equal extent, the one spherical, and the other *of any other shape*, the superiority in speed of descent was with the sphere—the third, that, between two masses of equal size, the one cylindrical, and the other of any other shape, the cylinder was absorbed the more slowly. Since my escape, I have had several conversations on this subject with an old school-master of the district; and it was from him that I learned the use of the words 'cylinder' and 'sphere.' He explained to me—although I have forgotten the explanation—how what I observed was, in fact, the natural consequence of the forms of the floating fragments—and showed me how it happened that a cylinder, swimming in a vortex, offered more resistance to its suction, and was drawn in with greater difficulty than an equally bulky body, of any form whatever.

"There was one startling circumstance which went a great way in enforcing these observations, and rendering me anxious to turn them to account, and this was that, at every revolution, we passed something like a barrel, or else the yard or the mast of a vessel, while many of these things, which had been on our level when I first opened my eyes upon the wonders of the whirlpool, were now high up above us, and seemed to have moved but little from their original station.

"I no longer hesitated what to do. I resolved to lash myself securely to the water cask upon which I now held, to cut it loose from the counter, and to throw myself with it into the water. I attracted my brother's attention by signs, pointed to the floating barrels that came near us, and did everything in my power to make him understand what I was about to do. I thought at length that he comprehended my design—but, whether this was the case or not, he shook his head despairingly, and refused to move from his station by the ring-bolt. It was impossible to reach him; the emergency admitted of no delay; and so, with a bitter struggle, I resigned him to his fate, fastened myself to the cask by means of the lashings which secured it to the counter, and precipitated myself with it into the sea, without another moment's hesitation.

"The result was precisely what I had hoped it might be. As it is myself who now tell you this tale—as you see that I *did* escape—and as you are already in possession of the mode in which this escape was effected, and must therefore anticipate all that I have further to say—I will bring my story quickly to conclusion. It might have been an hour, or thereabout, after my quitting the smack, when, having descended to a vast distance beneath me, it made three or four wild gyrations in rapid succession, and, bearing my loved brother with it, plunged headlong, at once and for ever, into the chaos of foam below. The barrel to which I was attached sunk very little farther than half the distance between the bottom of the gulf and the spot at which I leaped overboard, before a great change took place in the character of the whirlpool. The slope of the sides of the vast funnel became momently less and less steep. The gyrations of the whirl grew, gradually, less and less violent. By degrees, the froth and the rainbow disappeared, and the bottom of the gulf seemed slowly to uprise. The sky was clear, the winds had gone down, and the full moon was setting radiantly in the west, when I found myself on the surface of the ocean, in full view of the shores of Lofoden, and above the spot where the pool of the Moskoe-ström *had been*. It was the hour of the slack—but the sea still heaved in mountainous waves from the effects of the hurricane. I was borne violently into the channel of the Ström, and in a few minutes was hurried down the coast into the 'grounds' of the fishermen. A boat picked me up—exhausted from fatigue—and (now that the danger was removed) speechless from the memory of its horror. Those who drew me on board were my old mates and daily companions—but they knew me no more than they would have known a traveller from the spirit-land. My hair, which had been raven-black the day before, was as white as you see it now. They say too that the whole expression of my countenance had changed. I told them my story—they did not believe it. I now tell it to *you*—and I can scarcely expect you to put more faith in it than did the merry fishermen of Lofoden."

## CHARLES SUMNER.*

Charles Sumner was born at Boston, January 6, 1811. His father, Charles Pinckney Sumner, was high sheriff of Suffolk county, Massachusetts. Mr. Sumner was prepared for college at the Latin school, Boston, and graduated at Harvard in 1830. In 1831 he entered the law school of the same university, and while pursuing his studies, wrote several articles for the American Jurist, and soon after became editor of that periodical. He commenced the practice of his profession in Boston in 1834, was soon after appointed reporter to the Circuit Court, and published three volumes of reports. He also lectured during three successive winters at the Cambridge Law School, at the request of the Faculty, during the absence of Professors Greenleaf and Story.

In 1836 he edited "A Treatise on the Practice of the Courts of Admiralty in Civil Causes of Maritime Jurisdiction, by Andrew Dunlap," adding an appendix equal in extent to the original work. In 1837 he sailed for Europe, where he remained three years, enjoying unusual advantages of social intercourse with the most distinguished men of the day.

While in Paris, at the request of the Minister,

* Loring's Hundred Boston Orators.



Digitized by Google

General Cass, he wrote a defence of the American claim to the north-eastern boundary, which was republished from Galignani's Messenger, where it originally appeared, in the leading American journals, and universally regarded as an able presentation of the argument. It was during the same visit to Paris that he suggested to Mr. Wheaton the project of writing a History of the Law of Nations. The impression made by Mr. Sumner in England may be judged of from the complimentary remark made by Baron Parke, on the citation in the Court of Exchequer, of Sumner's Reports, in a case under consideration, to the effect that the weight of the authority was not "entitled to the less attention because reported by a gentleman whom we all knew and respected."

After his return, he again, in 1843, lectured in Cambridge, and in 1844–6 edited an edition of Vesey's Reports in twenty volumes, to which he contributed a number of valuable notes, many of which are concise treatises on the points in question. He also introduced a number of biographical notices of the eminent persons whose names occur in the text.

After the death of Judge Story, in 1845, Mr. Sumner was universally spoken of as his appropriate successor in the Law School, an opinion in accordance with the openly expressed wish of the deceased. He, however, expressed a disinclination to accept the post, and the appointment was not tendered.

Mr. Sumner took an active part as a public speaker in opposition to the annexation of Texas, and in support of Mr. Van Buren for the Presidency in the canvass of 1848. In 1851 he was elected the successor of Mr. Webster in the United States Senate.

Mr. Sumner's name is prominently identified with the Peace party—some of his finest oratorical efforts having been made in favor of the project of a Congress of Nations as the supreme arbiter of international disputes.

Mr. Sumner's *Orations and Speeches* were collected and published in Boston in two stout duodecimo volumes in 1850. The collection opens with an oration delivered before the authorities of the city of Boston, July 4, 1845, entitled *The True Grandeur of Nations*, in which the speaker enforced his peace doctrines by arguments drawn not only from the havoc and desolation attendant on and following the conflict, but by an enumeration of the cost of the state of preparation, maintained, not in view of impending danger, but as an every-day condition of military defence. In the next oration, *The Scholar, the Jurist, the Artist, the Philanthropist*, delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Harvard, in 1846, we have a feeling and eloquent memorial of John Pickering, Joseph Story, Washington Allston, and William Ellery Channing.

This is followed by a *Lecture on White Slavery in the Barbary States*, a curious and picturesquely presented chapter of history. We have next an *Oration on Fame and Glory*, occupied in a great measure by an argument on the superior honors of peace.

*The Law of Human Progress, a Phi Beta Kappa Society Oration at Union College in* 1848, follows, in which a history is given of the gradual recognition of the doctrine of the progress of the human race, and a brilliant series of sketches of Leibnitz, Herder, Descartes, Pascal, Turgot, Condorcet, and others of its early advocates, presented. The address exhibits to advantage the speaker's varied learning, and his happy art in the disposal of his acquirements.

The second volume opens with an address before the American Peace Society, entitled *The War System of the Commonwealth of Nations*, in a portion of which the author has followed the plan of his last mentioned discourse by tracing through the record of history the progress of the cause, and the advocates to whom that progress was in great measure due.

The remainder of the work is occupied by a number of speeches delivered on various political occasions, touching on the Mexican war, the Free Soil party, the Fugitive Slave Law and other matters growing out of the slavery question, maintaining decided views with an energy and ability which have been followed by rapid political elevation.

In addition to the works we have mentioned, Mr. Sumner is the author of a small volume on *White Slavery in the Barbary States*.

Mr. George Sumner, the brother of Charles Sumner, is the author of *An Address on the Progress of Reform in France*, delivered in 1853, and of other similar productions. He has passed several years in Europe, and has acquired a thorough knowledge of the politics, social condition, and intellectual products of its leading states. He possesses a taste for statistics and unwearied industry in research, combined with the ability to place the results of investigation before the public in a pleasing and attractive form.

WAR.

I need not dwell now on the waste and cruelty of war. These stare us wildly in the face, like lurid meteor-lights, as we travel the page of history. We see the desolation and death that pursue its demoniac footsteps. We look upon sacked towns, upon ravaged territories, upon violated homes; we behold all the sweet charities of life changed to wormwood and gall. Our soul is penetrated by the sharp moan of mothers, sisters, and daughters—of fathers, brothers, and sons, who, in the bitterness of their bereavement, refuse to be comforted. Our eyes rest at last upon one of those fair fields, where nature, in her abundance, spreads her cloth of gold, spacious and apt for the entertainment of mighty multitudes—or, perhaps, from the curious subtlety of its position, like the carpet in the Arabian tale, seeming to contract so as to be covered by a few only, or to dilate so as to receive an innumerable host. Here, under a bright sun, such as shone at Austerlitz or Buena Vista—amidst the peaceful harmonies of nature—on the Sabbath of peace—we behold bands of brothers, children of a common Father, heirs to a common happiness, struggling together in the deadly fight, with the madness of fallen spirits, seeking with murderous weapons the lives of brothers who have never injured them or their kindred. The havoc rages. The ground is soaked with their commingling blood. The air is rent by their commingling cries. Horse and rider are stretched together on the earth. More revolting than the mangled victims, than the gashed limbs, than the lifeless trunks, than the spattering brains,

Digitized by Google

are the lawless passions which sweep, tempest-like, through the fiendish tumult.

Nearer comes the storm and nearer, rolling fast and frightful on.
Speak, Ximena, speak and tell us, who has lost and who has won?
"Alas! alas! I know not; friend and foe together fall,
O'er the dying rush the living; pray, my sister, for them all!"

Horror-struck, we ask, wherefore this hateful contest? The melancholy, but truthful answer comes, that this is the *established* method of determining justice between nations!

The scene changes. Far away on the distant pathway of the ocean two ships approach each other, with white canvas broadly spread to receive the flying gales. They are proudly built. All of human art has been lavished in their graceful proportions, and in their well compacted sides, while they look in dimensions like floating happy islands of the sea. A numerous crew, with costly appliances of comfort, lives in their secure shelter. Surely these two travellers shall meet in joy and friendship; the flag at the mast-head shall give the signal of fellowship; the happy sailors shall cluster in the rigging, and even on the yard-arms, to look each other in the face, while the exhilarating voices of both crews shall mingle in accents of gladness uncontrollable. It is not so. Not as brothers, not as friends, not as wayfarers of the common ocean, do they come together; but as enemies. The gentle vessels now bristle fiercely with death-dealing instruments. On their spacious decks, aloft on all their masts, flashes the deadly musketry. From their sides spout cataracts of flame, amidst the pealing thunders of a fatal artillery. They, who had escaped "the dreadful touch of merchant-marring rocks"—who had sped on their long and solitary way unharmed by wind or wave—whom the hurricane had spared—in whose favor storms and seas had intermitted their unmitigable war—now at last fall by the hand of each other. The same spectacle of horror greets us from both ships. On their decks, reddened with blood, the murders of St. Bartholomew and of the Sicilian Vespers, with the fires of Smithfield, seem to break forth anew, and to concentrate their rage. Each has now become a swimming Golgotha. At length these vessels—such pageants of the sea—once so stately—so proudly built—but now rudely shattered by cannon-balls—with shivered masts and ragged sails—exist only as unmanageable wrecks, weltering on the uncertain waves, whose temporary lull of peace is now their only safety. In amazement at this strange, unnatural contest—away from country and home—where there is no country or home to defend—we ask again, wherefore this dismal duel? Again the melancholy but truthful answer promptly comes, that this is the *established* method of determining justice between nations.

## ROBERT T. CONRAD.

ROBERT T. CONRAD, the author of the highly successful tragedy of Aylmere, was born in Philadelphia about the year 1810. After completing his preliminary education, he studied law with his uncle, Mr. Thomas Kittera; but in place of the practice of the profession, devoted himself to an editorial career, by the publication of the Daily Commercial Intelligencer, a periodical he subsequently merged in the Philadelphia Gazette.

In consequence of ill health he was forced to abandon the toil of daily editorship. He returned to the practice of the law, and was immediately appointed Recorder of the Recorder's Court, Philadelphia. After holding this office for two years, he became a judge of the Court of Criminal Sessions; and on the abolition of that tribunal, was appointed to the bench of the General Sessions established in its place.

R. T. Conrad

Mr. Conrad occupies a prominent place in, and is now Mayor of Philadelphia, having been elected to that office by the Native American party.

Mr. Conrad wrote his first tragedy before his twenty-first year. It was entitled *Conradin*, and performed with success.

Aylmere was written some years after. It is the property of Mr. Edwin Forrest, and has proved one of his most successful plays. The hero, Jack Cade, assumes the name of Aylmere during his concealment in Italy, to escape the consequences of a daring act of resistance to tyranny in his youth. He returns to England, and heads the insurrection which bears his name in history. The democratic hero is presented with energy, and the entire production abounds in spirited scenes and animated language. The tragedy was published by the author in 1852 in a volume entitled *Aylmere, or the Bondman of Kent; and Other Poems.* The leading article of the latter portion of the collection, The Sons of the Wilderness—Reflections beside an Indian Mound, extending to three hundred and seventy lines, is a meditative poem on the Indians, reciting their wrongs and sympathizing with their fate in a mournful strain. The remaining pieces are for the most part of a reflective character.

### FREEDOM.

* * * * * *

Whence but from God can spring the burning love
Of nature's liberty? Why does the eye
Watch, raised and raptured, the bright rocks that rove,
Heaven's free-born, frolic in the harvest sky?

Digitized by Google

The wind which bloweth where it listeth, why
Hath it a charm? Why love we thus the sea,
Lordless and limitless? Or the cataract cry,
With which Niagara tells eternity
That she is chainless now, and will for ever be!

Or why, in breathing nature, is the slave
That ministers to man, in lowly wise,
Or beast or bird, a thing of scorn? Where wave
The prairie's purple seas, the free horse flies,
With mane wide floating, and wild-flashing eyes,
A wonder and a glory; o'er his way,
The ne'er-tamed eagle soars and fans the skies.
Floating, a speck upon the brow of day,
He scans the unbourned wild—and who shall say
him nay?

If Freedom thus o'er earth, sea, air, hath cast
Her spell, and is Thought's idol, man may well,
To star-crowned Sparta in the glimmering past,
Turn from the gilded agonies which swell
Wrong's annals. For the kindling mind will dwell
Upon Leonidas and Washington,
And those who for God's truth or fought or fell,
When kings whose tombs are pyramids, are gone.
Justice and Time are wed: the eternal truth lives
on.

Ponder it, freemen! It will teach that Time
Is not the foe of Right! and man may be
All that he pants for. Every thought sublime
That lifts us to the right where truth makes free,
Is from on high. Pale virtue! Yet with thee
Will gentle freedom dwell, nor dread a foe!
Self-governed, calm and truthful, why should she
Shrink from the future? 'Neath the last sun's
glow,
Above expiring Time, her starry flag shall flow!

For, even with shrinking woman, is the Right
A cherished thought. The hardy hordes which
threw
Rome from the crushed world's empire, caught the
light
That led them from soft eyes, and never knew
Shame, fear, nor fetter. The stern Spartan drew,
From matrons weeping o'er each recreant son,
His spirit; and our Indian thus will woo
The stake—his forest Portia by—smile on,
Till the death-rattle ring and the death-song is done.

Fame is *man's* vassal; and the Maid of France,
The shepherd heroine, and Padilla's dame,
Whose life and love and suffering mock romance,
Are half forgotten. Corday—doth her name
Thrill you? Why, Brutus won eternal fame:
Was his, a Roman man's, a bolder blow
Than that weak woman's? For the cause the
same—
Marat a worse than Cæsar. Blood may flow
In seas for Right, and ne'er a holier offering know!

* * * * * * *

The desert rock may yield a liberty—
The eagle's; but in cities, guarded Right
Finds her first home. Amid the many, she
Gives union, strength, and courage. In the night
Of time, from leaguered walls, her beacon light
Flashed o'er the world. And Commerce, whose
white wing
Makes the wide desert of the ocean bright,
Is Freedom's foster nurse; and though she fling
Her wealth on many a shore, on none where fetters
ring!

And wealth diffused is Freedom's child and aid.
Give me—such is her prayer—nor poverty,
Nor riches! For while penury will degrade,
A heaped-up wealth corrupts. But to the free
The angel hope is Knowledge. It may be,
Has been, a despot; for, with unspread glow,
Truth is a rayless sun, whose radiance we,
However bright it burn, nor feel, nor know.
'Tis power; and power unshared is curst, and works
but woe!

Make it an atmosphere that all may breathe,
And all are free. Each struggle in the past
That Right smiles o'er, was truthful. Laurels
wreathe
All who,—as when our country rose—have cast
Oppression down; that act all time will last,
The Ararat of History, on whose brow
The sacred ark of Liberty stood fast,
Sunned in the truth; while the tame, turbid flow
Of Slavery's deluge spread o'er all the world below.

* * * * * * * *

Labor on Freedom waits (what hope to cheer
The slave to toil?), the labor blithe, whose day
Knows not a want, whose night knows not a tear;
And wealth; and high-browed science; and the
play
Of truth-enamoured mind, that mocks the sway
Of court or custom; beauty-loving art;
And all that scatters flowers on life's drear way.
Hope, courage, pride, joy, conscious mirth upstart,
Beneath her smile, to raise the mind and glad the
heart.

* * * * * * * *

Twin-born with Time was Freedom, when the soul,
Shoreless and shining, met the earliest day:
But o'er Time's tomb—when passes by the scroll
Of the scorched sky—she'll wing her radiant way,
Freed from the traitor's taint, the tyrant's sway;
Chastened and bright, to other spheres will flee;
Sun her unruffled joys in Heaven's own ray,—
Where all the crushed are raised, the just are
free—
Her light the living God—her mate eternity!

### FREDERICK WILLIAM THOMAS.

F. W. Thomas was born in Baltimore about the year 1810. In 1830 he removed to Cincinnati, and on his descent of the Ohio composed a poem of some six or eight stanzas, which appeared in the Commercial Daily Advertiser on his arrival at his destination. This he subsequently enlarged and recited in public, and in 1833 published with the title—*The Emigrant, or Reflections when descending the Ohio.*

In 1835 Mr. Thomas published the novel of *Clinton Bradshaw*. The hero of this story is a young lawyer, who is brought in the course of his professional pursuits in contact with criminals, while his desire to advance himself in politics introduces him to the low class of hangers-on and wire-pullers of party.

The publication made a sensation by the spirit and animation with which it was written and the bold delineations of character it contained. It was followed in 1836 by *East and West*, a story which introduces us in its progress to the two great geographical divisions of our country, and possesses animation and interest. An account of a race between two Mississippi steamboats, terminating in the usual explosion, is deservedly celebrated as a passage of vigorous description.

In 1840 Mr. Thomas published *Howard Pinckney*, a novel of contemporary American life. He is also the author of *The Beechen Tree, a Tale told in Rhyme*, published by the Harpers, and of seve-

Digitized by Google

ral fugitive poems of merit. The song which we quote has attained a wide popularity.

'TIS SAID THAT ABSENCE CONQUERS LOVE.

'Tis said that absence conquers love!
But, oh! believe it not;
I've tried, alas! its power to prove,
But thou art not forgot.
Lady, though fate has bid us part,
Yet still thou art as dear—
As fixed in this devoted heart,
As when I clasped thee here.

I plunge into the busy crowd,
And smile to hear thy name;
And yet, as if I thought aloud,
They know me still the same;
And when the wine-cup passes round,
I toast some other fair;—
But when I ask my heart the sound,
Thy name is echoed there.

And when some other name I learn,
And try to whisper love,
Still will my heart to thee return,
Like the returning dove.
In vain! I never can forget,
And would not be forgot;
For I must bear the same regret,
Whate'er may be my lot.

E'en as the wounded bird will seek
Its favorite bower to die,
So, lady! I would hear thee speak,
And yield my parting sigh.
'T is said that absence conquers love!
But, oh! believe it not;
I've tried, alas! its power to prove
But thou art not forgot.

## HORACE GREELEY.

HORACE GREELEY, a prominent journalist, was born at Amherst, New Hampshire, February 3, 1811. He received a limited common school education, the deficiencies of which he, however, in some measure supplied by unwearied activity from his earliest years in the pursuit of knowledge. At the age of fourteen, his parents having

in the meantime removed to Vermont, he obtained employment as an apprentice in the office of the Northern Spectator, Pultney, Vermont. In 1830, the paper was discontinued and he returned home; but soon after made a second engagement to work as an apprentice in Erie, Pa., for fifty dollars a year, out of which he saved enough in a few months to expend twenty-five or thirty dollars for his father, then a farmer on the line between Chautauque county, New York, and Pennsylvania, and pay his travelling expenses to New York, where he arrived in August, 1831, "with a suit of blue cotton jean, two brown shirts, and five dollars in cash." He obtained work as a journeyman printer, and continued thus employed for eighteen months. In 1834, he commenced with Jonas Winchester, afterwards the publisher of the New World, a weekly paper of sixteen pages quarto, called the New Yorker. It was conducted with much ability as a political and literary journal, but was not successful. Its conductors gave it a long and fair trial of several years, and were finally compelled to abandon the enterprise. While editing this journal Mr. Greeley also conducted, in 1838, the Jeffersonian, published by the Whig Central Committee of the State, and the Log Cabin, a "campaign" paper, published for six months preceding the presidential election of 1840.

Mr. Greeley's next enterprise was the publication of the New York Tribune, the first number of which appeared on Saturday, April 10, 1841. It soon took the stand which it has since maintained of a thoroughly appointed, independent, and spirited journal. In the July after its commencement, its editor formed a partnership with Mr. Thomas McElrath, in conjunction with whom the paper has been since conducted.

In 1848 Mr. Greeley was elected a member of the House of Representatives. In 1851 he visited Europe, and was chosen chairman of one of the juries of the World's Fair at London. His letters written during his journey to the Tribune, were collected on his return in a volume, with the title *Glances at Europe*. In 1853 he edited a volume of papers from the Tribune, *Art and Industry as Represented in the Exhibition at the Crystal Palace, New York*. A number of addresses delivered by him on various occasions have been also collected in a volume, with the title of *Hints towards Reforms*.

Mr. Greeley has been fortunate in securing, during an early stage of his career, a biographer who combines in an unusual degree the essential characteristics of enthusiasm, research, and good sense. Mr. J. Parton has presented to the public in *The Life of Horace Greeley*, a volume well balanced in its proportions, and attractive in style.

## ANDREW PRESTON PEABODY.

THE present editor of the North American Review, was born in Beverley, Mass., March 19, 1811. He was graduated at Harvard in 1826; studied at the Cambridge Divinity School; remained a year at the college as mathematical tutor in 1832 and 1833; and was ordained in the latter year pastor of the South Congregational Church in Portsmouth, N. H., to which he is still attached.

In the course of his ministerial life he has published in 1844, *Lectures on Christian Doctrine*, and in 1847, *Sermons of Consolation*. He has written memoirs, and edited the writings of the Rev. Jason Whitman, James Kinnard, Jr., J. W. Foster, and Charles A. Cheever, M. D. His published sermons and pamphlets are numerous. It is chiefly as a periodical writer that Mr. Peabody has become generally known. He was for several years one of the editors of the Christian Register, and has been for a long time a prominent contributor to the Christian Examiner and North American Review, of which he became the editor on the retirement of Mr. Francis Bowen, at the commencement of 1854.*

* To recapitulate the different editorships of the North American, from a passage to our hand in the recently published "Memoirs of Youth and Manhood," by Prof. Sidney Willard, of Harvard. Mr. William Tudor commenced the work in

Digitized by Google

Mr. Peabody's review articles cover most of the social and educational questions of the day, with the discussion of many topics of miscellaneous literature. He handles a ready and vigorous pen, is clear and animated in style, and well skilled in the arts of the reviewer. His address before the united literary societies of Dartmouth College on "the Uses of Classical Literature," is a suggestive analysis of this important question.

Mr. Peabody is at present engaged in editing and preparing for the press, a Memoir of the late Gov. William Plumer of New Hampshire, from a manuscript life, left by his son the late Hon. William Plumer.

FIRST VIVID IMPRESSIONS IN THE ANCIENT CLASSICS.*

The Greek and Roman authors lived in a newer, younger world than ours. They were in the process of learning many things now well known. They were taking first glances, with earnestness and wonder, at many things now old and trite,—no less worthy of admiration than they were then, but dropped from notice and neglected. They give us first impressions of many forms of nature and of life,—impressions, which we can get nowhere else. They show us ideas, sentiments, and opinions in the process of formation,—exhibit to us their initial elements,—reveal their history. They make known to us essential steps in human culture, which, in these days of more rapid progress, we stride over unmarked. They are thus invaluable aids in the study of the human mind, and of the intellectual history of the race,—in the analysis of ideas and opinions,—in ascertaining, apart from our artificial theories, the ultimate, essential facts in every department of nature and of human life. For these uses, the classics have only increased in value with the lapse of time, and must still grow more precious with every stage of human progress and refinement, so that classical literature must ever be a favorite handmaid of sound philosophy.

On subjects of definite knowledge, what we call the progress of knowledge is, in one aspect, the growth of ignorance. As philosophy becomes more comprehensive, it becomes less minute. As it takes in broader fields of view, it takes less accurate cognizance of parts and details. Even language participates in this process. Names become more general. Definitions enumerate fewer particulars. What are called axioms, embrace no longer self-evident propositions alone, but those also, which have been so established by the long and general consent of mankind, that the proofs on which they rest, and the truths which they include, are not recurred to. A schoolboy now takes on trust, and never verifies, principles, which it cost ages of research to discover and nature. What styles itself analysis goes not back to the "primordia rerum." Now, the more rigid and minute our analysis, the more accurate of course our conceptions. Indeed, we do not fully understand general laws or comprehensive truths, until we have traced them out in detail, and seen them mirrored back from the particulars which they include. A whole can be faithfully studied only in its parts; and every part obeys the law, and bears the type of the system, to which it belongs, so that, the more numerous the parts with which we are conversant, the more profound, intimate, vivid, experimental, is our knowledge of the whole. This minute, exhausting analysis we may advantageously prosecute by the aid of ancient philosophy and science. Laugh as we may at the puerile theories in natural history, broached or endorsed by Aristotle and by Pliny, they often, by their detailed sketches of facts and phenomena, which we have left unexamined because we have thought them well known, invest common things with absorbing interest, as the exponents of far reaching truths and fundamental laws. In like manner, in Plato's theories of the universe and of the human soul, or in the ethical treatises of Cicero, though we detect in them much loose and vague speculation, and many notions which shun the better light of modern times, we often find the constituent elements of our own ideas,—the parent thoughts of our truest thoughts,—those ultimate facts in the outward and the spiritual universe, which suggest inquiry and precede theory.

A similar train of remark applies emphatically to the departments of rhetoric and eloquence. I know of no modern analysis of the elements and laws of written or uttered discourse, which can bear a moment's comparison with those of Cicero or Quintilian. We may, indeed, have higher moral conceptions of the art of writing and of oratory than they had. We may perhaps hold forth a loftier aim. We may see more clearly than they did, the intrinsic dignity of the author's or the orator's vocation; and may feel, as none but a Christian can, of what incalculable moment for time and for eternity his influence may be. But these eighteen centuries have only generalized, without augmenting, the catalogue of instruments by which mind is to act on mind, and heart on heart,—of the sources of argument and modes of appeal, which those master-rhetoricians defined in detail. Nor is it possible that, eighteen centuries hence, the "De Oratore" of Cicero should seem less perfect, or be less fruitful, or constitute a less essential part, than now, of the training of him, who would write what shall live, or utter what is worthy to be heard. Modern rhetoricians furnish us with weapons of forensic attack and defence, ready cast and shaped, and give us technical rules for their use. Cicero takes us to the mine and to the forge,—exhibits every stage of elaboration through which the weapons pass,—proves their temper, tries their edge for us. By his minute subdivision of the whole subject of oratory, by his detailed description of its kinds, its modes, and its instruments, by his thorough analysis of arguments, and of the sources whence they are drawn, he wrote in anticipation a perfect commentary on the precepts of succeeding rhetoricians; and we must look to him to test the principles and to authenticate the laws, which they lay down. And this preëminence belongs not to his transcendent genius alone; but is, to a great degree, to be traced to the fact, that he wrote when oratory as an art was young in Rome, and had perished before it grew old in Greece,—when it had no established rules, no authoritative canons, no prescriptive forms, departure from which was high treason to the art, when therefore it was incumbent on the orator to prove, illustrate, and defend whatever rules or forms he might propose.

The view of ancient literature now under consideration obviously extends itself to the whole field of poetry. In our habitual straining after the vast and grand, we pass by the poetry of common and little things, and are hardly aware how much there is worthy of song in daily and unnoticed scenes and events,—in

May, 1815, and edited it for two years. Then, from May, 1817, to March, 1818, inclusive, it was edited by Jared Sparks; from May, 1818, to Oct. 1819, inclusive, by Edward T. Channing; from Jan. 1820, to Oct. 1822, inclusive, by Edward Everett; from Jan. 1824, to April, 1830, inclusive, by Jared Sparks; from July, 1830, to Oct. 1835, by Alexander H. Everett; from Jan. 1836, to Jan. 1843, by John G. Palfrey; from 1843 to 1853, by Francis Bowen; and since, by Andrew P. Peabody.

* From the address on the "Uses of Classical Literature."

Digitized by Google

> the unenduring clouds,
> In flower and tree, in every pebbly stone
> That paves the brooks, the stationary rocks,
> The moving waters, the invisible air.

The region of the partly known and dimly seen, the confines of the unexplored, constitute in all ages the poet's chosen field. But that field has been continually diminishing before the resistless progress of truth and fact. Science has measured the stars, sounded the sea, and made the ancient hills tell the story of their birth. Fancy now finds no hiding-place in grove or cavern,—no shrine so secluded, so full of religious awe, as to have been left unmeasured and uncatalogued. Poetry, impatient of the line and compass of exact science, is thus driven from almost every earthly covert; and dreary, prosaic fact, is fast establishing its undivided empire over land, and sea, and sky. It is therefore refreshing and kindling to go back in ancient song to

> The power, the beauty, and the majesty
> That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
> Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
> Or chasms and watery depths.

Then the world was young, and infant science had not learned to roam. Mystery brooded over the whole expanse of nature. Darkness was upon the face of the deep. The veil was unremoved from grotto and from forest.

We often talk of the poetry of common life. What now styles itself thus, is, for the most part, stupid prose on stilts. The real poetry of common life was written when what is our common life was poetic,—heroic,—when our merest common-places of existence were rare and grand. The themes of ancient song are almost all of this class; and the great poems of antiquity derive an absorbing, undying interest and charm from the fact, that they bring out the wayside poetry of ordinary life, which gunpowder, steam, the loadstone, and the march of mind have banished from the present age, and which can never be written again unless the world strides back to barbarism. The expedition of the Argonauts,—so vast that they paused two years on their way to gather strength and courage,—a tourist of the *cockney* class, darting through the Hellespont on the fire-wings of modern navigation, would hardly enter on his journal. The shipmaster, who could not shun Carybdis without falling into Scylla, would be reminded without a dissenting voice to the forecastle. The Odyssey was founded on a mere coasting voyage; its chief adventures turn upon nautical blunders, which would cast shame on the most awkward skipper of a modern fishing smack. The siege of Troy would now be finished in a fortnight; and the Latian war would hardly fill a newspaper paragraph. The ex-Governor of New Hampshire publishes *fifty-two* Georgics a year, each containing more of agricultural science than Virgil could have gleaned through the whole Roman empire; while Virgil's beautiful fictions about the bees have been supplanted by Huber's stranger facts.

Such are the themes of classic song,—thus trite, unromantic, prosaic, as now regarded and handled. But they are in fact what they were in the glowing verse of antiquity. Abridged and materialized though they be in our mechanical age, they are full of the richest materials for poetry, of grand and beautiful forms, of the types of an infinite presence, and of skill and power beyond thought,—full too of thrilling human experience, of man's vast aims and wild darings, of his wrath and his tenderness, his agony and his triumph. What though the loiterer on the steamboat deck heeds not the "monstra natantia," which made the hair of the ancient helmsman erect with fear? They are none the less there—fearful, marvellous, and mighty. What though we have analysed the thunder-bolt, and know how to turn it harmless from our homes? Still, when we hear at midnight the voice that breaks the cedars, we feel that not a trait of majesty or beauty has faded from that ineffably sublime passage of Virgil,—

> Ipse pater, media nimborum in nocte, coruscus
> Fulmina molitur dextra; quo maxima motu
> Terra tremit, fugere feræ, et mortalia corda
> Per gentes humilis stravit pavor.

What though any farmer's boy would laugh to scorn the river-goddess's recipe for replenishing the wasted beehive? Time has taken nothing from the truth to nature and to actual life, from the deep pathos and intense beauty of her son's lamentation, and of her own quick maternal sympathy, and anxious, persevering love. Yes; this ancient poetry, wide as it often is of fact, is full of truth. It beats throughout with the throbbings of the universal human heart,—of that heart, which, under the present reign of iron and steam, dares not full and free utterance; but which, in those simple days, spoke as it felt, and has left us, in verse that cannot die, its early communings with itself, with nature, with life's experience, and with the infinite Unknown.

## WILLIAM INGRAHAM KIP.

The first member of the old New York family of Kip, who appears in history, was Ruloff de Kype, a partisan of the Duke of Guise in the French civil wars connected with the Reformation. He was a native of Brittany, and on the defeat of his party took refuge in Holland. He afterwards joined the army of the Duke of Anjou, and was killed in battle near Jarnac. His son Ruloff became a Protestant, and remained in Holland, where the next in descent, Henry, was born in 1576. On arriving at manhood, he took an active part in "The Company of Foreign Countries," an association formed for the purpose of obtaining access to the Indies, by a different route from that possessed by Spain and Portugal. They first attempted to sail round the northern seas of Europe and Asia, but their expedition, despatched in 1594, was obliged to return on account of the ice in the same year. In 1609, they employed Henry Hudson to sail to the westward, in the little Half Moon, with happier results.

Henry Kype came to New Amsterdam in 1635. He returned to Holland, but his sons remained, and rose to important positions as citizens and landed proprietors. One, Hendrick, became in 1647 and 1649 one of the council chosen by the people, to assist Governor Stuyvesant in the administration. Another, Jacobus, was Secretary of the city council, and received a grant of land on Kip's Bay, East River, where he built a house in 1641, which remained standing until 1850, when it was demolished on the opening of Thirty-fifth street. A third, Jacob, owned the ground now occupied by the Park. Five generations of the family were born at the house at Kip's Bay, a portion of whom settled at Rhinebeck. The mansion was occupied for a brief period by General Washington, and after the capture of the city as the head-quarters of the British officers. The proprietor, Jacobus Kip, was a Whig, and his son served in the American army. Other members of the family were officers in the British service.

Digitized by Google

W. Ingraham Kip

William Ingraham Kip is the eldest son of Leonard Kip, for many years President of the North River Bank, and is connected through his mother's family with Captain Ingraham, the spirited liberator of Martin Kozsta. He was born in New York, October 8, 1811, and prepared for college at schools in that city. After passing a twelvemonth at Rutgers College, he completed the remaining three years of his college course at Yale, in 1831. He commenced and continued for some time the study of law, which he then changed for that of Divinity, and was graduated from the General Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and ordained Deacon in 1835. His first parochial charge was at St. Peter's Church, Morristown, New Jersey, where he remained a year. He was next Assistant Minister of Grace Church, New York, and in 1838 called to the Rectorship of St. Peter's Church, Albany, where he remained, with the exception of a portion of the years 1844 and 1845, passed in Europe, until his consecration as Missionary Bishop of California, in October, 1853. He soon after removed to San Francisco, where he now resides, actively engaged in the arduous duties of his important position.

In 1843 he published *The Lenten Fast*, a volume in which the origin, propriety, and advantages of the observance of the season are pointed out. It has passed through six editions. In 1844, *The Double Witness of the Church*, an exposition of the *Via Media* between Roman Catholic and unepiscopal Protestant doctrines, appeared. It is regarded as one of the most valuable of the many works on the subject, and has passed through several editions. The *Christmas Holidays in Rome*, a volume derived from the author's observations in 1844, appeared in the following year. In 1846 he prepared *The Early Jesuit Missions in North America*, an interesting and valuable volume, drawn from the *Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses ecrites des Missions Etrangères*, the original narratives of the Jesuit missionaries and other contemporary records.

In 1851 he issued in London, and afterwards in this country, a work on *The Early Conflicts of Christianity*—the conflicts including those of heresies within as well as opponents without the Early Church. The volume gives an animated picture of the varied scenes of the period.

Bishop Kip's latest publication is a volume on *The Catacombs of Rome*, published in 1854. It contains a description, drawn from personal inspection, of these venerated resting-places of the fathers and confessors of the church of the first three centuries; and an account of the inscriptions and symbols which they contain, accompanied with pictorial representations and fac-similes, from Arringhi's folio and other early and rare works.

These volumes are all written for popular circulation in a popular style, and are of moderate size. They, however, indicate ample and thorough research, and have given their author, in connexion with his highly successful pulpit compositions, and numerous articles in the New York Review, Church Review, Evergreen, American Monthly Magazine, Churchman, and other periodicals, a high position as a theologian and scholar, as well as author.

### ELIHU BURRITT.

Elihu Burritt, "the learned Blacksmith," was born at New Britain, Connecticut, December 8, 1811, of an old New England family. His father was a shoemaker, a man of ready apprehension and charitable sympathies and action. He had ten children, and of his five sons the eldest and the youngest have both attained literary distinction. The former, Elijah, early developed a fondness for the mathematics. His friends sent him to college. The fruits of his studies have been a work entitled *Log Arithmetic*, published before he was twenty-one, and his *Geography of the Heavens*, which is in general use as a schoolbook.

Elihu Burritt

The youngest of the sons was Elihu. He had received only a limited district school education, when, on his father's death, he was apprenticed

Digitized by Google

at the age of seventeen to a blacksmith. He had acquired, however, a taste for the observations written in books from the narratives of the old revolutionary soldiers who came to his father's house. He wished to know more, and life thus taught him the use of books. When his apprenticeship was ended he studied with his brother, who, driven from his career as a schoolmaster at the South, had returned to establish himself in this capacity in his native town, learning something of Latin, French, and Mathematics. At the end of six months he returned to the forge, watching the castings in the furnace with a copy of the Greek grammar in his hand. He took some intervals from his trade for the study of his favorite grammars, gradually adding to his stock of languages till he attacked the Hebrew. To procure oriental books he determined to embark from Boston as a sailor, and spend his wages at the first European port in books, but was diverted from this by the inducements of the library of the Antiquarian Society at Worcester, the happily endowed institution of Isaiah Thomas, in a thrifty manufacturing town which offered employment for his arm as well as his brain. Here, in 1837, he forged and studied, recording in his diary such entries as these. "*Monday*, June 18, headache; forty pages Cuvier's Theory of the Earth, sixty-four pages French, eleven hours forging. *Tuesday*, sixty-five lines of Hebrew, thirty pages of French, ten pages Cuvier's Theory, eight lines Syriac, ten ditto Danish, ten ditto Bohemian, nine ditto Polish, fifteen names of stars, ten hours forging." When the overwearied brain was arrested by a headache he worked that off by a few hours' extra forging.

> Thus on his sounding anvil shaped
> Each burning deed and thought.

A letter to a friend inquiring for employment as a translator of German, and telling his story, reached Edward Everett, then Governor of Massachusetts, who read the account at a public meeting, and Burritt became at once installed among the curiosities of literature. He was invited to pursue his studies at Harvard, but he preferred the forge at Worcester, airing his grammatical knowledge by the publication of a monthly periodical to teach French entitled *The Literary Gemini*. This was published in 1839 and continued for a year. In 1840 he commenced as a lecturer, one of the few profitable avenues of literary occupation open in the country, which he has since pursued with distinguished success. He translated Icelandic sagas and papers from the Samaritan, Arabic, and Hebrew, for the *Eclectic Review*, still adding to his stock of languages. In 1844 he commenced at Worcester a paper called *The Christian Citizen*, in which he was diverted from philology to philanthropy, advocating peace and fraternity. He published his *Olive Leaves* at this time from the same office. He became engaged in circulating a mutual system of addresses in behalf of peace between England and America, and in 1846 was the proprietor and editor of *The Peace Advocate*. His *Bond of Brotherhood* was a periodical tract which he circulated among travellers. In the same year he went to England, where he enjoyed a cordial reception and full employment among the philanthropists, writing for Douglas Jerrold's weekly newspaper, and forming peace associations. One of his latest employments of this kind was the distribution, in 1852, of a series of "friendly addresses" from Englishmen through the different departments of France.

Burritt's latest publication (1854) is entitled *Thoughts and Things at Home and Abroad*, a collection of various contributions to the press, written with a certain enthusiasm, without exactness of thought and expression, in the form of sketches, and covering the favorite topics of the writer in war, temperance, and kindred subjects.

#### WHY I LEFT THE ANVIL.

I see it, you would ask me what I have to say for myself for dropping the hammer and taking up the quill, as a member of your profession. I will be honest now, and tell you the whole story. I was transposed from the anvil to the editor's chair by the genius of machinery. Don't smile, friends, it was even so. I had stood and looked for hours on those thoughtless, iron intellects, those iron-fingered, sober, supple automatons, as they caught up a bale of cotton, and twirled it in the twinkling of an eye, into a whirlwind of whizzing shreds, and laid it at my feet in folds of snow-white cloth, ready for the use of our most voluptuous antipodes. They were wonderful things, those looms and spindles; but they could not spin thoughts; there was no attribute of Divinity in them, and I admired them, nothing more. They were excessively curious, but I could estimate the whole compass of their doings and destiny in finger power; so I am away and left them spinning—cotton.

One day I was tuning my anvil beneath a hot iron, and busy with the thought, that there was as much intellectual philosophy in my hammer as in any of the enginery agoing in modern times, when a most unearthly screaming pierced my ears: I stepped to the door, and there it was, the great Iron Horse! Yes, he had come looking for all the world like the great Dragon we read of in Scripture, harnessed to half a living world and just landed on the earth, where he stood braying in surprise and indignation at the "base use" to which he had been turned. I saw the gigantic hexiped move with a power that made the earth tremble for miles. I saw the army of human beings gliding with the velocity of the wind over the iron track, and droves of cattle travelling in their stables at the rate of twenty miles an hour towards their city-slaughter-house. It was wonderful. The little busy bee-winged machinery of the cotton factory dwindled into insignificance before it. Monstrous beast of passage and burden! it devoured the intervening distance, and welded the cities together! But for its furnace heart and iron sinews, it was nothing but a beast, an enormous aggregation of—horse power. And I went back to the forge with unimpaired reverence for the intellectual philosophy of my hammer. Passing along the street one afternoon I heard a noise in an old building, as of some one puffing a pair of bellows. So without more ado, I stepped in, and there, in a corner of a room, I saw the chef d'œuvre of all the machinery that has ever been invented since the birth of Tubal Cain. In its construction it was as simple and unassuming as a cheese press. It went with a lever—with a lever, longer, stronger, than that, with which Archimedes promised to lift the world.

"It is a printing press," said a boy standing by the ink trough with a queueless turban of brown paper on his head. "A printing press!" I queried musingly to myself. "A printing press! what do you print?" I asked. "Print!" said the boy, staring at

Digitized by Google

me doubtfully, "why we print thoughts." "Print thoughts!" I slowly repeated after him; and we stood looking for a moment at each other in mutual admiration, he in the absence of an idea, and I in pursuit of one. But I looked at him the hardest, and he left another ink mark on his forehead from a pathetic motion of his left hand to quicken his apprehension of my meaning. "Why, yes," he reiterated, in a tone of forced confidence, as if passing an idea, which, though having been current a hundred years, might still be counterfeit, for all he could show on the spot, "we print thoughts, to be sure." "But, my boy," I asked in honest soberness, "what are thoughts, and how can you get hold of them to print them?" "Thoughts are what come out of the people's minds," he replied. "Get hold of them, indeed! Why minds arn't nothing you can get hold of, nor thoughts either. All the minds that ever thought, and all the thoughts that minds ever made, wouldn't make a ball as big as your fist. Minds, they say, are just like air; you can't see them; they don't make any noise, nor have any color; they don't weigh anything. Bill Deepcut, the sexton, says, that a man weighs just as much when his mind has gone out of him as he did before.—No, sir, all the minds that ever lived wouldn't weigh an ounce troy."

"Then how do you print thoughts?" I asked. "If minds are thin as air, and thoughts thinner still, and make no noise, and have no substance, shade, or color, and are like the winds, and more than the winds, are anywhere in a moment; sometimes in heaven, and sometimes on earth and in the waters under the earth; how can you get hold of them? how can you see them when caught, or show them to others?"

Ezekiel's eyes grew luminous with a new idea, and pushing his ink-roller proudly across the metallic page of the newspaper, replied, "Thoughts work and walk in things what make tracks; and we take them tracks, and stamp them on paper, or iron, wood, stone, or what not. This is the way we print thoughts. Don't you understand?"

The pressman let go the lever, and looked interrogatively at Ezekiel, beginning at the patch on his stringless brogans, and following up with his eye to the top of the boy's brown paper buff cap. Ezekiel comprehended the felicity of his illustration, and wiping his hands on his tow apron, gradually assumed an attitude of earnest exposition. I gave him an encouraging wink, and so he went on.

"Thoughts make tracks," he continued impressively, as if evolving a new phase of the idea by repeating it slowly. Seeing we assented to this proposition inquiringly, he stepped to the type-case, with his eye fixed admonishingly upon us. "Thoughts make tracks," he repeated, arranging in his left hand a score or two of metal slips, "and with these here letters we can take the exact impression of every thought that ever went out of the heart of a human man; and we can print it too," giving the inked form a blow of triumph with his fist, "we can print it too, give us paper and ink enough, till the great round earth is blanketed around with a coverlid of thoughts, as much like the pattern as two peas." Ezekiel seemed to grow an inch at every word, and the brawny pressman looked first at him, and then at the press, with evident astonishment. "Talk about the mind's living for ever!" exclaimed the boy, pointing patronizingly at the ground, as if mind were lying there incapable of immortality until the printer reached it a helping hand, "why the world is brimful of live, bright, industrious thoughts, which would have been dead, as dead as a stone, if it hadn't been for boys like me who have run the ink rollers. Immortality, indeed! why, people's minds," he continued, with his imagination climbing into the profanely sublime, "people's minds wouldn't be immortal if 'twasn't for the printers—at any rate, in this here planetary burying-ground. We are the chaps what manufacture immortality for dead men," he subjoined, slapping the pressman graciously on the shoulder. The latter took it as if dubbed a knight of the legion of honor, for the boy had put the mysteries of his profession in sublime apocalypse. "Give us one good healthy mind," resumed Ezekiel, "to think for us, and we will furnish a dozen worlds as big as this with thoughts to order. Give us such a man, and we will insure his life; we will keep him alive for ever among the living. He can't die, no way you can fix it, when once we have touched him with these here bits of inky pewter. He shan't die nor sleep. We will keep his mind at work on all the minds that live on the earth, and all the minds that shall come to live here as long as the world stands."

"Ezekiel," I asked, in a subdued tone of reverence, "will you print my thoughts too?"

"Yes, that I will," he replied, "if you will think some of the right kind." "Yes, that we will," echoed the pressman.

And I went home and thought, and Ezekiel has printed my "thought-tracks" ever since.

### ALFRED B. STREET.

The early associations of Mr. Street were of a kind favorable to the development of the tastes which mark his literary productions. The son of the Hon. Randall S. Street, he was born at Poughkeepsie, on the Hudson, and at an early age removed with his father to Monticello in Sullivan county, then almost a wilderness. The scenery of these beautiful regions is reproduced in his poems, and the faithfulness and minuteness of the picture show the firmness of the impression upon the youthful mind.

Alfred B Street.

Mr. Street studied law as well as nature, at Monticello, and on his admission to the bar re-

Digitized by Google

moved to Albany, where he has since resided. He married a daughter of Mr. Smith Weed, of that place, and has for several years held the appointment of state librarian.

Mr. Street commenced his literary career at an early age as a poetical writer for the magazines. His first volume, *The Burning of Schenectady, and other Poems*, was published in 1842. The leading poem is a narration of a well known incident of the colonial history of New York; the remaining pieces are of a descriptive character. A second collection, *Drawings and Tintings*, appeared in 1844. It includes a poem on Nature, of decided merit in its descriptions of the phenomena of the seasons, which was pronounced by the author in 1840 before the Euglossian Society of Geneva College.

In 1849 Mr. Street published in London, and in the same year in this country, *Frontenac, or the Atotarho of the Iroquois, a Metrical Romance*, a poem of some seven thousand lines in the octosyllabic measure, founded on the expedition of Count Frontenac, governor-general of Canada, against the powerful Indian tribe of the Iroquois. The story introduces many picturesque scenes of Indian life, and abounds in passages of description of natural scenery, in the author's best vein of careful elaboration.

In 1842, a collection of the poems of Mr. Street, embracing, with the exception of a few juvenile pieces and the romance of Frontenac, all that he had written to that period, was published in New York. He has since contributed to various magazines a number of pieces sufficient to form a volume of similar size. He has also written a narrative poem, of which La Salle is the hero, extending to some three thousand lines, which still remains in manuscript. He is besides the author of a number of prose tale sketches, which have appeared with success in the magazines of the day.

Mr. Street's poems are chiefly occupied with descriptions of the varied phases of American scenery. He has won a well merited reputation by the fidelity of his observation. As a descriptive writer he is a patient and accurate observer of Nature,—daguerreotyping the effects of earth and air, and the phenomena of vegetable and animal life in their various relation to the landscape. He has been frequently described by critics by comparison with the minute style of the painters of the Dutch school. Mr. Tuckerman, in an article in the Democratic Review, has thus alluded to this analogy, and to the home atmosphere of the author's descriptions of American nature:—"Street is a true Flemish painter, seizing upon objects in all their verisimilitude. As we read him, wild flowers peer up from among brown leaves; the drum of the partridge, the ripple of waters, the flickering of autumn light, the sting of sleety snow, the cry of the panther, the roar of the winds, the melody of birds, and the odor of crushed pine-boughs are present to our senses. In a foreign land his poems would transport us at once to home. He is no second-hand limner, content to furnish insipid copies but draws from reality. His pictures have the freshness of originals. They are graphic, detailed, never untrue, and often vigorous; he is essentially an American poet."

THE SETTLER.

His echoing axe the settler swung
Amid the sea-like solitude,
And rushing, thundering, down were flung
The Titans of the wood;
Loud shrieked the eagle as he dashed
From out his mossy nest, which crashed
With its supporting bough,
And the first sunlight, leaping, flashed
On the wolf's haunt below.

Rude was the garb, and strong the frame
Of him who plied his ceaseless toil:
To form that garb, the wild-wood game
Contributed their spoil;
The soul that warmed that frame, disdained
The tinsel, gaud, and glare, that reigned
Where men their crowds collect;
The simple fur, untrimmed, unstained,
This forest tamer decked.

The paths which wound 'mid gorgeous trees,
The streams whose bright lips kissed their flowers,
The winds that swelled their harmonies
Through those sun-hiding bowers,
The temple vast—the green arcade,
The nestling vale, the grassy glade,
Dark cave and swampy lair;
These scenes and sounds majestic, made
His world, his pleasures, there.

His roof adorned, a pleasant spot,
'Mid the black logs green glowed the grain,
And herbs and plants the woods knew not,
Throve in the sun and rain.
The smoke-wreath curling o'er the dell,
The low—the bleat—the tinkling bell,
All made a landscape strange,
Which was the living chronicle
Of deeds that wrought the change.

The violet sprung at Spring's first tinge,
The rose of Summer spread its glow,
The maize hung on its Autumn fringe,
Rude Winter brought his snow;
And still the settler labored there,
His shout and whistle woke the air,
As cheerily he plied
His garden spade, or drove his share
Along the hillock's side.

He marked the fire-storm's blazing flood
Roaring and crackling on its path,
And scorching earth, and melting wood,
Beneath its greedy wrath;
He marked the rapid whirlwind shoot,
Trampling the pine tree with its foot,
And darkening thick the day
With streaming bough and severed root,
Hurled whizzing on its way.

His gaunt hound yelled, his rifle flashed,
The grim bear hushed its savage growl,
In blood and foam the panther gnashed
Its fangs with dying howl;
The fleet deer ceased its flying bound,
Its snarling wolf foe bit the ground,
And with its moaning cry,
The beaver sank beneath the wound
Its pond-built Venice by.

Humble the lot, yet his the race!
When liberty sent forth her cry,
Who thronged in Conflict's deadliest place,
To fight—to bleed—to die.
Who cumbered Bunker's height of red,
By hope, through weary years were led,
And witnessed Yorktown's sun

Digitized by Google

Blaze on a Nation's banner spread,
A Nation's freedom won.

AN AUTUMN LANDSCAPE.

A knoll of upland, shorn by nibbling sheep
To a rich carpet, woven of short grass
And tiny clover, upward leads my steps
By the seamed pathway, and my roving eye
Drinks in the vassal landscape. Far and wide
Nature is smiling in her loveliness,
Masses of woods, green strips of fields, ravines,
Shown by their outlines drawn against the hills,
Chimneys and roofs, trees, single and in groups,
Bright curves of brooks, and vanishing mountain tops
Expand upon my sight. October's brush
The scene has colored; not with those broad hues
Mixed in his later palette by the frost,
And dashed upon the picture, till the eye
Aches with the varied splendor, but in tints
Left by light scattered touches. Overhead
There is a blending of cloud, haze and sky;
A silvery sheet with spaces of soft hue;
A trembling veil of gauze is stretched athwart
The shadowy hill-sides and dark forest-flanks;
A soothing quiet broods upon the air,
And the faint sunshine winks with drowsiness.
Far sounds melt mellow on the ear: the bark—
The bleat—the tinkle—whistle—blast of horn—
The rattle of the wagon-wheel—the low—
The fowler's shot—the twitter of the bird,
And e'en the hue of converse from the road.
The grass, with its low insect-tones, appears
As murmuring in its sleep. This butterfly
Seems as if loth to stir, so lazily
It flutters by. In fitful starts and stops
The locust sings. The grasshopper breaks out
In brief harsh strains; amidst its pausing chirps
The beetle glistening in its sable mail,
Slow climbs the clover-tops, and e'en the ant
Darts round less eagerly.
What difference marks
The scene from yester-noontide. Then the sky
Showed such rich, tender blue, it seemed as if
'Twould melt before the sight. The glittering clouds
Floated above, the trees danced glad below
To the fresh wind. The sunshine flashed on streams,
Sparkled on leaves, and laughed on fields and woods.
All, all was life and motion, as all now
Is sleep and quiet. Nature in her change
Varies each day, as in the world of man
She moulds the differing features. Yea, each leaf
Is variant from its fellow. Yet her works
Are blended in a glorious harmony,
For thus God made His earth. Perchance His breath
Was music when he spake it into life,
Adding thereby another instrument
To the innumerable choral orbs
Sending the tribute of their grateful praise
In ceaseless anthems toward His sacred throne.

THEODORE PARKER

Is a native of Massachusetts, born in or about the year 1812, at Lexington, the son of a farmer, and grandson of a Revolutionary soldier. He studied theology among the Unitarians at Cambridge; became a graduate of its theological school in 1836, and was afterwards settled as minister of the Second Church in Roxbury. From 1840 to 1842 he was a contributor to the Dial and Christian Examiner, of papers chiefly on theological topics, which he collected in a volume of *Critical and Miscellaneous Writings* in 1848. In 1842 he published a treatise, *A Discourse of Matters relating to Religion*, in an octavo volume. It was the substance of a series of lectures delivered the previous season in Boston, and constituted a manifesto of the growing changes of the author in his doctrinal opinions, which had widely departed from points of church authority, the inspiration of the scriptures and the divine character of the Saviour. He had previously in May, 1841, startled his associates by his *Discourse on the Transient and Permanent in Christianity*, preached at the ordination of Mr. Charles C. Shackford, in Harris Place Church in Boston. Both these publications were met and opposed in the Christian Examiner.

Theodore Parker.

Proscribed by the Unitarian Societies of Boston on account of the promulgation of his new views, Mr. Parker organized, by the aid of his friends, a congregation, which met in the old Melodeon in the city, and has since transferred itself to the ample accommodations of the new Music Hall. He has published a memorial of this change, in *Two Sermons, on leaving an old and entering a new place of worship*. His title, as appears from his printed discourses, is Minister of the Twenty-Eighth Congregational Society in Boston. In his new quarters he holds an independent service, delivering a weekly discourse on Sunday morning, frequently taking for his theme some topic of the times or point of morality. The questions of slavery, war, social and moral reforms of various kinds, are discussed with much acute analysis, occasional effective satire, and a rather unprofitable reliance on the powers of the individual. As a practical teacher, he is in the unfortunate position of a priest without a church, and a politician without a state. Though he interweaves some elegance of fancy in his discourses, yet it is of a dry quality, a flower of a forced growth, and his manner and matter seem equally unaffected by tender poetic imagination. He has nothing of the air of hearty impulse of a democratic leader of revolutionary opinion, as might be supposed, from the drift of his printed discourses. As a speaker he is slow, didactic, positive, and self-sufficient.

Mr. Parker has published several series of discourses, entitled *Sermons of Theism, Atheism, and*

Digitized by Google

*the Popular Theology*, and *Ten Sermons of Religion*, from which his moral views may be gathered.

He has borne a prominent part in the agitation of the Fugitive Slave Law, of which he is a vigorous denouncer. A number of his discourses on this and other social topics are included in his two volumes, *Speeches, Addresses, and Occasional Sermons*, published in 1852. In 1848 he delivered an elaborate critical essay on the character of John Quincy Adams, immediately after the death of that statesman, and a similar discourse, remarkable for its severity, on Daniel Webster.

As a specimen of Mr. Parker's manner on a topic of more general agreement than most of his writings afford, we may cite a few passages from a sermon published by him in 1854 on

OLD AGE.

I cannot tell where childhood ends, and manhood begins; nor where manhood ends, and old age begins. It is a wavering and uncertain line, not straight and definite, which borders betwixt the two. But the outward characteristics of old age are obvious enough. The weight diminishes. Man is commonly heaviest at forty, woman at fifty. After that, the body shrinks a little; the height shortens as the cartilages become thin and dry. The hair whitens and falls away. The frame stoops, the bones become smaller, feebler, have less animal and more mere earthy matter. The senses decay, slowly and handsomely. The eye is not so sharp, and while it penetrates further into space, it has less power clearly to define the outline of what it sees. The ear is dull; the appetite less. Bodily heat is lower; the breath produces less carbonic acid than before. The old man consumes less food, water, air. The hands grasp less strongly; the feet less firmly tread. The lungs suck the breast of heaven with less powerful collapse. The eye and ear take not so strong a hold upon the world:—

> And the big manly voice,
> Turning again to childish treble, pipes
> And whistles in his sound.

The animal life is making ready to go out. The very old man loves the sunshine and the fire, the armchair and the shady nook. A rude wind would jostle the full-grown apple from its bough, full-ripe, full-colored, too. The internal characteristics correspond. General activity is less. Salient love of new things and of new persons, which bit the young man's heart, fades away. He thinks the old is better. He is not venturesome; he keeps at home. Passion once stung him into quickened life; now that gad-fly is no more buzzing in his ears. Madame de Stael finds compensation in Science for the decay of the passion that once fired her blood; but Heathen Socrates, seventy years old, thanks the gods that he is now free from that "ravenous beast," which had disturbed his philosophic meditations for many a year. Romance is the child of Passion and Imagination;—the sudden father that, the long protracting mother this. Old age has little romance. Only some rare man, like Wilhelm Von Humboldt, keeps it still fresh in his bosom.

In intellectual matters, the venerable man loves to recall the old times, to revive his favorite old men, —no new ones half so fair. So in Homer, Nestor, who is the oldest of the Greeks, is always talking of the old times, before the grandfathers of men then living had come into being; "not such as live in these degenerate days." Verse-loving John Quincy Adams turns off from Byron and Shelley and Wieland and Goethe, and returns to Pope,

> Who pleased his childhood and informed his youth.

The pleasure of hope is smaller; that of memory greater. It is exceeding beautiful that it is so. The venerable man loves to set recollection to beat the roll-call, and summon up from the grave the old time, "the good old time,"—the old places, old friends, old games, old talk, nay, to his ear the old familiar tunes are sweeter than anything that Mendelssohn, or Strauss, or Rossini can bring to pass. Elder Brewster expects to hear St. Martins and Old Hundred chanted in Heaven. Why not? To him Heaven comes in the long-used musical tradition, not in the neologies of sound.

* * * * * * * *

Then the scholar becomes an antiquary; he likes not young men unless he knew their grandfathers before. The young woman looks in the newspaper for the marriages, the old man for the deaths. The young man's eye looks forward; the world is "all before him where to choose." It is a hard world; he does not know it: he works a little, and hopes much. The middle-aged man looks around at the present; he has found out that it is a hard world; he hopes less and works more. The old man looks back on the fields he has trod; "this is the tree I planted; this is my footstep," and he loves his old house, his old carriage, cat, dog, staff, and friend. In lands where the vine grows, I have seen an old man sit all day long, a sunny autumn day, before his cottage door, in a great arm-chair, his old dog couched at his feet, in the genial sun. The autumn wind played with the old man's venerable hairs; above him on the wall, purpling in the sunlight, hung the full clusters of the grape, ripening and maturing yet more. The two were just alike; the wind stirred the vine leaves, and they fell; stirred the old man's hair and it whitened yet more. Both were waiting for the spirit in them to be fully ripe. The young man looks forward; the old man looks back. How long the shadows lie in the setting-sun; the steeple a mile long reaching across the plain, as the sun stretches out the hills in grotesque dimensions. So are the events of life in the old man's consciousness.

## WILLIAM HAYNE SIMMONS—JAMES WRIGHT SIMMONS.

Dr. W. H. Simmons is a native of South Carolina, and at present a resident of East Florida. He is a graduate of the medical school of Philadelphia, but has never practised the profession. He published anonymously some years since at Charleston, an Indian poem, with the title, *Oneo*, which contains descriptive passages of merit. Mr. Simmons is also the author of a *History of the Seminoles*. The following is from his pen:—

THE BELL BIRD.*

Here Nature, clad in vestments rich and gay,
Sits like a bride in gorgeous palace lone;

* "It is generally supposed," says the Rev. R. Walsh, in his Notices of Brazil, "that the woods abound with birds whose flight and note continually environ the forest, but nothing can be more still and solitary than everything around. The silence is appalling, and the desolation awful; neither are disturbed by the sight or voice of any living thing, save one—which only adds to the impression. Among the highest trees, and in the deepest glens, a sound is sometimes heard so singular, that the noise seems quite unnatural. It is like the clinking of metals, as if two lumps of brass were struck together; and resembles sometimes the distant and solemn tolling of a church bell, struck at long intervals. This extraordinary sound proceeds from a bird called Araponga, or Quiraponga. It is about the

Digitized by Google

And sees naught move, and hears no sound all day,
Save from its cloudy source the torrent tumbling,
And to the mountain's foot its glories humbling,
Or wild woods to the desert gale that moan!
Or, far, the Arapongas's note deep toiling
From the tall pine's glossy spine, where the breeze,
Disporting o'er the green and shoreless seas,
Impels the leafy billows, ever rolling.
It comes again! sad as the passing bell,
That solitary note!—unseen whence swell
The tones so drear—so secret is the shade
Where that coy dweller of the gloom has made
His perch. On high, behind his verdant screen,
He nestles; or, like transient snow-flake's flash,
Or flying foam that winds from torrent's dash,
Plunges to stiller haunts, where hangs sublime
The trav'lling water vine, its pitcher green
Filled from the cloud, where ne'er the bear may
climb,
Or thirsting savage, when the summer ray
Has dried each fount, and parched the desert way.
Here safe he dips refreshed his pearly bill
In lymph more pure than from a spring or rill;
No longer by the wand'ring Indian shared,
The dewy draught he there may quaff unscared,—
For vacant now glooms ev'ry glen or grove
Where erst he saw the quivered Red Man rove;
Saw, like the otter's brood upon the stream,
His wild-eyed offspring sport, or, 'neath the tree,
Share with the birds kind nature's bounty free.
Changed is the woodland scene like morning dream!
The race has vanished, to return no more,
Gone from the forest's side, the river's shore.
Is it for this, thou lone and hermit bird!
That thus thy knell-like note so sad is heard?
Sounding from ev'ry desert shade and dell
Where once they dwelt, where last they wept farewell!
They fled—till, wearied by the bloody chase;
Or stopped by the rich spoil, their brethren pale,
Sated, the dire pursuit screeased a space.
While Memory's eye o'er the sad picture fills,
They fade! nor leave behind or wreck or trace;
The valiant tribes forgotten on their hills,
And seen no more in wilderness or vale.

James Wright Simmons, a younger brother of the preceding, was born in South Carolina. He studied at Harvard, wrote verses, afterwards travelled in Europe, and returned to America to reside in the West. In 1852 he published at Boston a poem, *The Greek Girl;* a sketch in the desultory style made fashionable by Don Juan, and so well adapted to the expression of emotion. It breathes a poetic spirit, and bears traces of the author's acquaintance with books and the world. Mr. Simmons has written several other poems of an occasional or satirical character, and is also the author of a series of metrical tales, *Woodnotes from the West*, which are still in manuscript. The following, from the volume containing the "Greek Girl," are in a striking vein of reflection.

rits of a small pigeon: white, with a red circle round the eyes. It sits on the tops of the highest trees, and in the deepest forests; and though constantly heard in the most desert places, is very rarely seen. It is impossible to conceive anything of a more solitary character than the profound silence of the woods, broken only by the metallic and almost preternatural sound of this invisible bird, wherever you go. I have watched with great perseverance when the sound seemed quite near to me, and never once caught a glimpse of the cause. It passed suddenly over the tops of very high trees, like a large lake of snow, and immediately disappeared."

TO HIM WHO CAN ALONE SIT FOR THE PICTURE.

If to be free from aught of guile,
Neither to do nor suffer wrong;
Yet in thy judgments gentle still,
Serene—inflexible in will,
Only where some great duty lies;
Prone to forgive, or, with a smile,
Reprove the errors that belong
To natures that fall far below
The height of thy empyreal brow:
Of self to make a sacrifice,
Rather than view another's woe;
And guided by the same fixed law
Supreme, to yield, in argument,
The bootless triumph that might draw
Down pain upon thy opponent:
By fate oppressed, "in each hard instance tried,"
Still seen with Honor walking by thy side;
E'en in those hours when all unbend,
And by some thoughtless word offend,
Thy conscious spirit, great and good,
Neither upborne, nor yet subdued,
Impressed by sense of human ill,
Preserv'st its even tenor still;
While 'neath that calm, clear surface lie
Thoughts worthy of Eternity!
And passions—shall I call them so?
Celestial attributes! that glow
Radiant as wing of Seraphim,
Lighting thy path, in all else dim.
Placed on their lofty eminence,
Thou see'st the guerdons that to thee belong,
Passed to the low-browed temple, burn intense—
Standing between thee and the throng
Of noble minds, thy great compeers!
And still the same serenity appears,
Like stars in its own solitude—
Setting its seal on thy majestic blood!
If elements like these could give
The record that might bid them live,
The mighty dead—Saint, Sophist, Sage,
Achilles in his tent—
Might claim in vain a brighter page,
A haughtier monument.

TWILIGHT THOUGHTS.

Ye're fading in the distance dim,
Illusions of the heart!
Yes, one by one, recalled by Him—
I see ye all depart.

The swelling pride, the rising glow,
The spirit that would mount!
The mind that sought all things to know—
And drank at that dread fount.

Over whose waters, dark and deep,
Their sleepless vigils still
Those melancholy Daughters keep,
Or by thy sacred Hill!

Deep Passion's concentrated fire,
The soul's volcanic light!
A Phœnix on her fun'ral pyre,
The Eden of a night!

The wish to be all things—to soar,
And comprehend the universe;
Yet doomed to linger on the shore,
And feel our fettered wings a curse!

To drink in Beauty at a glance,
Its graces and its bloom;
Yet weave the garlands of Romance
To decorate the tomb!

To sigh for some dear Paradise,
Exempt from age or death;

Digitized by Google

To live for ever in those eyes,
And breathe but with that breath!

To be awakened from such dream,
With the remembrance clinging still!
Like flowers reflected in a stream,
When all is changed and chill.

To feel that life can never bring
Its Rainbow back to our lost sky!
Plucks from the hand of death its sting,
The grave its victory!

### FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD.

Mrs. Osgood was a member of a family distinguished by literary ability. Mrs. Wells,* the author of a graceful volume of Poems, was the daughter of Frances's mother by a previous marriage, and her youngest sister, Mrs. E. D. Harrington, and her brother, A. A. Locke, are known as successful magazine writers. Their father, Mr. Joseph Locke, was a well educated merchant of Boston, where his daughter Frances was born about the year 1812.

The chief portion of her childhood was passed in the village of Hingham, a locality peculiarly adapted by its beautiful situation for a poetic culture, which soon developed itself in her youthful mind. She was encouraged in writing verses by her parents, and some of her productions being seen by Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, were so highly approved, as to be inserted by her in a juvenile Miscellany which she at that time conducted. They were rapidly followed by others from the same facile pen, which soon gave their signature, "Florence," a wide reputation.

In 1834, Miss Locke formed the acquaintance of Mr. S. S. Osgood, a young painter already favorably known in his profession. She sat to him for her portrait, and the artist won the heart of the sitter. Soon after their marriage they went to London, where they remained four years, during which Mr. Osgood pursued his art of portrait-painting with success; and his wife's poetical compositions to various periodicals met with equal favor. In 1839, a collection of her poems was issued by a London publisher, with the title of *A Wreath of Wild Flowers from New England*. A dramatic poem, Elfrida, in the volume, impressed her friend James Sheridan Knowles the dramatist, so favorably, that he urged her to write a piece for the stage. In compliance with the suggestion, she wrote *The Happy Release or the Triumphs of Love*, a play in three acts. It was accepted by one of the theatres, and would have been produced had not the author, while engaged in the reconstruction of a scene, been suddenly summoned home by the melancholy news of the death of her father. She returned with Mr. Osgood to Boston in 1840. They soon afterwards removed to New York, where, with a few intervals of absence, the remainder of her life was passed. Her poetical contributions appeared at brief intervals in the magazines, for which she also wrote a few prose tales and sketches. In 1841 she edited *The Poetry of Flowers and Flowers of Poetry*, and in 1847, *The Floral Offering*, two illustrated gift books.

Frances S. Osgood.

Mrs. Osgood's physical frame was as delicate as her mental organization. She suffered frequently from ill health, and was an invalid during the whole of the winter of 1847–8. During the succeeding winter she rallied, and her husband, whose own health required the reinvigorating influence of travel, with a view to this object, and to a share in the profitable adventure which at that time was tempting so many from their homes, sailed for California in February, 1849. He returned after an absence of a year, with restored health and ample means, to find his wife fast sinking in consumption. The husband carried the wife in his arms to a new residence, where, with the happy hopefulness characteristic of her disorder, she selected articles for its furniture and decoration, from patterns brought to her bedside. The rapidly approaching termination of her disorder was soon gently made known to her, and received, after a few tears at the thought of leaving her husband and two young children, with resignation. The evening but one after she wrote for a young girl at her side, who was making and teaching her to make paper flowers, the following lines:—

You've woven roses round my way,
And gladdened all my being;
How much I thank you, none can say,
Save only the All-seeing.

I m going through the eternal gates,
Ere June's sweet roses blow;
Death's lovely angel leads me there,
And it is sweet to go.

The touching prophecy was fulfilled, by her calm death, five days after, on Sunday afternoon, May 12, 1850. Her remains were removed to Boston, and laid beside those of her mother and daughter, at Mount Auburn, on Wednesday of the same week.

* Anna Maria Foster was born about 1794 in Gloucester, a sea-port town of Massachusetts. Her father died during her infancy, and her mother marrying some years after Mr. Joseph Locke, became the mother of Mrs. Osgood. Miss Foster married in 1829 Mr. Thomas Wells, an officer of the United States revenue service, and the author of a few prize poems. In 1831 she published *Poems and Juvenile Sketches* in a small volume, and has since occasionally contributed to periodicals, her chief attention having been given to a young ladies' school.

Digitized by Google

Mrs. Osgood's poems were collected and published in New York, in 1846, and in one of the series of illustrated volumes of the works of American poets, by A. Hart of Philadelphia, in 1849.

In 1851 a volume containing contributions by her many literary friends, entitled the *Memorial*, was published by G. P. Putnam of New York. It contained a memoir from the pen of Mr. Griswold. It was an illustrated gift-book, and the profits of its sale were intended for the erection of a monument to the gifted writer, in whose honor it was issued.

Of a rare gracefulness and delicacy, Mrs. Osgood lived a truly poetic life. Her unaffected and lively manners, with her ready tact in conversation, combined with an unusual facility in writing verses, charmed a large circle of friends, as her winning lines in the periodicals of the day engaged the attention of the public. As an instance of her playfulness of mind, she wrote a collection of ludicrous and humorous verses for a child's book, to set off some rude engravings of *The Cries of New York*. The fanciful and the delicate in sentiment, supplied the usual themes of her verses, touched at times with passionate expression, and a darker shade, as the evils of life closed around her.

### TO THE SPIRIT OF POESY.

Leave me not yet! Leave me not cold and lonely,
Thou dear Ideal of my pining heart!
Thou art the friend—the beautiful—the only,
Whom I would keep, tho' all the world depart!
Thou, that dost veil the frailest flower with glory,
Spirit of light and loveliness and truth!
Thou that didst tell me a sweet, fairy story,
Of the dim future, in my wistful youth!
Thou, who canst weave a halo round the spirit,
Thro' which naught mean or evil dare intrude,
Resume not yet the gift, which I inherit
From Heaven and thee, that dearest, holiest good!
Leave me not now! Leave me not cold and lonely,
Thou starry prophet of my pining heart!
Thou art the friend—the tenderest—the only,
With whom, of all, 'twould be despair to part.
Thou that cam'st to me in my dreaming childhood,
Shaping the changeful clouds to pageants rare,
Peopling the smiling vale, and shaded wildwood,
With airy beings, faint yet strangely fair;
Telling me all the sea-born breeze was saying,
While it went whispering thro' the willing leaves,
Bidding me listen to the light rain playing
Its pleasant tune, about the household eaves;
Tuning the low, sweet ripple of the river,
Till its melodious murmur seemed a song,
A tender and sad chant, repeated ever,
A sweet, impassioned plaint of love and wrong!
Leave me not yet! Leave me not cold and lonely,
Thou star of promise o'er my clouded path!
Leave not the life, that borrows from thee only
All of delight and beauty that it hath!

Thou, that when others knew not how to love me,
Nor cared to fathom half my yearning soul,
Didst wreathe thy flowers of light, around, above me,
To woo and win me from my grief's control.
By all my dreams, the passionate, the holy,
When thou hast sung love's lullaby to me,
By all the childlike worship, fond and lowly,
Which I have lavished upon thine and thee.
By all the lays my simple lute was learning,
To echo from thy voice, stay with me still!
Once flown—alas! for thee there's no returning!
The charm will die o'er valley, wood, and hill.
Tell me not Time, whose wing my brow has shaded,
Has withered spring's sweet bloom within my heart,
Ah, no! the rose of love is yet unfaded,
Tho' hope and joy, its sister flowers, depart.

Well do I know that I have wronged thine altar,
With the light offerings of an idler's mind,
And thus, with shame, my pleading prayer I falter,
Leave me not, spirit! deaf, and dumb, and blind!
Deaf to the mystic harmony of nature,
Blind to the beauty of her stars and flowers,
Leave me not, heavenly yet human teacher,
Lonely and lost in this cold world of ours!
Heaven knows I need thy music and thy beauty
Still to beguile me on my weary way,
To lighten to my soul the cares of duty,
And bless with radiant dreams the darkened day:
To charm my wild heart in the worldly revel,
Lest I, too, join the aimless, false, and vain;
Let me not lower to the soulless level
Of those whom now I pity and disdain!
Leave me not yet!—leave me not cold and pining,
Thou bird of paradise, whose plumes of light,
Where'er they rested, left a glory shining;
Fly not to heaven, or let me share thy flight!

### LABOR.

Labor is rest—from the sorrows that greet us;
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us,
Rest from world-syrens that lure us to ill.
Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on the pillow,
Work—thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow;
Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's weeping willow!
Work with a stout heart and resolute will!

Labor is health! Lo the husbandman reaping,
How through his veins goes the life current leaping;
How his strong arm, in its stalwart pride sweeping,
Free as a sunbeam the swift sickle guides.
Labor is wealth—in the sea the pearl groweth,
Rich the queen's robe from the frail cocoon floweth,
From the fine acorn the strong forest bloweth,
Temple and statue the marble block hides.

Droop not, tho' shame, sin, and anguish are round thee!
Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee;
Look to yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee,
Rest not content in thy darkness—a clod!
Work—for some good be it ever so slowly;
Cherish some flower be it ever so lowly;
Labor!—all labor is noble and holy;
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God.

Pause not to dream of the future before us;
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us:
Hark how Creation's deep, musical chorus,
Unintermitting, goes up into Heaven!
Never the ocean-wave falters in flowing;
Never the little seed stops in its growing;
More and more richly the Rose-heart keeps glowing,
Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

"Labor is worship!"—the robin is singing,
"Labor is worship!"—the wild bee is ringing,
Listen! that eloquent whisper upspringing,
Speaks to thy soul from out nature's great heart.
From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower;
From the rough sod blows the soft breathing flower,
From the small insect—the rich coral bower,
Only man in the plan shrinks from his part.

Digitized by Google

Labor is life!—'tis the still water faileth;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth:
Keep the watch wound for the dark rust assaileth!
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
Labor is glory!—the flying cloud lightens;
Only the waving wing changes and brightens;
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens;
Play the sweet keys wouldst thou keep them in tune!

SONG—SHE LOVES HIM YET.

She loves him yet!
I know by the blush that rises
Beneath the curls,
That shadow her soul-lit cheek;
She loves him yet!
Through all love's sweet disguises
In timid girls,
A blush will be sure to speak.

But deeper signs
Than the radiant blush of beauty,
The maiden finds,
Whenever his name is heard;
Her young heart thrills,
Forgetting herself—her duty—
Her dark eye fills,
And her pulse with hope is stirred.

She loves him yet!—
The flower the false one gave her
When last he came,
Is still with her wild tears wet.
She'll ne'er forget,
Howe'er his faith may waver,
Through grief and shame,
Believe it—she loves him yet.

His favorite songs
She will sing—she heeds no other;
With all her wrongs,
Her life on his love is set.
Oh! doubt no more!
She never can wed another;
Till life be o'er,
She loves—she will love him yet.

TO A DEAR LITTLE TRUANT.

When are you coming? The flowers have come!
Bees in the balmy air happily hum:
Tenderly, timidly, down in the dell
Sighs the sweet violet, droops the Harebell:
Soft in the wavy grass glistens the dew—
*Spring* keeps her promises—why do not you?

Up in the air, love, the clouds are at play;
You are more graceful and lovely than they!
Birds in the woods carol all the day long;
When are you coming to join in the song?
Fairer than flowers and purer than dew!
Other sweet things are here—why are not you?

When are you coming? We've welcomed the Rose!
Every light zephyr, as gaily it goes,
Whispers of other flowers met on its way;
Why has it nothing of you, love, to say?
Why does it tell us of music and dew?
Rose of the South! we are waiting for you!

Do, darling, come to us!—'mid the dark trees,
Like a lute murmurs the musical breeze;
Sometimes the Brook, as it trips by the flowers,
Hushes its warble to listen for yours!
Pure as the Violet, lovely and true!
Spring should have waited till she could bring you!



SEBA SMITH—ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

THE maiden name of this lady was Prince. She is descended on both her father's and mother's side from distinguished Puritan ancestry, and was born in the vicinity of Portland, Maine.

Miss Prince, at an early age, was married to Mr. Seba Smith, then editing a newspaper in Portland, who has since, under the "nom de plume" of Jack Downing, obtained a national reputation. In addition to the original series of the famous letters bearing the signature we have named, collected in a volume in 1833, and which are among the most successful adaptations of the Yankee dialect to the purposes of humorous writing, Mr. Smith is the author of *Powhatan, a Metrical Romance*, in seven cantos, published in New York in 1841, and of several shorter poems which have appeared in the periodicals of the day. He is also a successful writer of tales and essays for the magazines, a portion of which were collected in 1855, with the title *Down East*. In 1850 he published an elaborate scientific work entitled *New Elements of Geometry*.

Mrs. Smith's earliest poems were contributed to various periodicals anonymously, but in consequence of business disasters in which her husband became involved, she commenced the open profession of authorship as a means of support for her family. She has since been a constant contributor in prose and verse to the magazines.

E. Oakes Smith

An early collection of Mrs. Smith's poems published in New York, was followed in 1843 by *The Sinless Child and Other Poems*. The leading production of this volume originally appeared in the Southern Literary Messenger. It is a romance, with several episodes, written in the ballad style. As an indication of its measure and frequent felicities of expression we quote a few stanzas.

MIDSUMMER.

'Tis the summer prime, when the noiseless air
In perfumed chalice lies,
And the bee goes by with a lazy hum,
Beneath the sleeping skies:
When the brook is low, and the ripples bright,
As down the stream they go,
The pebbles are dry on the upper side,
And dark and wet below.

Digitized by Google

The tree that stood where the soil's athirst,
And the mulleins first appear,
Hath a dry and rusty-colored bark,
And its leaves are curled and sere;
But the dogwood and the hazel-bush
Have clustered round the brook—
Their roots have stricken deep beneath,
And they have a verdant look.

To the juicy leaf the grasshopper clings,
And he gnaws it like a file;
The naked stalks are withering by,
Where he has been erewhile.
The cricket hops on the glistening rock,
Or pipes in the faded grass;
The beetle's wing is folded mute,
Where the steps of the idler pass.

Mrs. Smith is also the author of *The Roman Tribute*, a tragedy in five acts, founded on the exemption of the city of Constantinople from destruction, by the tribute paid by Theodosius to the conquering Attila, and *Jacob Leisler*, a tragedy founded upon a well known dramatic incident in the colonial history of New York.

She has also written *The Western Captive*, a novel, which appeared in 1842, and a fanciful prose tale, *The Salamander; a Legend for Christmas*. In 1851 she published *Woman and her Needs*, a volume on the Woman's Rights question, of which Mrs. Smith has been a prominent advocate by her pen, and occasionally as a public lecturer. Her last publication, *Bertha and Lily, or the Parsonage of Beech Glen, a Romance*, is a story of American country life. It contains some good sketches of character, and is in part devoted to the development of the author's social views.

STRENGTH FROM THE HILLS.

Come up unto the hills—thy strength is there.
Oh, thou hast tarried long,
Too long amid the bowers and blossoms fair,
With notes of summer song.
Why dost thou tarry there? What though the bird
Pipes matin in the vale—
The plough-boy whistles to the loitering herd,
As the red daylight fails.

Yet come unto the hills, the old strong hills,
And leave the stagnant plain;
Come to the gushing of the newborn rills,
As sing they to the main;
And thou with denizens of power shalt dwell
Beyond demeaning care;
Composed upon his rock, 'mid storm and fell,
The eagle shall be there.

Come up unto the hills—the shattered tree
Still clings unto the rock,
And flingeth out his branches wild and free,
To dare again the shock.
Come where no fear is known: the seabird's nest
On the old hemlock swings,
And thou shalt taste the gladness of unrest,
And mount upon thy wings.

Come up unto the hills. The men of old—
They of undaunted wills—
Grew jubilant of heart, and strong, and bold,
On the enduring hills—
Where came the soundings of the sea afar,
Borne upward to the ear,
And nearer grew the morn and midnight star,
And God himself more near.

THE POET.

*Non cor sed cotum.*

Sing, sing—Poet, sing!
With the thorn beneath thy breast,
Robbing thee of all thy rest,
Hidden thorn for ever thine,
Therefore dost thou sit and twine
Lays of sorrowing—
Lays that wake a mighty gladness,
Spite of all their sorrowing sadness.

Sing, sing—Poet, sing!
It doth ease thee of thy sorrow—
"Darkling" singing till the morrow;
Never weary of thy trust,
Hoping, loving, as thou must,
Let thy music ring;
Noble cheer it doth impart,
Strength of will and strength of heart.

Sing, sing—Poet, sing!
Thou art made a human voice;
Wherefore shouldst thou not rejoice
That the tears of thy mute brother
Bearing pangs he may not smother,
Through thee are flowing—
For his dim, unuttered grief,
Through thy song hath found relief!

Sing, sing—Poet, sing!
Join the music of the stars,
Wheeling on their sounding cars;
Each responsive in its place
To the choral hymn of space—
Lift, oh lift thy wing—
And the thorn beneath thy breast,
Though it pain, shall give thee rest.

## CAROLINE M. KIRKLAND.

CAROLINE M. STANSBURY was born in the city of New York. Her grandfather was the author of several popular humorous verses on the events of the Revolution, which were published in Rivington's Gazette and other newspapers of the time. Her father was a bookseller and publisher of New York. After his death, the family removed to the western part of the state, where Miss Stansbury married Mr. William Kirkland.* After a residence of several years at Geneva, Mr. and Mrs. Kirkland removed to Michigan, where they resided for two years at Detroit, and for six months in the interior, sixty miles west of the city. In 1843 they removed to the city of New York.

Mrs. Kirkland's letters from the West were so highly relished by the friends to whom they were addressed, that the writer was induced to prepare a volume from their contents. *A New Home—Who'll Follow? by Mrs. Mary Clavers*, appeared

* Mr. Kirkland was a cultivated scholar, and at one time a member of the Faculty of Hamilton College. He was the author of a series of *Letters from Abroad*, written after a residence in Europe, and of numerous contributions to the periodical press, among which may be mentioned, an article on the London Foreign Quarterly Review, in the Columbian, "English and American Monthlies" in Godey's Magazine, "Our English Visitors" in the Columbian, "The Tyranny of Public Opinion in the United States" in the Columbian, "The West, the Paradise of the Poor" in the Democratic Review, and "The United States Census for 1850" in Hunt's Merchants' Magazine.

In 1846 Mr. Kirkland, not long before his death, commenced with the Rev. H. W. Bellows, the Christian Inquirer, a weekly journal of the Unitarian denomination.

Digitized by Google

in 1839. Its delightful humor, keen observation, and fresh topic, made an immediate impression. *Forest Life*, and *Western Clearings*, gleanings from the same field, appeared in 1842 and 1846.

In 1846 Mrs. Kirkland published *An Essay on the Life and Writings of Spenser*, accompanied by a reprint of the first book of the Fairy Queen. In July, 1847, she commenced the editorship of the Union Magazine,—a charge she continued for eighteen months, until the removal of the periodical to Philadelphia, where it was published with the title of Sartain's Magazine, when Prof. John S. Hart, an accomplished literary gentleman of that city, was associated with Mrs. Kirkland in the editorship.

C. M. Kirkland

In 1848 Mrs. Kirkland visited Europe, and on her return published two pleasant volumes of her letters contributed to the magazine during her journey, with the title *Holidays Abroad, or Europe from the West.*

In 1852 Mrs. Kirkland published *The Evening Book, or Fireside Talk on Morals and Manners, with Sketches of Western Life*, and in 1853, a companion volume, *A Book for the Home Circle, or Familiar Thoughts on Various Topics, Literary, Moral, and Social*, containing a number of pleasantly written and sensible essays on topics of interest in every-day society, with a few brief stories. In 1852 she wrote the letterpress for *The Book of Home Beauty*, a holiday volume, containing the portraits of twelve American ladies. Mrs. Kirkland's text has no reference to these illustrations, but consists of a slight story of American society, interspersed with poetical quotations.

Mrs. Kirkland's writings are all marked by clear common sense, purity of style, and animated thought. Her keen perception of character is brought to bear on the grave as well as humorous side of human nature, on its good points as well as its foibles. Ever in favor of a graceful cultivation of the mind, her satire is directed against the false refinements of artificial life as well as the rude angularities of the back-woods. She writes always with heartiness, and it is not her fault if the laugh which her humorous sketches of character excites is not a good-natured one, in which the originals she has portrayed would do well to join with the rest of the world.

### MEETING OF THE "FEMALE BENEFICENT SOCIETY."

At length came the much desired Tuesday, whose destined event was the first meeting of the society. I had made preparations for such plain and simple cheer as is usual at such feminine gatherings, and began to think of arranging my dress with the decorum required by the occasion, when, about one hour before the appointed time, came Mrs. Nippers and Miss Clinch, and ere they were unshawled and unhooded, Mrs. Flyter and her three children—the eldest four years, and the youngest six months. Then Mrs. Muggles and her crimson baby, four weeks old. Close on her heels, Mrs. Briggs and her little boy of about three years' standing, in a long tailed coat, with vest and decencies of scarlet circassian. And there I stood in my gingham wrapper and kitchen apron; much to my discomfiture and the undisguised surprise of the Female Beneficent Society.

"I always calculate to be ready to begin at the time appointed," remarked the gristle-lipped widow.

"So do I," responded Mrs. Flyter and Mrs. Muggles, both of whom sat the whole afternoon with baby on knee, and did not sew a stitch.

"What! isn't there any work ready?" continued Mrs. Nippers, with an astonished aspect; "well, I *did* suppose that such smart officers as *we* have would have prepared all beforehand. We always used to at the East."

Mrs. Skinner, who is really quite a pattern-woman in all that makes woman indispensable, viz., cookery and sewing, took up the matter quite warmly, just as I slipped away in disgrace to make the requisite reform in my costume.

When I returned, the work was distributed, and the company broken up into little knots or coteries; every head bowed, and every tongue in full play. I took my seat at as great a distance from the sharp widow as might be,—though it is vain to think of eluding a person of her ubiquity,—and reconnoitred the company who were "done off" (indigenous) "in first-rate style," for this important occasion. There were nineteen women with thirteen babies—or at least "young 'uns," (indigenous,) who were not above gingerbread. Of these thirteen, nine held large chunks of gingerbread, or dough-nuts, in trust, for the benefit of the gowns of the society; the remaining four were supplied with bunches of maple-sugar, tied in bits of rag, and pinned to their shoulders, or held dripping in the fingers of their mammas.

Mrs. Flyter was "slicked up" for the occasion in the snuff-colored silk she was married in, curiously enlarged in the back, and not as voluminous in the floating part as is the wasteful custom of the present day. Her three immense children, white-haired and blubber-lipped like their amiable parent, were in pink ginghams and blue-glass beads. Mrs. Nippers wore her unfailing brown merino and black apron; Miss Clinch her inevitable scarlet calico; Mrs. Skinner her red merino, with baby of the same; Mrs. Daker shone out in her very choicest city finery, (where else could she show it, poor thing?) and a dozen other Mistresses shone in their "t other gowns," and their tamboured collars. Mrs. Doubleday's pretty black-eyed Dolly was neatly stowed in a small willow basket, where it lay looking about with eyes full of sweet wonder, behaving itself with marvellous quietness and discretion, as did most of the other little torments, to do them justice.

Digitized by Google

Much consultation, deep and solemn, was held as to the most profitable kinds of work to be undertaken by the Society. Many were in favor of making up linen, cotton linen of course, but Mrs. Nippers assured the company that shirts never used to sell well at the East, and therefore she was perfectly certain that they would not do here. Pincushions and such like feminilities were then proposed; but at these Mrs. Nippers held up both hands, and showed a double share of blue-white around her eyes. Nobody about her needed pincushions, and besides, where should we get materials! Aprons, capes, caps, collars, were all proposed with the same ill success. At length Mrs. Doubleday, with an air of great deference, inquired what Mrs. Nippers would recommend.

The good lady hesitated a little at this. It was more her forte to object to other people's plans, than to suggest better; but, after a moment's consideration, she said she should think fancy-boxes, watch-cases, and alum-baskets, would be very pretty.

A dead silence fell on the assembly, but of course it did not last long. Mrs. Skinner went on quietly cutting out shirts, and in a very short time furnished each member with a good supply of work, stating that any lady might take work home to finish if she liked.

Mrs. Nippers took her work, and edged herself into a coterie of which Mrs. Flyter had seemed till then the magnet. Very soon I heard, "I declare it's a shame!" "I don't know what 'll be done about it!" "She told me so with her own mouth!" "O, but I was there myself!" etc., etc., in many different voices; the interstices well filled with undistinguishable whispers "not loud but deep."

It was not long before the active widow transferred her seat to another corner; Miss Clinch plying her tongue, not her needle, in a third. The whispers and the exclamations seemed to be gaining ground. The few silent members were inquiring for more work.

"Mrs. Nippers has the sleeve! Mrs. Nippers, have you finished that sleeve?"

Mrs. Nippers colored, said "No," and sewed four stitches. At length the "storm grew loud apace." "It will break up the society——"

"What *is* that?" asked Mrs. Doubleday, in her sharp treble. "What is it, Mrs. Nippers? *You* know all about it."

Mrs. Nippers replied that she only knew what she had heard, etc., etc., but, after a little urging, consented to inform the company in general, that there was great dissatisfaction in the neighborhood; that those who lived in *log-houses* at a little distance from the village, had not been invited to join the society; and also that many people thought twenty-five cents quite too high for a yearly subscription.

Many looked aghast at this. Public opinion is nowhere so strongly felt as in this country, among new settlers. And as many of the present company still lived in log-houses, a tender string was touched.

At length, an old lady, who had sat quietly in a corner all the afternoon, looked up from behind the great woollen sock she was knitting—

"Well, now! that's queer!" said she, addressing Mrs. Nippers with an air of simplicity simplified. "Miss Turner told me you went round her neighborhood last Friday, and told that Miss Clavers and Miss Skinner despised every body that lived in log-houses; and you know you told Miss Briggs that you thought twenty-five cents was too much; didn't she, Miss Briggs?" Mrs. Briggs nodded.

The widow blushed to the very centre of her pale eyes, but "e'en though vanquished," she lost not her assurance. "Why, I'm sure I only said that we only paid twelve-and-a-half cents at the East; and as to log-houses, I don't know, I can't just recollect, but I didn't say more than others did."

But human nature could not bear up against the mortification; and it had, after all, the scarce credible effect of making Mrs. Nippers sew in silence for some time, and carry her colors at half-mast the remainder of the afternoon.

At tea each lady took one or more of her babies in her lap and much grabbing ensued. Those who wore calicoes seemed in good spirits and appetite, for green tea at least, but those who had unwarily sported silks and other unwashables, looked acid and uncomfortable. Cake flew about at a great rate, and the milk and water, which ought to have quietly gone down sundry juvenile throats, was spirted without mercy into various wry faces. But we got through. The astringent refreshment produced its usual crisping effect upon the vivacity of the company. Talk ran high upon almost all Montacutian themes.

"Do you have any butter now?" "When are you going to raise your barn?" "Is your man a going to kill this week?" "I ha'n't seen a bit of meat these six weeks." "Was you to meetin' last Sabbath?" "Has Miss White got any wool to sell?" "Do tell if you've been to Detroit?" "Are you out of candles?" "Well, I *should* think Sarah Teals wanted a new gown!" "I hope we shall have milk in a week or two," and so on; for, be it known, that, in a state of society like ours, the bare necessaries of life are subjects of sufficient interest for a good deal of conversation. More than one truly respectable woman of our neighborhood has told me, that it is not very many years since a moderate allowance of Indian meal and potatoes was literally all that fell to their share of this rich world for weeks together.

"Is your daughter Isabella well?" asked Mrs. Nippers of me solemnly, pointing to little Bell who sat munching her bread and butter, half asleep, at the fragmentious table.

"Yes, I believe so, look at her cheeks."

"Ah, yes! it was her cheeks I was looking at. They are so *very* rosy. I have a little niece who is the very image of her. I never see Isabella without thinking of Jerushy; and Jerushy is most dreadfully scrofulous."

Satisfied at having made me uncomfortable, Mrs. Nippers turned to Mrs. Doubleday, who was trotting her pretty babe with her usual proud fondness.

"Don't you think your baby breathes rather strangely?" said the tormenter.

"Breathes! how!" said the poor thing, off her guard in an instant.

"Why, rather croupish, I think, if *I* am any judge. I have never had any children of my own to be sure, but I was with Mrs. Green's baby when it died, and——"

"Come, we'll be off!" said Mr. Doubleday, who had come for his spouse. "Don't mind the envious vixen"—aside to his Polly.

Just then, somebody on the opposite side of the room happened to say, speaking of some cloth affair, "Mrs. Nippers says it ought to be sponged."

"Well, sponge it then by all means," said Mr. Doubleday, "nobody else knows half as much about sponging;" and, with wife and baby in tow, off walked the laughing Philo, leaving the widow absolutely transfixed.

"What *could* Mr. Doubleday mean by that?" was at length her indignant exclamation.

Digitized by Google

Nobody spoke.

"I am sure," continued the crest-fallen Mrs. Campaspe, with an attempt at a scornful giggle, "I am sure if any body understood him, I would be glad to know what he *did* mean."

"Well now, I can tell you," said the same simple old lady in the corner, who had let out the secret of Mrs. Nippers's morning walks. "Some folks call that *sponging* when you go about getting your dinner here and your tea there, and sich like; as you know you and Mecsy there does. That was what he mea it, I guess." And the old lady quietly put up her knitting and prepared to go home.

There have been times when I have thought that almost any degree of courtly duplicity would be preferable to the *brusquerie* of some of my neighbors: but on this occasion I gave all due credit to a simple and downright way of stating the plain truth. The scrofulous hint probably brightened my mental and moral vision somewhat.

Mrs. Nippers's claret cloak and green bonnet, and Miss Clinch's ditto ditto, were in earnest requisition, and I do not think that either of them spent a day out that week.

### HOSPITALITY.

Like many other virtues, hospitality is practised in its perfection by the poor. If the rich *did their share*, how would the woes of this world be lightened! how would the diffusive blessing irradiate a wider and a wider circle, until the vast confines of society would bask in the reviving ray! If every forlorn widow whose heart bleeds over the recollection of past happiness made bitter by contrast with present poverty and sorrow, found a comfortable home in the ample establishment of her rich kinsman; if every young man struggling for a foothold on the slippery soil of life, were cheered and aided by the countenance of some neighbor whom fortune had endowed with the power to confer happiness; if the lovely girls, shrinking and delicate, whom we see every day toiling timidly for a mere pittance to sustain frail life and guard the sacred remnant of gentility, were taken by the hand, invited and encouraged, by ladies who pass them by with a cold nod—but where shall we stop in enumerating the cases in which true, genial hospitality, practised by the rich ungrudgingly, without a selfish drawback—in short, practised as the poor practise it—would prove a fountain of blessedness, almost an antidote to half the keener miseries under which society groans!

Yes: the poor—and children—understand hospitality after the pure model of Christ and his apostles. We can cite two instances, both *true*.

In the western woods, a few years since, lived a very indigent Irish family. Their log-cabin scarcely protected them from the weather, and the potato field made but poor provision for the numerous rosy cheeks that shone through the unstopped chinks when a stranger was passing by. Yet when another Irish family poorer still, and way-worn, and travel-soiled, stopped at their door—children, household goods and all—they not only received and entertained them for the night, but kept them many days, sharing with this family, as numerous as their own, the *one* room and loft which made up their poor dwelling, and treating them in all respects as if they had been invited guests. And the mother of the same family, on hearing of the death of a widowed sister who had lived in New York, immediately set on foot an inquiry as to the residence of the children, with a view to coming all the way to the city to take the orphans home to her own house and bring them up with her own children. We never heard whether the search was successful, for the circumstance occurred about the time that we were leaving that part of the country; but that the intention was sincere, and would be carried into effect if possible, there was no shadow of doubt.

As to the children and their sincere, generous little hearts, we were going to say, that one asked his mother, in all seriousness, "Mamma, why don't you ask the *poor people* when you have a party? Doesn't it say so in the Bible?" A keen reproof, and unanswerable.

The nearest we recollect to have observed to this construction of the sacred injunction, among those who may be called the rich—in contradistinction to those whom we usually call the poor, though our kind friends were far from being what the world considers rich—was in the case of a city family, who lived well, and who always on a Christmas day, Thanksgiving, or other festival time, when a dinner more generous than ordinary smoked upon the board, took care to invite their homeless friends who lived somewhat poorly, or uncomfortably—the widow from her low-priced boarding house; the young clerk, perhaps, far from his father's comfortable fireside; the daily teacher, whose only deficiency lay in the purse—these were the guests cheered at this truly hospitable board; and cheered heartily—not with cold, half-reluctant civility, but with the warmest welcome, and the pleasant appendix of the long, merry evening with music and games, and the frolic dance after the piano. We would not be understood to give this as a solitary instance, but we wish we knew of many such.

The forms of society are in a high degree inimical to true hospitality. Pride has crushed genuine social feeling out of too many hearts, and the consequence is a cold sterility of intercourse, a soul-stifling ceremoniousness, a sleepless vigilance for self, totally incompatible with that free, flowing, genial intercourse with humanity, so nourishing to all the better feelings. The sacred love of home—that panacea for many of life's ills—suffers with the rest. Few people have homes nowadays. The fine, cheerful, every-day parlor, with its table covered with the implements of real occupation and real amusement; mamma on the sofa, with her needle; grandmamma in her great chair, knitting; pussy winking at the fire between them, is gone. In its place we have two gorgeous rooms, arranged for company but empty of human life; tables covered with gaudy, ostentatious, and useless articles—a very mockery of anything like rational pastime—the light of heaven as cautiously excluded as the delicious music of free, childish voices; every member of the family wandering in forlorn loneliness, or huddled in some "back room" or "basement," in which are collected the only means of comfort left them under this miserable arrangement. This is the substitute which hundreds of people accept in place of home! Shall we look in such places for hospitality? As soon expect figs from thistles. Invitations there will be occasionally, doubtless, for "society" expects it; but let a country cousin present himself, and see whether he will be put into the state apartments. Let no infirm and indigent relative expect a place under such a roof. Let not even the humble individual who placed the stepping-stone which led to that fortune, ask a share in the abundance which would never have had a beginning but for his timely aid. "We have changed all that!"

But setting aside the hospitality which has any reference to duty or obligation, it is to be feared that the other kind—that which is exercised for the sake of the pleasure it brings—is becoming more and more rare among us. The deadly strife of emula-

Digitized by Google

tion, the mad pursuit of wealth, the suspicion engendered by rivalry, leave little chance for the spontaneity, the *abandon*, the hearty sympathy which give the charm to social meetings and make the exercise of hospitality one of the highest pleasures. We have attempted to dignify our simple republicanism by far-away melancholy imitations of the Old World; but the incongruity between these forms and the true spirit of our institutions is such, that all we gain is a bald emptiness, gilded over with vulgar show. Real dignity, such as that of John Adams when he lived among his country neighbors as if he had never seen a court, we are learning to despise. We persist in making ourselves the laughing-stock of really refined people, by forsaking our true ground and attempting to stand upon that which shows our deficiencies to the greatest disadvantage. When shall we learn that the "spare feast—a radish and an egg," if partaken by the good and the cultivated, has a charm which no expense can purchase? When shall we look at the spirit rather than the semblance of things—when give up the shadow for the substance?

### P. HAMILTON MYERS

Is the author of a series of well written, popular American historical romances, commencing with *The First of the Knickerbockers, a tale of* 1678, published by Putnam in 1848, and speedily followed by *The Young Patroon, or Christmas in* 1690, and *The King of the Hurons*. Mr. Myers is also the author of four prize tales, for two of which *Bell Brandon or the Great Kentrip Estate*, and *The Miser's Heir or the Young Millionaire*, he received two hundred dollars each, from the Philadelphia *Dollar Newspaper*. The others were entitled *The Gold Crushers*, and *Ellen Welles, or the Siege of Fort Stanwix*.

These stories are of a pleasing sentiment, and neat in description. The author is a native of New York, born in Herkimer village, Herkimer county, in August, 1812. He is a lawyer by profession, and now a resident of Brooklyn, New York. In addition to his story-telling faculty, Mr. Myers is an agreeable essayist. In 1841 he delivered a poem, *Science*, before the Euglossian Society of Geneva College.

### THOMAS MACKELLAR

Was born in the city of New York, August 12, 1812. His father came from Scotland to New York, and married into the Brasher family, once possessed of a considerable portion of the city lands. Young Mackellar was provided with a good education by his father, whose failing fortunes soon required his son's aid. Compelled early in life to seek a living, he learnt the business of a printer, and among other engagements in the calling became proof-reader in the office of Messrs. Harper & Brothers, doubtless qualified for the post by a diligent application to books which had become habitual to him. At this time in his seventeenth year, he constantly penned verses.

*In* 1833 he left New York for Philadelphia, entered the stereotype foundry of Mr. L. Johnson as proof-reader, became foreman, and finally a partner in this important establishment, to which he is now attached.

Mr. Mackellar's volumes of poetry, *Droppings from the Heart, or Occasional Poems*, published in 1844, and *Lines for the Gentle and Loving* in 1853, are written with earnestness and fluency, inspired by a devotional spirit and a tender feeling to the claims of family and friendship, expressive of the author's hopeful and hearty struggle with the world. They indicate a courage which meets with success in life, and a sympathy which finds a ready response from the good and intelligent.

True to his Scottish lineage, Mr. Mackellar has a turn for humor as well as sentiment in his verses. His volume, *Tam's Fortnight's Ramble and other Poems*, puts his notions and opinions vented in the course of a holiday excursion on the Hudson River in a highly agreeable light, as the record of a manly personal experience.

#### A POET AND HIS SONG.

He was a man endowed like other men
With strange varieties of thought and feeling:
His bread was earned by daily toil; yet when
A pleasing fancy o'er his mind came stealing,
He set a trap and snared it by his art,
And hid it in the bosom of his heart.
He nurtured it and loved it as his own,
And it became obedient to his beck;
He fixed his name on its submissive neck,
And graced it with all graces to him known,
And then he bade it lift its wing and fly
Over the earth, and sing in every ear
Some soothing sound the sighful soul to cheer,
Some lay of love to lure it to the sky.

#### SINGING ON THE WAY.

Far distant from my father's house
I would no longer stay,
But gird my soul and hasten on,
And sing upon my way!
And sing! and sing!
And sing upon the way!

The skies are dark, the thunders roll,
And lightnings round me play;
Let me but feel my SAVIOUR near,
I'll sing upon the way!
And sing! and sing!
And sing upon my way!

The night is long and drear, I cry;
O when will come the day!
I see the morning-star arise,
And sing upon the way!
And sing! and sing!
And sing upon my way!

When care and sickness bow my frame,
And all my powers decay,
I'll ask Him for his promised grace,
And sing upon the way!
And sing! and sing!
And sing upon my way!

He'll not forsake me when I'm old,
And weak, and blind, and grey;
I'll lean upon his faithfulness,
And sing upon the way!
And sing! and sing!
And sing upon my way!

When grace shall bear me home to God—
Disrobed of mortal clay,

Digitized by Google

I'll enter in the pearly gates,
And sing upon the way!
And sing! and sing!
An everlasting day!

### WILLIAM STARBUCK MAYO.

Dr. Mayo is a descendant from the Rev. John Mayo, a clergyman of an ancient English family, who came to New England in 1630, and was the first pastor of the South Church at Boston. On his mother's side he traces his descent through the Starbuck family to the earliest settlers of Nantucket. He was born at Ogdensburg, on the northern frontier of New York, whither the family had removed in 1812, and was educated at the school of the Rev. Josiah Perry, a teacher of high local reputation. At the age of twelve years he entered the academy of Potsdam, where he received a good classical education; and at seventeen commenced the study of medicine at the College of Physicians and Surgeons in the city of New York. After receiving his diploma, in 1833, he devoted himself for several years to the practice of his profession. He then, urged in part by the pursuit of health and in part by the love of adventure, determined to make a tour of exploration to the interior of Africa. He was prevented, however, from penetrating further than the Barbary States. After an excursion in Spain he returned home.

W. S. Mayo

In 1849 Dr. Mayo published *Kaloolah, or Journeyings to the Djebel Kumri*, a work which he had written some time before. It purports to be the Autobiography of Jonathan Romer, a youth who, after various romantic and marvellous adventures in his native American woods, goes to Africa, where he rivals Munchausen in his traveller's experiences. He finally penetrates to a purely fictitious Utopia, where he indulges in some quiet satire at the usages of civilization, and in his description of the great city of the region furnishes some valuable hints on municipal sanitary reform. He marries Kaloolah, a beautiful princess—"not too dark for a brunette"—whom he has rescued from a slave barracoon and protected through many subsequent scenes of danger, and settles down to domestic felicity in the city of Killoam.

The story is crowded with exciting and varied incident, and the interest is maintained throughout with dramatic skill.

Kaloolah was favorably received by the public, and was followed in 1850 by *The Berber, or the Mountaineer of the Atlas*, a story the scene of which is laid in Africa at the close of the seventeenth century. It is of more regular construction than Kaloolah, and equally felicitous in dramatic interest. Both abound in descriptions of the natural scenery and savage animals of the tropics and other regions, minutely accurate in scientific detail.

Dr. Mayo's next volume was a collection of short tales, which he had previously published anonymously in magazines, with the title suggested by the prevalent California excitement of the day—*Romance Dust from the Historic Placer*. He soon after married and spent a year or two in Europe. Since his return he has resided in New York.

#### A LION IN THE PATH.

It was early on the morning of the sixth, that, accompanied by Kaloolah and the lively Clefenha, I ascended the bank for a final reconnoissance of the country on the other bank of the river. It was not my intention to wander far, but, allured by the beauty of the scene, and the promise of a still better view from a higher crag, we moved along the edge of the bank until we had got nearly two miles from our camp. At this point the line of the bank curved towards the river so as to make a beetling promontory of a hundred feet perpendicular descent. The gigantic trees grew quite on the brink, many of them throwing their long arms far over the shore below. The trees generally grew wide apart, and there was little or no underwood, but many of the trunks were wreathed with the verdure of parasites and creepers, so as to shut up, mostly, the forest vistas with immense columns of green leaves and flowers. The stems of some of these creepers were truly wonderful: one, from which depended large bunches of scarlet berries, had, not unfrequently, stems as large as a man's body. In some cases, one huge plant of this kind, ascending with an incalculable prodigality of lignin, by innumerable convolutions, would stretch itself out, and, embracing several trees in its folds, mat them together in one dense mass of vegetation.

Suddenly we noticed that the usual sounds of the forest had almost ceased around us. Deep in the woods we could still hear the chattering of monkeys and the screeching of parrots. Never before had our presence created any alarm among the denizens of the tree-tops; or, if it had, it had merely excited to fresh clamour, without putting them to flight. We looked around for the cause of this sudden retreat.

"Perhaps," I replied to Kaloolah's inquiry, "there is a storm gathering, and they are gone to seek a shelter deeper in the wood."

We advanced close to the edge of the bank, and looked out into the broad daylight that poured down from above on flood and field. There was the same bright smile on the distant fields and hills; the same clear sheen in the deep water; the same lustrous stillness in the perfumed air; not a single prognostic of any commotion among the elements.

Digitized by Google

I placed my gun against a tree, and took a seat upon an exposed portion of one of its roots. Countless herds of animals, composed of quaggas, zebras, gnus, antelopes, hart-beests, rocboks, springboks, buffaloes, wild-boars, and a dozen other kinds, for which my recollection of African travels furnished no names, were roaming over the fields on the other side of the river, or quietly reposing in the shade of the scattered mimosas, or beneath the groups of lofty palms. A herd of thirty or forty tall ungainly figures came in sight, and took their way, with awkward but rapid pace, across the plain. I knew them at once to be giraffes, although they were the first that we had seen. I was straining my eyes to discover the animal that pursued them, when Kaloolah called to me to come to her. She was about fifty yards farther down the stream than where I was sitting. With an unaccountable degree of carelessness, I arose and went towards her, leaving my gun leaning against the tree. As I advanced, she ran out to the extreme point of the little promontory I have mentioned, where her maid was standing, and pointed to something over the edge of the cliff.

"Oh, Jon'than!" she exclaimed, "what a curious and beautiful flower! Come, and try if you can get it for me!"

Advancing to the crest of the cliff, we stood looking down its precipitous sides to a point some twenty feet below, where grew a bunch of wild honeysuckles. Suddenly a startling noise, like the roar of thunder, or like the boom of a thirty-two pounder, rolled through the wood, fairly shaking the sturdy trees, and literally making the ground quiver beneath our feet. Again it came, that appalling and indescribably awful sound! and so close as to completely stun us. Roar upon roar, in quick succession, now announced the coming of the king of beasts. "The lion! the lion!—Oh, God of mercy, where is my gun!" I started forward, but it was too late. Alighting, with a magnificent bound, into the open space in front of us, the monster stopped, as if somewhat taken aback by the novel appearance of his quarry, and crouching his huge carcass close to the ground, uttered a few deep snuffling sounds, not unlike the preliminary crankings and growlings of a heavy steam-engine, when it first feels the pressure of the steam.

He was, indeed, a monster!—fully twice as large as the largest specimen of his kind that was ever condemned, by gaping curiosity, to the confinement of the cage. His body was hardly less in size than that of a dray-horse; his paw as large as the foot of an elephant; while his head!—what can be said of such a head! Concentrate the fury, the power, the capacity and the disposition for evil of a dozen thunder-storms into a round globe, about two feet in diameter, and one would then be able to get an idea of the terrible expression of that head and face, enveloped and set off as it was by the dark frame-work of bristling mane.

The lower jaw rested upon the ground; the mouth was slightly open, showing the rows of white teeth and the blood-red gums, from which the lips were retracted in a majestic and right kingly grin. The brows and the skin around the eyes were corrugated into a splendid glory of radiant wrinkles, in the centre of which glowed two small globes, like opals, but with a dusky lustrousness that no opal ever yet attained.

For a few moments he remained motionless, and then, as if satisfied with the result of his close scrutiny, he began to slide along the ground towards us; slowly one monstrous paw was protruded after the other; slowly the huge tufted tail waved to and fro, sometimes striking his hollow flanks, and occasionally coming down upon the ground with a sound like the falling of heavy clods upon a coffin. There could be no doubt of his intention to charge us, when near enough for a spring.

And was there no hope? Not the slightest, at least for myself. It was barely possible that one victim would satisfy him, or that, in the contest that was about to take place, I might, if he did not kill me at the first blow, so wound him as to indispose him for any further exercise of his power, and that thus Kaloolah would escape. As for me, I felt that my time had come. With no weapon but my long knife, what chance was there against such a monster? I cast one look at the gun that was leaning so carelessly against the tree beyond him, and thought how easy it would be to send a bullet through one of those glowing eyes into the depths of that savage brain. Never was there a fairer mark! But, alas! it was impossible to reach the gun! Truly, "there was a lion in the path."

I turned to Kaloolah, who was a little behind me. Her face expressed a variety of emotions; she could not speak or move, but she stretched out her hand, as if to pull me back. Behind her crouched the black, whose features were contracted into the awful grin of intense terror; she was too much frightened to scream, but in her face a thousand yells of agony and fear were incarnated.

I remember not precisely what I said, but, in the fewest words, I intimated to Kaloolah that the lion would, probably, be satisfied with attacking me; that she must run by us as soon as he sprang upon me, and, returning to the camp, waste no time, but set out at once under the charge of Hugh and Jack. She made no reply, and I waited for none, but, facing the monster, advanced slowly towards him—the knife was firmly grasped in my right hand, my left side a little turned towards him, and my left arm raised, to guard as much as possible against the first crushing blow of his paw. Further than this I had formed no plan of battle. In such a contest the mind has but little to do—all depends upon the instinct of the muscles; and well for a man if good training has developed that instinct to the highest. I felt that I could trust mine, and that my brain need not bother itself as to the manner my muscles were going to act.

Within thirty feet of my huge foe I stopped—cool, calm as a statue; not an emotion agitated me. No hope, no fear: death was too certain to permit either passion. There is something in the conviction of the immediate inevitableness of death that represses fear; we are then compelled to take a better look at the king of terrors, and we find that he is not so formidable as we imagined. Look at him with averted glances and half-closed eyes, and he has a most imposing, overawing presence; but face him, eye to eye; grasp his proffered hand manfully, and he sinks from a right royal personage into a contemptible old gate-keeper on the turnpike of life.

I had time to think of many things, although it must not be supposed from the leisurely way in which I here tell the story that the whole affair occupied much time. Like lightning, flashing from link to link along a chain conductor, did memory illuminate, almost simultaneously, the chain of incidents that measured my path in life, and that connected the present with the past. I could see the whole of my back track "blazed" as clearly as ever was a forest path by a woodman's axe; and ahead! ah, there was not much to see ahead! 'Twas but a short view; death hedged in the scene. In a few minutes my eyes would be opened to the pleasant sights beyond; but, for the present, death commanded all

Digitized by Google

attention. And such a death! But why such a death? What better death, except on the battle-field, in defence of one's country? To be killed by a lion! Surely there is a spice of dignity about it, maugre the being eaten afterwards. Suddenly the monster stopped, and erected his tail, stiff and motionless, in the air. Strange as it may seem, the conceit occurred to me that the motion of his tail had acted as a safety-valve to the pent up muscular energy within: "He has shut the steam off from the 'scape-pipe, and now he turns it on to his locomotive machinery. God have mercy upon me! —He comes!"

But he did not come! At the instant, the light figure of Kaloolah rushed past me: "Fly, fly, Jon'than!" she wildly exclaimed, as she dashed forward directly towards the lion. Quick as thought, I divined her purpose, and sprang after her, grasping her dress and pulling her forcibly back almost from within those formidable jaws. The astonished animal gave several jumps sideways and backwards, and stopped, crouching to the ground and growling and lashing his sides with renewed fury. He was clearly taken aback by our unexpected charge upon him, but it was evident that he was not to be frightened into abandoning his prey. His mouth was made up for us, and there could be no doubt, if his motions were a little slow, that he considered us as good as gorged.

"Fly, fly, Jon'than!" exclaimed Kaloolah, as she struggled to break from my grasp. "Leave me! Leave me to die alone, but oh! save yourself, quick! along the bank. You can escape—fly!"

"Never, Kaloolah," I replied, fairly forcing her with quite an exertion of strength behind me. "Back, back! Free my arm! Quick, quick! He comes!" 'Twas no time for gentleness. Roughly shaking her relaxing grasp from my arm she sunk powerless, yet not insensible, to the ground, while I had just time to face the monster and plant one foot forward to receive him.

He was in the very act of springing! His huge carcass was even rising under the impulsion of his contracting muscles, when his action was arrested in a way so unexpected, so wonderful, and so startling, that my senses were for the moment thrown into perfect confusion. Could I trust my sight, or was the whole affair the illusion of a horrid dream? It seemed as if one of the gigantic creepers I have mentioned had suddenly quitted the canopy above, and, endowed with life and a huge pair of widely distended jaws, had darted with the rapidity of lightning upon the crouching beast. There was a tremendous shaking of the tree tops, and a confused wrestling, and jumping, and whirling over and about, amid a cloud of upturned roots, and earth, and leaves, accompanied with the most terrific roars and groans. As I looked again, vision grew more distinct. An immense body, gleaming with purple, green, and gold, appeared convoluted around the majestic branches overhead, and stretching down, was turned two or three times around the struggling lion, whose head and neck were almost concealed from sight within the cavity of a pair of jaws still more capacious than his own.

Thus, then, was revealed the cause of the sudden silence throughout the woods. It was the presence of the boa that had frightened the monkey and feathered tribes into silence. How opportunely was his presence manifested to us! A moment more and it would have been too late.

Gallantly did the lion struggle in the folds of his terrible enemy, whose grasp each instant grew more firm and secure, and most astounding were those frightful yells of rage and fear. The huge body of the snake, fully two feet in diameter where it depended from the trees, presented the most curious appearances, and in such quick succession that the eye could scarcely follow them. At one moment smooth and flexile, at the next rough and stiffened, or contracted into great knots—at one moment overspread with a thousand tints of reflected color, the next distended so as to transmit through the skin the golden gleams of the animal lightning that coursed up and down within.

Over and over rolled the struggling beast, but in vain all his strength, in vain all his efforts to free himself. Gradually his muscles relaxed in their exertions, his roar subsided to a deep moan, his tongue protruded from his mouth, and his fetid breath, mingled with a strong, sickly odor from the serpent, diffused itself through the air, producing a sense of oppression, and a feeling of weakness like that from breathing some deleterious gas.

I looked around. Kaloolah was on her knees, and the negress insensible upon the ground a few paces behind her. A sensation of giddiness warned me that it was time to retreat. Without a word I raised Kaloolah in my arms, ran towards the now almost motionless animals, and, turning along the bank, reached the tree against which my gun was leaning.

Darting back I seized the prostrate negress and bore her off in the same way. By this time both females had recovered their voices, Clefeuha exercising hers in a succession of shrieks, that compelled me to shake her somewhat rudely, while Kaloolah eagerly besought me to hurry back to the camp. There was now, however, no occasion for hurry. The recovery of my gun altered the state of the case, and my curiosity was excited to witness the process of deglutition on a large scale which the boa was probably about to exhibit. It was impossible, however, to resist Kaloolah's entreaties, and, after stepping up closer to the animals for one good look, I reluctantly consented to turn back.

The lion was quite dead, and with a slow motion the snake was uncoiling himself from his prey and from the tree above. As well as I could judge, without seeing him straightened out, he was between ninety and one hundred feet in length—not quite so long as the serpent with which the army of Regulus had its famous battle, or as many of the same animals that I have since seen, but, as the reader will allow, a very respectable sized snake. I have often regretted that we did not stop until at least he had commenced his meal. Had I been alone I should have done so. As it was, curiosity had to yield to my own sense of prudence, and to Kaloolah's fears.

We returned to our camp, where we found our raft all ready. The river was fully half a mile wide, and it was necessary to make two trips; the first with the women and baggage, and the last with the horses. It is unnecessary to dwell in detail upon all the difficulties we encountered from the rapid currents and whirling eddies of the stream; suffice it that we got across in time for supper and a good night's sleep, and early in the morning resumed our march through the most enchanting country in the world.

### WILLIAM HENRY CHANNING,

A GRADUATE of Harvard in 1820, and of the Cambridge divinity school in 1838, is a nephew of the late Dr. William Ellery Channing, and the son of the late Francis Dana Channing. He is the author of several valuable biographical publications, including the *Memoirs of the Rev. James H. Per-*

Digitized by Google

*kins* of Cincinnati, an important contribution to the *Margaret Fuller Memoirs*, and in 1848 a comprehensive *Memoir of William Ellery Channing, with Extracts from his Correspondence and Manuscripts*. In the arrangement of these works Mr. Channing, in addition to his own sympathetic comments, has preserved to the extent of his original materials an autobiographic narrative of the lives of the subjects, and has drawn together ample illustrations from various other sources. In 1840 he translated for Mr. Ripley's series of Specimens of Foreign Literature, *Jouffroy's Introduction to Ethics, including a Critical Survey of Moral Systems*.

A few years since he had charge of an independent congregation in New York, and edited a weekly reform journal, *The Present*, in the interests of transcendental socialism, which lasted not beyond two years. He is now minister of the Unitarian church in Liverpool, lately under the care of the Rev. John Hamilton Thom, the biographer of Blanco White.

Mr. Channing is not of the Strauss or Parker school of rationalists, but more devotional and affirmative, at times approaching Swedenborgianism in his disposition to unite a bold spiritual philosophy with church life and social reorganization. He has rare talents as an extempore speaker and preacher.

William Ellery Channing, also a nephew of the late Dr. Channing, from whom his name is derived, and the son of Dr. Walter Channing, the medical writer and professor at Harvard, is the author of two series of *Poems*, published in Boston in 1843 and 1847; of a series of psychological essays in The Dial of 1844, entitled *Youth of the Poet and Painter;* a volume of thoughtful observations, *Conversations in Rome: between an Artist, a Catholic, and a Critic*, published in 1847; and *The Woodman and other Poems*, 1849.

There is much originality and a fine vein of reflection in both this author's prose and verse,—touching on the themes of the scholar, the love of nature, and the poetic visionary.

THE POET.

Each day, new Treasure brings him for his share,
So rich he is he never shall be poor,
His lessons nature reads him o'er and o'er,
As on each sunny day the Lake its shore.

Though others pine for piles of glittering gold
A cloudless Sunset furnishes him enough,
His garments never can grow thin or old,
His way is always smooth though seeming rough.

Even in the winter's depth the Pine-tree stands,
With a perpetual Summer in its leaves,
So stands the Poet with his open hands,
Nor care nor sorrow him of Life bereaves.

For though his sorrows fall like icy rain,
Straightway the clouds do open where he goes,
And e'en his tears become a precious gain;
'Tis thus the heart of Mortals that he knows.

The figures of his Landscape may appear
Sordid or poor, their colors he can paint,
And listening to the hooting he can hear,
Such harmonies as never sung the saint.

And of his gain he maketh no account,
He's rich enough to scatter on the way;
His springs are fed by an unfailing fount,
As great Apollo trims the lamp of day.

'Tis in his heart, where dwells his pure Desire
Let other outward lot be dark or fair;
In coldest weather there is inward fire,
In fogs he breathes a clear celestial air.

So sacred is his Calling, that no thing
Of disrepute can follow in his path,
His Destiny too high for sorrowing,
The mildness of his lot is kept from wrath.

Some shady wood in Summer is his room,
Behind a rock in Winter he can sit,
The wind shall sweep his chamber, and his loom
The birds and insects, weave content at it.

Above his head the broad Skies' beauties are,
Beneath, the ancient carpet of the earth;
A glance at that, unveileth every star,
The other, joyfully it feels his birth.

So let him stand, resigned to his Estate,
Kings cannot compass it, or Nobles have,
They are the children of some handsome fate,
He, of Himself, is beautiful and brave.

WILLIAM HAGUE.

The Rev. William Hague, a prominent clergyman of the Baptist denomination, is a native of the state of New York. He was graduated at Hamilton College, N. Y., in 1826, and has since filled important stations in the pulpit of his denomination at Providence, in Boston, at Newark, N. J., and at his present station of Albany, New York. He is the author of numerous occasional addresses and orations, including Discourses on the Life and Character of John Quincy Adams, and the missionary Adoniram Judson. He has lately, in 1855, published two volumes, *Christianity and Statesmanship, with Kindred Topics*, and *Home Life*, a series of lectures. In the former he has treated of the various relations of government and religion in matters of home regulation, and especially the condition of Eastern Europe, now rapidly rising into new importance: in the latter he pursues the most prominent circumstances of domestic and social life. In both cases he shows the man of reading and of sound moderate opinions.

Margaret Fuller, who met Mr. Hague at Providence in 1837, has happily characterized his force as a preacher and lecturer in a passage of her diary:—"He has a very active intellect, sagacity, and elevated sentiment; and, feeling strongly that God is love, can never preach without earnestness. His power comes first from his glowing vitality of temperament. His moral attraction is his individuality. I am much interested in this truly animated being."*

THE CULTIVATION OF TASTE.

"Nothing is beautiful but what is true," say the Rhetoricians. This is a universal maxim. Conformity to truth is beauty, real and permanent. Study nature. Seek truth. The laws of nature are distinguished by simplicity, and simplicity has an abiding charm whether it appear in literature or art, in character or manners. Thence affectation always displeases when it is discovered. Though affectation be the fashion, yet it appears contemptible as soon as it loses the delusive charm of novelty or a name. In France, fashion once declared for an affected ne-

* Memoirs of Margaret Fuller Ossoli, i. 194.

Digitized by Google

gligence of dress. Thence we hear Montaigne saying, "I have never yet been apt to imitate the negligent garb, observable among the young men of our time, to wear my cloak on one shoulder, my bonnet on one side, and one stocking in somewhat more disorder than the other, meant to express a manly disdain of such exotic ornaments, and a contempt of art." There is no beauty in the *cultivated* negligence even of trifles. It is only that which is occasional, appropriate, and which indicates a mind engaged and absorbed in something worthy of it which truly pleases. Scott saw it in his Lady of the Lake, when he said,

> With head upraised, and look intent,
> And eye and ear attentive bent,
> And locks flung back, and lips apart,
> Like monument of Grecian art,
> In listening mood she seemed to stand,
> The guardian Naiad of the strand.

No kindred grace adorns her of whom it may be said—

> Coquet and coy, at once her air,
> Both studied, that both seem neglected;
> Careless she is with artful care,
> Affecting to seem unaffected.

Truth to nature, then, is beauty, and to study the laws of nature is to chasten and develope the taste for beauty.

Another means of cultivating good taste, is to study the *expression of character or design* in which the beauty of objects consists. In the material world, every thing beautiful is a manifestation of certain qualities which are by nature agreeable to the mind; and to ascertain what these are, to point them out distinctly, to classify them, is a pleasing mode of refining and quickening the taste for beauty. "The longer I live," said one, "the more familiar I become with the world around me. Oh! that I could feel the keen zest of which I was susceptible when a boy, and all was new and fair!" "The longer I live," says another, "the more charmed I become with the beauties of a picture or a landscape." The first of these had a natural taste for beauty which he had never developed by studying the expressions of character, which constitute the loveliness of creation. The other, regarding the outward universe as a splendid system of signs, directed his attention to the thing signified; loved to contemplate the moral qualities which were beaming forth from all the surrounding objects, and thus saw open before him a boundless field, ever glowing with new colors and fresh attractions. The first, as he heard a piece of music, might from the mechanism of his nature feel some pleasure arising from novelty, or a regular succession of sounds, which familiarity would soon dispel. The other, as he studied the expression of character, which those tones gave forth, as for instance, with the loud sound he associated the ideas of power or peril, with the low, those of delicacy and gentleness, with the acute, those of fear and surprise, with the grave, solemnity and dignity; he would become more and more deeply touched and enraptured, while listening to the music of nature in the voice of singing winds or in the plaint of an Æolian harp, in the crash of thunder or in the roar of the cataract, in the murmur of the brook or in the moan of the ocean, in the sigh of the zephyr or in the breath of the whirlwind, or while listening to the music of art breaking forth from the loud-sounding trumpet, the muffled drum, or Zion's lyre which hangs upon religion's shrine.

## SAMUEL OSGOOD.

The Rev. Samuel Osgood, of the Unitarian Church, of New York, is a member of a family of honorable lineage in the old world and the new. The family is of English ancestry, and seems to have belonged to the solid yeomanry of the old Saxon times. The American progenitor was John Osgood, who was born July 23, 1595, and who emigrated from Andover, England, previous to the year 1639, and who, with Governor Bradstreet, founded the town of Andover, Mass., where his large farm is still held by his descendants. He had four sons, John, Stephen, Christopher, and Thomas.

From the first son John, in the sixth generation from the father, was descended the Hon. Samuel Osgood, of Revolutionary memory and of Revolutionary virtue, who has a claim of his own upon attention here as the author of several productions. He was born February 14, 1748, at Andover, Mass., was a graduate of Harvard of 1770, and applied himself for a while to the study of theology, when the War of Independence breaking out, he took part in its affairs; was in the skirmish at Lexington; became aide to General Ward; then an important member of the provincial congress of Massachusetts; a delegate to the congress of the confederation at Philadelphia in 1781, and in 1785 First Commissioner of the National Treasury. He was succeeded in this latter office, on the new adjustment of the Constitution, by Alexander Hamilton. This duty, and his appointment by Washington as Postmaster General, kept him at New York, of which city he was a resident in the latter portion of his prolonged life, holding various positions of trust and confidence. His mansion in Franklin square has an historical name as the head-quarters of Washington. His publications were chiefly of a religious character, "Remarks on Daniel and Revelations," "A Letter on Episcopacy," a volume on "Theology and Metaphysics," another of "Chronology." He was an elder of the Brick Presbyterian Church in Beekman street, where he was interred at his death, August 12, 1813.*

The Rev. David Osgood, one of the most noted of the New England divines, of the Federalist stamp in politics, and of the Arminian school in theology, was descended from the second son Stephen, in the fifth generation from the progenitor, John Osgood. He died at the age of seventy-four, in 1822, having led a distinguished career as the minister of Medford. His publications were numerous occasional discourses.

The Rev. Samuel Osgood is descended from the third son, Christopher Osgood, of Andover, in the seventh generation from John, the founder of the family in America. He was born in Charlestown, Mass., August 30, 1812; became a graduate of Harvard in 1832, and completed his theological education at Cambridge in 1835. After two years of travel he was appointed pastor of the Unitarian Congregational Church in Nashua, N. H., in 1837; and at the close of the year 1841, took charge of the Westminster Congregational Church in Providence, R. I. In October, 1849, he succeeded the Rev. Dr. Dewey

* There is a notice of Samuel Osgood, prefatory to a genealogical account of the family, in J. B. Holgate's American Genealogy.

Digitized by Google

as pastor of the Church of the Messiah, in Broadway, New York.

Sam'l Osgood.

Mr. Osgood has published translations from the German of *Olshausen on the Passion of Christ*, in Boston, 1839, and *De Wette's Practical Ethics*, with an original introduction, Boston, 1842, in two volumes. His original works are several volumes of a devotional character, and numerous articles of research, scholarship, and philosophical acumen, in the higher periodical literature. He has published *Studies in Christian Biography, or Hours with Theologians and Reformers*, including several of the Church fathers, Calvin, Grotius, George Fox, Swedenborg, Jonathan Edwards, and others; *God with Man, or Footprints of Providential Leaders*, devoted to biblical characters of the Old and New Testament; *The Hearth Stone; Thoughts upon Home Life in our Cities, and Mile-Stones in our Life Journey*, the latter peculiarly exhibiting the kindly, earnest, affectionate tone of the author's pastoral ministrations.

Mr. Osgood has been a frequent contributor to the Christian Examiner, as well as to other literary and theological journals; while as one of the editors of the Christian Inquirer, the weekly newspaper organ of the Unitarians in New York, he has diligently completed the round of periodical literature in all its relations. Whilst a temporary resident of the West in 1836 and 1837, he was co-editor of the Western Messenger, a religious monthly, published in Kentucky. His associate in this enterprise was the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, a graduate of Harvard of 1829; formerly a Unitarian minister at Louisville, Kentucky, and afterwards at Boston. The Western Messenger was a monthly magazine, published chiefly at Louisville, and for a time at Cincinnati. Mr. Clarke is the author of numerous short poems, of a portion of the Memoirs of Margaret Fuller, and of two religious works, "The Doctrine of Forgiveness," and "On Prayer."

Mr. Osgood's published orations, speeches, and sermons, have also been numerous, and include the prominent topics of the day connected with education and literary institutions.* Among his personal connexions with the latter, is his prominent participation in the management of the New York Historical Society.

As a speaker, Mr. Osgood is clear, full, and emphatic, a well toned voice seconding a ready command of appropriate language. He is well read as a scholar, fertile in analysis, and happy in the use of illustrations from history, biography, or morals. In his pulpit relations he is ranked among the more evangelical class of Unitarian clergymen; and although a fond student of German literature, and an independent thinker, has never yielded to the rationalism characteristic of German theology. He usually preaches without notes, and his sermons and pastoral care are more strongly marked by love for the associations, festivals, literature, and men of the ancient church, than is common with ministers of the extreme Protestant school to which he belongs by position. He was brought up under the ministry of the Rev. James Walker, the President of Harvard, took his religious views and philosophical principles from that eminent moralist and theologian, and has continued to sustain towards him a close personal and professional relation.

---

* The following are the principal miscellaneous publications of Mr. Osgood in pamphlets and periodicals. In the Western Messenger:—Physical Theory of Another Life, 1836; Dewey's Old World and New, 1836; Love of the Tragic, 1837; Robespierre, 1837; D'Holbach's System of Nature, 1838; Prescott, Bancroft, and Carlyle, 1838. In the Christian Examiner:—Education in the West, 1837; Debates on Catholicism, 1837; De Wette's System of Religion, 1838; De Wette's Theological Position, 1838; American Education, 1839; Satanic School in Literature, 1839; Education of Mothers, 1840; Jouffroy's Ethics, 1840; Christian Ethics before the Reformation, 1840; Christian Ethics since the Reformation, 1841; Isaac Taylor on Spiritual Christianity, 1842; St. Paul's Epistles, 1842; Isaac Williams, the Poet of Puseyism, 1843; Theodore Parker's De Wette on the Old Testament, 1844; Preaching Extempore, 1844; Conventions and Conferences, 1845; Relation between Old and New Testaments, 1845; St. Augustine and his Times, 1846; St. Augustine and his Works, 1846; Memoir of Charles J. Fox, Esq., of Nashua, 1846; Hugo Grotius and his Times, 1847; John Wesley, 1847; Jonathan Edwards, 1848; Christianity and Socialism, 1848; St. Theresa and the Devotees of Spain, 1849; Modern Ecclesiastical History, 1850; The German in America, 1851; Recent Aspects of Judaism, 1853; The Church of the First Three Centuries, 1853; Milton in our Day, 1854; Americans and Men of the Old World, 1855; In the North American Review, Chrysostom and his Eloquence, 1846; In the Bibliotheca Sacra, St. Jerome and his Times, 1848; Socialism in the United States, Christian Review, 1852; The Blouse in both Hemispheres, New York Quarterly, 1854; Modern Prophets, Putnam's Monthly, 1854; Loyola, and the Jesuit Reaction, 1854. He has published the following sermons:—The Star of Bethlehem, 1840; Manifestation of God, 1841; Farewell at Nashua, 1841; Memory and Hope; Two Sermons on leaving Providence, 1849; Death of President Taylor, 1850; Quarter Century of the Church of the Messiah, 1851; The Scholar's Death: a Tribute to Andrews Norton, 1853; Devotion and Trade: Sermon at Louisville, Ky., 1854; Loss of the Arctic, 1854; Lessons of the Year of Calamities, 1854; Fifteen Sermons in the volume already named, and entitled, "God with Men," 1853. Speeches and Addresses published:—American Principles—an Oration, 1839; The State of Education in New Hampshire—an Address, 1841; William Penn and Roger Williams—Speech at Philadelphia, 1846; The Schools of New England—Speech at New England Dinner, 1849; Speech before the Massachusetts Bible Society, 1851; The Services of Fenimore Cooper, 1852; Remarks on the Death of Daniel Webster, 1852; Speech in Baltimore on Church Principles, 1852; The Founders of Maryland—Remarks at Baltimore, 1852; The Principle of Mutual Insurance—a Mercantile Address, 1853; The Plymouth Celebration, 1853; Semi-Centennial of the New York Historical Society, 1854; The Oriental Races—Address at the Inauguration of the Jewish Institute, 1854; American Eloquence—Speech on the Birth-day of Henry Clay, 1856.

Digitized by Google

REMINISCENCES OF BOYHOOD—FROM MILE-STONES IN OUR LIFE-JOURNEY.

From the old battle hill, I can see the site of the school-house where two or three hundred boys were gathered together to be whipped and taught as their fathers were before them. A new edifice, indeed, has taken the place of our school, yet upon its statelier front I can see, as if drawn in the air by a strange pencil, the outline of that ancient building, with its round belfry, whose iron tongue held such imperial command of our hours. It costs no great effort to summon back one of those famous Examination Days that absorbed the anticipation of months, and made the week almost breathless with anxiety. There shines the nicely sanded floor, which the cunning sweeper had marked in waving figures, to redeem it from association with any vulgar dust. There sit the School Committee, chief among them the trim chairman, upon whose lips, when he pronounces the final opinion of the board, the very fates seem to rest their judgment. There, too, is the throng of parents, kindred, and friends, who have come to note the performances of the boys, to look pity upon their mistakes, and to smile sympathy upon their successes. Should the presidential chair fall to his lot, no prouder and more radiant day can come to the school-boy, than when, with new clothes and shining shoes, he stands forth to speak his well-conned piece, and wears away among the admiring crowd the ribboned medal that marks his triumph.

Our schoolmasters were great characters in our eyes, and the two who held successively the charge of the grammar department, made a prominent figure in our wayside chat, and to this day we can find some trace of their influence in our very speech and manner. They were men of very different stamp and destiny. The first of them was a tall fair-faced man, with an almost perpetual smile. I always felt kindly towards him, though it was not easy to decide whether his smile was the expression of his good-nature, or the mask of his severity. He wore it very much the same when he flogged an offender, as when he praised a good recitation. He seemed to delight in making a joke of punishment, and it was a favorite habit of his, to fasten upon the end of his rattan the pitch and gum taken from the mouths of masticating urchins, and then, coming upon their idleness unawares, he would insert the glutinous implement in their hair not to be withdrawn without an adroit jerk and the loss of some scalp locks. Poor fellow! his easy nature probably ruined him, and he left the school, not long to follow any industrious calling. When, a few years afterwards, I met him in Boston, with the marks of broken health and fortune in his face and dress, the sight was shocking to all old associations, as if a dignity quite sacerdotal had fallen into the dust. His earthly troubles have long been ended, and I take some pleasure in recording a kind and somewhat grateful feeling towards one whose name I have not heard spoken these many years. His successor was a man of different mould, a stern, resolute man, his face full of an expression that seemed to say that circumstances are but accidents, and it is the will that makes or mars the man. He was not in robust health, and it seemed to some of us, who were thoughtful of his feelings, that were it not for this, he would have been likely to pursue a more ambitious career, and give to the bar the excellent gifts that he devoted to teaching. He was a most faithful teacher, and his frown, like the rain cloud, had a richer blessing for many a wayward idler, than his predecessor's perennial smile. He has borne the burden and the heat of the day for many a long year, with ample success, and when he falls at his post, it will be with the consciousness of having done a good work for his race, in a calling far more honored by Heaven than any of the more ambitious spheres that perhaps won his youthful enthusiasm. Well says the noble Jean Paul Richter:—"Honor to those who labor in school-rooms! Although they may fall from notice like the spring blossoms, like the spring blossoms they fall that the fruit may be born."

There are two other personages that have much to do with every youth's education, and whose names are household words in every New England home. The doctor and the minister figure largely in every boy's meditations, and in our day, the loyalty that we felt towards their professions had not been troubled by a homœopathic doubt or a radical scruple. In our case, it needed no especial docility to appreciate these functionaries.* Our doctor was a most emphatic character, a man of decided mark in the eyes alike of friends and enemies. He was very impatient of questions, and very brief yet pithy in his advice, which was of marvellous point and sagacity. He lost his brevity, however, the moment that other subjects were broached, and he could tell a good story with a dramatic power that would have made him famous upon the stage. He was renowned as a surgeon, and could guide the knife within a hair's breadth of a vital nerve or artery with his left hand quite as firmly as with his right. This ambi-dexterity extended to other faculties, and he was quite as keen at a negotiation as at an amputation. He was no paragon of conciliation, and many of the magnates of the profession appeared to have little liking for him, and sometimes called him a poor scholar, rude in learning and taste, but lucky in his mechanical tact. But he beat them out of this notion, as of many others, by giving an anniversary discourse before the State Medical Association, which won plaudits from his severest rivals, for its classical elegance, as well as its professional learning and sagacity. It was said that the wrong side of him was very wrong and very rough. But those of us who knew him as a friend, tender and true, never believed that he had any wrong side. Certain it is, that they who grew up under his practice have been little inclined to exchange the regular school of medicine, with its scientific method and gradual progress, for any new nostrums of magical pretensions.

Our minister had the name of being the wise man of the town, and I do not remember to have heard a word in disparagement of his mind or motives, even among those who questioned the soundness of his creed. His voice has always been as no other man's to many of us, whether heard as for the first time at a father's funeral, as by me when a child five years old, or in the pulpit from year to year. He came to our parish when quite young, and when theological controversy was at its full height. A polemic style of preaching was then common, and undoubtedly in his later years of calm study, and more broad and spiritual philosophizing, he would have read with some good-natured shakes of the head, the more fiery discourses of his novitiate, whilst he might recognise, throughout, the same spirit of manly independence, republican humanity, and profound reverence that have marked his whole career. There was always something peculiarly impressive in his preaching. Each sermon had one or more pithy sayings that a boy could not forget; and when the thoughts were too profound or ab-

* Dr. William J. Walker, of Charlestown, Mass., and the Rev. James Walker, now President of Harvard.

Digitized by Google

stract for our comprehension, there was an earnestness and reality in the manner which held the attention, like a brave ship under full sail that fixes the gaze of the spectator, though he may not know whither she is bound or what is her cargo, sure enough that she is loaded with something, and is going right smartly somewhere. It was evident that our minister was a faithful student and indefatigable thinker. When the best books afterwards came in our way, we found that the guiding lines of moral and spiritual wisdom had already been set before us, and we had been made familiar with the well winnowed wheat from the great fields of humanity. Every thought, whether original or from books, bore the stamp of the preacher's own individuality; and may well endorse the saying, that upon topics of philosophic analysis and of practical morals he was without a superior, if not without a rival in our pulpits. It is a great thing for young people to grow up under happy religious auspices, and religion itself has a new charm and power when dispensed by a man who is always named in the family with reverence and tenderness. The world would be far better, and Christian service would be much more truly valued, if there were more just and emphatic tribute paid to efficient pastoral labor. Our well known minister has now a more conspicuous station; but he cannot easily have deeper influence than when pastor for a score of years over a united parish, and one of the leaders of public opinion upon all topics of high importance. It is well that the new post is in such harmony with the previous career; for the head of a college, according to our old-fashioned ideas, should be a minister, and he should always abide in due manner by the pastoral office.

THE AGE OF ST. AUGUSTINE—FROM STUDIES IN CHRISTIAN BIOGRAPHY.

As we close our sketch with this vivid picture before us, we cannot but glance at the changes that have come over Christendom since Augustine's time. Could the legend preserved by Gibbon, and told of seven young men of that age, who were said to have come forth alive from a cave at Ephesus, where they had been immured for death by the Pagan Emperor Decius, and whence they were said to have emerged, awakened from nearly two centuries of slumber, to revisit the scenes of their youth and to behold with astonishment the cross displayed triumphant, where once the Ephesian Diana reigned supreme;—could this legend be virtually fulfilled in Augustine, dating the slumber from the period of his decease; could the great Latin father have been saved from dissolution and have sunk into a deep sleep in the tomb where Possidius and his clerical companions laid him with solemn hymns and eucharistic sacrifice, while Genseric and his Vandals were storming the city gates; and could he but come forth in our day, and look upon our Christendom, would he not be more startled than were the seven sleepers of Ephesus? There indeed roll the waves of the same great sea; there gleam the waters of the river on which so many times he had gazed, musing upon its varied path from the Atlas mountains to the Mediterranean, full of lessons in human life; there stretches the landscape in its beauty, rich with the olive and the fig-tree, the citron and the jujube. But how changed are all else. The ancient Numidia is ruled by the French, the countrymen of Martin and Hilary; it is the modern Algiers. Hippo is only a ruin, and near its site is the bustling manufacturing town of Bona. At Constantine, near by, still lingers a solitary church of the age of Constantine, and the only building to remind Augustine of the churches of his own day. In other places, as at Bona, the mosque has been converted into the Christian temple, and its mingled emblems might tell the astonished saint how the Cross had struggled with the Crescent, and how it had conquered. Go to whatever church he would on the 28th of August, he would hear a mass in commemoration of his death, and might learn that similar services were offered in every country under the sun, and in the imperial language which he so loved to speak. Let him go westward to the sea coast, and he finds the new city, Algiers, and if he arrived at a favorable time, he might hear the cannon announcing the approach of the Marseilles steamer, see the people throng the shore for the last French news, and thus contemplate at once the mighty agencies of the modern world, powder, print, and steam. Although full of amazement, it would not be all admiration. He would find little in the motley population of Jews, Berbers, Moors, and French, to console him for the absence of the loved people of his charge, whose graves not a stone would appear to mark.

Should he desire to know how modern men philosophised in reference to the topics that once distracted his Manichean period, he would find enough to interest and astonish him in the pages of Spinoza and Leibnitz, Swedenborg and Schelling; and would be no indifferent student of the metaphysical creeds of Descartes, and Lock, and Kant. Much of novelty would undoubtedly appear to him united with much familiar and ancient. Should he inquire into the state of theology through Christendom, in order to trace the influence of his favorite doctrines of original sin and elective grace, he would learn that they had never in their decided forms been favorites with the Catholic Church, that the imperial mother had canonised his name and proscribed his peculiar creed, and that the principles that fell with the walls of the hallowed Port Royal, had found their warmest advocates in Switzerland, in Scotland, and far America, beyond the Roman communion. He would recognise his mantle on the shoulders of Calvin of Geneva, and his followers, Knox of Scotland, and those mighty Puritans who trusting in God and his decreeing will, colonised our own New England, and brought with them a faith and virtue that have continued, while their stern dogmas have been considerably mitigated in the creed of their children. The Institutes of Calvin would assure him that the modern age possessed thinkers clear and strong as he, and the work of Edwards on the Will would probably move him to bow his head as before a dialectician of a logic more adamantine than his own, and make him yearn to visit the land of a divine, who united an intellect so mighty with a spirit so humble and devoted. Should he come among us, he would find multitudes to respect his name, and to accept his essential principles, though few, if any, to agree with him in his views of the doom of infants, or of the limited offer of redemption. He would think much of our orthodoxy quite Pelagian, even when tested by the opinion of present champions of the ancient faith. In the pages of Channing he would think of his old antagonist, Pelagius, revived with renewed vigor, enlarged philosophy, and added eloquence. He might call this perhaps too fond champion of the dignity of man by the name, Pelagius,—like him in doctrine, like him, as the name denotes, a dweller by the sea. Who shall say how much the influences of position helped to form the two champions of human nature, the ancient Briton and the modern New Englander, both in part at least of the same British race, both nursed by the sea-side, the one by the shores of Wales or Brittany, the other by the beach of Rhode Island. "No spot on earth," says

Digitized by Google

Channing, "has helped to form me so much as that beach. There I lifted up my voice in praise amidst the tempest. There, softened by beauty, I poured out my thanksgiving and contrite confessions. There, in reverential sympathy with the mighty power around me, I became conscious of power within."

How long before the human soul shall reach so full a development, that faith and works, reason and authority, human ability and divine grace shall be deemed harmonious, and men cease to be divided by an Augustine and Pelagius, or an Edwards and Channing! Although this consummation may not soon, if ever, be, and opinions may still differ, charity has gained somewhat in the lapse of centuries. Those who are usually considered the followers of Pelagius have been first to print a complete work of Augustine in America—his Confessions. The Roman Church, backed by imperial power and not checked by Augustine, drove the intrepid Briton into exile and an unknown grave. He who more than any other man wore his mantle of moral freedom in our age died, honored throughout Christendom, and the bell of a Roman cathedral joined in the requiem as his remains were borne through the thronged streets of the city of his home.

### THE ACADEMY OF NATURAL SCIENCES OF PHILADELPHIA.

This association originated in the social gatherings of a few friends of natural science in the city of Philadelphia. Its founders were John Speakman, a member of the Society of Friends, engaged in business as an apothecary, and Jacob Gilliams, a dentist. These gentlemen were in the habit of meeting Thomas Say and William Bartram at the residence of the latter at Kingsessing, near Philadelphia, and the pleasure and profit resulting from these interviews led to the desire of forming a plan by which reunions of these and other friends of science could be secured at stated intervals.

A meeting was called for this purpose by Messrs. Speakman and Gilliams at the residence of the first named on the evening of January 25, 1812, at which the following persons were present by invitation—Dr. Gerard Troost, Dr. Camillus McMahon Man, Messrs. John Shinn, Jr., Nicholas S. Parmentier. Steps were taken to form an organization, which was perfected on the 21st of March following, and the name of Thomas Say was by general consent added to the number of original members. An upper room was rented, and the collection of books and specimens commenced. Thomas Say was appointed the first Curator.

Thomas Say was born in the city of Philadelphia, July 27, 1787. He was the son of Dr. Benjamin Say, a druggist, who introduced him into the same business. He subsequently became associated in business with his friend Speakman. By injudicious endorsements the partnership became involved, and the business brought to a close. Mr. Say afterwards became curator of the Academy. His simple habits of life, while thus occupied, are pleasantly described by Dr. Ruschenberger:

"He resided in the Hall of the Academy, where he made his bed beneath a skeleton of a horse, and fed himself on bread and milk; occasionally he cooked a chop or boiled an egg; but he was wont to regard eating as an inconvenient interruption to scientific pursuits, and often expressed a wish that he had been made with a hole in his side, in which he might deposit, from time to time, the quantity of food requisite for his nourishment. He lived in this manner several years, during which time his food did not cost, on an average, more than twelve cents a day."

In 1818 Mr. Say joined Messrs. Maclure, Ord, and Peale, in a scientific exploration of the islands and coast of Georgia. They visited East Florida for the same purpose; but their progress to the interior was arrested by the hostilities between the people of the United States and the Indians. In 1819–20 he accompanied as chief geologist the expedition headed by Major Long to the Rocky Mountains, and in 1823 to the sources of the St. Peter's river and adjoining country. In 1825 he removed with Maclure and Owen to the New Harmony settlement. He remained after the separation of his two associates as agent of the property, and died of a fever, October 10, 1834.

His chief work is his *American Entomology*, published at Philadelphia in three beautifully illustrated octavo volumes, by S. A. Mitchell, in 1824–5. He also commenced a work on *American Conchology*, six numbers of which were published before his death. He was also a frequent contributor to the journal of the Academy and other similar periodicals. His discoveries in Entomology are said to have probably been greater than those ever made by any single individual.*

Gerard Troost, the first President of the Academy, was born at Bois le Duc, Holland, March 15, 1776. He was educated in his native country, received the degree of Doctor of Medicine at the University of Leyden, and practised for a short time at Amsterdam and the Hague. He then entered the army, where he served at first as a private soldier and afterwards as an officer of the first rank in the medical department. In 1807 he was sent by Louis Buonaparte, then King of Holland, to Paris to pursue his favorite studies in natural science. He there translated into the Dutch language Humboldt's Aspects of Nature.

In 1809 he was sent by the King of Holland to Java, on a tour of scientific observation. He took passage from a northern port in an American vessel to escape the British cruisers, proposing to sail to New York and thence to his destination. The vessel was, however, captured by a French privateer, and carried into Dunkirk, where the naturalist was imprisoned until the French government was informed of his position. On his release, he proceeded to Paris, where he obtained a passport for America. He embarked at Rochelle, and arrived at Philadelphia in 1810.

After the abdication of Louis Buonaparte, he determined to make the United States his permanent residence, and turned his chemical knowledge to good account by establishing a manufactory of alum in Maryland.

Dr. Troost resigned the presidency of the Academy in 1817, and was succeeded by Mr. Maclure. He was afterwards, about 1821, appointed the first Professor of Chemistry in the College of Pharmacy at Philadelphia, but resigned in the following year.

* Encyclopædia Americana, xiv. 522.

Digitized by Google

In 1825 he joined Owen's community at New Harmony, where he remained until 1827, when he removed to Nashville. In the following year he became professor of Chemistry, Geology, and Mineralogy in the University of that city, and in 1831 Geologist of the state of Tennessee, an office he retained until its abolition in 1849.

Dr. Troost died at Nashville on the 14th of August, 1850. During his presidency the Academy removed, in 1815, to a hall built for its accommodation by Mr. Gilliams, in Gilliams court, Arch street, and placed at its disposal at an annual rent of two hundred dollars.

William Maclure, the successor of Dr. Troost, was born in Scotland in 1763. After acquiring a large fortune by his commercial exertions in London, he established himself about the close of the century in the United States. In 1803 he returned to England as one of a commission appointed to settle claims of American merchants for spoliations committed by France during her revolution.

On his return, he made a geological survey of the United States. "He went forth," says a writer in the Encyclopædia Americana,* "with his hammer in his hand, and his wallet on his shoulder, pursuing his researches in every direction, often amid pathless tracts and dreary solitudes, until he had crossed and recrossed the Alleghany mountains no less than fifty times. He encountered all the privations of hunger, thirst, fatigue, and exposure, month after month, and year after year, until his indomitable spirit had conquered every difficulty and crowned his enterprise with success."

Mr. Maclure published an account of his researches, with a map and other illustrations, in the Transactions of the American Philosophical Society, in 1817. It bears date January 20, 1809, and was the first work of the kind undertaken in the United States. Mr. Maclure became a member of the Academy on the sixth of June, 1812, and its president on the thirtieth of December, 1817. He was a munificent benefactor as well as valuable member of the association, his gifts amounting in the aggregate to $25,000.

One of his favorite plans of public usefulness was the establishment of an University for the study of the natural sciences. Selecting Owen's settlement at New Harmony as the field of his operations, he persuaded Dr. Troost and Messrs. Say and Lesueur to accompany him in 1825 to that place. After the failure of the scheme Mr. Maclure visited Mexico, in the hope of restoring his impaired health, and died at the capital of that country during a second visit, on the 23d of March, 1840.

Mr. Maclure presented over five thousand volumes to the library of the academy, and purchased in Paris the copperplates of several important and costly works on botany and ornithology, with a view to their reproduction in a cheap form in the United States. It is to his liberality thus exerted, that we owe the American edition of Michaud's Sylva by Thomas Nuttall.

On the death of Mr. Maclure, Mr. William Hembel became president of the Academy. Mr. Hembel was born at Philadelphia, September 24, 1764. He studied medicine, and served as a volunteer in the medical department of the army in Virginia during a portion of the Revolution, but owing to a deafness which he believed would incapacitate him for duty as a practitioner, refused to apply for the diploma which he was fully qualified to receive. He, however, practised for many years gratuitously among the poor of the city, and was in other respects conspicuous for benevolence. His favorite branch of study was chemistry.

Mr. Hembel resigned his presidency in consequence of advancing infirmity, in December, 1849, and died on the 12th of June, 1851. He was succeeded by Dr. Morton.

Samuel George Morton was born at Philadelphia in 1799. His father died when he was quite young, and he was placed at a Quaker school by his mother, a member of that society. From this he was removed to a counting-house, but manifesting a distaste for business was allowed to follow the bent of his inclination and study for a profession. That of medicine was the one selected—Quaker tenets tolerating neither priest nor lawyer. After passing through the usual course of preliminary study under the able guidance of the celebrated Dr. Joseph Parrish, he received a diploma, and soon after sailed for Europe, on a visit to his uncle. He passed two winters in attendance on the medical lectures of the Edinburgh school, and one in a similar manner at Paris, travelling on the Continent during the summer. He returned in 1824, and commenced practice. He had before his departure been made a member of the Academy, and now took an active part in its proceedings. Geology was his favorite pursuit. In 1827 he published an *Analysis of Tubular Spar from Bucks County;* in 1834 *A Synopsis of the Organic Remains of the Cretaceous Group of the United States;* in the same year a medical work, *Illustrations of Pulmonary Consumption, its Anatomical Characters, Causes, Symptoms, and Treatment*, with twelve colored plates; and in 1849, *An Illustrated System of Human Anatomy, Special, General, and Microscopic.* During this period he was actively engaged in the duties of his profession, having, in addition to a large private practice, filled the professorship of Anatomy in Pennsylvania College, from 1839 to 1843, and served for several years as one of the physicians and clinical teachers of the Alms-House Hospital.

He commenced in 1830 his celebrated collection of skulls, one of the most important labors of his life. He thus relates its origin:—

"Having had occasion, in the summer of 1830, to deliver an introductory lecture to a course of Anatomy, I chose for my subject *The different Forms of the Skull, as exhibited in the five Races of Men.* Strange to say, I could neither buy nor borrow a cranium of each of these races, and I finished my discourse without showing either the Mongolian or the Malay. Forcibly impressed with this great deficiency in a most important branch of science, I at once resolved to make a collection for myself."

His friends warmly seconded his endeavors, and the collection, increased by the exertions of over one hundred contributors in all parts of the world, soon became large and valuable. At the

* xiv. 462.

Digitized by Google

time of his death it numbered 918 human specimens. It has been purchased by subscription for, and is now deposited in, the Academy, and is by far the finest collection of its kind in existence.

The first use made of the collection by Morton was the preparation of the *Crania Americana*, published in 1839, with finely executed lithographic illustrations. It was during the progress of this work that he became acquainted with George R. Gliddon, of Cairo, in consequence of an application to him for Egyptian skulls. It was followed after the arrival of Mr. Gliddon, in 1842, by an intimate acquaintance, and the publication in 1844 of a large and valuable work, the *Crania Ægyptiaca*.

Morton finally adopted the theory of a diverse origin of the human race, and maintained a controversy on the subject with the Rev. Dr. John Bachman of Charleston.

Dr. Morton died at Philadelphia, after an illness of five days, on the 15th of May, 1851. A selection of his inedited papers was published, with additional contributions from Dr. J. C. Nott and George R. Gliddon, under the title of *Types of Mankind: or Ethnological Researches, based upon the Ancient Monuments, Paintings, Sculptures, and Crania of Races, and upon their Natural, Geographical, Philological, and Biblical History*. It is prefaced by a memoir of Dr. Morton, to which we are indebted for the materials of this notice.

Josiah C. Nott, the son of the Hon. Abraham Nott, was born in Union District, South Carolina, March 31, 1804. His father removed with his family in the following year to Columbia. After his graduation at the college of South Carolina in 1824, Mr. Nott commenced the study of medicine in Philadelphia, where he received his diploma in 1828. After officiating as demonstrator of Anatomy to Drs. Physick and Hosack for two years, he returned to Columbia, where he remained, engaged in practice, until 1835. A portion of the two succeeding years was passed in professional study abroad. In 1836 he removed to Mobile, Alabama, where he has since resided. In 1848 he published his chief work—*The Biblical and Physical History of Man*. He has also written much on Medical Science, the Natural History of Man, Life Insurance, and kindred topics, for the American Journal of Medical Science, the Charleston Medical Journal, New Orleans Medical Journal, De Bow's Commercial Review, the Southern Quarterly Review, and other periodicals.

Mr. George Ord, the friend, assistant, and biographer of Wilson, himself a distinguished ornithologist, succeeded Dr. Morton.

In 1826 the Academy purchased a building, originally erected as a Swedenborgian place of worship, to which its collections were removed. Their increase, after a few years, rendered enlarged accommodations necessary, and on the 25th of May, 1839, the corner-stone of the building in Broad street, now occupied by the institution, was laid. The first meeting was held in the new hall on the 7th of February, 1840. In 1847 an enlargement became necessary, and was effected.

In 1817 the Society commenced the publication of *The Journal of the Academy of Natural Sciences*. It was published at first monthly, and afterwards continued at irregular intervals until 1842.

In March, 1841, the publication of the *Proceedings of the Academy* was commenced. It is still continued; the numbers appearing once in every two months. A second series of the *Journal* was commenced in December, 1847.

These periodicals are supported by subscriptions, and by the interest on a legacy of two thousand dollars, bequeathed by Mrs. Elizabeth Stott.*

### JOHN C. FREMONT.

John Charles Fremont is the son of a French emigrant gentleman, who married a Virginia lady. He was born in South Carolina, January, 1813. His father dying when he was four years old, the care of his education devolved upon his mother. He advanced so rapidly in his studies that he was graduated at the Charleston College at the age of seventeen. After passing a short time in teaching mathematics, by which he was enabled to contribute to the support of his mother and family, he devoted himself to civil engineering with such success that he obtained an appointment in the government expedition for the survey of the head waters of the Mississippi, and was afterwards employed at Washington in drawing maps of the country visited. He next proposed to the Secretary of War to make an exploration across the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific. The plan was approved, and in 1842, with a small company of men, he explored and opened to commerce and emigration the great South Pass. In his Report, published by government on his return, he portrayed the natural features, climate, and productions of the region through which he had passed, with great fulness and clearness. His adventures were also described in a graphic and animated style; and the book, though a government report, was very widely circulated, and has since been reprinted by publishers in this country and England, and translated into various foreign languages. Stimulated by his success and love of adventure, he soon after planned an expedition to Oregon. Not satisfied with his discoveries in approaching the mountains by a new route, crossing their summits below the South Pass, visiting the Great Salt Lake and effecting a junction with the surveying party of the Exploring Expedition, he determined to change his course on his return. With but twenty-five companions, without a guide, and in the face of approaching winter, he entered a vast unknown region. The exploration was one of peril, and was carried through with great hardship and suffering, and some loss of life. No tidings were received from the party for nine months, while, travelling thirty-five hundred miles in view of, or over perpetual snows, they made known the region of Alta California, including the Sierra Nevada, the valleys of San Joaquin and Sacramento, the gold region, and almost the whole surface of the country. Fremont returned to Washington in August, 1844. He wrote a Report of his second

* Notice of the Origin, Progress, and Present Condition of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia. By W. J. W. Ruschenberger, M. D., Phila. 1852.



Digitized by Google

expedition, which he left as soon as completed in the printer's hands, to depart on a third, the object of which was, the examination in detail of the Pacific coast, and the result, the acquisition of California by the United States. He took part in some of the events of the Mexican war, and at its close, owing to a difficulty with two American commanders, was deprived of his commission by a court-martial, and sent home a prisoner. His commission was restored on his arrival at Washington, by the President, and he soon after again started for California on a private exploration, to determine the best route to the Pacific. On the Sierra San Juan one third of his force of thirty-three men, with a number of mules, was frozen to death; and their brave leader, after great hardships, arrived at Santa Fé on foot, and destitute of everything. The expedition was refitted and reinforced, and Fremont started again, and in a hundred days, after penetrating through and sustaining conflicts with Indian tribes, reached the Sacramento. The judgment of the military court was reversed, the valuable property acquired during his former residence secured, and the State of California returned her pioneer explorer to Washington as her first senator in 1850.

Colonel Fremont married a daughter of the Hon. Thomas H. Benton. He has, during the recesses of Congress, continued his explorations at his private cost and toil, in search of the best railway route to the Pacific.

The Reports to Government of his expeditions have been the only publications of Col. Fremont; but these, from the exciting nature, public interest, and national importance of their contents, combined with the clear and animated mode of their presentation, have sufficed to give him a place as author as well as traveller.

### JAMES NACK.

James Nack holds a well nigh solitary position in literature, as one, who deprived from childhood of the faculties of hearing and speech, has yet been able not only to acquire by education a full enjoyment of the intellectual riches of the race, but to add his own contribution to the vast treasury. He was born in the city of New York, the son of a merchant, who by the loss of his fortune in business was unable to afford him many educational advantages. The want was, however, supplied by the care of a sister, who taught the child to read before he was four years old. The activity of his mind and ardent thirst for knowledge carried him rapidly forward from this point, until in his ninth year an accident entailed upon him a life-long misfortune.

As he was carrying a little playfellow in his arms down a flight of steps his foot slipped; to recover himself he caught hold of a heavy piece of furniture, which falling upon him injured his head so severely, that he lay for several hours without sign of life, and for several weeks mentally unconscious. When he recovered it was found that the organs of sound were irrevocably destroyed. The loss of hearing was gradually followed by that of speech. He was placed as soon as possible in the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, where the interrupted course of his mental training was soon resumed. He showed great aptitude for the acquirement of knowledge, and an especial facility in the mastery of foreign languages. After leaving the institution he continued, with the aid of the few books he possessed, a private course of study.

He had for some time before this written occasional poems, of one of which, *The Blue Eyed Maid*, he had given a copy to a friend, who handed it to his father, Mr. Abraham Asten. That gentleman was so much struck by its promise, that he sought other specimens of the author's skill. These confirming his favorable impressions, he introduced the young poet to several literary gentlemen of New York, under whose auspices a volume of his poems, written between his fourteenth and seventeenth years, was published. It was received with favor by critics and the public. Mr. Nack soon after became an assistant in the office of Mr. Asten, then clerk of the city and county. In 1838 he married, and in 1839 published his second volume, *Earl Rupert and other Tales and Poems*, with a memoir of the author, by Mr. Prosper M. Wetmore.

#### THE OLD CLOCK.

Two Yankee wags, one summer day,
Stopped at a tavern on their way,
Supped, frolicked, late retired to rest,
And woke to breakfast on the best.

The breakfast over, Tom and Will
Sent for the landlord and the bill;
Will looked it over; "Very right—
But hold! what wonder meets my sight!
Tom! the surprise is quite a shock!"—
"What wonder? where?"—"The clock! the clock!"

Tom and the landlord in amaze
Stared at the clock with stupid gaze,
And for a moment neither spoke;
At last the landlord silence broke—

"You mean the clock that's ticking there!
I see no wonder I declare;
Though may be, if the truth were told,
'Tis rather ugly—somewhat old;
Yet time it keeps to half a minute;
But, if you please, what wonder's in it?"

"Tom; don't you recollect," said Will,
"The clock at Jersey near the mill,
The very image of this present,
With which I won the wager pleasant?"
Will ended with a knowing wink—
Tom scratched his head and tried to think.
"Sir, begging pardon for inquiring,"
The landlord said, with grin admiring,
"What wager was it?"

"You remember
It happened, Tom, in last December,
In sport I bet a Jersey Blue
That it was more than he could do,
To make his finger go and come
In keeping with the pendulum,
Repeating, till one hour should close,
Still, '*Here she goes—and there she goes*'—
He lost the bet in half a minute."

"Well, if *I* would, the deuse is in it!"
Exclaimed the landlord; "try me yet,
And fifty dollars be the bet,"
"Agreed, but we will play some trick

Digitized by Google

To make you of the bargain sick!"
"I'm up to that!"
"Don't make us wait,
Begin. The clock is striking eight."
He seats himself, and left and right
His finger wags with all its might,
And hoarse his voice, and hoarser grows,
With—"*here she goes—and there she goes!*"

"Hold!" said the Yankee, "plank the ready!"
The landlord wagged his finger steady,
While his left hand, as well as able,
Conveyed a purse upon the table.
"Tom, with the money let's be off!"
This made the landlord only scoff;
He heard them running down the stair,
But was not tempted from his chair;
Thought he, "the fools! I'd bite them yet!
So poor a trick shan't win the bet."
And loud and loud the chorus rose
Of, "*here she goes—and there she goes!*"
While right and left his finger swung,
In keeping to his clock and tongue.

His mother happened in, to see
Her daughter; "where is *Mrs. B——?*
When will she come, as you suppose?
Son!"
"*Here she goes—and there she goes!*"

"Here?—where?"—the lady in surprise
His finger followed with her eyes;
"Son, why that steady gaze and sad?
Those words—that motion—are you mad?
But here's your wife—perhaps she knows
And"
"*Here she goes—and there she goes!*"

His wife surveyed him with alarm,
And rushed to him and seized his arm;
He shook her off, and to and fro
His fingers persevered to go,
While curled his very nose with ire,
That *she* against him should conspire,
And with more furious tone arose
The, "*here she goes—and there she goes!*"

"Lawks!" screamed the wife, "I'm in a whirl!"
Run down and bring the little girl;
She is his darling, and who knows
But"——
"*Here she goes—and there she goes!*"

"Lawks! he is mad! what made him thus?
Good Lord! what will become of us?
Run for a doctor—run—run—run—
For Doctor Brown and Doctor Dun,
And Doctor Black, and Doctor White,
And Doctor Grey, with all your might."

The doctors came and looked and wondered,
And shook their heads, and paused and pondered,
Till one proposed he should be bled,
"No—leeched you mean"—the other said—
"Clap on a blister," roared another,
"No—cup him"—"no—trepan him, brother!"
A sixth would recommend a purge,
The next would an emetic urge,
The eighth, just come from a dissection,
His verdict gave for an injection;
The last produced a box of pills,
A certain cure for earthly ills;
"I had a patient yesternight,"
Quoth he, "and wretched was her plight,
And as the only means to save her,
Three dozen patent pills I gave her,
And by to-morrow I suppose
That"——
"*Here she goes—and there she goes!*"

"You all are fools," the lady said,
"The way is, just to shave his head.
Run, bid the barber come anon"—
"Thanks, mother," thought her clever son,
"You help the knaves that would have bit me,
But all creation shan't outwit me!"
Thus to himself, while to and fro
His finger perseveres to go,
And from his lip no accent flows
But "*here she goes—and there she goes!*"

The barber came—"Lord help him! what
A queerish customer I've got;
But we must do our best to save him—
So hold him, gemmen, while I shave him!"
But here the doctors interpose—
"A woman never"——
"*There she goes!*"

"A woman is no judge of physic,
Not even when her baby is sick.
He must be bled"—"no—no—a blister"—
"A purge you mean"—"I say a clyster"—
"No—cup him"—"leech him"—"pills! pills! pills!"
And all the house the uproar fills.

What means that smile? what means that shiver?
The landlord's limbs with rapture quiver,
And triumph brightens up his face—
His finger yet shall win the race!
The clock is on the stroke of nine—
And up he starts——"'Tis mine! 'tis mine!"
"What do you mean?"
"I mean the fifty!
I never spent an hour so thrifty;
But you, who tried to make me lose,
Go, burst with envy, if you choose!
But how is this? where are they?"
"Who?"
"The gentlemen—I mean the two
Came yesterday—are they below?"
"They galloped off an hour ago."
"Oh, purge me! blister! shave and bleed!
For, hang the knaves, I'm mad indeed!"

### FRANCIS BOWEN,

Professor of Moral Philosophy in Harvard College, and late editor of the North American Review, was born in Charlestown, Massachusetts. He became a graduate at Cambridge in 1833, and from 1835 to 1839 was tutor in the institution in the department which he now occupies, of Philosophy and Political Economy. He subsequently occupied himself exclusively with literary pursuits, while he continued his residence at Cambridge. In 1842 he published *Critical Essays on the History and Present Condition of Speculative Philosophy;* and in the same year an edition of Virgil, for the use of schools and colleges. In January, 1843, he became editor of the North American Review, and discharged the duties of this position till the close of 1853, when the work passed into the hands of its present editor, Mr. A. P. Peabody. During the latter portion of his editorship of the Review, Mr. Bowen's articles on the Hungarian question attracted considerable attention by their opposition to the popular mode of looking upon the subject under the influences of the Kossuth agitation.

In the winter of 1846 and 1849 Mr. Bowen delivered before the Lowell Institute in Boston a series of *Lectures on the Application of Meta-*

Digitized by Google

*physical and Ethical Science to the Evidences of Religion.*

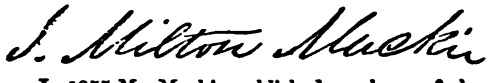
Mr. Bowen is also the author of several volumes of American Biography in Mr. Sparks's series, including Lives of Sir William Phipps, Baron Steuben, James Otis, and General Benjamin Lincoln.

In 1853 Mr. Bowen accepted the chair at Harvard, of Natural Theology, Moral Philosophy, and Political Economy.

### JOHN MILTON MACKIE.

The author of a life of Leibnitz and other works, was born in 1813, in Wareham, Plymouth county, Massachusetts. He was educated at Brown University, where he was graduated in 1832, and where he was subsequently a tutor from 1834 to 1838.

His writings, in their scholarship, variety, and spirit, exhibit the accomplished man of letters. In 1845 he published a *Life of Godfrey William Von Leibnitz*, on the basis of the German work of Dr. G. E. Guhrauer. This was followed in 1848 by a contribution to American history in a volume of Mr. Sparks's series of biography, a *Life of Samuel Gorton, one of the first settlers in Warwick, Rhode Island.*



In 1855 Mr. Mackie published a volume of clever sketches, the result of a portion of a European tour, entitled *Cosas de España; or, Going to Madrid via Barcelona.* It was a successful work in a field where several American travellers, as Irving, Mackenzie, Cushing, Wallis, and others, have gathered distinguished laurels. Mr. Mackie treats the objects of his tour with graphic, descriptive talent, and a happy vein of individual humor.

A number of select review articles indicate the author's line of studies, which, however, include a wider field of research. To the North American he has contributed papers on the Autobiography of Heinrich Steffens (vol. 57); Gervinus's History of German Literature (vol. 58); Professor Gammell's Life of Roger Williams (vol. 61). To the American Whig Review, The Life and Writings of Job Durfee (vol. 7); The Revolution in Germany in 1848 (vol. 8); and The Principles of the Administration of Washington (vol. 10). To vol. 8 of the Christian Review, an article on M. Guizot on European Civilization.

Mr. Mackie has been a contributor to Putnam's Magazine, where, in December, 1854, he published a noticeable article entitled "Forty Days in a Western Hotel."

#### HOLIDAYS AT BARCELONA—FROM COSAS DE ESPAÑA.

Spanish life is pretty well filled up with holidays. The country is under the protection of a better-filled calendar of saints than any in Christendom, Italy, perhaps, excepted. But these guardians do not keep watch and ward for naught: they have each their "solid day" annually set apart for them, or, at least, their afternoon, wherein to receive adoration and tribute money. The poor Spaniard is kept nearly half the year on his knees. His prayers cost him his *pesetas*, too; for, neither the saints will intercede nor the priests will absolve, except for cash. But his time spent in ceremonies, the Spaniard counts as nothing. The fewer days the laborer has to work, the happier is he. These are the dull prose of an existence essentially poetic. On holidays, on the contrary, the life of the lowest classes runs as smoothly as verses. If the poor man's *puchero* only be well filled with wine, he can trust to luck and the saints for a roll of bread and a few onions. Free from care, he likes, three days in the week, to put on his best—more likely, his only bib-and-tucker—and go to mass, instead of field or wharf duty. He is well pleased at the gorgeous ceremonies of his venerable mother-church: at the sight of street processions, with crucifix and sacramental canopy, and priests in cloth of purple and of gold. The spectacle also of the gay promenading, the music, the parade and mimic show of war, the free theatres, the bull-fights, the streets hung with tapestry, and the town hall's front adorned with a flaming full length of Isabella the Second—these constitute the brilliant passages in the epic of his life. Taking no thought for the morrow after the holiday, he is wiser than a philosopher, and enjoys the golden hours as they fly. Indeed, he can well afford to do so; for, in his sunny land of corn and wine, the common necessaries of life are procured with almost as little toil as in the bread-fruit islands of the Pacific.

All the Spaniard's holidays are religious festivals. There is no Fourth of July in his year. His mirth, accordingly, is not independent and profane, like the Yankee's. Being more accustomed also to playtime, he is less tempted to fill it up with excesses. It is in the order of his holiday to go, first of all, to church; and a certain air of religious decorum is carried along into all the succeeding amusements. Neither is his the restless, capering enjoyment of the Frenchman, who begins and ends his holidays with dancing; nor the chattering hilarity of the Italian, who goes beside himself over a few roasted chestnuts and a monkey. The Spaniard wears a somewhat graver face. His happiness requires less muscular movement. To stand wrapped in his cloak, statue-like, in the public square; to sit on sunny bank, or beneath shady bower, is about as much activity as suits his dignity. Only the sound of castanets can draw him from his propriety; and the steps of the *fandango* work his brain up to intoxication. Spanish festal-time, accordingly, is like the hazy, dreamy, voluptuous days of the Indian summer, when the air is as full of calm as it is of splendor, and when the pulses of Nature beat full, but feverless.

The holiday is easily filled up with pleasures. The peasant has no more to do than to throw back his head upon the turf, and tantalize his dissolving mouth by holding over it the purple clusters, torn from overhanging branches. The beggar lies down against a wall, and counts into the hand of his companion the pennies they have to spend together during the day—unconscious the while that the sand of half its hours has already run out. The village-beauty twines roses in her hair, and looks out of the window, happy to see the gay-jacketed youngsters go smirking and ogling by. The belles of the town lean over their flower balconies, chatting with neighbors, and raining glances on the throng of admirers who promenade below. Town and country wear their holiday attire with graceful, tranquil joy. Only from the cafés of the one, and the *ventorillos* of the other, may perchance be heard the sounds of revelry; where the guitar is thrummed with a gaiety not heard in serenades; where the violin leads youthful feet a round of pleasures, too fast for sureness of footing; and where the claque of the castanets rings out merrily above laugh and song, firing the heart with passions which comport not well with Castilian gravity.

Digitized by Google

### CHARLES F. BRIGGS.

Mr. Briggs is a native of Nantucket. He has been for many years a resident of the city of New York, and has been during the greater part of the period connected with the periodical press.

In 1845 he commenced the Broadway Journal with the late Edgar A. Poe, by whom it was continued after Mr. Briggs's retirement.

Mr. Briggs has also been connected with the Evening Mirror. He published in this journal a series of letters, chiefly on the literary affectations of the day, written in a vein of humorous extravaganza, and purporting to be from the pen of Fernando Mendez Pinto.

In 1839 he published a novel, *The Adventures of Harry Franco, a Tale of the Great Panic.* This was followed by *The Haunted Merchant*, 1843, and *The Trippings of Tom Pepper, or the Results of Romance*, 1847. The scene of these novels is laid in the city of New York at the present day. They present a humorous picture of various phases of city life, and frequently display the satirical vein of the writer.

Mr. Briggs is the author of a number of felicitous humorous tales and sketches, contributed to the Knickerbocker and other magazines. He has also written a few poetical pieces, several of which have appeared in Putnam's Monthly Magazine, with which he has been connected as editor. Others are published in a choice volume of selections, *Seaweeds from the Shores of Nantucket.*

One of his most successful productions is a little story, published in pamphlet form, with the title, *Working a Passage; or, Life in a Liner.* It gives an account of a voyage to Liverpool in the literal vein of a description from the forecastle.

#### AN INTERRUPTED BANQUET—FROM LIFE IN A LINER.

Among the luxuries which the captain had provided for himself and passengers was a fine green turtle, which was not likely to suffer from exposure to salt water, so it was reserved, until all the pigs, and sheep, and poultry had been eaten. A few days before we arrived, it was determined to kill the turtle and have a feast the next day. Our cabin gentlemen had been long enough deprived of fresh meats to make them cast liquorish glances towards their hard-skinned friend, and there was a great smacking of lips the day before he was killed. As I walked aft occasionally I heard them congratulating themselves on their prospective turtle-soup and forcemeat balls; and one of them, to heighten the luxury of the feast, ate nothing but a dry biscuit for twenty-four hours, that he might be able to devour his full share of the unctuous compound. It was to be a gala day with them; and though it was not champagne day, that falling on Saturday and this on Friday, they agreed to have champagne a day in advance, that nothing should be wanting to give a finish to their turtle. It happened to be a rougher day than usual when the turtle was cooked, but they had become too well used to the motion of the ship to mind that. It happened to be my turn at the wheel the hour before dinner, and I had the tantalizing misery of hearing them laughing and talking about their turtle, while I was hungry from want of dry bread and salt meat. I had resolutely kept my thoughts from the cabin during all the passage but once, and now I found my ideas clustering round a tureen of turtle in spite of all my philosophy. Confound them, if they had gone out of my hearing with their exulting smacks, I would not have envied their soup, but their hungry glee so excited my imagination that I could see nothing through the glazing of the binnacle but a white plate with a slice of lemon on the rim, a loaf of delicate bread, a silver spoon, a napkin, two or three wine glasses of different hues and shapes, and a water goblet clustering around it, and a stream of black, thick, and fragrant turtle pouring into the plate. By and by it was four bells; they dined at three. And all the gentlemen, with the captain at their head, darted below into the cabin, where their mirth increased when they caught sight of the soup plates. "Hurry with the soup, steward," roared the captain. "Coming, sir," replied the steward. The cook opened the door of his galley, and out came the delicious steam of the turtle, such as people often inhale, and step across the street of a hot afternoon to avoid, as they pass by Delmonico's in South William Street. Then came the steward with a large covered tureen in his hand, towards the cabin gangway. I forgot the ship for a moment in looking at this precious cargo, the wheel slipped from my hands, the ship broached to with a sudden jerk, the steward had got only one foot upon the stairs, when this unexpected motion threw him off his balance and down he went by the run, the tureen slipped from his hands, and part of its contents flew into the lee scuppers, and the balance followed him in his fall.

I laughed outright. I enjoyed the turtle a thousand times more than I should have done if I had eaten the whole of it. But I was forced to restrain my mirth, for the next moment the steward ran upon deck, followed by the captain in a furious rage, threatening if he caught him to throw him overboard. Not a spoonful of the soup had been left in the coppers, for the steward had taken it all away at once to keep it warm. In about an hour afterwards the passengers came upon deck, looking more sober than I had seen them since we left Liverpool. They had dined upon cold ham.

#### WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

My coachman in the moonlight, there,
  Looks through the side-light of the door;
I hear him with his brethren swear,
  As I could do—but only more.

Flattening his nose against the pane,
  He envies me my brilliant lot,
And blows his aching fists in vain,
  And wishes me a place more hot.

He sees me to the supper go,
  A silken wonder by my side,
Bare arms, bare shoulders, and a row
  Of flounces, for the door too wide.

He thinks how happy is my arm
  'Neath its white-gloved and jewelled load,
And wishes me some dreadful harm,
  Hearing the merry corks explode.

Meanwhile I inly curse the bore
  Of hunting still the same old coon,
And envy him, outside the door,
  In golden quiets of the moon.

The winter wind is not so cold
  As the bright smiles he sees me win,
Nor our host's oldest wine so old
  As our poor gabble—watery—thin.

I envy him the ungyved prance
  By which his freezing feet he warms,
And drag my lady's chains and dance
  The galley slave of dreary forms.

O! could he have my share of din
  And I his quiet!—past a doubt
'Twould still be one man bored within,
  And just another bored without.

Digitized by Google

### CHRISTOPHER PEASE CRANCH.

C. P. Cranch, a son of Chief Justice Cranch, was born at Alexandria, in the District of Columbia, March 8, 1813. After being graduated at the Columbian College, Washington, in 1831, he studied divinity at Cambridge University, and was ordained. In 1844 he published a volume of *Poems* at Philadelphia. It is marked by a quiet, thoughtful vein of spiritual meditation, and an artist's sense of beauty.

Mr. Cranch has for a number of years past devoted himself to landscape painting, and has secured a prominent position in that branch of art.

#### THE BOUQUET.

She has brought me flowers to deck my room,
Of sweetest sense and brilliancy;
She knew not that she was the while
The fairest flower of all to me.

Since her soft eyes have looked on them,
What tenderer beauties in them dwell!
Since her fair hands have placed them there,
O how much sweeter do they smell!

Beside my inkstand and my books
They bloom in perfume and in light.
A voice amid my lonesomeness,
A shining star amid my night.

The storm beats down upon the roof,
But in this room glide summer hours,
Since she, the fairest flower of all,
Has garlanded my heart with flowers.

### HENRY THEODORE TUCKERMAN.

The Tuckerman family is of English origin, and has existed more than four centuries in the county of Devon, as appears from the parish registers and monumental inscriptions.* By the mother's side, Mr. Tuckerman is of Irish descent. The name of the family is Keating. In Macaulay's recent history he thus speaks of one of her ancestors as opposing a military deputy of James II., in his persecution of the Protestant English in Ireland in 1686:—"On all questions which arose in the Privy Council, Tyrconnel showed similar violence and partiality. John Keating, Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas, a man distinguished for ability, integrity, and loyalty, represented with great mildness, that perfect equality was all that the general could ask for his own church." The subject of this notice is a nephew of the late Rev. Dr. Joseph Tuckerman—a memoir of whom appeared in England within a few years, and who is known and honored as the originator of the ministry at large, in Boston, one of the most efficient of modern Protestant charities. His mother was also related to and partly educated with another distinguished Unitarian clergyman, Joseph Stevens Buckminster.

Henry T. Tuckerman

Henry Theodore Tuckerman was born in Boston, Massachusetts, April 20, 1813. His early education was begun and completed in the excellent schools of that city and vicinity. In 1833, after preparing for college, the state of his health rendered it necessary for him to seek a milder climate. In September he sailed from New York for Havre, and after a brief sojourn in Paris, proceeded to Italy, where he remained until the ensuing summer, and then returned to the United States. He resumed his studies, and in the fall of 1837, embarked at Boston for Gibraltar, visited that fortress and afterwards Malta, then proceeded to Sicily, passed the winter in Palermo, and made the tour of the island; in the following summer driven from Sicily by the cholera, of the ravages of which he has given a minute account, he embarked at Messina for Leghorn, passed the ensuing winter (1838) chiefly at Florence, and early the next summer returned home; in 1845 he removed from Boston to New York, where he has since resided, except in the summer months, which he has passed chiefly at Newport, R. I. In 1850 he received from Harvard College the honorary degree of Master of Arts. In the winter of 1852 he visited London and Paris for a few weeks.

The writings of Mr. Tuckerman include poems, travels, biography, essay, and criticism. A characteristic of his books is that each represents some phase or era of experience or study. Though mainly composed of facts, or chapters which have in the first instance appeared in the periodical literature of the country,* they have none of them an occasional or unfinished air. They are the studies of a scholar; of a man true to his convictions and the laws of art. His mind is essentially philosophical and historical; he per-

* It is still represented there—the name belonging to several of the gentry. In the seventeenth century the Tuckermans intermarried with the Fortescue family, that of Sir Edward Harris, and that (now extinct) of "Giles of Bowden;" the former is now represented by the present Earl of Fortescue. Previous to this a branch of the Tuckermans emigrated to Germany. In a history of the county of Braunschweig, by William Hanemann, published in Luneberg in 1827, allusion is made to one of this branch—Peter Tuckerman, who is mentioned as the last abbot of the monastery of Riddaghausen; he was chosen to the chapter in 1621, and, at the same time, held the appointment of court preacher at Wolfenbuttell. Some of his writings are extant, and his monument is an imposing and curious architectural relic.

* Mr. Tuckerman has been a contributor to all the best magazine literature of the day: in Walsh's Review, the North American Review, the Democratic, Graham's Magazine, the Literary World, the Southern Literary Messenger, Christian Examiner, &c. As his chief contributions have been collected, or are in process of collection, in his books, we need not refer to particular articles.

Digitized by Google

ceives truth in its relation to individual character, and he takes little pleasure in the view of facts unless in their connexion with a permanent whole. Hence what his writings sometimes lose in immediate effect, they gain on an after perusal. His productions pass readily from the review or magazine to the book.

Taking his writings in the order of publication, they commenced with a collection of essays, tales, and sketches in 1835, entitled *The Italian Sketch Book*, which has since been enlarged in a second and third edition. With many of the author's subsequent productions, it took a favorable view of the Italian character, when it was the fashion to undervalue it. Among other novelties in its sketches, it contained an account of the little Republic of San Marino. The prominent topics of the country, as they occur to a man of education, were presented in a picturesque manner. After the author's return from a second Italian tour, he published in 1839 *Isabel, or Sicily a Pilgrimage*, in which with a thin disguise of fiction, allowing the introduction of sentiment, discussion, and story, the peculiar features of the island, in its natural beauties and its remains of art, are exhibited. After a considerable interval, another volume of travel appeared, the result of a visit to England in 1853. It is entitled *A Month in England*. Mr. Tuckerman has also published in the magazines a few chapters of a similar memorial of France on the same tour. Like the former works, they are books of association rather than of mere daily observation. The author while abroad studies character as it is expressed in men and institutions, making what he sees subordinate to what he thinks. In the volume on England, there is a graphic and humorous description of the universal reception of Mrs. Stowe's book during the Uncle Tom mania, which shows a capability his readers might wish to have had oftener exercised, of presenting the exciting events of the day.

In 1846 a volume, the first of his collections from the magazines, *Thoughts on the Poets*, was published in New York. It contained articles on some of the masters of the Italian school, and the chief English poets of the nineteenth century, with two American subjects in Drake and Bryant. The critical treatment is acute and kindly, reaching its end by an ingenious track of speculation. This was followed by a series of home studies, *Artist Life, or Sketches of American Painters;* the materials of which were drawn in several instances from facts communicated by the artists themselves. They are studies of character, in which the artist and his work illustrate each other. The selection of subjects ranges from West to Leutze. The sketches are written *con amore*, with a keen appreciation of the unworldly, romantic, ideal life of the artist. Picturesque points are eagerly embraced. There is a delicate affection to the theme which adapts itself to each artist and his art. The paper on Huntington, in particular, has this sympathetic feeling. With these sketches of "Artist Life," may be appropriately connected, *A Memorial of Horatio Greenough*, prefixed to a selection from the sculptor's writings, and published in 1853. It brings into view the writer's Italian experiences, his personal friendship, and is a tasteful record of the man and of his art.

In 1849 and '51 Mr. Tuckerman published two series of papers, which he entitled, *Characteristics of Literature illustrated by the Genius of Distinguished Men*. The types of character which he selected, and the favorites of his reading and study whom he took for their living portraiture, show the extent and refinement of his tastes. In choosing Sir Thomas Browne and Horne Tooke for his philosophers, he was guided by love for the poetical and curious. He delicately discriminated between the Humorist and the Dilettante in Charles Lamb and Shenstone. Hazlitt was his Critic; Beckford, with his refined writing, love of art, and poetical adventure, was "picked man" of Travel; Steele his good-natured Censor; Burke his Rhetorician; Akenside his Scholar; Swift his Wit; Humboldt his Naturalist; Talfourd his Dramatist; Channing his Moralist; and Edward Everett his Orator. In all this we may perceive a leaning to the quiet and amiable, the order of finished excellence of thoroughbred men. Widely scattered as these twenty-two papers were in the periodical literature of the country when they first appeared, they indicate the careful and tasteful literary labor with which Mr. Tuckerman has served the public in the culture of its thought and affections. The tempting power of the critic has never led him aside to wound a contemporary interest, or thwart a rival author. He has written in the large and liberal spirit of a genuine scholar. While mentioning these claims as a literary critic, we may refer to a genial and comprehensive *Sketch of American Literature*, in a series of chapters appended to Shaw's "English Literature," reprinted as a text-book for academies.

In a similar classification of a more general nature, out of the range of literature, Mr. Tuckerman has published a series of *Mental Portraits, or Studies of Character*, in which Boone represents the Pioneer; Lafitte, the Financier; Korner, the Youthful Hero; Giacomo Leopardi, the Sceptical Genius; and Gouverneur Morris, the Civilian.

In this choice of topics, Mr. Tuckerman has latterly been frequently directed to American subjects of an historical interest. Besides his elaborate papers on the artists and authors of the country, he has written, among other sketches of the kind, *A Life of Commodore Silas Talbot*, of the American navy,* and an appreciative article in a recent number of the North American Review,† on the personal character and public services of De Witt Clinton.

*The Optimist, a Collection of Essays*, published in 1850, exhibits the author in a highly agreeable light. In an easy Horatian spirit, he runs over the usual means and ends of the world, throwing a keen glance at popular notions of living, which destroy life itself; and gathering up eagerly, with the art of a man whose experience has taught him to economize the legitimate sources of pleasure within his reach, every help to cheerfulness and refinement. Some of these essays are picturesque, and show considerable ingenuity; all exhibit a thoughtful study of the times.

From a still more individual private view of life, are *The Leaves from the Diary of a Dreamer*, delicately published in 1853 by Pickering in London,

* Published by J. C. Riker, New York, 1850.
† Oct., 1854.

Digitized by Google

in quaint old type of the English Augustan period of literature. Under the guise of the posthumous journal of an invalid traveller in Italy, the sensitive emotions of a passionate lover, with a keen susceptibility to the art and nature around him, are described. There are frequent personal anecdotes in this volume of such personages of the times, as Byron, Sismondi, and Hawthorne.

The chief of Mr. Tuckerman's poems, collected and published in Boston in 1851, is *The Spirit of Poetry*, an elaborate essay in heroic verse of some seven hundred lines. It traces the objects of fancy and sentiment in life and nature with an observant eye. The miscellaneous poems are tributes to the outer world, passages of sentiment or memorials of historical events, expressing the more subtle spirit of the author's life of travel and study.

MARY.

What though the name is old and oft repeated,
What though a thousand beings bear it now;
And true hearts oft the gentle word have greeted,—
What though 'tis hallowed by a poet's vow!
We ever love the rose, and yet its blooming
Is a familiar rapture to the eye,
And yon bright star we hail, although its looming
Age after age has lit the northern sky.

As starry beams o'er troubled billows stealing,
As garden odors to the desert blown,
In bosoms faint a gladsome hope revealing,
Like patriot music or affection's tone—
Thus, thus for aye, the name of Mary spoken
By lips or text, with magic-like control,
The course of present thought has quickly broken,
And stirred the fountains of my inmost soul.

The sweetest tales of human weal and sorrow,
The fairest trophies of the limner's fame,
To my fond fancy, Mary, seem to borrow
Celestial halos from thy gentle name:
The Grecian artist gleaned from many faces,
And in a perfect whole the parts combined,
So have I counted o'er dear woman's graces
To form the Mary of my ardent mind.

And marvel not I thus call my ideal,
We inly paint as we would have things be,
The fanciful springs ever from the real,
As Aphrodite rose from out the sea;
Who smiled upon me kindly day by day,
In a far land where I was sad and lone?
Whose presence now is my delight alway?
Both angels must the same blessed title own.

What spirits round my weary way are flying,
What fortunes on my future life await,
Like the mysterious hymns the winds are sighing,
Are all unknown,—in trust I bide my fate;
But if one blessing I might crave from Heaven,
'T would be that Mary should my being cheer,
Hang o'er me when the chord of life is riven,
Be my dear household word, and my last accent here.

ROME.

*Roma! Roma! Roma!*
*Non è più come era prima.*

A terrace lifts above the People's square,
Its colonnade;
About it lies the warm and crystal air,
And fir-tree's shade.

Thence a wide scene attracts the patient gaze,
Saint Peter's dome
Looms through the far horizon's purple haze,
Religion's home!

Columns that peer between huge palace walls,
A garden's bloom,
The mount where crumble Cæsar's ivied halls,
The Castle-Tomb;

Egypt's red shaft and Travertine's brown hue,
The moss-grown tiles,
Or the broad firmament of cloudless blue
Our sight beguiles.

Once the awed warrior from yon streamlet's banks,
Cast looks benign,
When pointing to his onward-moving ranks,
The holy sign.

Fair women from these casements roses flung
To strew his way,
Who Laura's graces so divinely sung
They live to-day.

In those dim cloisters Palestine's worn bard
His wreath laid by,
Yielding the triumph that his sorrows marred,
Content to die.

From yonder court-yard Beatrice was led,
Whose pictured face
Soft beauty unto sternest anguish wed
In deathless grace.

Here stood Lorraine to watch on many an eve
The sun go down;
There paused Corinne from Oswald to receive
Her fallen crown.

By such a light would Raphael fondly seek
Expression rare,
Or make the Fornarina's olive cheek
Love's blushes wear.

A shattered bridge here juts its weedy curve
O'er Tiber's bed,
And there a shape whose name thrills every nerve,
Arrests the tread.

O'er convent gates the stately cypress rears
Its verdant lines,
And fountains gaily throw their constant tears
On broken shrines.

Fields where dank vapors steadily consume
The life of man,
And lizards rustle through the stunted broom,—
Tall arches span.

There the wan herdsman in the noontide sleeps,
The gray kine doze,
And goats climb up to where on ruined heaps
Acanthus grows.

From one imperial trophy turn with pain
The Jews aside,
For on it emblems of their conquered fane
Are still descried.

The mendicant, whose low plea fills thine ear
At every pass,
Before an altar kings have decked, may hear
The chanted mass.

On lofty ceilings vivid frescoes glow,
Auroras beam;
The steeds of Neptune through the water go,
Or Sybils dream.

As in the flickering torchlight shadows weaved
Illusions wild,
Methought Apollo's bosom slightly heaved,
And Juno smiled!

Digitized by Google

Aerial Mercuries in bronze upspring,
Dianas fly,
And marble Cupids to their Psyches cling,
Without a sigh.

In grottoes, see the hair of Venus creep
Round dripping stones,
Or thread the endless catacombs where sleep
Old martyrs' bones.

Upon this esplanade is basking now
A son of toil,
But not a thought rests on his swarthy brow
Of Time's vast spoil.

His massive limbs with noblest sculptures vie,
Devoid of care
Behold him on the sunny terrace lie,
And drink the air!

With gestures free and looks of eager life,
Tones deep and mild,
Intent he plies the finger's harmless strife
A gleesome child!

The shaggy Calabrese, who lingers near,
At Christmas comes to play
His reeds before Madonna every year,
Then hastes away.

Now mark the rustic pair who dance apart;
What gay surprise!
Her clipsome bodice holds the Roman heart
That lights her eyes:

His rapid steps are timed by native zeal;
The manly chest
Swells with such candid joy that we can feel
Each motion's zest.

What artless pleasure her calm smile betrays,
Whose glances keen
Follow the pastime as she lightly plays
The tambourine!

They know when chestnut groves repast will yield,
Where vineyards spread;
Before their saint at morn they trustful kneeled,
Why doubt or dread?

A bearded Capuchin his cowl throws back,
Demurely nigh;
A Saxon boy with nurse upon his track,
Bounds laughing by.

Still o'er the relics of the Past around
The Day-beams pour,
And winds awake the same continuous sound
They woke of yore.

Thus Nature takes to her embrace serene
What Age has clad,
And all who on her gentle bosom lean
She maketh glad.

TRUE ENTHUSIASM—FROM A COLLOQUIAL LECTURE ON NEW ENGLAND PHILOSOPHY.

Let us recognise the beauty and power of true enthusiasm; and whatever we may do to enlighten ourselves and others, guard against checking or chilling a single earnest sentiment. For what is the human mind, however enriched with acquisitions or strengthened by exercise, unaccompanied by an ardent and sensitive heart? Its light may illumine, but it cannot inspire. It may shed a cold and moonlight radiance upon the path of life, but it warms no flower into bloom; it sets free no ice-bound fountains. Dr. Johnson used to say, that an obstinate rationality prevented him from being a Papist. Does not the same cause prevent many of us from unburdening our hearts and breathing our devotions at the shrines of nature? There are influences which environ humanity too subtle for the dissecting knife of reason. In our better moments we are clearly conscious of their presence, and if there is any barrier to their blessed agency, it is a formalized intellect. Enthusiasm, too, is the very life of gifted spirits. Ponder the lives of the glorious in art or literature through all ages. What are they but records of toils and sacrifices supported by the earnest hearts of their votaries? Dante composed his immortal poem amid exile and suffering, prompted by the noble ambition of vindicating himself to posterity; and the sweetest angel of his paradise is the object of his early love. The best countenances the old painters have bequeathed to us are those of cherished objects intimately associated with their fame. The face of Raphael's mother blends with the angelic beauty of all his Madonnas. Titian's daughter and the wife of Correggio again and again meet in their works. Well does Foscolo call the fine arts *the children of Love*. The deep interest with which the Italians hail gifted men, inspires them to the mightiest efforts. National enthusiasm is the great nursery of genius. When Cellini's statue of Perseus was first exhibited on the Piazza at Florence, it was surrounded for days by an admiring throng, and hundreds of tributary sonnets were placed upon its pedestal. Petrarch was crowned with laurel at Rome for his poetical labors, and crowds of the unlettered may still be seen on the Mole at Naples, listening to a reader of Tasso. Reason is not the only interpreter of life. The fountain of action is in the feelings. Religion itself is but a state of the affections. I once met a beautiful peasant woman in the valley of the Arno, and asked the number of her children. "I have three here and two in paradise," she calmly replied, with a tone and manner of touching and grave simplicity. Her faith was of the heart. Constituted as human nature is, it is in the highest degree natural that rare powers should be excited by voluntary and spontaneous appreciation. Who would not feel urged to high achievement, if he knew that every beauty his canvas displayed, or every perfect note he breathed, or every true inspiration of his lyre, would find an instant response in a thousand breasts? Lord Brougham calls the word "impossible" the mother-tongue of little souls. What, I ask, can counteract self-distrust, and sustain the higher efforts of our nature, but enthusiasm? More of this element would call forth the genius, and gladden the life of New England. While the mere intellectual man speculates, and the mere man of acquisition cites authority, the man of feeling acts, realizes, puts forth his complete energies. His earnest and strong heart will not let his mind rest; he is urged by an inward impulse to embody his thought; he must have sympathy, he must have results. And nature yields to the magician, acknowledging him as her child. The noble statue comes forth from the marble, the speaking figure stands out from the canvas, the electric chain is struck in the bosoms of his fellows. They receive his ideas, respond to his appeal, and reciprocate his love.

THE BOOKS OF THE POET ROGERS—FROM A MONTH IN ENGLAND.

The aquatic birds in St. James's Park, with their variegated plumage, may well detain loiterers of maturer years than the chuckling infants who feed them with crumbs, oblivious of the policeman's eye, and the nurse's expostulations; to see an American wild duck swim to the edge of the lake, and open its glossy bill with the familiar airs of a pet canary, is doubtless a most agreeable surprise; nor can an artistic eye fail to note the diverse and picturesque forms of the many noble trees, that even when leafless, yield a rural charm to this glorious promenade (the elms are praised by Evelyn); but these wood-

Digitized by Google

land amenities, if they cause one often to linger on his way to the Duke of Sunderland's and Buckingham palace; and if the thought, that it was here, while taking his usual daily walk, that Charles received the first intimation of the Popish plot, lure him into an historical reverie, neither will long withdraw the attention of the literary enthusiast from the bit of green sward before the window of Rogers, which, every spring morning, until the venerable poet's health sent him into suburban exile, was covered with sparrows expectant of their banquet from his aged yet kindly hand. The view of the park from this drawing-room bow-window instantly disenchants the sight of all town associations. The room where this vista of nature in her genuine English aspect opens, is the same so memorable for the breakfasts, for many years, enjoyed by the hospitable bard and his fortunate guests. An air of sadness pervaded the apartment in the absence of him, whose taste and urbanity were yet apparent in every object around. The wintry sun threw a gleam mellow as the light of the fond reminiscence he so gracefully sung, upon the Turkey carpet, and veined mahogany. It fell, as if in pensive greeting, on the famous Titian, lit up the cool tints of Watteau, and made the bust found in the sea near Pozzuoli wear a creamy hue. When the old housekeeper left the room, and I glanced from the priceless canvas or classic urn, to the twinkling turf, all warmed by the casual sunshine, the sensation of comfort never so completely realized as in a genuine London breakfast-room, was touched to finer issues by the atmosphere of beauty and the memory of genius. The groups of poets, artists, and wits, whose commune had filled this room with the electric glow of intellectual life, with gems of art, glimpses of nature, and the charm of intelligent hospitality, to evoke all that was most gifted and cordial, reassembled once more. I could not but appreciate the suggestive character of every ornament. There was a Murillo to inspire the Spanish traveller with half-forgotten anecdotes, a fine Reynolds to whisper of the literary dinner where Garrick and Burke discussed the theatre and the senate; Milton's agreement for the sale of "Paradise Lost," emphatic symbol of the uncertainty of fame; a sketch of Stonehenge by Turner, provocative of endless discussion to artist and antiquary; bronzes, medals, and choice volumes, whose very names would inspire an affluent talker in this most charming imaginable nook, for a morning colloquy and a social breakfast. I noticed in a glass vase over the fireplace, numerous sprigs of orange blossoms in every grade of decay, some crumbling to dust, and others but partially faded. These, it appeared, were all plucked from bridal wreaths, the gift of their fair wearers, on the wedding-day, to the good old poet-friend; and he, in his bachelorie fantasy, thus preserved the withered trophies. They spoke at once of sentiment and of solitude.

### CHARLES T. BROOKS.

Charles T. Brooks was born at Salem, Mass., June 20, 1813. At Harvard, which he entered in 1828, a sensitive and studious youth, he obtained his introduction, through Dr. Follen, to the world of German poetry and prose, with which his literary labors have been since so prominently identified. Schiller's song of Mary Stuart on a temporary release from captivity, was one of the earliest, as it has been one of the latest poems which he has attempted.

The subject of his valedictory at Cambridge was, "The Love of Truth, a Practical Principle." Three years afterwards, on completing his studies at the Theological school, he read a dissertation on "the old Syriac version of the New Testament," and shortly after, on taking his second degree at the University, delivered an oration on "Decision of character, as demanded in our day and country." He began his career as a preacher at Nahant, in the summer of 1835. After officiating in different parts of New England, chiefly in Bangor, Augusta, and Windsor, Vt., he was settled in Newport, Rhode Island, in January, 1837, where he has since continued in charge of the congregation, worshipping in the church in which Channing held the dedication service in 1836. Channing also preached the sermon at his ordination in June, 1837, the one published in his works, as afterwards repeated to Mr. Dwight at Northampton. In October of the same year, Mr. Brooks was married to Harriet, second daughter of the late Benjamin Hazard, lawyer and legislator of Rhode Island.

Charles T. Brooks

His course as an author began in the year 1838 with a translation of Schiller's *William Tell*, which was published anonymously at Providence. The year or two following, he translated from the same author, the dramas of *Mary Stuart* and the *Maid of Orleans*, which yet (1855) remain unpublished. In 1840 he translated the *Titan* of Jean Paul Richter, a work of great labor and rare delicacy, which is also unpublished. In 1842 a volume of his miscellaneous specimens of German song was published as one of Mr. Ripley's* series of Foreign Literature, by

* Mr. George Ripley, to whom scholars are under obligations for this series of "Specimens of Foreign Standard Literature," published in fifteen volumes, between the years 1838 and 1848, is the present accomplished literary editor and critic of the New York Tribune, a work to which he brings rare tact and philosophical acumen. He was the chief manager of the Brook Farm Association, with which his friend and associate in the Tribune, Mr. Charles A. Dana, a good scholar, a forcible writer and effective speaker, was also connected. Mr. Ripley's services to literature are important in numerous journals. In 1840 he published in Boston an essay "On the Latest Form of Infidelity."

Digitized by Google

Munroe & Co., of Boston. In 1845 he published an article on *Poetry* in the Christian Examiner, The same year he delivered the Phi Beta Kappa poem at Cambridge. In 1847, Munroe & Co. published his translation of Schiller's *Homage of the Arts, with Miscellaneous Pieces from Ruckert, Freiligrath, and other German Poets.* In this year, too, he recited a poem entitled *Aquidneck*, upon the hundredth anniversary of the Redwood Library at Newport. This was published next year by Burnet at Providence, in a little volume containing several other commemorative pieces. In 1851, Mr. Brooks published at Newport a pamphlet, *The Controversy touching the Old Stone Mill, in the town of Newport, Rhode Island, with Remarks Introductory and Conclusive:* a pleasant dissection of the subject, calculated to set entirely at rest any pretensions of the Northman to an antiquarian property in that curious though sufficiently simple structure.

In June, 1853, Ticknor & Co. published his *German Lyrics*, containing specimens of Anastasius Grun, and others of the living poets of Germany, selected from a mass of translations in part previously printed in the Literary World, and in part in manuscript. He has since published a little collection named *Songs of Field and Flood*, printed by John Wilson at Boston.

In 1853, Mr. Brooks made a voyage to India for his health, the incidents and sensations of which he has embodied in a narrative entitled, *Eight Months on the Ocean, and Eight Weeks in India*, which is still in MS. Among other unpublished writings by Mr. Brooks, is a choice translation of the humorous poem of the German University students, *The Life, Opinions, Actions, and Fate of Hieronimus Jobs the Candidate*, of which he has printed several chapters in the Literary World,* and which has been further made familiar to the public, by the exhibition in Mr. Boker's Gallery of German Painting in New York, of the exquisite paintings by Hasenclever, of scenes from its pages.

Mr. Brooks is also, besides his quaint and felicitous translations from the minor German poets, the author of numerous occasional verses—a series of Festival, New Year, and Anniversary addresses, all ready and genial, with a frequent infusion of a humorous spirit.

NEWPORT—FROM AQUIDNECK.

Hail, island-home of Peace and Liberty!
Hail, breezy cliff, grey rock, majestic sea!
Here man should walk with heavenward lifted eye,
Free as the winds, and open as the sky!
O thou who here hast had thy childhood's home,
And ye who one brief hour of summer roam
These winding shores to breathe the bracing breeze,
And feel the freedom of the skies and seas,
Think what exalted, sainted minds once found
The sod, the sand ye tread on, holy ground!
Think how an Allston's soul-enkindled eye
Drank in the glories of our sunset-sky!
Think how a Berkeley's genius haunts the air,
And makes our crags and waters doubly fair!
Think how a Channing, "musing by the sea,"
Burned with the quenchless love of liberty!
What work God witnessed, and that lonely shore,
Wrought in him 'midst the elemental roar!
How did that spot his youthful heart inform,
Dear in the sunshine,—dearer in the storm.
"The Father reigneth, let the Earth rejoice
And tremble!"—there he lifted up his voice
In praise amid the tempest—softened there
By nature's beauty rose the lowly prayer.
There as, in reverential sympathy,
He watched the heavings of the giant sea,
Stirred by the Power that ruled that glorious din,
Woke the dread consciousness of power within!

They are gone hence—the large and lofty souls;
And still the rock abides—the ocean rolls;
And still where Reason rears its beacon-rock,
The Powers of Darkness dash with angry shock.
In many an anxious vigil, pondering o'er
Man's destiny on this our western shore,
Genius of Berkeley! to thy morning-height
We lift the piercing prayer—"What of the night?"
And this thy Muse, responsive, seems to say:
"*Not yet* is closed the Drama or the Day:
Act well thy part, how small soe'er it be,
Look not to Heaven alone—Heaven looks to thee!"
Spirit of Channing! to thy calm abode,
We, doubtful plodders of this lowly road,
Call: "From thy watch-tower say, for thou canst see,
How fares the wavering strife of liberty?"
And the still air replies, and the green sod,
By thee beneath these shades, in musing, trod,—
And these then lonely wal's, where oft was caught
The electric spark of high, heroic thought,—
And yonder page that keeps for ever bright,
Of that great thought the burning shining light,—
All these, with voice of power—of God,—to-day
Come to the soul, and calmly, strongly say:
"Be faithful unto death in Freedom's strife,
And on thy head shall rest the crown of life."

LINES ON HEARING MENDELSSOHN'S MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM PERFORMED BY THE GERMANIANS AT NEWPORT.

It haunts me still—I hear, I see, once more
That moonlight dance of fairies on the shore.
I hear the skipping of those airy feet;
I see the mazy twinkling, light and fleet.
The sly sharp banter of the violin
Wakes in the elfin folk a merry din;
And now it dies away, and all is still;
The silver moon-beam sleeps upon the hill;
The flute's sweet wail, a heavenly music, floats,
And like bright dew-drops fall the oboe's notes.
And hark; again that light and graceful beat
Steals on the ear, of trooping, tiny feet,—
While, heard by fits across the watery floor,
The muffled surf-drum booms from some far shore
And now the fairy world is lost once more
In the grand swell of ocean's organ-roar,—
And all is still again;—again the dance
Of sparkling feet reflects the moon-beam's glance;
Puck plays his antics in the o'erhanging trees,—
Music like Ariel's floats on every breeze.—
Thus is the Midsummer Night's Dream to me,
Pictured by music and by memory,
A long midsummer day's reality.

THE SABBATH—FROM THE GERMAN OF KRUMMACHER.

The Sabbath is here!
Like a dove out of heaven descending,
Toil and turmoil suspending,
Comes in the glad morn!
It smiles on the highway,
And down the green by-way,
'Mong fields of ripe corn.

* Nos. 245, 256.

Digitized by Google

The Sabbath is here!
Behold! the full sheaves own the blessing,
So plainly confessing
A Father's mild care.
In Sabbath-noon stillness,
The crops in their fulness
How graceful and fair!

The Sabbath is here!
No clank of the plough-chain we hear, now,—
No lash, far or near, now,—
No creaking of wheels.
With million low voices
The harvest rejoices
All over the fields.

The Sabbath is here!
The seed we in faith and hope planted;
God's blessing was granted;
It sprang to the light,
We gaze now, and listen
Where fields wave and glisten,
With grateful delight.

The Sabbath is here!
Give praise to the Father, whose blessing
The fields are confessing!
Soon the reapers will come,
With rustling and ringing
Of sickles, and bringing
The yellow sheaves home.

The Sabbath is here!
The seed we in fond hope are sowing
Will one day rise, glowing
In the smile of God's love.
In dust though we leave it,
We trust to receive it
In glory above!

### SYLVESTER JUDD,

The author of *Margaret*, and a clergyman of the Unitarian Church, of a marked individuality of opinion and an earnest spiritual and moral life, was born at Westhampton, Hampshire county, Mass., July 23, 1813. His grandfather, Sylvester Judd, a man of character and influence in his day, was one of the first settlers of the place and the son of the Rev. Jonathan Judd, the first clergyman of Southampton, and for sixty years pastor of that flock. The father of our author, also Sylvester Judd, though engaged in trade in the country at Westhampton, applied himself so vigorously to study that he attained a considerable knowledge of Greek, Latin, and French; worked his way through a course of the higher mathematics, and became generally conversant with polite literature. He married a daughter of Aaron Hall, of Norwich, a man of good repute in the Revolutionary era.

The young Sylvester Judd, the third of the name in the direct line, passed his early years at Westhampton, under the usual earnest influences of the old New England Puritan homes. At the age of nine years, his father having become unfortunate in business, and his habits of study having got the better of his pursuit of trade, he removed to Northampton, to become proprietor and editor of the Hampshire Gazette, with which a younger brother, then recently deceased, had been connected. At this spot the boyhood and youth of Sylvester were passed; a period of religious influence which was marked by his conversion during a revival. Then came a struggle between devotion to trade, to which the slender fortunes of his father invited him, and a natural tendency to an educated life. It ended in his entry at Yale College, where he received his degree in 1836. The picture of his college life, as published by Miss Arethusa Hall, shows an earnest, devotional spirit. After leaving Yale, he took charge of a private school at Templeton, Mass. "There, for the first time," says his biographer, "he began to have intercourse with that denomination of Christians termed Unitarians, and came to understand more fully their distinguishing views. Previously, he had been very little acquainted with Unitarian works or Unitarian preaching; but he now perceived that the deductions of his own unbiassed mind, and the conclusions towards which he found it verging, were much in harmony with those received by this body of Christians." As his old opinions changed, a social struggle occurred with his family, friends, and supporters. He felt that he was out of place with these former associations, and declined the offer of a professorship in Miami College, Ohio. "Feeling and thinking thus," he writes to his brother, "you see I could not become connected with an Old School Presbyterian College." A record of his conflict is preserved in a manuscript which he prepared for the private use of his father's family, entitled "Cardiagraphy," an exposition of his theological difficulties and conclusions, which is published in his biography. It was now evident to his family that they must resign all hope of the Calvinistic minister. The issue had been made in all conscientiousness, and Mr. Judd choosing another path, entered the Divinity School at Harvard in 1837. At the completion of his course, in 1840, he became engaged to supply the pulpit of the Unitarian church in Augusta, Maine, and was

Sylvester Judd

soon formally installed as pastor. He married the next year a daughter of the Hon. Revel Williams, of Augusta.

Digitized by Google

In 1843 he seems first to have turned his attention to authorship. His *Margaret, a Tale of the Real and Ideal; including Sketches of a Place not before described, called Mons Christi*, was commenced at that time and reached the public in 1845. A second revised and improved edition appeared in two volumes in 1851.

As the best account of the scope of this work, we may cite the remarks of its author on the subject from a letter to a brother clergyman:—

"The book designs to promote the cause of liberal Christianity, or, in other words, of a pure Christianity: it would give body and soul to the divine elements of the gospel. It aims to subject bigotry, cant, pharisaism, and all intolerance. Its basis is Christ: him it would restore to the church, him it would develop in the soul, him it would enthrone in the world. It designs also, in judicious and healthful ways, to aid the cause of peace, temperance, and universal freedom. In its retrospective aspect, it seeks to preserve some reminiscences of the age of our immediate fathers, thereby describing a period of which we have no enduring monuments, and one the traces of which are fast evanescing. The book makes a large account of nature, the birds and flowers, for the sake of giving greater individuality to, and bringing into stronger relief, that which the religious mind passes over too loosely and vaguely. It is a New England book, and is designed to embody the features and improve the character of our own favored region.

"But more particularly, let me say, the book seems fitted partially to fill up a gap long left open in Unitarian literature,—that of imaginative writings. The Orthodox enjoy the works of Bunyan, Hannah More, Charlotte Elizabeth, the Abbotts, &c., &c. But what have we in their place? The original design of the book was almost solely to occupy this niche; although, I fancy, you may think it has somewhat passed these limits. It seems to me, that this book is fitted for a pretty general Unitarian circulation; that it might be of some use in the hands of the clergy, in our families, Sunday-school libraries, &c. My own personal education in, and acquaintance with, 'Orthodoxy,' as well as my idea of the prevalent errors of the age, lead me to think such a book is needed."

The above will sufficiently explain its theological bearings. As a novel or romance, in the ordinary sense, it is crudely expressed and inartistic; as a vigorous sketch of old New England life and character, of fresh, vivid portraiture and detail, and particularly in its descriptive passages of nature, for the minute study of which in plants, birds, and other accessories, the author had an especial fondness, it is a production of marked merit. Of the several criticisms passed upon it, the most complimentary must be considered the admirable series of drawings made from its pages by the artist Mr. F. O. C. Darley, whose pencil has brought out with extraordinary beauty and effect the varieties of character of the book, and its occasional dramatic and picturesque scenes. These sketches are now being prepared for publication, and when issued, by their delicacy and vigor of expression, will form ready interpreters no less of the genius of the artist than the author to the public.

In 1850 Mr. Judd published *Philo, an Evangeliad*, a didactic poem in blank verse. It was rude and imperfect in execution. Again resorting to the author for an elucidation of its design, we find the following expression in a characteristic letter to a friend:—

TO THE REV. E. E. H.

*Augusta, Dec. 21, 1849.*

My dear Sir,—Will you accept a copy of "Philo," and a brief claviary?

First, the book is an "attempt."

Second, it is an epical or heroic attempt.

Third, it would see if in liberal and rational Christianity, and there is no other, and that is Unitarianism, are epic and heroic elements.

Fourth, it remembers that Calvinism has its "Course of Time;" and it asks if Unitarianism, that is, the innermost of reason and divinity, will have any thing; or rather, approaching, humbly, of course, the altar of Great Thought and Feeling, it would like to know if it would be agreeable to that altar to receive a little gift, a turtle-dove and a small pigeon, of Unitarian faith and hope.

Fifth, and correlatively, it asks if, in this very sensible and sound age of ours, imagination must needs be inactive, and awed by philosophy, utility, steam.

Sixth, and more especially, if any of the foregoing points are admitted, the book seeks through the medium of poetry to interpret prophecy. It is conceived that prophecy, the Apocalypse for example, was once poetry; and moreover that we shall fail to understand prophecy until it is recast in its original form.

This observation applies particularly to that most interesting, yet most enigmatical matter, the second coming of Christ, &c., &c.

What may be the fortune of "Philo," I am neither prophet nor poet enough to tell.

I am not a beggar of applause, as I would not be the pensioner of dulness.

With sincere regards, I am yours, &c.

SYLVESTER JUDD.

In the same year with the publication of Philo appeared *Richard Edney and the Governor's Family, a Rus-Urban Tale, simple and popular, yet cultured and noble, of Morals, Sentiment, and Life, practically treated and pleasantly illustrated; containing also Hints on Being Good and Doing Good.* It was intended by the author as a modern companion to Margaret, introducing the career of a young man among the rural and town incidents of New England life. The incidents at a sawmill, and other descriptions, point out the local studies of the author in Maine. Like the author's previous books, as a purely literary production, it was "caviare to the general;" as an expression of the writer's peculiar mood and opinions in a certain unfettered, individual essay style, its perusal will well reward curiosity. A description of a snow-storm was one of the felicities of Margaret; Richard Edney opens with another in the same vivid, minutely truthful manner.

In addition to these published writings of Mr. Judd, he completed a dramatic production in five acts—*The White Hills, an American Tragedy*, which remains in manuscript. An analysis of it, with several passages, is given in the biography of the author, where it is stated to be chiefly moral in its aim—"its object being to mirror the

Digitized by Google

consequences of a man's devoting himself to an all-absorbing love of gain,—to the supreme worship of Mammon," the idea being suggested by the general rage for California gold, at the time of the composition of the play prevalent in the community. The location of the plot in the White Mountains was an improvement of the same Indian legend mentioned in Sullivan's History of Maine, upon which Mr. Hawthorne founded his tale of the Great Carbuncle.

Mr. Judd, in addition to his services in the pulpit, found frequent opportunities as a lyceum lecturer on topics growing out of the religious ideas which were the mainspring of his life. He took a prominent part in the social reforms of the day, opposed war, slavery, and advocated the cause of temperance. He was fond of children and of country life; one of the favorite recreations of his ministry at Augusta being an annual rural festival, in June, with his young parishioners. He felt the beauty of the old observance of Christmas, and was accustomed on the eve of that day to open his church, decorated for the occasion with the time-honored evergreens. His kindly disposition and genial activity, his study of language and habits of composition, have been described by a fond and appreciative pen in the admirably prepared volume, Life and Character of the Rev. Sylvester Judd, published in 1854, and "tenderly and most lovingly" dedicated by its author, Arethusa Hall, "to the three little children whose father was translated from their home before they were old enough to know and comprehend him."

The Rev. Sylvester Judd died after a short illness at his home in Augusta, Jan. 20, 1853.

A posthumous work from his pen—*The Church in a Series of Discourses*—was published in 1854.

#### A NEW ENGLAND SNOW-STORM AND A HOME SCENE—FROM MARGARET.

An event common in New England is at its height. It is snowing, and has been for a whole day and night, with a strong north-east wind. Let us take a moment when the storm intermits, and look in at Margaret's and see how they do. But we cannot approach the place by any of the ordinary methods of travel; the roads, lanes, and by-paths are blocked up: no horse or ox could make his way through those deep drifts, immense mounds and broad plateaus of snow. If we are disposed to adopt the means of conveyance formerly so much in vogue, whether snow-shoes or magic, we may possibly get there. The house or hut is half sunk in a snow bank; the waters of the Pond are covered with a solid enamel as of ivory; the oxen and the cow in the barn-yard, look like great horned sheep in their fleeces of snow. All is silence, and lifelessness, and if you please to say, desolation. Hens there are none, nor turkeys, nor ducks, nor birds, nor Bull, nor Margaret. If you see any signs of a human being, it is the dark form of Hash, mounted on snow-shoes, going from the house to the barn. Yet there are the green hemlocks and pines, and firs, green as in summer, some growing along the flank of the hill that runs north from the Indian's Head, looking like the real snow-balls, blossoming in mid-winter, and nodding with large white flowers. But there is one token of life, the smoke coming from the low grey chimney, which, if you regard it as one, resembles a large, elongated, transparent balloon; or if you look at it by piece-meal, it is a beautiful current of bluish-white vapor, flowing upward unendingly; and prettily is it striped and particolored as it passes successively the green trees, the bare rocks, and white crown of the hill behind, nor does its interest cease even when it disappears among the clouds. Some would dwell a good while on that smoke, and see in it manifold out-shows and denotements of spiritualities; others would say, the house is buried so deep, it must come up from the hot mischief-hatching heart of the earth; others still would fancy the whole Pond lay in its winding-sheet, and that if they looked in, they would behold the dead faces of their friends. Our own sentiment is, that that smoke comes from a great fire in the great fireplace, and that if we should go into the house, we should find the family as usual there; a fact which, as the storm begins to renew itself, we shall do well to take the opportunity to verify.

Flourishing in the centre of these high-rising and broad-spreading snows, unmoved amid the fiercest onsets of the storm, comfortable in the extremity of winter, the family are all gathered in the kitchen, and occupied as may be. In the cavernous fire-place burns a great fire, composed of a huge green backlog, a large green fore-stick, and a high cob-work of crooked and knotty refuse-wood, ivy, hornbeam, and beech. Through this the yellow flame leaps and forks, and the bluish-grey smoke flows up the ample sluice-way of the chimney. From the ends of the wood the sap fries and drips on the sizzling coals below, and flies off in angry steam. Under the forestick great red coals roll out, sparkle a semibrief, lose their grosser substance, indicate a more ethereal essence in prototypal forms of white, down-like cinders, and then fall away into brown ashes. To a stranger the room has a sombre aspect, rather heightened than relieved by the light of the fire burning so brightly at mid-day. The only connexion with the external air is by the south window-shutter being left entirely open, forming an aperture through the logs of about two feet square; yet when the outer light is so obscured by a storm, the bright fire within must anywhere be pleasant. In one corner of the room sits Pluck, in a red flannel shirt and leather apron, at work on his kit mending a shoe; with long and patient vibration and equipoise he draws the threads, and interludes the strokes with snatches of songs, banter, and laughter. The apartment seems converted into a workshop; for next the shoemaker stands the shingle-maker, Hash, who with froe in one hand and mallet in the other, by dint of smart percussion, is endeavoring to rive a three-cornered billet of hemlock on a block. In the centre of the room sits Brown Moll, with still bristling and grizzly hair, pipe in her mouth, in a yellow woollen long-short and black petticoat, winding a ball of yarn from a windle. Nearer the fire are Chilion and Margaret, the latter also dressed in woollen, with the Orbis Pictus, or world displayed, a book of Latin and English, adorned with cuts, which the Master lent her; the former with his violin, endeavoring to describe the notes in Dr. Byles's Collection of Sacred Music, also a loan of the Master's, and at intervals trailing on the lead of his father in some popular air. We shall also see that one of Chilion's feet is raised on a stool, bandaged, and apparently disabled. Bull, the dog, lies rounded on the hearth, his nose between his paws, fast asleep. Dick, the grey squirrel, sits swinging listlessly in his wire wheel, like a duck on a wave. Robin, the bird, in its cage, perched on its roost, shrugs and folds itself into its feathers as if it were night. Over the fire-place, on the rough stones that compose the chimney, which day and night through all the long winter are ever warm, where Chilion

Digitized by Google

has fixed some shelves, are Margaret's flowers; a blood-root in the marble pot Rufus Palmer gave her, and in wooden moss-covered boxes, pinks, violets, and buttercups, green and flowering. Here also, as a sort of mantel-tree ornament, sits the marble kitten which Rufus made under a cedar twig. At one end of the crane in the vacant side of the fire-place hang rings of pumpkin rinds drying for beer. On the walls are suspended strings of dried apples, bunches of yarn, and the customary fixtures of coats, hats, knapsacks, &c. On the sleepers above is a chain-work of cobwebs, loaded and knapped with dust, quivering and gleaming in the wind that courses with little or no obstruction through all parts of the house. Near Hash stands the draw-horse, on which he smoothes and squares his shingles; underneath it and about lies a pile of fresh, sweet-scented, white shavings and splinters. Through the yawns of the back door, and sundry rents in the logs of the house, filter in unweariedly fine particles of snow, and thus along the sides of the room rise little cone-shaped, marble-like pilasters. Between Hash and his father, elevated on blocks, is the cider barrel. These are some of the appendages, inmates, and circumstances of the room. Within doors is a mixed noise of lapstone, mallets, swifts, fiddle, fire; without is the rushing of the storm.

* * * * * * * *

"You *shall* fetch some wood, Meg, or I'll warm your back with a shingle," said her mother, flinging out a threat which she had no intention of executing. "Hash is good for something, that he is."

* * * * * * * *

Hash, spurred on by this double shot, plied his mallet the harder, and declared with an oath that *he* would not get the wood, that they might freeze first; adding that he hauled and cut it, and that was his part.

Chilion whispered his sister, and she went out for the purpose in question. It was not excessively cold, since the weather moderated as the storm increased, and she might have taken some interest in that tempestuous outer world. Her hens, turkeys, and ducks, who were all packed together, the former on their roost under the shed, the latter in one corner, also required feeding; and she went in and got boiled potatoes, which they seemed glad to make a meal of. The wind blazed and racketed through the narrow space between the house and the hill. Above, the flakes shaded and mottled the sky, and fell twirling, pitching, skimble-scamble, and anon, slowly and more regularly, as in a minuet; and as they came nearer the ground, they were caught up by the current, and borne in a horizontal line, like long, quick spun, silver threads, afar over the white fields. There was but little snow in the shed, although entirely open on the south side; the storm seeming to devote itself to building up a drift in front. This drift had now reached a height of seven or eight feet. It sloped up like the roof of a pyramid, and on the top was an appendage like a horn, or a plume, or a marble jet d'eau, or a frozen flame of fire; and the elements in all their violence, the eddies that veered about the corner of the house, the occasional side-blasts, still dallied, and stopped to mould it, and finish it; and it became thinner, and more tapering, and spiral; each singular flake adjusting itself to the very tip, with instinctive nicety; till at last it broke off by its own weight—then a new one went on to be formed.

* * * * * * * *

That day and all that night the snow continued to fall, and the wind raged. When Margaret went to her loft, she found her bed covered with a pile of snow that had trickled through the roof. She shook the coverlid, undressed, laid herself on her thistle-down pallet—such a one had she been able to collect and make—to her sleep. The wind surged, swelled, puffed, hissed, whistled, shrieked, thundered, sighed, howled, by turns. The house jarred and creaked; her bed rocked under her; loose boards on the roof clappered and rattled; the snow pelted her window-shutter. In such a din and tustle of the elements lay the child. She had no sister to nestle with her, and snug her up; no gentle mother to fold the sheets about her neck, and tuck in the bed; no watchful father to come with a light, and see that she slept safe. Alone and in darkness she climbed into her chamber, alone and in darkness she wrapt herself in the bed. In the fearfulness of that night she sung or said to herself some words of the Master's, which he, however, must have given her for a different purpose—for of needs must a stark child's nature in such a crisis appeal to something above and superior to itself, and she had taken a floating impression that the Higher Agencies, whatever they might be, existed in Latin:—

O sanctissima, O purissima,
Dulcis Virgo Maria,
Mater amata, intemerata!
Ora, ora pro nobis!

As she slept amid the passion of the storm, softly did the snow from the roof distil upon her feet, and sweetly did dreams from heaven descend into her soul.

## HENRY B. HIRST.

Mr. Hirst is a native of Philadelphia, where he was born August 23, 1813. In 1830 he commenced the study of the law, but was not admitted to practice, owing to interruptions in his plans, until 1843.

Mr. Hirst's poetical career was also commenced at a comparatively late period, his first published poems having appeared in Graham's Magazine, when he was about thirty. In 1845 he published at Boston *The Coming of the Mammoth; the Funeral of Time, and other Poems.* The chief production of the volume describes the terror and desolation caused by a herd of Mammoth, all of whom are destroyed by lightning, with the exception of one survivor, who, pursued by warriors, takes his course across the Mississippi, the prairies, traverses the rocky mountains, and plunges unscathed into the Pacific. The remaining poems display vigor and feeling, and include a number of well written sonnets.

Mr. Hirst's next work, *Endymion, a Tale of Greece*, in four cantos, appeared in 1848. It is an eloquent classic story, varied from the old Greek legend, and was written, the author tells us, before he had perused the poem of Keats.

In 1849 he published *The Penance of Roland, a Romance of the Peine Forte et Dure, and other Poems.* The story of the romance is that of a knight, who, having slain his wife in a fit of jealousy, is arrested, and refusing to plead, is subjected to the ingenious old penalty of pressure by weight. He persists in his determination, that his estates, which would otherwise be escheated to the crown, may pass to his heir. In his agony he is visited by his nephew, who confesses to have slandered the murdered lady. The knight's last moments are cheered by a vision of his wife, and he dies repentant and happy. This striking narrative is wrought into a poem of much spirit

Digitized by Google

and beauty. The volume also contains a ballad, *Florence*, an interesting story, poetically narrated. The remaining poems are descriptive and reflective, and are eloquent in tone, with occasional traces of imitation.

THE ROBIN.

The woods are almost bare; the mossy trees
Moan as their mottled leaves are hurried by,
Like sand before the Simoom, over the leas,
Yellowing in Autumn's eye:

And very cold the bleak November wind
Shrills from the black Nor'-West, as fitfully blow
The gusts, like fancies through a maniac mind,
Eddying to and fro.

Borne, like those leaves, with piercing cries, on high
The Robins come, their wild, autumnal wail,
From where they pass, dotting the angry sky,
Sounding above the gale.

Down, scattered by the blast, along the glen,
Over the browning plains, the flocks alight,
Crowding the gum in highland or in fen,
Tired with their southward flight.

Away, away, flocking they pass, with snow
And hail and sleet behind them, where the South
Shakes its green locks, and delicate odors flow
As from some fairy mouth.

Silently pass the wintry hours: no song,
No note, save a shrill querulous cry
When the boy sportsman, cat-like, creeps along
The fence, and then—then fly.

Companioned by the cautious lark, from field
To field they journey, till the winter wanes,
When to some wondrous instinct each one yields,
And seeks our northern plains.

March and its storms: no matter how the gale
May whistle round them, on, through snow, and sleet,
And driving hail, they pass, nor ever quail,
With tireless wings and feet.

Perched here and there on some tall tree—as breaks
The misty dawn, loud, clarionet-like, rings
Their matin hymn, while Nature also wakes
From her long sleep, and sings.

Gradually the flocks grow less, for, two by two,
The Robins pass away,—each with his mate;
And from the orchard, moist with April dew,
We hear their pretty prate;

And from the apple's snowy blossoms come
Gushes of song, while round and round them crowd
The busy, buzzing bees, and, over them, hum
The humming-birds aloud.

The sparrow from the fence; the oriole
From the now budding sycamore; the wren
From the old hat; the blue bird from his hole
Hard by the haunts of men;

The red-start from the wood-side; from the meadow,
The black-cheek, and the martin in the air;
The mournful wood-thrush from the forest shadow
With all of fair and rare

Among those blossoms of the atmosphere,—
The birds,—our only Sylphids,—with one voice,
From mountain side and meadow, far and near,
Like them at spring rejoice.

May, and in happy pairs the Robins sit
Hatching their young,—the female glancing down
From her brown nest. No one will trouble it,
Lest heaven itself should frown

On the rude act, for from the smouldering embers
On memory's hearth flashes the fire of thought,
And each one by its flickering light remembers
How flocks of Robins brought,

In the old time, leaves, and sang, the while they covered
The innocent babes forsaken. So they rear
Their fledglings undisturbed. Often has hovered
While I have stood anear

A Robin's nest, o'er me that simple story,
Gently and dove-like, and I passed away
Proudly, and feeling it as much a glory
As 'twas in Cæsar's day

To win a triumph, to have left that nest
Untouched; and many and many a schoolboy time,
When my sure gun was to my shoulder prest,
The thought of that old rhyme

Came o'er me, and I let the Robin go.
—At last the young are out, and to the woods
All have departed: Summer's sultry glow
Finds them beside the floods.

Then Autumn comes, and fearful of its rage
They flit again. So runs the Robin's life;
Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter sees its page
Unstained with care or strife.

J. L. H. McCRACKEN

Was the son of a New York merchant, and pursued his father's business. He was engaged in the trade with western Africa, and it was on a business visit to Sierra Leone that his death occurred from a fever of the climate, March 25, 1853. It was about his fortieth year. Mr. McCracken bore a distinguished part in New York society by his fortune, his amateur pursuit of literature, and his fine conversational powers. He wrote for the magazines and journals—in particular for the Knickerbocker, under the editorship of Hoffman, and Mr. Benjamin's "American Monthly" where one of his papers was entitled *The Education of the Blood*. A very clever sketch, *The Art of Making Poetry by an Emeritus Professor*, appeared in the second number of the Knickerbocker. He wrote a few trifles for Yankee Doodle. In 1849, he published in the Democratic Review a comedy in five acts, of New York life, entitled *Earning a Living*. He had also a hand in a Democratic free-trade paper, which had a short career.

THE ART OF MAKING POETRY.

I'll rhyme you so eight years together, dinners, suppers, and sleeping hours excepted—it is the right butter women rate to market.—*As You Like It.*

Cardinal Richelieu is reported to have said once that he would make so many dukes that it should be a shame to be one, and a shame not to be one. It appears, however, that he changed his mind afterwards, inasmuch as, down to St. Simon's time, there were only twelve or thirteen dukes in France, besides the blood-royal. At present they are more plenty, though it is even yet some distinction to be a duke, out of Italy; and in Poland there is an express law against the title being borne by any man who has not a clear income of three hundred dollars a year to support its dignity. In Bavaria, you may

Digitized by Google

be made a baron for 7000 rix-dollars (or $5250)—or a count for 30,000 rix-dollars, but in this last case you must not follow any trade or profession; bankers, accordingly, content themselves with baronies, usually, like sensible men, preferring substance to sound; as, in fact, when it is perfectly well known you are able to buy a dozen counts and their titles, the world gives you credit as for the possession—perhaps more. But what Cardinal Richelieu threatened with regard to dukedoms has, in fact, been effected by the progress of the world with regard to another title as honorable, perhaps, as that of duke, though few of its possessors could retain it if the Polish regulation mentioned above were to be applied to it and enforced. I mean the title of poet. To be a poet, or, rather—for there is still some reverence left for that name—to be a versifier, is in these days a shame, and not to be one is a shame. That is, it is a shame for any man to take airs or pique himself on a talent now so common, so much reduced to rule and grown absolutely mechanical, and to be learned like arithmetic: and, on the other hand, for these same reasons, it is a shame not in some degree to possess it, or have it for occasions at command. It is convenient sometimes to turn some trifle from a foreign language, to hit off a scrap for a corner of a newspaper, to write a squib or an epigram, or play a game at crambo, and for all these emergencies the practised versifier is prepared. He has, very likely, the frames of a few verses always ready in his mind, constructed for the purpose, into which he can put any given idea at a moment's warning, with as much certainty as he could put a squirrel or a bird into a cage he had ready for it. These frames may consist merely of the rhymes, or *bouts rimés*, being common-place words, such as would be easily lugged in *a-propos* to anything; or they may be very common-place verses ready made, upon which an appropriate travestie could easily be superinduced; or, finally, their places may be supplied by the actual verses of some author, who should, however, be, if possible, but little known, which may be travestied impromptu. This will be better understood by an instance, and as I am now making no secret of the matter, I will take those well-known lines of Moore:—

Vain was that man—and false as vain,
Who said, were he ordained to run
His long career of life again,
He would do all that he had done.
It is not thus the voice that dwells
In coming birth-days, speaks to me;
For otherwise, of time it tells,
Wasted unwisely—carelessly.

Now, suppose I wish to make love in poetry. I am a despairing lover—or will suppose myself one for the present, and my griefs may be poured out in this same measure, and with so many of these same words, as to leave no ground for any claim to authorship for me in the following stanza:—

Vain are the hopes, ah! false as vain,
That tempt me weary thus to run
My long career of love again,
And only do what I have done.
Ah! not of hope the light that dwells
In yonder glances speaks to me;
Of an obdurate heart it tells,
Trifling with hearts all carelessly.

And now take the same stanza, only change the circumstance to something as different as possible. I am a flaming patriot, the enemy is at our gates, and I am to excite my fellow citizens to arms. It will go to the self-same tune and words:—

Our country calls, and not in vain,
Her children are prepared to run
Their fathers high career again;
And may we do as they have done.
In every trumpet voice there dwells
An echo of their fame for me;
Oh, who can hear the tale it tells,
And pause supinely—carelessly.

Again, which is a more possible case in our country, I am disgusted with an unprincipled mob orator, some indescribably low, but gifted scion of perdition, one whom no prose can reach; why, have at him with the same arms,—they are always ready:—

Thou bad vain man, thou false as vain,
If Satan were ordained to run
A free career on earth again,
He would do all that thou hast done.
It is of him the voice that dwells
In thy gay rhetoric speaks to me,
Of horrors scoffingly it tells,
Of crime and suffering carelessly.

Or, lastly—for one may get too much of this—I am enraged with a bad singer or musician, and want to gibbet him. Lo! is not Tom Moore my executioner:—

I stop my ears, but all in vain—
In vain to distant corners run:
He imitates the owls again,
And will do all that they have done.
Of roasting cats the voice that dwells
In such discordance, speaks to me;
Of Tophet up in arms it tells,
With doors left open carelessly.
* * * * * * *

I quit here for a moment the subject of rhyme, to say a word or two upon blank verse, that mortal humbug which "prose poets" are so fond of, and, certainly, the world would soon be full of it, if any body were fond of them. There is no more difficulty or skill in cutting up a given quantity of prose into blank verse, than there is in sawing up a log into planks. Both operations certainly reflect credit on their original inventors, and would immortalize them if we knew their names; but Fame would have her hands full, and her mouth too, if she should occupy herself in these days with all the handicraftsmen in both or either. The best way, perhaps, of setting this in a clear point of view, is to exemplify it; and, for this purpose, it would not be difficult to pitch upon authors whose whole writings, or nearly so, would bear being written as blank verse, though they were given out as prose. For instance, there is John Bunyan, the whole of whose works it would be easier to set up into verse than to restore some works, now held to be such, to their metrical shape, if, by any accident, the ends of their lines should get confused. Let the reader try his skill in reconstructing, with the visible signs of poetry, the following extract from Samson Agonistes, from line 118, omitting the next three, and going on to line 130:—

See how he lies at random, carelessly diffused * * * in slavish habit, ill-fitted weeds, o'er-worn and soiled, or do my eyes misrepresent; can this be he, that heroic, that renowned, irresistible Samson, whom, unarmed, no strength of man or fiercest wild beast could withstand; who tore the lion as the lion tears the kid, ran on embattled armies clad in iron, and weaponless himself, made arms ridiculous, &c.

But to return to Bunyan; take the following extract, which is *verbatim* from his "World to Come." It is more correct metre than much that we find written as verse in the old dramatists, though it is always printed as prose:—

Now, said my guardian angel, you are on
The verge of hell, but do not fear the power
Of the destroyer;
For my commission from the imperial throne
Secures you from all dangers.
Here you may hear from devils and damned souls
The cursed causes of their endless ruin;
And what you have a mind to ask, inquire;
The devils cannot hurt you, though they would,
For they are bound
By him that has commissioned me, of which
Themselves are sensible, which makes them rage,
And fret, and roar, and bite their hated chains.
But all in vain.



Digitized by Google

And so on, *ad infinitum*, or throughout the "World to Come."

But not to seek eccentric writers and farfetched examples, let us take a popular and noted one, even Dr. Johnson himself; everybody will recognise the opening sentence of Rasselas:—

Ye who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy, and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope, who expect that age will perform the promises of youth, and that the deficiencies of the present day will be supplied by the morrow, attend to the history of Rasselas, prince of Abyssinia.

This is prose incontrovertibly. In two minutes it shall be as incontrovertibly blank verse:—

Oh, ye, who listen with credulity
To fancy's whispers, or with eagerness
Phantoms of hope pursue, or who expect
Age will perform the promises of youth,
Or that the present day's deficiencies
Shall by the morrow be supplied, attend
To Rasselas, the Abyssinian Prince,
His history. Rasselas was fourth son, &c.

I do not suspect any reader of this Magazine of stupidity enough to find a difficulty here, or of wit enough to imagine one. The process speaks for itself, and so far requires no comment; but in carrying it a step or two farther, we shall see by what alchemy gold may be transmuted into baser metals and into tinsel, and how the rogue who steals, or the poor devil who borrows it, may so thoroughly disguise it as to run no risk at last in passing it openly for his own. I take the first six lines only of the above, and tipping them with rhymes, they suffer a little violence, and read thus:—

Oh, ye who listen,—a believing race—
To fancy's whispers, or with eager chase
Phantoms of hope pursue, expecting still
Age will the promises of youth fulfil,
Or that the morrow will indeed amend
The present day's deficiencies, attend—

Now, in this shape they might do pretty well, had they not been taken purposely from a notorious part of a notorious work; for one might borrow even from Rasselas, in the middle or anywhere less in sight, and few indeed are the critics who would detect and expose the cheat. But the next stage of our progress would distance the major part even of these. That a scrap from Rasselas should be set to Yankee Doodle is an idea which seems to have been reserved from all time to be first broached in the present article. But if not the same, there are similar things done hourly; and if the written monuments of genius, like the temples and palaces of antiquity, were themselves diminished by all the materials they supply to new constructions, how much would there be remaining of them now. Imagine a chasm in Moore or Byron for every verse any lover has scrawled in an album, or any Cora or Matilda in a newspaper; or reverse the case, and imagine the masters of the lyre and of the pen reclaiming, throughout the world, whatever is their own, in whatever hands, and in whatever shape it might be now existing. The Scotch freebooter was warned upon his death-bed—rather late, but it was the first time the parson had had a chance at him—that in another world all the people he had robbed, and all the valuables he had robbed them of, sheep, horses, and cattle, would rise up to bear witness against him. "Why then," said he, in a praiseworthy vein of restitution, "if the horses, and kye, and a' will be there, let ilka shentleman tak her ain, and Donald will be an honest man again." Now, I should like to be by, at a literary judgment, when "ilka shentleman should tak her ain," to have righteousness rigidly laid to the line, and see who would in fact turn out to be "a shentleman" and have a balance left that was "her ain," and who would be a Donald, left with nothing, a destitute "*bipes implumis*."

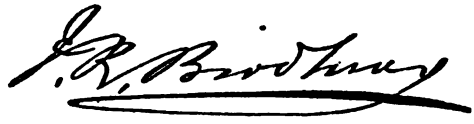
Then, and not till then, will I give back the following piece of morality to Rasselas, and indeed, in the shape into which I am now going to put it, I think it will not be till then that he, or anybody for him, will lay claim to it.

Air—*Yankee Doodle.*

Listen ye, who trust as true
All the dreams of fancy,
Who with eager chase pursue
Each vain hope you can see,
Who expect that age will pay
All that youth may borrow,
And that all you want to day
Will be supplied to-morrow.

JOHN ROMEYN BRODHEAD,

Author of a "History of the State of New York," &c., is descended from an old New York family, the ancestor of which, Captain Daniel Brodhead, of Yorkshire, England, was an officer in the expedition under Colonel Nicolls against New Netherland in 1664, and settled in Esopus, or Kingston, Ulster county, in 1665. His grandfather, Charles W. Brodhead, of Marbletown, Ulster county, was



a captain of grenadiers in the Revolutionary Army, and was present at the surrender of General Burgoyne at Saratoga. His father was the late Rev. Jacob Brodhead, D.D., a distinguished clergyman of the Reformed Dutch church, and formerly one of the ministers of the Collegiate churches in the city of New York. His mother was a daughter of the late John N. Bleecker of Albany. His father having removed to Philadelphia in 1818, to take charge of the First Reformed Dutch church there, Mr. Brodhead was born in that city on the second day of January, 1814, and was named after his uncle, the late Rev. John B. Romeyn, D.D. He was thoroughly drilled at grammar-schools in Philadelphia and New Brunswick, and at the Albany Academy. In 1826 his father returned to New York, where Mr. Brodhead was prepared for Rutgers College, of which he entered the junior class, and from which he was graduated in 1831 with the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Immediately afterwards he began the study of the law in the office of Hugh Maxwell, Esq., and in 1835 was licensed to practise his profession. This he did for two years in the city of New York in partnership with Mr. Maxwell. His tastes, however, inclining him to literary pursuits, Mr. Brodhead went, in 1837, to reside with his parents, who were then living at Saugerties in Ulster county, where he occupied himself chiefly in the study of American history. In 1839 he went to Holland, where his kinsman, the late Mr. Harmanus Bleecker, was *Chargé d' Affaires*, and was attached to the United States Legation at the Hague. While there he projected the work of writing the history of New York. In the mean time the Legislature, at the suggestion of the New York Historical Society, had passed an act on the 2d of May, 1839, to appoint an agent to procure and transcribe documents in Europe relative to the Colonial History of this State.

Digitized by Google

Under this act, Governor Seward, who had always manifested a warm interest in the success of the measure, commissioned Mr. Brodhead as agent in the spring of 1841. The particular objects of this agency were to procure such additional historical records as should render the archives of New York as complete and comprehensive as possible; and the agent was accordingly required to procure all papers in the public offices of European governments, in his judgment "relating to or in any way affecting the colonial or other history of this state."

During the three following years Mr. Brodhead devoted his whole time to the execution of this delicate and responsible duty, and was laboriously occupied in searching the archives of Holland, England, and France, for such papers as he thought would illustrate the history of New York, and serve to fill up the gaps in the existing state records at Albany. In this work he received the friendly aid and advice of Mr. Bleecker, Mr. Stevenson, Mr. Everett, and General Cass, who then represented the United States at the Hague, London, and Paris, and by whose intervention the various public offices in those cities were liberally opened to the researches of the agent.

The result of this enterprise was the procurement of a vast collection of historical documents, consisting of more than five thousand separate papers, and comprising a large part of the official correspondence of the colonial authorities of New York with the governments at home. Many of these documents had never before been known to the historian, though they are of acknowledged importance. From the Hague and Amsterdam Mr. Brodhead obtained a collection of Holland records which fill sixteen large volumes, and relate to the period during which New Netherland was under the Dutch dominion. From London forty-seven volumes were procured, containing copies of the instructions of the English government to its officers in New York, and the reports of those officers to the home authorities, with other interesting papers. From the archives of the Marine and War departments at Paris seventeen volumes were collected, which contain, besides many other documents relating to Canada in connexion with New York, most of the correspondence of the French Generals Dieskau, Montcalm, and Vaudreuil.

With this rich harvest Mr. Brodhead came back to New York in the summer of 1844; and Mr. Bancroft, after carefully examining the collection, pronounced that "the ship in which he returned was more richly freighted with new materials for American history than any that ever crossed the Atlantic." Mr. Brodhead was immediately invited to deliver the address before the New York Historical Society at its fortieth anniversary, which took place on the 20th November, 1844. This address, which embodied a statement of some of the results of Mr. Brodhead's researches in Europe, was published by the society, together with an account of the festival which followed, on which occasion John Quincy Adams and Albert Gallatin met in public for the last time.

In February, 1845, Mr. Brodhead, having deposited his transcripts in the secretary's office, submitted his final report as historical agent, which was laid before the Legislature by a message from Governor Wright, and was printed by order of the Senate as document No. 47 of that session. This report contains a detailed statement of the researches of the agent, and also a full analytical catalogue of the several documents comprised in the eighty volumes of Mr. Brodhead's collection. It may here be added that all these documents are now in course of publication in ten large quarto volumes, under an act of the Legislature passed on the 30th of March, 1849.

Upon the appointment of Mr. Bancroft as Minister to Great Britain in 1846, President Polk, at his request, commissioned Mr. Brodhead to be Secretary of the United States Legation at London. There he remained, until both minister and secretary were recalled by President Tyler in 1849. On his return to New York, Mr. Brodhead applied himself diligently to the execution of the work he had so long meditated, the *History of the State of New York*, the first volume of which, embracing the period under the Dutch, from 1609 to 1664, was published by the Harpers early in 1853. This book was well received by the public.

The extensive stores of original material collected by the author enabled him to present many curious and important facts of picturesque and local interest for the first time, while the main progress of the work unfolded the peculiar commercial restrictive system of trading monopoly, the regulations of the West India Company, and the domestic institution of the patroonships, which, at first the protection, soon became an impediment to the fortunes of the colony. The various political and social influences of the New Netherlands presenting the earnest, liberal, and popular elements of the home country, are exhibited with care and fidelity to the manuscript and other authorities which are constantly referred to, and passages of which are frequently embroidered in the text. The remaining distribution of the subject by the author, embraces the three periods from 1664 to the cession of Canada in 1763, from that date to the inauguration of Washington in 1789, and thence to the present day.

In the autumn of 1853 Mr. Brodhead was appointed by President Pierce Naval Officer of the Port and District of New York. While his official duties engross the most of his time, he does not neglect the prosecution of his history, nor withdraw his attention from literary labors. Among other things of this nature he prepared and delivered, by special request, an address on the Commercial History of New York, before the Mercantile Library Association, at the opening of the new Clinton Hall in Astor Place on the 6th of June, 1854. This address was published by the association.

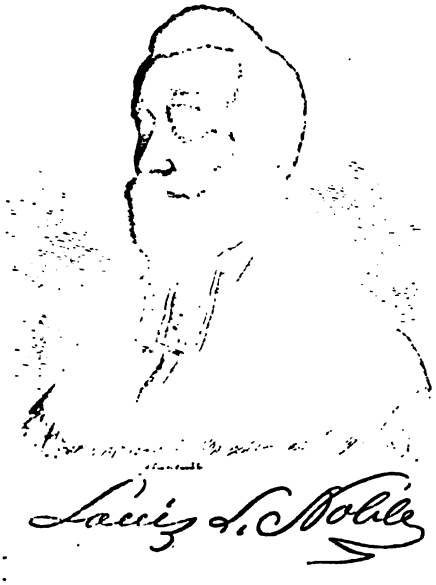
In the spring of 1855 Mr. Brodhead received from the President the appointment of Consul-General of the United States at Japan. This office, however, he did not accept; and he still holds the post of Naval Officer of the Port of New York.

### LOUIS LEGRAND NOBLE

Was born in the vale of the Butternut Creek in Otsego county, New York, in 1812. He passed his early years in rural life and its associations at this place and in western New York, when he removed with his parents, in his twelfth year, to Michigan

Digitized by Google

Territory, then considered in the region of the Far West. The family settlement was on the Huron river, in the midst of the primitive and unfettered influences of a world of natural beauty, well adapted to graft on the heart of an ingenuous, susceptible youth, a lifelong love of nature. This vigorous existence, combining the toils of a frontier residence with the sports of the field, supplied the stock of poetical associations since liberally interwoven with the author's prose and poetical compositions. In the midst of the labors of the field, inspired by the books which had fallen in his way, he penned verses and planned various comprehensive poetical schemes. From this at once toilsome and visionary life he was called by the death of his father to a survey of the actual world. He applied himself resolutely to study, and having pursued the course of instruction in the General Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church in New York, was in 1840 admitted to orders. He about this time published a few poems, *Pewatem* in the New World, and *Nimahmin* in Graham's Magazine, both Indian romances, and pure inventions of the author, together with a number of miscellaneous descriptive poems.



Lucius L. Noble

After his ordination, Mr. Noble was settled for a time in North Carolina, in a parish on the Albemarle river. Still devoted to nature, he passed his summers in extensive tours in the Alleghanies. In 1844 he became rector of a church at Catskill, on the Hudson, where he enjoyed an intimate acquaintance with the artist Cole; the two friends being drawn to each other by a common love of nature and poetical sympathies. An ample record of this intercourse is preserved in Mr. Noble's eloquent memorial of his companion, modestly bearing its title from the artist's chief pictures, *The Course of Empire, Voyage of Life, and other Pictures of Thomas Cole, N.A., with Selections from his Letters and Miscellaneous Writings: illustrative of his Life, Character and Genius.* Mr. Cole died in 1848, and this work was undertaken, with full possession of his numerous manuscripts, shortly after. It did not, however, appear from the press till 1853. Its best characteristic is its sympathy with the genius of its subject. It may pass for an autobiography of the artist, so faithfully is his spirit represented by a kindred mind.

Mr. Noble, in 1854, removed to Chicago, Illinois, where he is at present rector of a parish.

His poems are numerous, existing, we believe, more largely in manuscript than in print. They are marked by their faithful description of nature, and a dreamy, poetical spirit, in harmony with the landscape.

TO A SWAN, FLYING BY NIGHT ON THE BANKS OF THE HURON.

Oh, what a still, bright night!—the dropping dew
Wakes startling echoes in the sleeping wood;
The round-topped groves across yon polished lake
Beneath a moon-light glory seem to bend.
But, hark!—what sound—out of the dewy deep,
How like a far-off bugle's shrillest note
It sinks into the listening wilderness.
A Swan—I know her by the trumpet-tone:
Winging her airy way in the cool heaven,
Piping her midnight melody, she comes.
Beautiful bird!—at this mysterious hour
Why on the wing, with chant so wild and shrill?—
The loon, most wakeful of the water-fowl,
Sung out her last good-night an hour ago;
Midway, she sits upon the glassy cove,
Whist as the floating lily at her side,
The purple-pinioned hern, that loves to fan,
At evening late, as thin and chill an air,
With the wild-duck is nodding in the reeds.
Frightened, perchance, from solitary haunt,
At grassy isle, or silver-sanded bank,
By barking fox, now, heedless of alarm,
With thy own music and its echo pleased,
Thou sail'st, at random, on the aërial tide.
Lone minstrel of the night, if such thou roamest,
His own who would not wish thy strong white wings?—
Whether thou wheel'st into a thinner air,
Or sink'st aslant to regions of the dew,
How spirit-like thy bugle-tones must seem,
In whispers dying in the upper deep—
How sweet the mellow echoes, coming up,
Like answering calls, to tempt thee down to rest!
And hither, haply, thou wilt bend thy neck
To shake thy quills and bathe thy snowy breast
Till morn, if thy down-glancing eye catch not
Thy startling image rising in the lake.
Lone wanderer, that see'st, from thy far height,
The dark land set with many a star-bright pond,
Alight:—thou wilt not find a lovelier rest.
Lilies, like thy own feathery bosom fair,
Lie thick as stars around its sheltering isles.
Fearless, among them, as their guardian queen,
'Neath over-bending branches shalt thou glide,
Till early birds shake down the heavy dew,
And whistling pinions warn thee to the wing.
Now clearer sounds thy voice, and thou art nigh:—
From central sky thy clarion music falls,
Oh, what a mystic power hath one wild throat,
Vocal, at midnight, in the depths of heaven!—
What soothing harmonies the trembling air
Through the etherial halls may breathe, that ear
Which asks no echo—the internal ear,
Alone can list. But, hark, how hill and dell
Catch up the falling melody! They come,
The dulcet echoes from the hollow woods,
Like music of their own: while lingering in

Digitized by Google

From misty isles, steal softest symphonies.
It hath strange might to thrill each living heart.
The weary hunter, listening with hushed breath,
As the sweet tones with his sensations play,
A gentle tingling feels in every vein,
And all forgets his home and toilsome hunt.
River, that linkest in one sparkling chain
The crescent lakes and ponds of Washtenug,
For ever be thy darkening oaks uncut;
Thy plains unfurrowed and thy meads unmown!
That thy wild singing-birds, unscared, may blead,
Daily, with thine, their own free minstrelsy,
And nightly, wake thy silent solitudes.

Bird of the tireless wing, thou wilt not stoop;
Thine eye is on the border of the sky,
Skirted, perchance, by Huron or St. Clair.
The chasing moonbeams, glancing on thy plumes,
Reveal thee now a thing of life and light,
Lessening and sinking in the mistless blue.
There, thou art lost—thy bugle-tones are hushed!—
Tinkle the wood-vaults with far-dropping dew:
Yet, in mine ear thy last notes linger still;
And, like the close of distant music mild,
Die, with a pleasing sadness, on my heart.

## HENRY NORMAN HUDSON.

H. N. Hudson

Mr. Hudson was born January 28, 1814, in the town of Cornwall, Addison County, Vermont. The first eighteen years of his life were mainly spent on the farm and in the common school. For his early religious instruction he was indebted to the Rev. Jedediah Bushnell, whom he speaks of as "a minister of the old New England school, a venerable and excellent man, a somewhat stiff and rigid Calvinist, indeed, but well fraught with the best qualities of a Christian pastor and gentleman." At the age of eighteen, Mr. Hudson removed to Middlebury, a town adjoining Cornwall, where he became apprenticed to Mr. Ira Allen, for the purpose of learning the trade of coach-making. Here he continued as apprentice and journeyman about four years, when he resolved to secure the benefit of a college education. He began the work of preparation in the fall of 1835, entered the Freshman class of Middlebury College the following August, and was graduated in 1840. His next three years were spent in teaching at the South, one year at Kentucky, and two years in Huntsville, Alabama. Having early acquired a taste for reading, and especially occupied himself with the study of Shakespeare, he found time to write out a course of lectures on his favorite author, which he first delivered at Huntsville, and shortly after at Mobile, in the winter of 1843–4. The next spring he repeated the course at Cincinnati. Induced by his success in these places he visited Boston the following winter, where the lectures were listened to by large and intelligent audiences, bringing the author both fame and profit. The first result was to enable him to discharge his pecuniary obligations to the friends by whose aid he had been assisted while in college. The lectures were repeated in New York, Philadelphia, and other cities with varying success, and finally appeared from the press of Baker and Scribner, in New York, in 1848.

Mr. Hudson's early religious views had undergone considerable change from the Congregationalism in which he was brought up, when in 1844 he became acquainted in Boston with the late Dr. William Croswell, who had then just entered on his ministerial work in the parish of the Advent. Earnestly attached to the man and his doctrines, Mr. Hudson became a member of the congregation, and not long after a candidate for orders in the diocese of New York. He was ordained by Bishop Whittingham, in Trinity Church, in 1849.

The following year, at the solicitation of Messrs. Munroe and Co., of Boston, he engaged to edit the works of Shakespeare in eleven volumes, on the plan and in the style of the Chiswick edition published in 1826. This work is now in course of completion, having reached its eighth volume, the publication having been somewhat delayed by the elaborate care bestowed upon it by the editor, and the necessity he has been under of associating with it more remunerating pursuits. The chief points in the edition are a thorough revision and restoration of the text according to the ancient copies, notes carefully selected and compactly written, and an introduction, historical, bibliographical, and critical, to each play.

In November, 1852, Mr. Hudson became party to an arrangement to edit the Churchman newspaper in New York. He entered upon the work, which he discharged with eminent ability, on the first of January, 1853, and continued in it till September 9, 1854, when he withdrew in consequence of what seemed to him unreasonable encroachments of the proprietor upon his province.

In addition to these editorial and other labors, Mr. Hudson has written a number of elaborate articles in the monthly and quarterly periodicals, including *Thoughts on Education*, in the Democratic Review,* a paper which contains the substance of a well digested volume; *On Lord Mahon's and Macaulay's Histories*, an essay on *The Right Sources of Moral and Political Knowledge*, in the Church Review; and a masterly review of Bailey's Festus in the American Whig Review. In 1850 Mr. Hudson published a sermon, *Old Wine in Old Bottles*, originally preached at the Church of the Advent, in Boston.

The style of Mr. Hudson is marked by a certain rugged strength and quaintness; occasionally reminding the reader, in its construction and the analytical subtleties of which it is the vehicle,

* May and July, 1845.

Digitized by Google

of the old school of English theological writing. His composition is labored, sinewy and profound. As a moralist, his views are liberal and enlarged, while opposed as far as possible to maudlin philanthropy and sentimentality. As a critic of Shakespeare he is acute, philosophical, reverential; following the school of Coleridge, and reproducing from the heart of the subject the elements of the author's character, which are drawn out in a fine amplification.

THE WEIRD SISTERS.—FROM THE LECTURES ON SHAKESPEARE.

The Weird Sisters are the creatures not of any pre-existing superstition, but purely of Shakespeare's own mind. They are altogether unlike any thing else that art or superstition ever invented. The old witches of northern mythology would not have answered the poet's purpose; those could only act upon men,—these act within them; those opposed themselves against human will,—these identify themselves with it; those could inflict injury,—these inflict guilt; those could work men's physical ruin,—these win men to work their own spiritual ruin. Macbeth cannot resist them, because they take from him the very will and spirit of resistance. Their power takes hold of him like a fascination of hell: it seems as terrible and as inevitable as that of original sin; insuring the commission of crime, not as a matter of necessity, for then it would be no crime, but simply as a matter of fact. In using them, Shakespeare but borrowed the drapery of pre-existing superstition to secure faith in an entirely new creation. Without doing violence to the laws of human belief he was thus enabled to enlist the services of old credulity in favor of agents or instruments suited to his peculiar purpose.

The Weird Sisters are a combination of the terrible and the grotesque, and hold the mind in suspense between laughter and fear. Resembling old women save that they have long beards, they bubble up into human shape, but are free from all human relations; without age, or sex, or kin; without birth, or death; passionless and motionless; anomalous alike in looks, in action, and in speech; nameless themselves, and doing nameless deeds. Coleridge describes them as the imaginative divorced from the good; and this description, to one who understands it, expresses their nature better than any thing else I have seen. Gifted with the powers of prescience and prophecy, their predictions seem replete with an indescribable charm which works their own fulfilment, so as almost to leave us in doubt whether they predestinate or produce, or only foresee and foretell the subsequent events.

Such as they are,—

> So withered and so wild in their attire;
> That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
> And yet are on't,—

such is the language in which they mutter their horrid incantations. It is, if such a thing be possible or imaginable, the poetry of hell, and seems dripping with the very dews of the pit. A wondrous potency, like the fumes of their charmed pot, seems stealing over our minds as they compound the ingredients of their hell-broth. In the materials which make up the contents of their cauldron, such as

> Toad, that under coldest stone,
> Days and nights hast thirty-one
> Swelter'd venom, sleeping got;
> Witch's mummy; maw and gulf
> Of the ravined salt-sea shark;
> Root of hemlock, digg'd i' the dark;
> Liver of blaspheming Jew;
> Gall of goat; and slips of yew,
> Silver'd in the moon's eclipse;
> Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;
> Finger of birth-strangled babe,
> Ditch-delivered by a drab;
> ——sow's blood, that hath eaten
> Her nine farrow; grease that's sweaten
> From the murderer's gibbet;—

there is a strange confusion of the natural and supernatural, which serves to enchant and bewilder the mind into passiveness. Our very ignorance of any physical efficacy or tendency in the substances and conditions here specified, only enhances to our imagination their moral potency; so that they seem more powerful over the soul inasmuch as they are powerless over the body.—The Weird Sisters, indeed, and all that belong to them, are but poetical impersonations of evil influences: they are the imaginative, irresponsible agents or instruments of the devil; capable of inspiring guilt, but not of incurring it; in and through whom all the powers of their chief seem bent up to the accomplishment of a given purpose. But with all their essential wickedness there is nothing gross, or vulgar, or sensual about them. They are the very purity of sin incarnate; the vestal virgins, so to speak, of hell; radiant with a sort of inverted holiness; fearful anomalies in body and soul, in whom every thing seems reversed; whose elevation is downwards; whose duty is sin; whose religion is wickedness; and the law of whose being is violation of law! Unlike the Furies of Eschylus, they are petrific, not to the senses, but to the thoughts. At first, indeed, on merely looking at them, we can hardly keep from laughing, so uncouth and grotesque is their appearance: but afterwards, on looking into them, we find them terrible beyond description; and the more we look into them, the more terrible do they become; the blood almost curdling in our veins as, dancing and singing their infernal glees over embryo murders, they unfold to our thoughts the cold, passionless, inexhaustible malignity and deformity of their nature.

In beings thus made and thus mannered; in their fantastical and unearthly aspect, awakening mixed emotions of terror and mirth; in their ominous reserve and oracular brevity of speech, so fitted at once to overcome scepticism, to sharpen curiosity, and to feed ambitious hopes; in the circumstances of their prophetic greeting, a blasted heath, as a spot deserted by nature and sacred to infernal orgies,—the influences of the place thus falling in with the supernatural style and matter of their discourses; in all this we recognise a peculiar adaptedness to generate even in the strongest minds a belief in their predictions.

What effect, then, do the Weird Sisters have on the action of the play? Are their discourses necessary to the enacting of the subsequent crimes? and, if so, are they necessary as the cause, or only as the condition of those crimes? Do they operate to deprave, or only to develope the characters brought under their influence? In a word, do they create the evil heart, or only untie the evil hands? These questions have been variously answered by critics. Not to dwell on these various answers, it seems to me tolerably clear, that the agency of the Weird Sisters extends only to the inspiring of confidence in what they predict. This confidence they awaken in Banquo equally as in Macbeth; yet the only effect of their proceedings on Banquo is to try and prove his virtue. The fair inference, then, is, that they furnish the motives, not the principles of action; and these motives are of course to good or to bad, according to the several preformations and predispositions of character whereon they operate. But what relation does motive bear to action? On this point, too, it seems to me there has been much of needless confusion. Now moral action, like vision,

Digitized by Google

presupposes two things, a condition and a cause. Light and visual power are both indispensable to sight; there can be no vision without light; yet the cause of vision, as every body knows, is the visual power pre-existing in the eye. Neither can we walk without an area to walk upon; yet nobody, I suppose, would pronounce that area the cause of our walking. On the contrary, that cause is obviously within ourselves; it lies in our own innate mobility; and the area is necessary only as the condition of our walking. In like manner both will and motive are indispensable to moral action. We cannot act without motives, any more than we can breathe without air; yet the cause of our acting lies in certain powers and principles within us. As, therefore, vision springs from the meeting of visual power with light, so action springs from the meeting of will with motive. Surely, then, those who persist in holding motives responsible for our actions, would do well to remember, that motives can avail but little after all without something to be moved.

One of the necessary conditions of our acting, in all cases, is a belief in the possibility and even the practicability of what we undertake. However ardent and lawless may be our desire of a given object, still a conviction of the impossibility of reaching it necessarily precludes all efforts to reach it. So fully are we persuaded that we cannot jump over the moon, that we do not even wish, much less attempt to do it. Generally, indeed, apprehensions and assurances more or less strong of failure and punishment in criminal attempts operate to throw us back upon better principles of action; we make a virtue of necessity; and from the danger and difficulty of indulging evil and unlawful desires, fall back upon such as are lawful and good; wherein, to our surprise, nature often rewards us with far greater pleasures than we had anticipated from the opposite course. He who removes those apprehensions and assurances from any wicked enterprise, and convinces us of its safety and practicability, may be justly said to furnish us motives to engage in it; that is, he gives us the conditions upon which, but not the principles from which, our actions proceed; and therefore does not, properly speaking, deprave, but only developes our character. For example, in ambition itself, unchecked and unrestrained by any higher principles, are contained the elements of all the crimes necessary to the successful prosecution of its objects. I say successful prosecution; for such ambition is, from its nature, regardless of every thing but the chances of defeat: so that nothing less than the conviction or the apprehension that crimes will not succeed, can prevent such ambition from employing them.

### E. H. CHAPIN

Was born in Union Village, Washington County, New York, December 29, 1814. His first studies were given to the law, but he soon became engaged in the ministry. He was settled first over a congregation at Richmond, Va., in 1838, and subsequently from 1840 to 1848 was stationed at Charlestown and Boston. In 1848 he became a resident of New York, and is now pastor of the Fourth Universalist Society in the city, occupying the edifice in Broadway, re-erected for the congregation of the Rev. H. W. Bellows.

Mr. Chapin's chief reputation is as a pulpit orator and lecturer, his lyceum engagements extending through the country. His style is marked by its poetical fervor and frequent happy illustrations, and an ingenious vein of thought. His delivery is calm and winning.

E. H. Chapin

His chief publications are of a practical devotional character, bearing the titles, *Hours of Communion; Crown of Thorns; A Token for the Sorrowing; Discourses on the Lord's Prayer and the Beatitudes; Characters in the Gospels, illustrating Phases of Character at the Present Day.* In 1853 and in 1854 he published *Moral Aspects of City Life*, and *Humanity in the City*—two series of his courses on topics of social life; fashions, amusements, and vices; the relation of machinery and labor, wealth and poverty; the temptations to crime, and other themes of a similar character, which are exhibited in a philosophical, devotional spirit, with equal earnestness and kindliness.

#### VOICES OF THE DEAD—FROM THE CROWN OF THORNS.

"He being dead yet speaketh." The departed have voices for us. In order to illustrate this, I remark, in the first place, that the dead speak to us, and commune with us, *through the works which they have left behind them.* As the islands of the sea are the built up casements of myriads of departed lives; as the earth itself is a great catacomb; so we, who live and move upon its surface, inherit the productions and enjoy the fruits of the dead. They have bequeathed to us by far the larger portion of all that influences our thoughts, or mingles with the circumstances of our daily life. We walk through the streets they laid out. We inhabit the houses they built. We practise the customs they established. We gather wisdom from the books they wrote. We pluck the ripe clusters of their experience. We boast in their achievements. And by these they speak to us. Every device and influence they have left behind tells their story, and is a voice of the dead. We feel this more impressively when we enter the customary place of one recently departed, and look around upon his work. The half-finished labor, the utensils hastily thrown aside, the material that exercised his care and received his last touch, all express him and seem alive with his presence. By them, though dead, he speaketh to us with a freshness and tone like his words of yesterday. How touching are those sketched forms, those unfilled outlines, in that picture which employed so fully the time and genius of the great artist—Bel-

Digitized by Google

shazzar's Feast! In the incomplete process, the transition-state of an idea from its conception to its realization, we are brought closer to the mind of the artist; we detect its springs and hidden workings, and therefore feel its *reality* more than in the finished effort. And this is one reason why we are more impressed at beholding the work just left than in gazing upon one that has been for a long time abandoned. Having had actual communion with the contriving mind, we recognise its presence more readily in its production; or else the recency of the departure heightens the expressiveness with which everything speaks of the departed. The dead child's cast-off garment, the toy just tossed aside, startles us as though with his renewed presence. A year hence they will suggest him to us, but with a different effect.

But though not with such an impressive tone, yet just as much, in fact, do the productions of those long gone speak to us. Their *minds* are expressed there, and living voice can do little more. Nay, we are admitted to a more intimate knowledge of them than was possessed by their contemporaries. The work they leave behind them is the *sum-total* of their lives—expresses their ruling passion—reveals, perhaps, their real sentiment. To the eyes of those placed on the stage with them, they walked as in a show, and each life was a narrative gradually unfolding itself. We discover the moral. We see the results of that completed history. We judge the quality and value of that life by the residuum. As "a prophet has no honor in his own country," so one may be misconceived in his own time, both to his undue disparagement and his undue exaltation; therefore, can another age better write his biography than his own. His work, his permanent result, speaks for him better, at least truer, than he spoke for himself. The rich man's wealth, the sumptuous property, the golden pile that he has left behind him—by it, being dead, does he not yet speak to us? Have we not, in that gorgeous result of toiling days and anxious nights, of brain-sweat and soul-rack, the man himself, the cardinal purpose, the very life of his soul? which we might have surmised while he lived and wrought, but which, now that it remains the whole sum and substance of his mortal being, speaks far more emphatically than could any other voice he might have used. The expressive lineaments of the marble, the pictured canvass, the immortal poem—by it, *genius*, being dead, yet speaketh. To us, and not to its own time, is unhoarded the wealth of its thought and the glory of its inspiration. When it is gone—when its lips are silent, and its heart still—then is revealed the cherished secret over which it toiled, which was elaborated from the living alembic of the soul, through gainful days and weary nights—the sentiment which could not find expression to contemporaries—the gift, the greatness, the lyric power, which was disguised and unknown so long. Who, that has communed with the work of such a spirit, has not felt in every line that thrilled his soul, in every wondrous lineament that stamped itself upon his memory for ever, that the dead can speak, yea, that they have voices which speak most truly, most emphatically, when they *are* dead? So does *Industry* speak, in its noble monuments, its precious fruits! So does *Maternal Affection* speak, in a chord that vibrates in the hardest heart, in the pure and better sentiment of after-years. So does *Patriotism* speak, in the soil liberated and enriched by its sufferings. So does the *Martyr* speak, in the truth which triumphs by his sacrifice. So does the *great man* speak, in his life and deeds, glowing on the storied page. So does the *good man* speak, in the character and influence which he leaves behind him. The voices of the dead come to us from their works, from their results, and these are all around us.

But I remark, in the *second* place, that the dead speak to us in *memory* and *association*. If their voices may be constantly heard in their works, we do not always heed them; neither have we that care and attachment for the great congregation of the departed, which will at any time call them up vividly before us. But in that congregation there are those whom we have known intimately and fondly, whom we cherished with our best love, who lay close to our bosoms. And these speak to us in a more private and peculiar manner,—in mementos that flash upon us the whole person of the departed, every physical and spiritual lineament—in consecrated hours of recollection that open up all the train of the past, and re-twine its broken ties around our hearts, and make its endearments present still. Then, then, though dead, they speak to us. It needs not the vocal utterance, nor the living presence, but the mood that transforms the scene and the hour supplies these. That face that has slept so long in the grave, now bending upon us, pale and silent, but affectionate still—that more vivid recollection of every feature, tone, and movement, that brings before us the departed, just as we knew them in the full flush of life and health—that soft and consecrating spell which falls upon us, drawing in all our thoughts from the present, arresting, as it were, the current of our being, and turning it back and holding it still as the flood of actual life, rushes by us—while in that trance of soul the beings of the past are shadowed—old friends, old days, old scenes recur, familiar looks beam close upon us, familiar words reëcho in our ears, and we are closed up and absorbed with the by-gone, until tears dissolve the film from our eyes, and some shock of the actual wakes us from our reverie;—all these, I say, make the dead to commune with us really as though in bodily form they should come out from the chambers of their mysterious silence, and speak to us. And if life consists in *experiences*, and not mere physical contacts—and if love and communion belong to that experience, though they take place in meditation, or dreams, or by actual contact—then, in that hour of remembrance, have we really lived with the departed, and the departed have come back and lived with us. Though dead, they have spoken to us. And though memory sometimes induces the spirit of heaviness—though it is often the agent of conscience and wakens us to chastise—yet, it is wonderful how, from events that were deeply mingled with pain, it will extract an element of sweetness. A writer, in relating one of the experiences of her sick-room, has illustrated this. In an hour of suffering, when no one was near her, she went from her bed and her room to another apartment, and looked out upon a glorious landscape of sunrise and spring-time. "I was suffering too much to enjoy this picture at the moment," she says, "but how was it at the end of the year? The pains of all those hours were annihilated, as completely vanished as if they had never been; while the momentary peep behind the window-curtain made me possessor of this radiant picture for evermore." "Whence this wide difference," she asks, "between the good and the evil? Because the good is indissolubly connected with ideas—with the unseen realities which are indestructible." And though the illustration which she thus gives bear the impression of an individual peculiarity, instead of an universal truth, still, in the instance to which I apply it, I believe it will very generally hold true, that memory leaves a pleasant rather than a painful impression.

Digitized by Google

At least, there is so much that is pleasant mingled with it, that we would not willingly lose the faculty of memory—the consciousness that we can thus call back the dead and hear their voices—that we have the power of softening the rugged realities which only suggest our loss and disappointment, by transferring the scene and the hour to the past and the departed. And, as our conceptions become more and more spiritual, we shall find the *real* to be less dependent upon the outward and the visible—we shall learn how much life there is in a thought—how veritable are the communions of spirit with spirit; and the hour in which memory gives us the voices of the dead will be prized by us as an hour of actual experience, and such opportunities will grow more precious to us. No, we would not willingly lose this power of memory. * * * * * * * *

Well, then, is it for us at times to listen to the voices of the dead. By so doing we are better fitted for life and for death. From that audience we go purified and strengthened into the varied discipline of our mortal state. We are willing to *stay*, knowing that the dead are so near us, and that our communion with them may be so intimate. We are willing to *go*, seeing that we shall not be wholly separated from those we leave behind. We will toil in our lot while God pleases, and when He summons us we will calmly depart. When the silver cord becomes untwined, and the golden bowl broken—when the wheel of action stands still in the exhausted cistern of our life, may we lie down in the light of that faith which makes so beautiful the face of the dying Christian, and has converted death's ghastly silence to a peaceful sleep. May we rise to a holier and more visible communion, in the land without a sin and without a tear. Where the dead shall be closer to us than in this life. Where not the partition of a shadow or a doubt shall come between.

### T. S. ARTHUR

Was born in 1809, near Newburgh, Orange county, New York. In 1817, his parents removed to

Baltimore, where he lived till 1841, when he removed to Philadelphia, where he has since resided.

His boyhood, as we learn from a brief autobiography prefixed to one of his books, was passed with but few advantages of instruction in Maryland. He left school to be apprenticed, when he entered upon a course of self-education. His sight failing him when he became his own master, he abandoned the trade which he had learnt, and was for three years a clerk. In 1833, he went to the West as agent for a Banking Company; the institution failed and he returned to Baltimore. He then associated himself with a friend as editor of a newspaper, and soon became engaged in the active career of authorship, which he has since pursued with popular favor. His writings embrace numerous series of works of fiction of a domestic moral character; pictures of American life subordinated to a moral sentiment. He has published more than fifty volumes, besides numerous tales in cheap form.*

#### GENTLE MANN.

When and where, it matters not now to relate—but once upon a time, as I was passing through a thinly peopled district of country, night came down upon me, almost unawares. Being on foot, I could not hope to gain the village toward which my steps were directed, until a late hour; and I therefore preferred seeking the shelter and a night's lodging at the first humble dwelling that presented itself.

Dusky twilight was giving place to deeper shadows, when I found myself in the vicinity of a dwelling, from the small uncurtained windows of which the light shone with a pleasant promise of good cheer and comfort. The house stood within an enclosure, and a short distance from the road along which I was moving with wearied feet. Turning aside, and passing through the ill-hung gate, I approached the dwelling. Slowly the gate swung on its wooden hinges, and the rattle of its latch, in closing, did not disturb the air until I had nearly reached the little porch in front of the house, in which a slender girl, who had noticed my entrance, stood awaiting my arrival.

A deep, quick bark answered, almost like an echo, the sound of the shutting gate, and, sudden as an apparition, the form of an immense dog loomed in the doorway. At the instant when he was about to spring, a light hand was laid upon his shaggy neck and a low word spoken.

"Go in, Tiger," said the girl, not in a voice of authority, yet in her gentle tones was the consciousness that she would be obeyed; and, as she spoke, she lightly bore upon the animal with her hand, and he turned away, and disappeared within the dwelling.

"Who's that?" A rough voice asked the question; and now a heavy-looking man took the dog's place in the door.

"How far is it to G——?" I asked, not deeming it best to say, in the beginning, that I sought a resting-place for the night.

"To G——!" growled the man, but not so harshly as at first. "It's good six miles from here."

"A long distance; and I'm a stranger, and on foot,"

* We give a list of most of these writings, though not in the order of their production:—Sketches of Life and Character, 8vo., pp. 420; Lights and Shadows of Real Life, 8vo., pp. 500; Leaves from Book of Human Life, 12mo.; Golden Grains from Life's Harvest Field, 12mo.; the Loftons and the Pinkertons, 12mo.; Heart Histories and Life Pictures; Tales for Rich and Poor, 6 vols. 18mo.; Library for the Household 12 vols. 18mo.; Arthur's Juvenile Library, 12 vols. 18mo.; Cottage Library, 6 vols. 18mo.; Ten Nights in a Bar-Room, 12mo.; Six Nights with Washingtonians, 18mo.; Advice to Young Men, 18mo.; Advice to Young Ladies, 18mo.; Maiden, Wife, and Mother, 3 vols. 18mo.; Tales of Married Life, 3 vols. 12mo.; Stories of Domestic Life, 3 vols. 18mo.; Tales from Real Life, 3 vols. 18mo.; Tired of House-keeping, 18mo.; Novels in Cheap Form, 20 vols.

Digitized by Google

said I. "If you can make room for me until morning, I will be very thankful."

I saw the girl's hand move quickly up his arm, until it rested on his shoulder, and now she leaned to him still closer.

"Come in. We'll try what can be done for you."

There was a change in the man's voice that made me wonder.

I entered a large room, in which blazed a brisk fire. Before the fire sat two stout lads, who turned upon me their heavy eyes, with no very welcome greeting. A middle-aged woman was standing at a table, and two children were amusing themselves with a kitten on the floor.

"A stranger, mother," said the man who had given me so rude a greeting at the door; "and he wants us to let him stay all night."

The woman looked at me doubtingly for a few moments, and then replied coldly—

"We don't keep a public house."

"I am aware of that, ma'am," said I; "but night has overtaken me, and it's a long way yet to——."

"Too far for a tired man to go on foot," said the master of the house, kindly, "so it's no use talking about it, mother; we must give him a bed."

So unobtrusively, that I scarcely noticed the movement, the girl had drawn to the woman's side. What she said to her I did not hear, for the brief words were uttered in a low voice; but I noticed, as she spoke, one small, fair hand rested on the woman's hand. Was there magic in that gentle touch? The woman's repulsive aspect changed into one of kindly welcome, and she said:

"Yes, it's a long way to G——. I guess we can find a place for him."

Many times more, during that evening, did I observe the magic power of that hand and voice—the one gentle yet potent as the other.

On the next morning, breakfast being over, I was preparing to take my departure, when my host informed me that if I would wait for half an hour he would give me a ride in his wagon to G——, as business required him to go there. I was very well pleased to accept of the invitation. In due time, the farmer's wagon was driven into the road before the house, and I was invited to get in. I noticed the horse as a rough-looking Canadian pony, with a certain air of stubborn endurance. As the farmer took his seat by my side, the family came to the door to see us off.

"Dick!" said the farmer in a peremptory voice, giving the rein a quick jerk as he spoke.

But Dick moved not a step.

"Dick! you vagabond! get up." And the farmer's whip cracked sharply by the pony's ear.

It availed not, however, this second appeal. Dick stood firmly disobedient. Next the whip was brought down upon him, with an impatient hand; but the pony only reared up a little. Fast and sharp the strokes were next dealt to the number of half-a-dozen. The man might as well have beaten his wagon, for all his end was gained.

A stout lad now came out into the road, and catching Dick by the bridle, jerked him forward, using, at the same time, the customary language on such occasions, but Dick met this new ally with increased stubbornness, planting his forefeet more firmly, and at a sharper angle with the ground. The impatient boy now struck the pony on the side of his head with his clinched hand, and jerked cruelly at his bridle. It availed nothing, however; Dick was not to be wrought upon by any such arguments.

"Don't do so, John!" I turned my head as the maiden's sweet voice reached my ear. She was passing through the gate into the road, and, in the next moment, had taken hold of the lad and drawn him away from the animal. No strength was exerted in this; she took hold of his arm, and he obeyed her wish as readily as if he had no thought beyond her gratification.

And now that soft hand was laid gently on the pony's neck, and a single low word spoken. How instantly were the tense muscles relaxed—how quickly the stubborn air vanished.

"Poor Dick!" said the maiden, as she stroked his neck lightly, or softly patted it with a child-like hand.

"Now, go along, you provoking fellow!" she added, in a half-chiding, yet affectionate voice, as she drew up the bridle. The pony turned toward her, and rubbed his head against her arm for an instant or two; then, pricking up his ears, he started off at a light, cheerful trot, and went on his way as freely as if no silly crotchet had ever entered his stubborn brain.

"What a wonderful power that hand possesses!" said I, speaking to my companion, as we rode away.

He looked at me for a moment as if my remark had occasioned surprise. Then a light came into his countenance, and he said, briefly—

"She's good! Everybody and everything loves her."

Was that, indeed, the secret of her power? Was the quality of her soul perceived in the impression of her hand, even by brute beasts! The father's explanation was, doubtless, the true one. Yet have I ever since wondered, and still do wonder, at the potency which lay in that maiden's magic touch. I have seen something of the same power, showing itself in the loving and the good, but never to the extent as instanced in her, whom, for want of a better name, I must still call "Gentle Hand."

### WILLIAM H. C. HOSMER.

Mr. Hosmer was born at Avon, in the valley of the Genesee, New York, May 25, 1814. He was graduated at Geneva College, and soon after commenced the study of the law with his father, the Hon. George Hosmer, one of the oldest members of the bar of Western New York. Mr. Hosmer was in due course licensed, and has practised his profession with success.

His parents having settled in the Genesee valley while it was yet occupied by the Seneca Indians, Mr. Hosmer's attention was early directed to the history and legends of the race whose home, possessions, and stronghold, had been for a succession of ages in that valley, and whose footprints were yet fresh upon its soil. His mother conversed fluently in the dialect of the tribe, and was familiar with its legends. These circumstances naturally directed Mr. Hosmer in the choice of a theme for his first poem, *Yonnondio*, an Indian tale in seven cantos, published in 1844.

In 1854 Mr. Hosmer published a complete collection of his *Poetical Works* in two volumes duodecimo. The first contains the Indian romance of Yonnondio, followed by legends of the Senecas, Indian traditions and songs, Bird Notes, a series of pleasantly versified descriptions of a few American birds, and the Months, a poetical calendar of nature. The second contains Occasional Poems,

Digitized by Google

Historic scenes drawn from European history, Martial Lyrics, several of which are in honor of the Mexican war, Songs and Ballads, Funeral Echoes, Sonnets, and Miscellaneous Poems. The enumeration displays the variety of the writer's productions. He maintains throughout a spirited and animated strain.

OCTOBER.

What is there saddening in the autumn leaves?
Have they that "green and yellow melancholy"
That the sweet poet spake of?
BRAINERD.

The tenth one of a royal line
Breathes on the wind his mandate loud,
And fitful gleams of sunlight shine
Around his throne of cloud:
The Genii of the forest dim
A many-colored robe for him
Of fallen leaves have wrought;
And softened is his visage grim
By melancholy thought.

No joyous birds his coming hail,
For Summer's full-voiced choir is gone,
And over Nature's face a veil
Of dull, gray mist is drawn:
The crow, with heavy pinion-strokes,
Beats the chill air in flight, and croaks
A dreary song of dole:
Beneath my feet the puff-ball smokes,
As through the fields I stroll.

An awning broad of many dyes
Above me bends, as on I stray,
More splendid than Italian skies
Bright with the death of day;
As in the sun-bow's radiant braid
Shade melts like magic into shade,
And purple, green, and gold,
With carmine blent, have gorgeous made
October's flag unrolled.

The partridge, closely ambushed, hears
The crackling leaf—poor, timid thing!
And to a thicker covert steers
On swift, resounding wing:
The woodland wears a look forlorn,
Hushed is the wild bee's tiny horn,
The cricket's bugle shrill—
Sadly is Autumn's mantle torn,
But fair to vision still.

Black walnuts, in low, meadow ground,
Are dropping now their dark, green balls,
And on the ridge, with rattling sound,
The deep brown chestnut falls.
When comes a day of sunshine mild,
From childhood, nutting in the wild,
Outbursts a shout of glee;
And high the pointed shells are piled
Under the hickory tree.

Bright flowers yet linger:—from the morn
Yon Cardinal hath caught its blush,
And yellow, star-shaped gems adorn
The wild witch-hazel bush;
Rocked by the frosty breath of Night,
That brings to frailer blossoms blight,
The germs of fruit they bear,
That, living on through Winter white,
Ripens in Summer air.

The varied aster tribes unclose
Bright eyes in Autumn's smoky bower,
And azure cup the gentian shows,
A modest little flower:
Their garden sisters pale have turned,
Though late the dahlia I discerned
Right royally arrayed:
And phlox, whose leaf with crimson burned
Like cheek of bashful maid.

In piles around the cider-mill
The parti-colored apples shine,
And busy hands the hopper fill,
While foams the pumice fine—
The cheese, with yellow straw between
Full, juicy layers, may be seen,
And rills of amber hue
Feed a vast tub, made tight and clean,
While turns the groaning screw.

From wheat-fields, washed by recent rains,
In flocks the whistling plover rise
When night draws near, and leaden stains
Obscure the western skies:
The geese, so orderly of late,
Fly over fence and farm-yard gate,
As if the welkin black
The habits of a wilder state
To memory brought back.

Yon streamlet to the woods around,
Sings, flowing on, a mournful tune,
Oh! how unlike the joyous sound
Wherewith it welcomed June!
Wasting away with grief, it seems,
For flowers that flaunted in the beams
Of many a sun-bright day—
Fair flowers!—more beautiful than dreams
When life hath reached its May.

Though wild, mischievous sprites of air,
In cruel mockery of a crown,
Drop on October's brow of care
Dead wreaths and foliage brown,
Abroad the sun will look again,
Rejoicing in his blue domain,
And prodigal of gold,
Ere dark November's sullen reign
Gild stream and forest old.

Called by the west wind from her grave,
Once more will summer re-appear,
And gladden with a merry stave
The wan, departing year;
Her swiftest messenger will stay
The wild bird winging south its way,
And night, no longer sad,
Will emulate the blaze of day,
In cloudless moonshine clad.

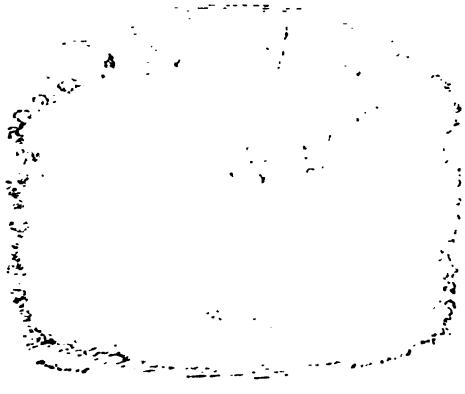
The scene will smoky vestments wear,
As if glad Earth—one altar made—
By clouding the delicious air
With fragrant fumes, displayed
A sense of gratitude for warm,
Enchanting weather after storm,
And raindrops falling fast,
On dead September's mouldering form,
From skies with gloom o'ercast.

JOEL TYLER HEADLEY

Was born at Walton, Delaware county, New York, December 8, 1814. He was graduated at Union College in 1839, and studied for the ministry at the Auburn Theological Seminary. Compelled by ill-health to relinquish this calling, he travelled in Europe in 1842 and 1843, passing a considerable portion of his time in Italy. On his return to America in 1844, he prepared a volume descriptive of his foreign tour, *Letters from Italy*, followed by *The Alps and the Rhine*. They

Digitized by Google

were published in the popular series of Wiley and Putnam's Library of American Books, and were received with unusual favor by the public. In 1846 Mr. Headley achieved a still more decided success in the publication of his spirited biographical sketches, *Napoleon and his Marshals*, to which *Washington and his Generals* in the next year was an American companion. *A Life of Oliver Cromwell*, based mainly upon Carlyle's researches, in 1848; *The Imperial Guard of Napoleon*, based upon a popular French history by Emile Marco de St. Hilaire, in 1851; *Lives of Scott and Jackson* in 1852; *A History of the War of* 1812, in 1853, and a *Life of Washington*, first published in Graham's Magazine in 1854, followed in sequence the author's first successes in popular biography and history.



Headley's Residence.

A spirited volume of travelling sketches, the result of a summer excursion in northern New York, *The Adirondack, or Life in the Woods*, appeared from Mr. Headley's pen in 1849, which, with two volumes of biblical sketches, *Sacred Mountains* and *Sacred Scenes and Characters*, and a volume of *Miscellanies, Sketches, and Rambles*, completes the list, thus far, of his publications.

His books, impressed by the keen, active temperament of the author, are generally noticeable for the qualities of energy and movement, which are at the secret of their popular success.

Mr. Headley resides at a country seat in the neighborhood of Newburgh on the Hudson. In 1854 he was chosen to represent his District in the State Legislature.

WASHINGTON AND NAPOLEON.

No one, in tracing the history of our struggle, can deny that Providence watched over our interests, and gave us the only man who could have conducted the car of the Revolution to the goal it finally reached. Our revolution brought to a speedy crisis the one that must sooner or later have convulsed France. One was as much needed as the other, and has been productive of equal good. But in tracing the progress of each, how striking is the contrast between the instruments employed—Napoleon and Washington. Heaven and earth are not wider apart than were their moral characters, yet both were sent of Heaven to perform a great work. God acts on more enlarged plans than the bigoted and ignorant have any conception of, and adapts his instruments to the work he wishes to accomplish. To effect the regeneration of a comparatively religious, virtuous, and intelligent people, no better man could have been selected than Washington. To rend asunder the feudal system of Europe, which stretched like an iron frame-work over the people, and had rusted so long in its place, that no slow corrosion or steadily wasting power could affect its firmness, there could have been found no better than Bonaparte. Their missions were as different as their characters. Had Bonaparte been put in the place of Washington, he would have overthrown the Congress, as he did the Directory, and taking supreme power into his hands, developed the resources, and kindled the enthusiasm of this country with such astonishing rapidity, that the war would scarcely have begun ere it was ended. But a vast and powerful monarchy, instead of a republic, would have occupied this continent. Had Washington been put in the place of Bonaparte, his transcendent virtues and unswerving integrity would not have prevailed against the tyranny of faction, and a prison would have received him, as it did Lafayette. Both were children of a revolution, both rose to the chief command of the army, and eventually to the head of the nation. One led his country step by step to freedom and prosperity, the other arrested at once, and with a strong hand, the earthquake that was rocking France asunder, and sent it rolling under the thrones of Europe. The office of one was to defend and build up Liberty, that of the other to break down the prison walls in which it lay a captive, and rend asunder its century-bound fetters. To suppose that France could have been managed as America was, by any human hand, shows an ignorance as blind as it is culpable. That, and every other country of Europe, will have to pass through successive stages before they can reach the point at which our revolution commenced. Here Liberty needed virtue and patriotism, as well as strength—on the continent it needed simple *power*, concentrated and terrible power. Europe at this day trembles over that volcano Napoleon kindled, and the next eruption will finish what he began. Thus does Heaven, selecting its own instruments, break up the systems of oppres-

Digitized by Google

sion men deemed eternal, and out of the power and ambition, as well as out of the virtues of men, work the welfare of our race.

LAFAYETTE.

He did not possess what is commonly termed genius, nor was he a man of remarkable intellectual powers. In youth, ardent and adventurous, he soon learned under Washington to curb his impulses, and act more from his judgment. Left to himself, he probably never would have reached any great eminence—but there could have been no better school for the fiery young republican, than the family of Washington. His affection and reverence for the latter gradually changed his entire character. Washington was his model, and imitating his self-control and noble patriotism, he became like him in patriotism and virtue. The difference between them was the same as that between an original and a copy. Washington was a man of immense strength of character—not only strong in virtue, but in intellect and will. Everything bent before him, and the entire nation took its impress from his mind. Lafayette was strong in integrity, and nothing could shake his unalterable devotion to the welfare of man. Enthusiastically wedded to republican institutions, no temptation could induce him to seize on, or aid power which threatened to overthrow them. Although somewhat vain and conceited, he was generous, self-sacrificing, and benevolent. Few men have passed through so many and so fearful scenes as he. From a young courtier, he passed into the self-denying, toilsome life of a general in the ill-clothed, ill-fed, and ill-disciplined American army—thence into the vortex of the French Revolution and all its horrors—thence into the gloomy prison of Olmutz. After a few years of retirement, he appeared on our shores to receive the welcome of a grateful people, and hear a nation shout his praise, and bear him from one limit of the land to another in its arms. A few years pass by, and with his gray hairs falling about his aged countenance, he stands amid the students of Paris, and sends his feeble shout of defiance to the throne of the Bourbon, and it falls. Rising more by his virtue than his intellect, he holds a prominent place in the history of France, and linked with Washington, goes down to a greater immortality than awaits any emperor or mere warrior of the human race.

His love for this country was deep and abiding. To the last his heart turned hither, and well it might:—his career of glory began on our shores—on our cause he staked his reputation, fortune, and life, and in our success received the benediction of the good the world over. That love was returned with interest, and never was a nobler exhibition of a nation's gratitude, than our reception of him at his last visit. We love him for what he did for us—we revere him for his consistency to our principles amid all the chaos and revolutions of Europe; and when we cease to speak of him with affection and gratitude, we shall show ourselves unworthy of the blessings we have received at his hands. "Honor to Lafayette!" will ever stand inscribed on our temple of liberty until its ruins shall cover all it now contains.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

The daughter of the Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher, was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, about the year 1812. Her elder sister, Esther Catherine Beecher, born in 1800 at East Hampton, Long Island, had established in 1822 a successful female seminary at Hartford, Connecticut. With this establish-

ment Harriet was associated from her fifteenth year till her marriage in her twenty-first with the Rev. Calvin E. Stowe, at that time Professor of Languages and Biblical Literature in the Divinity school at Cincinnati, whither Mrs. Stowe accompanied him, and where, during a long residence, she became interested in the question of slavery, which has furnished the topic of her chief literary production. Mrs. Stowe was well known at home as a writer before her famous publication, which gave her a world-wide reputation. She had written a number of animated moral tales, which showed a quick perception and much earnestness in expression, a collection of which was published by the Harpers in 1849 entitled *The May Flower; or, Sketches of the Descendants of the Pilgrims.* A new edition, much enlarged, appeared in 1855. Her great work, *Uncle Tom's Cabin; or, Life among the Lowly*, appeared as a book from the press of Jewett & Co. in Boston in 1852. It had been previously published week by week in chapters in the National Era, an anti-slavery paper at Washington.

Uncle Tom, the hero of the story, is a negro slave, noted for a faithful discharge of his duties, a circumstance which does not exempt him from the changes in condition incident to his position. His master, a humane man, becomes embarrassed in his finances and sells the slave to a dealer. After passing through various hands he dies at the south-west. The fortunes of two runaway slaves contribute to the interest of the book. The escape on the floating ice of the Ohio from the slave to the free state forms one of its most dramatic incidents. Masters as well as slaves furnish the dramatis personæ, and due justice is rendered to the amiable and strong points of southern character. The story of little Eva, a beautiful child, dying at an early age, is narrated with literary skill and feeling.

Many of the scenes of Uncle Tom's Cabin having been objected to as improbable, the author, in justification of the assailed portions, published

Digitized by Google

*A Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin*, a collection of facts on the subject of slavery drawn from southern authorities. These, however, still leave the question of the probability of Uncle Tom's adventures an open one, the opponents of the book asserting that the pecuniary value of his virtues would have secured a permanent home and kind treatment to so exemplary a character, without regard to the confessedly strong feeling of attachment existing in the old settled portions of the south towards trustworthy family servants.

Uncle Tom was originally published in book form in two duodecimo volumes. A handsomely illustrated edition subsequently appeared. The sale of these editions had, by the close of 1852, reached to two hundred thousand copies. In England twenty editions in various forms, ranging in price from ten shillings to sixpence a copy, have been published. The aggregate sale of these up to the period we have mentioned, is stated by a late authority* to have been more than a million of copies. "In France," the Review adds, "Uncle Tom still covers the shop windows of the Boulevards; and one publisher alone, Eustace Barba, has sent out five different editions in different forms. Before the end of 1852 it had been translated into Italian, Spanish, Danish, Swedish, Dutch, Flemish, German, Polish, and Magyar. There are two different Dutch translations, and twelve different German ones; and the Italian translation enjoys the honor of the Pope's prohibition. It has been dramatized in twenty different forms and acted in every capital in Europe and in the free states of America."

Soon after the publication of Uncle Tom's Cabin Mrs. Stowe, in company with her husband and the Rev. Charles Beecher, her brother, visited Great Britain. Her observations were communicated to the public some time after her return by the issue, in conjunction with her husband, of two volumes of travels, *Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands*.

The great reputation of her novel, and the sympathy of all classes of the English people with the views it contained, had secured to the author an universally favorable reception, and we have consequently much in her volumes of lords and ladies, but these fortunately do not "all her praise engross," for she has an eye for art, literature, and humanitarian effort. She expresses her opinion on art with warmth and freedom, without, however, always securing the respect of the critical reader for her judgment.

The Rev. Charles Beecher contributes his journal of a tour on the Continent to his sister's volumes.

UNCLE TOM IN HIS CABIN.

The cabin of Uncle Tom was a small log building, close adjoining to "the house," as the negro *par excellence* designates his master's dwelling. In front it had a neat garden-patch, where, every summer, strawberries, raspberries, and a variety of fruits and vegetables, flourished under careful tending. The whole front of it was covered by a large scarlet bignonia and a native multiflora rose, which, entwisting and interlacing, left scarce a vestige of the rough logs to be seen. Here, also, in summer, various brilliant annuals, such as marigolds, petunias, four-o'clocks, found an indulgent corner in which to unfold their splendors, and were the delight and pride of Aunt Chloe's heart.

Let us enter the dwelling. The evening meal at the house is over, and Aunt Chloe, who presided over its preparation as head cook, has left to inferior officers in the kitchen the business of clearing away and washing dishes, and come out into her own snug territories, to "get her ole man's supper;" therefore, doubt not that it is her you see by the fire, presiding with anxious interest over certain frizzling items in a stewpan, and anon with grave consideration lifting the cover of a bake-kettle, from whence steam forth indubitable intimations of "something good." A round, black, shining face is hers, so glossy as to suggest the idea that she might have been washed over with white of eggs, like one of her own tea rusks. Her whole plump countenance beams with satisfaction and contentment from under her well-starched checked turban, bearing on it, however, if we must confess it, a little of that tinge of self-consciousness which becomes the first cook of the neighborhood, as Aunt Chloe was universally held and acknowledged to be.

A cook she certainly was, in the very bone and centre of her soul. Not a chicken, or turkey, or duck in the barn-yard but looked grave when they saw her approaching, and seemed evidently to be reflecting on their latter end; and certain it was that she was always meditating on trussing, stuffing, and roasting, to a degree that was calculated to inspire terror in any reflecting fowl living. Her corn-cake, in all its varieties of hoe-cake, dodgers, muffins, and other species too numerous to mention, was a sublime mystery to all less practised compounders; and she would shake her fat sides with honest pride and merriment, as she would narrate the fruitless efforts that one and another of her compeers had made to attain to her elevation.

The arrival of company at the house, the arranging of dinners and suppers "in style," awoke all the energies of her soul; and no sight was more welcome to her than a pile of travelling trunks launched on the verandah, for then she foresaw fresh efforts and fresh triumphs.

Just at present, however, Aunt Chloe is looking into the bake-pan; in which congenial operation we shall leave her till we finish our picture of the cottage.

In one corner of it stood a bed, covered neatly with a snowy spread; and by the side of it was a piece of carpeting of some considerable size. On this piece of carpeting Aunt Chloe took her stand, as being decidedly in the upper walks of life; and it and the bed by which it lay, and the whole corner, in fact, were treated with distinguished consideration, and made, as far as possible, sacred from the marauding inroads and desecrations of little folks. In fact, that corner was the *drawing-room* of the establishment. In the other corner was a bed of much humbler pretensions, and evidently designed for use. The wall over the fireplace was adorned with some very brilliant scriptural prints, and a portrait of General Washington, drawn and colored in a manner which would certainly have astonished that hero, if ever he had happened to meet with its like.

On a rough bench in the corner, a couple of woolly-headed boys, with glistening black eyes and fat shining cheeks, were busy in superintending the first walking operations of the baby, which, as is usually the case, consisted in getting up on its feet, balancing a moment, and then tumbling down,—each successive failure being violently cheered, as something decidedly clever.

A table, somewhat rheumatic in its limbs, was

* Edinburgh Review, April, 1855, p. 560.

Digitized by Google

drawn out in front of the fire, and covered with a cloth, displaying cups and saucers of a decidedly brilliant pattern, with other symptoms of an approaching meal. At this table was seated Uncle Tom, Mr. Shelby's best hand, who, as he is to be the hero of our story, we must daguerreotype for our readers. He was a large, broad-chested, powerfully-made man, of a full glossy black, and a face whose truly African features were characterized by an expression of grave and steady good sense, united with much kindliness and benevolence. There was something about his whole air self-respecting and dignified, yet united with a confiding and humble simplicity.

He was very busily intent at this moment on a slate lying before him, on which he was carefully and slowly endeavoring to accomplish a copy of some letters, in which operation he was overlooked by young Master George, a smart, bright boy of thirteen, who appeared fully to realize the dignity of his position as instructor.

"Not that way, Uncle Tom,—not that way," said he, briskly, as Uncle Tom laboriously brought up the tail of his g the wrong side out; "that makes a *q*, you see."

"La sakes, now, does it?" said Uncle Tom, looking with a respectful, admiring air, as his young teacher flourishingly scrawled *q*'s and *g*'s innumerable for his edification; and then, taking the pencil in his big, heavy fingers, he patiently re-commenced.

"How easy white folks al'us does things!" said Aunt Chloe, pausing while she was greasing a griddle with a scrap of bacon on her fork, and regarding young Master George with pride. "The way he can write, now! and read, too! and then to come out here evenings and read his lessons to us,—it's mighty interestin'!"

"But, Aunt Chloe, I'm getting mighty hungry," said George. "Isn't that cake in the skillet almost done?"

"Mose done, Mas'r George," said Aunt Chloe, lifting the lid and peeping in,—"browning beautiful—a real lovely brown. Ah! let me alone for dat. Missis let Sally try to make some cake, t'other day; jes to *larn* her, she said. 'O, go way, Missis,' says I; 'it really hurts my feelin's, now, to see good vittles spiled dat ar way! Cake ris all to one side—no shape at all; no more than my shoe;—go way!"

And with this final expression of contempt for Sally's greenness, Aunt Chloe whipped the cover off the bake-kettle, and disclosed to view a neatly-baked pound-cake, of which no city confectioner need to have been ashamed. This being evidently the central point of the entertainment, Aunt Chloe began now to bustle about earnestly in the supper department.

"Here you, Mose and Pete! get out de way, you niggers! Get away, Polly honey,—mammy 'll give her baby somefin by and by. Now, Mas'r George, you jest take off dem books, and set down now with my old man, and I'll take up the sausages, and have de first griddle full of cakes on your plates in less dan no time."

"They wanted me to come to supper in the house," said George; "but I knew what was what too well for that, Aunt Chloe."

"So you did—so you did, honey," said Aunt Chloe, heaping the smoking batter-cakes on his plate; "you know'd your old aunty'd keep the best for you. O, let you alone for dat! Go way!" And, with that, aunty gave George a nudge with her finger, designed to be immensely facetious, and turned again to her griddle with great briskness.

"Now for the cake," said Master George, when the activity of the griddle department had somewhat subsided; and, with that, the youngster flourished a large knife over the article in question.

"La bless you, Mas'r George!" said Aunt Chloe, with earnestness, catching his arm, "you wouldn't be for cuttin' it wid dat ar great heavy knife! Smash all down—spile all de pretty rise of it. Here, I've got a thin old knife, I keeps sharp a purpose. Dar now, see! comes apart light as a feather! Now eat away—you won't get anything to beat dat ar."

"Tom Lincon says," said George, speaking with his mouth full, "that their Jinny is a better cook than you."

"Dem Lincons an't much count, no way!" said Aunt Chloe, contemptuously; "I mean, set along side *our* folks. They's 'spectable folks enough in a kinder plain way; but, as to gettin' up anything in style, they don't begin to have a notion on't. Set Mas'r Lincon, now, alongside Mas'r Shelby! Good Lor! and Missis Lincon,—can she kinder sweep it into a room like my missis,—so kinder splendid, yer know! O, go way! don't tell me nothin' of dem Lincons!"—and Aunt Chloe tossed her head as one who hoped she did know something of the world.

"Well, though, I've heard you say," said George, "that Jinny was a pretty fair cook."

"So I did," said Aunt Chloe,—"I may say dat. Good, plain, common cookin', Jinny'll do;—make a good pone o' bread,—bile her taters *far*,—her corn cakes isn't extra, not extra now, Jinny's corn cakes isn't, but then they's far,—but, Lor, come to de higher branches, and what *can* she do? Why, she makes pies—sartin she does; but what kinder crust? Can she make your real flecky paste, as melts in your mouth, and lies all up like a puff? Now, I went over thar when Miss Mary was gwine to be married, and Jinny she jest showed me de weddin' pies. Jinny and I is good friends, ye know. I never said nothin'; but go long, Mas'r George! Why, I shouldn't sleep a wink for a week, if I had a batch of pies like dem ar. Why, dey wan't no 'count 'tall."

"I suppose Jinny thought they were ever so nice," said George.

"Thought so!—didn't she? Thar she was, showing 'em, as innocent—ye see, it's jest here, Jinny *don't know*. Lor, the family an't nothing! She can't be spected to know! 'Tan't no fault o' hern. Ah, Mas'r George, you doesn't know half your privileges in yer family and bringin' up!" Here Aunt Chloe sighed, and rolled up her eyes with emotion.

"I'm sure, Aunt Chloe, I understand all my pie and pudding privileges," said George. "Ask Tom Lincon if I don't crow over him every time I meet him."

* * * * * * * * *

By this time Master George had arrived at that pass to which even a boy can come (under uncommon circumstances), when he really could not eat another morsel, and, therefore, he was at leisure to notice the pile of woolly heads and glistening eyes which were regarding their operations hungrily from the opposite corner.

"Here, you Mose, Pete," he said, breaking off liberal bits, and throwing it at them; "you want some, don't you? Come, Aunt Chloe, bake them some cakes."

And George and Tom moved to a comfortable seat in the chimney-corner, while Aunt Chloe, after baking a goodly pile of cakes, took her baby on her lap, and began alternately filling its mouth and her own, and distributing to Mose and Pete, who seemed rather to prefer eating theirs as they rolled about on the floor under the table, tickling each other, and occasionally pulling the baby's toes.

"O! go long, will ye!" said the mother, giving now and then a kick, in a kind of general way, under

Digitized by Google

the table, when the movement became too obstreperous. "Can't ye be decent when white folks comes to see ye? Stop dat ar, now, will ye? Better mind yourselves, or I'll take ye down a button-hole lower, when Mas'r George is gone!"

What meaning was couched under this terrible threat, it is difficult to say; but certain it is that its awful indistinctness seemed to produce very little impression on the young sinners addressed.

* * * * * * * *

"Well, now, I hopes you're done," said Aunt Chloe, who had been busy in pulling out a rude box of a trundle-bed; "and now, you Mose and you Pete, get into thar; for we's goin' to have the meetin'."

"O mother, we don't wanter. We wants to sit up to meetin',—meetin's is so curis. We likes 'em."

"La, Aunt Chloe, shove it under, and let 'em sit up," said Master George, decisively, giving a push to the rude machine.

Aunt Chloe, having thus saved appearances, seemed highly delighted to push the thing under, saying, as she did so, "Well, mebbe 'twill do 'em some good."

The house now resolved itself into a committee of the whole to consider the accommodations and arrangements for the meeting.

"What we's to do for cheers now, *I* declare I don't know," said Aunt Chloe. As the meeting had been held at Uncle Tom's weekly, for an indefinite length of time, without any more "cheers," there seemed some encouragement to hope that a way would be discovered at present.

"Old Uncle Peter sung both the legs out of dat oldest cheer, last week," suggested Mose.

"You go long! I'll boun' you pulled 'em out; some o' your shines," said Aunt Chloe.

"Well, it'll stand, if it only keeps jam up agin de wall!" said Mose.

"Den Uncle Peter mus'n't sit in it, cause he al'ays hitches when he gets a singing. He hitched pretty nigh across de room t'other night," said Pete.

"Good Lor! get him in it then," said Mose, "and den he'd begin, 'Come saints and sinners, hear me tell,' and den down he'd go,"—and Mose imitated precisely the nasal tones of the old man, tumbling on the floor, to illustrate the supposed catastrophe.

"Come now, be decent, can't ye!" said Aunt Chloe; "an't yer shamed?"

Master George, however, joined the offender in the laugh, and declared decidedly that Mose was a "buster." So the maternal admonition seemed rather to fail of effect.

"Well, ole man," said Aunt Chloe, "you'll have to tote in them ar bar'ls."

"Mother's bar'ls is like dat ar widder's, Mas'r George was reading 'bout in de good book,—dey never fails," said Mose, aside to Pete.

"I'm sure one on 'em caved in last week," said Pete, "and let 'em all down in de middle of de singin'; dat ar was failin', warnt it?"

During this aside between Mose and Pete, two empty casks had been rolled into the cabin, and being secured from rolling by stones on each side boards were laid across them, which arrangement, together with the turning down of certain tubs and pails, and the disposing of the rickety chairs, at last completed the preparation.

"Mas'r George is such a beautiful reader, now, I know he'll stay to read for us," said Aunt Chloe; "'pears like 'twill be so much more interestin'."

George very readily consented, for your boy is always ready for anything that makes him of importance.

The room was soon filled with a motley assemblage, from the old gray-headed patriarch of eighty to the young girl and lad of fifteen. A little harmless gossip ensued on various themes, such as where old Aunt Sally got her new red head-kerchief, and how "Missis was a going to give Lizzy that spotted muslin gown, when she'd got her new berage made up;" and how Mas'r Shelby was thinking of buying a new sorrel colt, that was going to prove an addition to the glories of the place. A few of the worshippers belonged to families hard by, who had got permission to attend, and who brought in various choice scraps of information, about the sayings and doings at the house and on the place, which circulated as freely as the same sort of small change does in higher circles.

After a while the singing commenced to the evident delight of all present. Not even all the disadvantage of nasal intonation could prevent the effect of the naturally fine voices, in airs at once wild and spirited. The words were sometimes the well-known and common hymns sung in the churches about, and sometimes of a wilder, more indefinite character, picked up at camp-meetings.

The chorus of one of them, which ran as follows, was sung with great energy and unction:—

Die on the field of battle,
Die on the field of battle,
Glory in my soul.

Another special favorite had oft repeated the words—

O, I'm going to glory,—wont you come along with me?
Don't you see the angels beck'ning, and a calling me away?
Don't you see the golden city and the everlasting day?

There were others, which made incessant mention of "Jordan's banks," and "Canaan's fields," and the "New Jerusalem;" for the negro mind, impassioned and imaginative, always attaches itself to hymns and expressions of a vivid and pictorial nature; and, as they sung, some laughed, and some cried, and some clapped hands, or shook hands rejoicingly with each other, as if they had fairly gained the other side of the river.

Various exhortations or relations of experience followed, and intermingled with the singing. One old gray-headed woman, long past work, but much revered as a sort of chronicle of the past, rose, and leaning on her staff, said—

"Well, chil'en! Well, I'm mighty glad to hear ye all and see ye all once more, 'cause I don't know when I'll be gone to glory; but I've done got ready, chil'en; 'pears like I'd got my little bundle all tied up, and my bonnet on, jest a waitin' for the stage to come along and take me home; sometimes, in the night, I think I hear the wheels a rattlin', and I'm lookin' out all the time; now, you jest be ready too, for I tell ye all, chil'en," she said, striking her staff hard on the floor, "dat ar *glory* is a mighty thing! It's a mighty thing, chil'en,—you don'no nothing about it,—it's *wonderful*." And the old creature sat down, with streaming tears, as wholly overcome, while the whole circle struck up

O Canaan, bright Canaan,
I'm bound for the land of Canaan.

Master George, by request, read the last chapters of Revelation, often interrupted by such exclamations as "The *sakes* now!" "Only hear that!" "Jest think on't!" "Is all that a comin' sure enough?"

George, who was a bright boy, and well trained in religious things by his mother, finding himself an object of general admiration, threw in expositions of his own, from time to time, with a commendable seriousness and gravity, for which he was admired by the young and blessed by the old; and it was agreed,

Digitized by Google

on all hands, that "a minister couldn't lay it off better than he did;" that "'twas reely 'mazin'!"

Uncle Tom was a sort of patriarch in religious matters in the neighborhood. Having naturally an organization in which the *moral* was strongly predominant, together with a greater breadth and cultivation of mind than obtained among his companions, he was looked up to with great respect, as a sort of minister among them; and the simple, hearty, sincere style of his exhortations might have edified even better educated persons. But it was in prayer that he especially excelled. Nothing could exceed the touching simplicity, the child-like earnestness of his prayer, enriched with the language of Scripture, which seemed so entirely to have wrought itself into his being, as to have become a part of himself, and to drop from his lips unconsciously; in the language of a pious old negro, he "prayed right up." And so much did his prayer always work on the devotional feelings of his audiences, that there seemed often a danger that it would be lost altogether in the abundance of the responses which broke out everywhere around him.

### HARRIET FARLEY.

The editor of "The Lowell or New England Offering," in an autobiographic sketch published in Mrs. Hale's "Woman's Record," gives the following characteristic account of her career:—

"My father is a Congregational clergyman, and at the time of my birth was settled in the beautiful town of Claremont, in the state of New Hampshire. Though I left this place when six years of age, I still remember its natural beauties, which even then impressed me deeply. The Ashcutney Mountain, Sugar River, with its foaming falls, the distant hills of Vermont, all are in my memory. My mother was descended from the Moodys, somewhat famous in New England history. One of them was the eccentric and influential Father Moody. Another was Handkerchief Moody, the one who wore, so many years, 'the minister's veil.' One was the well known Trustee Moody, of Dumwell Academy, who educated my grandmother. She was a very talented and estimable lady.

"My father was of the genuine New Hampshire stock—from a family of pious, industrious, agricultural people; his brothers being deacons, and some of his sisters married to deacons. I have not learned that any of them ever committed a disgraceful act. His grandmother was eminent for her medical knowledge and skill, and had as much practice as is usually given to a country doctor. His mother was a woman of fine character, who exerted herself, and sacrificed much, to secure his liberal education. His sisters were energetic in their coöperation with their husbands, to secure and improve homes among the White and the Green Mountains, and Wisconsin. So much for progenitors.

"I was the sixth of ten children, and, until fourteen, had not that health which promises continued life. I was asthmatic, and often thought to be in a consumption. I am fortunate now in the possession of excellent health, which may be attributed to a country rearing, and an obedience to physical laws, so far as I understand them. At fourteen years of age I commenced exertions to assist in my own maintenance, and have at different times followed the different avocations of New England girls. I have plaited palm-leaf and straw, bound shoes, taught school, and worked at tailoring; besides my labors as a weaver in the factory, which suited me better than any other.

"After my father's removal to the little town of Atkinson, New Hampshire, he combined the labors of preceptor of one of the two oldest Academies in the state, with his parochial duties; and here, among a simple but intelligent people, I spent those years which give the tone to female character. At times there was a preceptress to the Academy; but it was in the summer, when I was debilitated, and my lessons were often studied on my bed. I learned something of French, drawing, ornamental needlework, and the usual accomplishments—for it was the design of my friends to make me a teacher—a profession for which I had an instinctive dislike. But my own feelings were not consulted. Indeed, perhaps it was not thought how much these were outraged; but their efforts were to suppress the imaginative and cultivate the practical. This was, undoubtedly, wholesome discipline; but it was carried to a degree that was painful, and drove me from my home. I came to Lowell, determined that if I had my own living to obtain, I would get it in my own way; that I would read, think, and *write, when I could*, without restraint; that if I did well I would have the credit of it; if ill, my friends should be relieved from the blame, if not from the stigma. I endeavored to reconcile them to my lot, by a devotion of all my spare earnings to them and their interests. I made good wages; I dressed economically; I assisted in the liberal education of one brother, and endeavored to be the guardian angel of a lovely sister, who, after many years of feebleness, is now perhaps a guardian angel to me in heaven. Twice before this had I left 'the mill,' to watch around the death-beds of loved ones—my elder sister, and a beautiful and promising brother. Two others had previously died; two have left their native state for a Texan home. So you will see that my feelings must have been severely tried. But all this has, doubtless, been beneficial to me.

"It was something so new to me to be praised and encouraged to write, that I was at first overwhelmed by it, and withdrew as far as possible from the attentions that some of my first contributions to the 'Offering' directed towards me. It was with great reluctance that I consented to edit, and was quite as unwilling at first to assist in publishing. But circumstances seem to have compelled me forward as a business woman, and I have endeavored to *do my duty*.

"I am now the proprietor of 'The New England Offering.' I do all the publishing, editing, canvassing, and, as it is bound in my office, I can in a hurry help fold, cut covers, stitch, &c. I have a little girl to assist me in the folding, stitching, &c.; the rest, after it comes from the printer's hand, is all my own work. I employ no agents, and depend upon no one for assistance. My edition is four thousand."

The Lowell Offering was commenced in 1841.

In 1848 Miss Farley published a volume chiefly made up of her contributions to that periodical, entitled *Shells from the Strand of the Sea of Genius*. Another volume from the various writers in the same publication was collected by Charles Knight, in London, and published in one of his popular libraries in 1849—*Mind among the Spindles*.

### ELIZABETH F. ELLET.

Mrs. Elizabeth Fries Ellet was born at Sodus Point, on Lake Ontario, New York, in October, 1818. Her maiden name was Lummis. Her father was a physician, Dr. William Nixon Lummis, the pupil and the friend of Rush, whom he strongly resembled in person. He was of a New



Digitized by Google

Jersey family, and became one of the pioneers of Western New York, expending a fortune in improvements in the country adjoining Sodus bay, of which others reaped the advantage. He was a man of talent and religious character, and admired for his social qualities. His second wife, the mother of our author, was Sarah, the daughter of Captain John Maxwell, an officer in the American army during the Revolutionary war, and the niece of General William Maxwell in the same service.

Mrs. Ellet was educated in English and French at the female seminary, under the care of Susan Marriott, an accomplished English Quaker lady, at Aurora, Cayuga county, New York. She was early married to Dr. William H. Ellet, who has occupied the professorship of chemistry at Columbia College, New York, and in the South Carolina College at Columbia. In 1849 they came to reside permanently in New York.

E. F. Ellet.

The poetical talent was marked in Mrs. Ellet at a very early age. She wrote good verses at fifteen, and in 1835 published a volume of poems. At the same period appeared a tragedy from her pen entitled *Teresa Contarini*, founded on a Venetian historic incident, which was performed on the stage. In 1841 a volume in prose appeared from her pen, *The Characters of Schiller*, a critical essay on the genius of that author, and analysis of his characters. *Scenes in the Life of Joanna of Sicily*, partly historical and partly fanciful; and a small volume for children, *Rambles about the Country*, appeared about the same time. Mrs. Ellet also, at this period, contributed articles to the American Quarterly Review, the North American and the New York Reviews, on Italian and French dramatic and lyric poetry, and wrote tales and poems for monthly magazines in New York, Philadelphia, and Charleston. In 1848 she published her work, *The Women of the American Revolution*, in two volumes, to which a third was subsequently added. It was an undertaking requiring not only a special sympathy (which Mrs. Ellet possessed through her family associations) and literary skill, but much labor and research. These memoirs, which shed so important a light on the history of the Revolution, were chiefly compiled from original materials, manuscripts of the times, or personal recollections of the surviving friends of the heroines. A companion volume, *The Domestic History of the Revolution*, is a connected narrative exhibiting the life of the period.

Another collection of memoirs is *The Pioneer Women of the West*, written from original materials. *Summer Rambles in the West* describes a tour through several of the western states, with a full description of parts of Minnesota Territory.

She is also the author of a pleasant volume, *Evenings at Woodlawn*, a collection of European legends and traditions; of *Novellettes of the Musicians*, a series of tales, original and selected from the German, founded on incidents in the personal history of artists, and illustrative of their character and the style of their works. Her *Watching Spirits*, an illustrated volume, is an essay on the presence and agency of spirits in this world, as described in the Holy Scriptures.

LINES TO ——.

Thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me.—Ps. cxix. 75.

Smitten of Heaven—and murmuring 'neath the rod—
Whose days are heavy with their freight of gloom:
Drooping and faint, with eyes
Not yet by Faith unclosed—

Art thou repining that thou stand'st apart,
Like the tree lightning-blasted! wrung with pain,
No sympathy can heal—
No time can e'er assuage.

This life to thee is but a sea of woe,
Whose deep unto its deep of sorrow calls:
While others walk a maze
Of flowers, and smiles, and joys!

Look up—thou lone and sorely stricken one!
Look up—thou darling of the Eternal Sire!
More blest a thousand-fold
Than they—the proudly gay!

For them earth yields her all of bliss;—for *thee*
Kind Heaven doth violence to its heart of love;
And Mercy holds thee fast,
Fast in her iron bonds—

And wounds thee lest thou 'scape her jealous care,
And her *best* gifts—the cross and thorn—bestows,
*They* dwell within the vale,
Where fruits and flowers abound.

*Thou* on affliction's high and barren place;
But round about the mount chariots of fire—
Horses of fire—encamp
To keep thee safe for heaven.

### JEDIDIAH V. HUNTINGTON.

Mr. Huntington was born in 1814, and educated as a physician. After practising his profession for several years, he became, in December, 1839, a candidate for orders in the Protestant Episcopal Church, and a professor in St. Paul's College, Flushing. After his ordination he was for a short time rector of a church in Middleburg, Vermont. He then visited Europe, and remained for several years in Italy. On his return he became a Roman Catholic, but did not enter the priesthood of that communion. After a residence of a few years in New York, he removed to Baltimore, where he edited a monthly magazine. In

Digitized by Google

1855 he again removed to St. Louis, and edited a weekly journal, "The Leader," a literary, political, and family newspaper.

In 1843 he published a volume of *Poems*, mostly of a religious and reflective character, including several translations from the hymns of the Breviary. His next publication, *Alice, or the New Una*, appeared in London, in 1849, during his residence abroad. It is a singular compound of the art, the religious and the fashionable novel, and contained many scenes whose warmth of description laid the work open to censure. Its beauty of language, and picturesque descriptions of natural scenery, attracted much attention. It was reprinted during the same year in the United States, and, in 1852, appeared in a revised edition with many judicious alterations. Mr. Huntington's second novel, *The Forest*, was published in 1852. It is a continuation of Lady Alice, the leading characters being transferred from Europe to the Adirondack Mountains. The fine scenery of the region is depicted with beauty, but the fiction is, like its predecessor, deficient in the vigorous delineation of character.

THE SONG OF THE OLD YEAR.

December 31st, 1838.

Of brethren we six thousand be,
Nor one e'er saw another;
By birth-law dire must each expire
To make way for a brother;
Old Father Time our common sire,
Eternity our mother.

When we have spent the life she lent,
Her breast we do not spurn;
The very womb from which we loom,
To it we still return;
Its boundless gloom becomes a tomb
Our shadows to inurn.

In the hour of my birth, there was joy and mirth;
And shouts of gladness filled my ear;
But directly after each burst of laugh
Came sounds of pain and fear;
—The groans of the dying, the bitter crying
Of those who held them dear.

The regular beat of dancing feet
Ushered my advent in;
But on the air the voice of prayer
Arose above the din;
Its accents sweet did still entreat
Pardon for human sin.

As thus began my twelve-months' span
Through the infinite extended;
So ever hath run on my path,
'Twixt joy and grief suspended;
But chiefly measured by things most treasured,
In death with burdens blended.

The bell aye tolls for departing souls
Of those whom I have slain;
The ceaseless knell to me doth tell
Each minute of my reign.
Their bodies left of life bereft,
Would cumber hill and plain.

But I have made, with my restless spade,
Their thirty-million graves;
With constant toil upturning the soil,
Or parting the salt-sea waves,
To find a bed for my countless dead
In the secret ocean-caves.

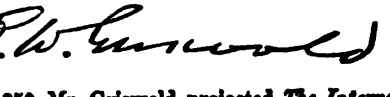
By fond hopes blighted, of true vows plighted
Showing the little worth;
By affections wasted: by joys scarce tasted,
Or poisoned ere their birth;
I have proved to many, there is not any
Pure happiness on earth.

And prophetic power upon the hour
Of my expiring waits;
What I have been not enters in
With me the silent gates:
The fruit within its grace, or sin,
For endless harvest waits.

And lo, as I pass with that running glass
That counts my last moments of sorrow,
The tale I tell, if pondered well,
The soul of young hope must harrow;
For mirrored in me, ye behold what shall be
In the New-Year born to-morrow.

RUFUS WILMOT GRISWOLD

Was born in Rutland county, Vermont, Feb. 15, 1815, of an old New England family which contributed some of the earliest settlers to the country. Much of his early life, as we learn from a biographical article which originally appeared in the Knickerbocker Magazine, "was spent in voyaging about the world; before he was twenty years of age, he had seen the most interesting portions of his own country, and of southern and central Europe." He afterwards studied divinity and became a preacher of the Baptist denomination. He is chiefly known to the public, however, through his literary productions. He became early connected with the press; was associated in the editorship of the New Yorker, the Brother Jonathan, and New World newspapers, and other journals in Boston and Philadelphia. In 1842, he was the editor of Graham's Magazine, which he conducted with eminent success, drawing to the work the contributions of some of the best authors of the country who found liberal remuneration, then a novelty in American literature, from the generous policy of the publisher.



In 1850, Mr. Griswold projected *The International Monthly Magazine*, five volumes of which were published by Messrs. Stringer and Town-

Digitized by Google

send of New York. Like all of his undertakings of this character, it was liberally devoted to the notice and support of American authors, with whom Mr. Griswold has constantly maintained an extensive personal acquaintance.

His most prominent relations of this kind, however, have been through his series of books, *The Poets and Poetry of America*, the first edition of which appeared in 1842; *The Prose Writers of America*, which was first published in 1846; and the *Female Poets of America*, in 1849. They were the first comprehensive illustrations of the literature of the country, and have exerted an important influence through their criticisms, and on the reputation of the numerous authors included, in their reception at home and abroad.

Mr. Griswold is also the author of a volume, *The Poets and Poetry of England in the Nineteenth Century*, in similar style with the American series, and has edited an octavo volume, *The Sacred Poets of England and America*.

In 1847, he was engaged in Philadelphia in the preparation of two series of biographies, *Washington and the Generals of the American Revolution*, and *Napoleon and the Marshals of the Empire*.

Mr. Griswold, among other illustrations of American history and society, is the author of an interesting appendix to an edition of D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature, entitled *The Curiosities of American Literature*. In 1842, he published in New York a volume on an excellent plan, worthy of having been continued, entitled *The Biographical Annual*.

Among other productions of his pen should be mentioned an early volume of Poems in 1841; a volume of Sermons, and a Discourse in 1844, on *The Present Condition of Philosophy*.

His latest publication is, *The Republican Court, or American Society in the Days of Washington*, a costly printed volume from the press of the Appletons, in 1854. On the thread of the domestic life of Washington, Mr. Griswold hangs a social history of the period, which he is thus enabled to sketch in its leading characteristics in the northern, middle, and southern states; the career of the great founder of the Republic, fortunately for the common sympathy of the whole, having been associated with all these elements of national life. The book is full of interesting matter from the numerous memoirs and biographies, is illustrated by a number of portraits of the more eminent ladies of the time, and has been well received by the public.

Dr. Griswold is at present engaged on a revision of his larger works on American literature, which have passed through numerous editions with successive improvements.

### BENJAMIN DAVIS WINSLOW

Was born in Boston, February 13, 1815. His early years were passed at home, at the residence of Gen. William Hall, at Boston, and with the Rev. Samuel Ripley at Waltham, where he received his first instructions in Latin. He was prepared for Harvard under the tuition of Mr. D. G. Ingraham, of Boston, received his degree at this college in 1835, entered the General Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church at New York, pursued the usual term of study, and was ordained Deacon in 1838, by his friend Bishop Doane of New Jersey, to whom he became assistant minister of St. Mary's Church, Burlington. The brief remaining portion of his life was passed in this service. He died November 21, 1839.

A memorial volume of his Sermons and Poetical Remains, in an octavo volume, was prepared by Bishop Doane, entitled *The True Catholic Churchman, in his Life and in his Death*. The sermons are earnest doctrinal compositions, written with ease and elegance. The poems, many of which are devoted to sacred church associations, are all in a truthful and fervent vein, with a happy facility of execution, and on the score both of taste and piety are well worthy to be associated with the kindred compositions of the author's friends, Croswell and Doane.

#### THOUGHTS FOR THE CITY.

Out on the city's hum!
My spirit would flee from the haunts of men
To where the woodland and leafy glen
Are eloquently dumb.

These dull brick walls which span
My daily walks, and which shut me in;
These crowded streets, with their busy din—
They tell too much of man.

Oh! for those dear wild flowers,
Which in their meadows so brightly grew,
Where the honey-bee and blithe bird flew
That gladdened boyhood's hours.

Out on these chains of flesh!
Binding the pilgrim who fain would roam,
To where kind nature hath made her home,
In bowers so green and fresh.

But is not nature here?
From these troubled scenes look up and view
The orb of day, through the firmament blue,
Pursue his bright career.

Or, when the night-dews fall,
Go watch the moon with her gentle glance
Flitting over the clear expanse—
Her own broad star-lit hall.

Mortal the earth may mar,
And blot out its beauties one by one;
But he cannot dim the fadeless sun,
Or quench a single star.

And o'er the dusky town,
The greater light that ruleth the day,
And the heav'nly host, in their bright array
Look gloriously down.

So, 'mid the hollow mirth,
The din and strife of the crowded mart;
We may ever lift up the eye and heart
To scenes above the earth.

Blest thought, so kindly given!
That though he toils with his boasted might,
*Man cannot shut from his brother's sight*
*The things and thoughts of Heaven!*

### T. B. THORPE.

T. B. Thorpe was born at Westfield, Mass., March 1, 1815. His father Thomas Thorpe, a man of literary genius, was a clergyman, who died in New York city at the early age of twenty-six. His son lived in New York till his transfer to the Wesleyan University at Middletown, Connecticut,

Digitized by Google

where he passed three years; but his health failing him, in 1836 he left Connecticut for the south, where he resided in Louisiana to the year 1853. In early life he displayed a taste for painting. His picture of "the Bold Dragoon," illustrative of Irving's story, was executed in his seventeenth year, and exhibited at the old American Academy of Fine Arts. Like Irving himself, he left the pencil for the pen, and turned his talent for grouping and sketching to the kindred province of descriptive writing. He soon became known as the author of a series of western tales, adopting the name of Tom Owen, the Bee-Hunter, the title of one of his first stories, the subject of which was an eccentric personage—to whom the author has given a wild flavor of poetry—a "bee-hunter" by profession, with whom he fell in shortly after his removal to the south.

T. B. Thorpe.

For many years Mr. Thorpe was an editor of one of the leading political newspapers in New Orleans, devoted to the interests of Henry Clay. In this enterprise, notwithstanding his fine literary tact, political knowledge, and untiring energy, he was compelled, for lack of pecuniary resources, to leave the field to others. On the announcement of the war with Mexico, he distinguished himself by his zeal in raising volunteers; and as bearer of dispatches to General Taylor he was not only early in the field, but had a most excellent position to witness the scenes of war. His letters, published in a New Orleans paper, were the first that reached the United States. The descriptions of the American camp, the country, and the Mexican people, were extensively published. Immediately after General Taylor took possession of Metamoras, he prepared, in 1846, a volume entitled *Our Army on the Rio Grande*, succeeded by *Our Army at Monterey*. These two volumes, according to their extent, have furnished most of the materials that have been wrought into the subsequent histories relating to the events which they describe.

Mr. Thorpe bore an active part in the election of General Taylor to the Presidency. He took the field as a speaker, and became one of the most popular and efficient orators of the South-West. His speeches were marked by their good sense, brilliancy of expression, and graphic humorous illustration.

In 1853, Mr. Thorpe removed to New York with his family, and among other literary enterprises prepared a new collection of his sketches, which were published by the Appletons, with the title, *The Hive of the "Bee-Hunter."* This miscellany of sketches of peculiar American character, scenery, and rural sports, is marked by the simplicity and delicacy with which its rough humors are handled. The style is easy and natural, the sentiment fresh and unforced, showing a fine sensibility. In "the Bee-Hunter," there is a vein of poetry, which has been happily caught by Darley in the illustration which accompanies the sketch in the volume. In proof of the fidelity of Mr. Thorpe's hunting scenes, there is an anecdote connected with some of his writings. His taste for life in the back-woods, the hunter's camp fire, and the military bivouac, shown in his published sketches, had attracted the attention in England of Sir William Drummond Stewart, an eccentric Scotch nobleman, who projected and accomplished a tour in the Rocky Mountains. On his arrival at New Orleans, he endeavored to secure Mr. Thorpe as a member of his party; an offer which could not be conveniently accepted. While Sir William was absent, however, Mr. Thorpe wrote a series of letters, purporting to give an account of the "Doings of the Expedition," which were published in this country and England as genuine, Sir William himself pronouncing them the most truthful of all that were written, all the while supposing they were from some member of his party.

Mr. Thorpe is a contributor to Harpers' Magazine, where he has published several descriptive articles on southern life and products, and a sketch, "The Case of Lady Macbeth Medically Considered."

### TOM OWEN, THE BEE-HUNTER.

As a country becomes cleared up and settled, bee-hunters disappear, consequently they are seldom or never noticed beyond the immediate vicinity of their homes. Among this backwoods fraternity, have flourished men of genius in their way, who have died unwept and unnoticed, while the heroes of the turf, and of the chase, have been lauded to the skies for every trivial superiority they may have displayed in their respective pursuits.

To chronicle the exploits of sportsmen is commendable—the custom began as early as the days of the antediluvians, for we read, that "Nimrod was a mighty hunter before the Lord." Familiar, however, as Nimrod's name may be—or even Davy Crockett's—how unsatisfactory their records, when we reflect that Tom Owen, the bee-hunter, is comparatively unknown!

Yes, the mighty Tom Owen has "hunted," from the time that he could stand alone until the present time, and not a pen has inked paper to record his exploits. "Solitary and alone" has he traced his game through the mazy labyrinth of air; marked, I hunted;—I found;—I conquered;—upon the carcasses of his victims, and then marched homeward with his spoils; quietly and satisfiedly, sweetening

Digitized by Google

his path through life; and, by its very obscurity, adding the principal element of the sublime.

It was on a beautiful southern October morning, at the hospitable mansion of a friend, where I was staying to drown dull care, that I first had the pleasure of seeing Tom Owen.

He was, on this occasion, straggling up the rising ground that led to the hospitable mansion of mine host, and the difference between him and ordinary men was visible at a glance; perhaps it showed itself as much in the perfect contempt of fashion that he displayed in the adornment of his outward man, as it did in the more elevated qualities of his mind, which were visible in his face. His head was adorned with an outlandish pattern of a hat—his nether limbs were encased by a pair of inexpressibles, beautifully fringed by the brier-bushes through which they were often drawn; coats and vests, he considered as superfluities; hanging upon his back were a couple of pails, and an axe in his right hand, formed the varieties that represented the corpus of Tom Owen.

As is usual with great men, he had his followers, who, with a courtier-like humility, depended upon the expression of his face for all their hopes of success.

The usual salutations of meeting were sufficient to draw me within the circle of his influence, and I at once became one of his most ready followers.

"See yonder!" said Tom, stretching his long arm into infinite space, "see yonder—there's a bee."

We all looked in the direction he pointed, but that was the extent of our observations.

"It was a fine bee," continued Tom, "black body, yellow legs, and went into that tree,"—pointing to a towering oak blue in the distance. "In a clear day I can see a bee over a mile, easy!"

When did Coleridge "talk" like that? And yet Tom Owen uttered such a saying with perfect ease.

After a variety of meanderings through the thick woods, and clambering over fences, we came to our place of destination, as pointed out by Tom, who selected a mighty tree containing sweets, the possession of which the poets have likened to other sweets that leave a sting behind.

The felling of a mighty tree is a sight that calls up a variety of emotions; and Tom's game was lodged in one of the finest in the forest. But "the axe was laid at the root of the tree," which in Tom's mind was made expressly for bees to build their nests in, that he might cut them down, and obtain possession of their honeyed treasure. The sharp axe, as it played in the hands of Tom, was replied to by a stout negro from the opposite side of the tree, and their united strokes fast gained upon the heart of their lordly victim.

There was little poetry in the thought, that long before this mighty empire of States was formed, Tom Owen's "bee-hive" had stretched its brawny arms to the winter's blast, and grown green in the summer's sun.

Yet such was the case, and how long I might have moralized I know not, had not the enraged buzzing about my ears satisfied me that the occupants of the tree were not going to give up their home and treasure, without showing considerable practical fight. No sooner had the little insects satisfied themselves that they were about to be invaded, than they began, one after another, to descend from their airy abode, and fiercely pitch into our faces; anon a small company, headed by an old veteran, would charge with its entire force upon all parts of our body at once.

It need not be said that the better part of valor was displayed by a precipitate retreat from such attacks.

In the midst of this warfare, the tree began to tremble with the fast repeated strokes of the axe, and then might have been seen a "bee-line" of stingers precipitating themselves from above, on the unfortunate hunter beneath.

Now it was that Tom shone forth in his glory, for his partisans—like many hangers-on about great men, began to desert him on the first symptoms of danger; and when the trouble thickened, they, one and all, took to their heels, and left only our hero and Sambo to fight the adversaries. Sambo, however, soon dropped his axe, and fell into all kinds of contortions; first he would seize the back of his neck with his hands, then his legs, and yell with pain. "Never holler till you get out of the woods," said the sublime Tom, consolingly; but writhe the negro did, until he broke, and left Tom "alone in his glory."

Cut,—thwack! sounded through the confused hum at the foot of the tree, marvellously reminding me of the interruptions that occasionally broke in upon the otherwise monotonous hours of my school-boy days.

A sharp cracking finally told me the chopping was done, and, looking aloft, I saw the mighty tree balancing in the air. Slowly, and majestically, it bowed for the first time towards its mother earth,—gaining velocity as it descended, it shivered the trees that interrupted its downward course, and falling with thundering sounds, splintered its mighty limbs, and buried them deeply in the ground.

The sun for the first time in at least two centuries, broke uninterruptedly through the chasm made in the forest and shone with splendor upon the magnificent Tom, standing a conqueror among his spoils.

As might be expected, the bees were very much astonished and confused, and by their united voices proclaimed death, had it been in their power, to all their foes, not, of course, excepting Tom Owen himself. But the wary hunter was up to the tricks of his trade, and, like a politician, he knew how easily an enraged mob could be quelled with smoke; and smoke he tried, until his enemies were completely destroyed.

We, Tom's hangers-on, now approached his treasure. It was a rich one, and, as he observed, "contained a rich chance of plunder." Nine feet, by measurement, of the hollow of the tree were full, and this afforded many pails of pure honey.

Tom was liberal, and supplied us all with more than we wanted, and "toted," by the assistance of Sambo, his share to his own home, soon to be devoured, and soon to be replaced by the destruction of another tree, and another nation of bees.

Thus Tom exhibited within himself, an unconquerable genius which would have immortalized him, had he directed it in following the sports of Long Island or New Market.

We have seen the great men of the southern turf glorying around the victories of their favorite sport—we have heard the great western hunters detail the soul-stirring adventures of a bear-hunt—we have listened with almost suffocating interest, to the tale of a Nantucket seaman, while he portrayed the death of a mighty whale—and we have also seen Tom Owen triumphantly engaged in a bee-hunt—we beheld and wondered at the sports of the turf—the field—and the sea—because the objects acted on by man were terrible, indeed, when their instincts were aroused.

Digitized by Google

But, in the bee-hunt of Tom Owen, and its consummation,—the grandeur *visible* was imparted by the mighty mind of Tom Owen himself.

### GEORGE EDWARD ELLIS

Was born in Boston in 1815. He became a graduate of Harvard in 1833; studied at the Divinity school at Cambridge, and was ordained in Charlestown in 1838 as successor to the Rev. (now President) James Walker, in the ministry of the Harvard church.

He has been one of the editors of the Christian Register, the religious paper of the Massachusetts Unitarians, and is now associated with the brilliant pulpit orator, the Rev. Dr. George Putnam, in the editorship of the Christian Examiner His reading, scholarship, literary readiness, vivacity, and good English style, admirably qualify him for the work of periodical literature.*

Mr. Ellis is the author of three volumes of biography in Mr. Sparks's American series: the lives of John Mason—the author of the history of the Pequot war—Anne Hutchinson, and William Penn.

His contributions to periodical literature are numerous, embracing many articles in the New York Review, the North American, and the Christian Examiner. He has frequently delivered occasional discourses and orations, and his published addresses of this kind would make a large volume. Mr. Ellis is an active member of the Massachusetts Historical Society, of the practical working of which body he lately gave a pleasant account in a communication to the fellow New York society, of which he is a corresponding member. In his religious views, Mr. Ellis belongs to the class of Unitarians who earnestly advocate the supernatural authority of the gospel, and resist the assaults of the new school of rationalists; while in respect to practical reforms, he has sometimes taken quite bold ground with the progressive party.

#### ORGAN MELODIES.†

There is a sort of instinctive feeling within us that an organ should be reserved for only sacred uses. The bray of the martial trumpet seems akin to the din and clangor of a military movement. The piano is the appropriate ornament and instrument of the household room of comfort and domestic delight. Lesser instruments, with their gay tones, and their lighter lessons for the heart, adapt themselves to the unstable emotions of the hour—in revelry, excitement, or gratification. To each of them there is a season, and from our youth to our age these varied instruments may minister to us, according to their uses and our sensibilities. The harp which the monarch of Israel swept as the accompaniment to his divine lyrics; the timbrel which Miriam, the sister of Aaron, took in her hand when she raised the glad pæan—"Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously;" the silver trumpets which the priests blew to proclaim the great Jewish festivals; the horn and the psaltery, the sackbut and the dulcimer, which lifted up the anthems of the Tabernacle or the Temple-worship, were not without a sacred influence, helping with their strings or pipes the effect of holy song. But the religious sentiment is the largest that fills the heart of man; its sweep and compass are the widest, and in the course of our own short lives that religious sentiment will range like "a song of degrees" over all the varying emotions of the soul, engaging every tone to give it utterance.

"Praise the Lord with gladness," is the key-note of one Psalm. "Out of the depths have I cried to Thee, O Lord," is the plaintive moan of another. "Sing unto the Lord, all the earth," is the quickening call to a general anthem. "Keep silence before Me, O Islands!" stills the trembling spirit into a low whisper of its fear. "The Lord is my Shepherd," is the beautiful pastoral lyric for the serene life of still waters. "He bowed the heavens and came down, he did fly upon the wings of the wind; the Lord also thundered in the heavens, and he shot out lightnings from the sky"—this is the Psalm for the stormy elements or a troubled heart. "O Lord, rebuke me not in thine anger!" is now our imploring cry; "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in Him," is now the boast of the resigned spirit. "The lines are fallen to me in pleasant places," is the bright lyric of the heart that finds its joy on earth. "O, that I had wings like a dove, for then would I flee away and be at rest!" is the burden of the heart when it sighs and moans over the wreck of mortal delights. "Thou hast made man but a little lower than the angels!" is the tone which befits the feeling of our human dignity. "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations: thou carriest us away as with a flood," is the mingled note of melancholy and faith with which we contemplate our failing years, and yield up one after another from our earthly fellowship to the summons of the everliving God—the everlasting Refuge.

Thus, through the whole range of emotions and sensibilities of the heart, in its thrills and wails, in its elation and its gloom, in penitence, remorse, submission and hope, in gratitude, aspiration, or high desire—that heart varies its note, but sincerity will make music of all its utterances in psalm or dirge. Precious, precious beyond all our terms of praise, are those religious songs and hymns which come to us from the prophetic lips once touched with the fire of God. If they are dear to us, how dear must they have been to those who sung them in their majestic and solemn Hebrew tones, beneath the cedars that bowed, and the hills that melted, and in the corn-fields that laughed when the song of praise arose to God. How many glad harvests with their laden vintages and garners, how many rejoicing scenes of happiness, and how many ancient sorrows born of our inevitable lot on the earth, stand for ever painted and rehearsed in the Psalms of David. Over no single scene or incident in Jewish history are we so completely engaged in sympathy with their sad fortunes as in one in which the tender melodies of sacred song, and the holy uses of music, bring them touchingly before us. When they were

---

* We may here glance at the history of the Examiner. It grew out of the Christian Disciple, a monthly publication commenced by the Rev. Noah Worcester, under the auspices of Dr. Channing and others, in 1813. At the completion of its sixth volume, in 1818, Dr. Worcester surrendered it to the Rev. Henry Ware, Jr., who published the work every two months for five years. In 1824, passing into the hands of the Rev. J. G. Palfrey, its title was changed to the Christian Examiner. He was its editor for two years, when it was conducted from 1826 to 1831 by Mr. Francis Jenks. In the latter year it was transferred to the Rev. James Walker and the Rev. Francis William Pitt Greenwood. It was edited by the former six years, Mr. Greenwood's health not allowing him to labor upon it, when Dr. Walker was succeeded by the Rev. William Ware, and the latter in turn, after a few years, by the Rev. Messrs. Lamson and Gannett, from whose hands it passed to the care of Messrs. Putnam and Ellis.—*Sidney Willard's Memories*, ii. 281–2.

† From a discourse at Charlestown—The Consecration of an Organ. 1838.

Digitized by Google

weary captives in pagan Babylon, their tearful hearts turned back to their beloved Jerusalem: "By the rivers of Babylon there we sat down: yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof. For there they that carried us away captive required of us a song; and they that wasted us required of us mirth, saying, 'Sing us one of the songs of Zion.' How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" That burst of sadness is of itself a fond and precious song.

### CYRUS A. BARTOL.

A COLLEAGUE of Dr. Lowell in the ministry of the West church, Boston, is a graduate of Bowdoin of 1832, and of the Harvard divinity school in 1835. He has published numerous occasional sermons, and is the author of two volumes, *The Christian Spirit and Life* and *The Christian Body and Form*. He brings in these discourses a somewhat elaborate literary style, uniting metaphysical insight to poetical sentiment, to the usual exhortations of the pulpit. He has in preparation a volume of meditative essays suggested by a recent European tour. A miniature book of selections from his writings has been made, entitled *Grains of Gold*.

#### ALLSTON'S BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST—FROM A DISCOURSE ON PERFECTION.

In yonder village, a painter paces, in quiet meditation, his little room. Beautiful pictures has he sent forth to charm every beholder; but he alone is not satisfied. He draws some grand theme from the mighty chronicle of the Bible. He would turn the words of the rapt prophet into colors. He would hold up to the eyes of men a scene of the divine judgments, that should awe down every form of sin, and exalt every resolve of holiness in their hearts. The finished result of his labors is shortly expected. But the idea of perfection has seized with an overmastering grasp upon him, and it must give him pause. How shall that awful writing of doom be pencilled on the plastered wall? How shall that finger, as it were of a man's hand, and yet the finger of God, be revealed? How shall those voluptuous forms below, that have been all relaxed with the wine and the feast and the dalliance of the hour, be represented in their transition so swift to conscience-stricken alarm, prostrate terror, ineffectual rage, and palsied suspense, as they are confronted by those flaming characters of celestial indignation, which the soothsayers, with magic scrolls, and strange garb, and juggling arts, can but mutter and mumble over, and only the servant of Almighty God calmly explain? How shall it be done according to the perfect pattern shown in the Mount of Revelation of God's word? The artist thinks and labors, month by month, and year after year. The figures of Babylonish king and consort, of Hebrew seer and maiden, and of Chaldee magician, grow into expressive portraits under his hand. The visible grandeur of God the Judge, over against the presumptuous sins of man, approaches its completeness. The spectator would now be entranced with the wondrous delineation. But the swiftly conceiving mind which shapes out its imaginations of that dread tribunal, so suddenly set up in the hall of revelry, is not yet content. The idea of perfection, that smote it, smites it again. The aspiration after a new and higher beauty, that carried it to one point, lifts it to another, and bears it far aloft, in successive flights, ever above its own work. Yet still, on those few feet of canvas, the earnest laborer breathes out, for the best of a lifetime, the patient and exhaustless enthusiasm of his soul. He hides the object, dear as a living child to its mother, from every eye, and presses on to the mark. If he walks, he catches a new trait of expression, some new line of lustrous illumination, to transfer to this painted scripture which he is composing. If he sleeps, some suggestion of an improvement will steal even into his dreams. In weariness and in sickness, he still climbs slowly, painfully, to his task. In absence, his soul turns back, and makes all nature tributary to his art. And on his expiring day he seizes his pencil to strive, by another stroke still, after the perfection which flies before him, and leaves his work as with the last breath of his mouth, and movement of his hand, upon it, to show, amid unfinished groups, and the measured lines for a new trial, that, if absolute perfection cannot be reached here on earth, yet heights of splendor and excellence can be attained, beyond all the thoughts of him whom the glorious idea has never stirred. What a lesson for us in our moral and religious struggles! What a rebuke for our idle loiterings in the heavenward way! What a shame to our doubtings about that perfection to which God and Christ and apostles call!

### GEORGE WASHINGTON GREENE.

GEORGE WASHINGTON GREENE, the son of N. R. Greene, and grandson of Major-General Greene of the Revolutionary army, was born at East Greenwich, Kent county, Rhode Island, April 8, 1811. He entered Brown University in 1824, but was obliged to leave the institution in his junior year in consequence of ill-health. He next visited Europe, where, with the exception of a few short visits home, he remained until 1847. In 1837 he received the appointment of United States consul at Rome, an office which he retained until his recall by President Polk in 1845. On his return he became professor of modern languages in Brown University. In 1852 he removed to the city of New York, where he has since resided.

During Mr. Greene's residence in Italy he devoted much attention to the collection of materials for a history of that country from the fall of the Western Empire in 476 to the present time, and was about preparing the first volume of his proposed work for the press when he was compelled to lay aside the undertaking in consequence of the failure of his eyesight.

In 1835 he published an article in the North American Review, the first of a long series of contributions to that and other critical journals of the country. A portion of these papers have been collected in a volume with the title *Historical Studies*, published by G. P. Putnam in 1850. The titles of these are Petrarch, Machiavelli, The Reformation in Italy, Italian Literature in the first half of the Nineteenth Century, Manzoni, The Hopes of Italy, Historical Romance in Italy, Libraries, Verazzano, and Charles Edward. It will be seen from the enumeration that the subjects treated of are, with two exceptions, drawn from Italian history or literature. The exceptions are such but in part, for in all discourse of libraries the ancient home of learning must be prominent, and the Italian burial-place of the exiled Stuarts has probably contributed much to the perpetuity of their reputation.

During the last year of his residence in Rome

Digitized by Google

Mr. Greene prepared a life of his grandfather, General Greene, for Sparks's American Biography. Since his return to the United States he has been engaged in arranging the papers of General Greene for publication, and in the preparation of a more extended biography to accompany the work. The first volume of this important contribution to American history will appear during the winter of 1855–6, and will contain a new and elaborate life of the General. The remaining six will be occupied with his official papers, public and private letters, etc. On the completion of this work it is Mr. Greene's intention to resume his History of Italy. In 1854 he edited an edition of the Works of Addison, in five volumes.

BOTTA, THE HISTORIAN.

The same causes which concurred in giving him so decided a taste for the best writers of his native tongue, led him to view with particular fondness the school in which they had been formed. His profound knowledge of Latin favored the cultivation of this partiality, and enabled him to study at the very sources of classic eloquence. Hence, when he took up his pen for the composition of history, it was with a mind warm from the meditation of Livy, of Tacitus, and of those who, by treading closely in their footsteps, have formed the most durable school of modern history. Thus the form of his works, naturally,—we had almost said, necessarily,—became classic. His narrative is arranged and conducted with consummate art. Sketches, portraits, and full descriptions are disposed at proper intervals, according to the nature and importance of the incident or of the person. If there be an important question to weigh, he puts it in the form of a debate, and makes you a listener to the discussions of the actual heroes of the scene. It is thus that he brings you to the grave deliberations of the Venetian senate, or placing you, as it were, in some hidden recess, discloses to you the midnight counsels of a band of conspirators. And often, so powerful is the charm of his eloquence, you feel excited, chilled, terror-struck,—moved, in short, by turns, with all the feelings that such a scene is calculated to awaken.

His narrations, if compared with those of the great historians of antiquity, will be found to possess two of the highest qualities of which this kind of writing is susceptible; clearness and animation. He never wrote until he had completed his study of the event; and then, by the assistance of a most exact and retentive memory, he wrote it out just in the order in which it arranged itself in his head. He was thus enabled to give his narrative that appearance of unity of conception, which it is impossible to communicate, unless where the mind has, from the very first, embraced the subject in its full extent. The glow of composition, moreover, was never interrupted, and he was free to enter with the full force of his feelings into the spirit of the scenes he was describing. Hence many who deny him others of the higher qualities of an historian, allow him to be one of the most fascinating of narrators.

His descriptions have more of the warmth of poetry in them than those of any other modern historian with whose works we are acquainted. Here, indeed, he seems to be upon his own ground; and, whether he describe a battle-field, a midnight assault, a sack, the siege or the storming of a city or of a fortress,—the convulsions, in short, of man or of nature herself,—he is everywhere equally master of his subject. His eye seems to take in the whole at a glance, and seize instinctively upon those points which are best calculated to characterize the scene. If he leaves less to the reader than Tacitus or Sallust, the incidents that he introduces are so well chosen, that they seize forcibly upon the imagination, and never fail to produce their full effect. His description of the flight of the French exiles from Savoy, of the passages of the Alps by Bonaparte and by Macdonald, of the sack of Pavia, of the siege of Famagosta, and of the earthquake in Calabria, may be cited as equal to anything that ever was written. Read the taking of Siena by Cosimo the First. You are moved as if you were on the spot, and were witnessing with your own eyes that scene of horror. You can see the band of exiles worn down, emaciated, by watching and by want. The whole story of the past is graven upon their deathlike countenances. As the melancholy train moves slowly onward, sighs, tears, ill suppressed groans force their way. They touch even the hearts of the victors. Every hand is stretched out to succor and to console. But grief and hardship have done their work. Their files were thin, when they passed for the last time the gate of their beloved home; but, ere they reach the banks of the Arbia, many a form has sunk exhausted and death-struck by the way. And, to complete the picture, he adds one little touch, which we give in the original, for the force of the transposition would be lost in English. "Sapevano bene di aver perduto una patria, ma se un' altra ne avrebbero trovata, nol sapevano."

The portraits of Botta are not equal to the other parts of his writings. No writer ever described character by action better than he; but, in the uniting of those separate traits which constitute individual character, and those slight and delicate shades which diversify it, he often fails. The same may be said of his views of the general progress of civilization. He never, indeed, loses sight of this capital point; and some of his sketches, such for example as the whole first book of his "History of Italy from 1789," are admirable; but the development of the individual and of society, and their mutual and reciprocal action, are not kept so constantly in view, and made to march on with the body of the narrative, with all that distinctness and precision, which we have a right to expect from so great a writer.

The moral bearing of every event, and of every character, is, on the contrary, always placed in full relief. Here his judgment is never at fault; and the high and the low, the distant and the near, are alike brought with stern impartiality to answer for their deeds at the tribunal of historical morality. "O si," he cries, addressing himself, after the relation of one of the most horrid acts ever perpetrated, to those who flatter themselves with the hope that their greatness will always prove a sufficient screen from the infamy that they deserve, "infamativi pure co' fatti, che la storia vi infamerà co' detti." And nowhere is the goodness of his own heart more apparent than in the delight with which he dwells upon those few happy days which sometimes break in like an unexpected gleam of sunshine upon the monotonous gloom of history; entering into all the minuter details, and setting off the event and its hero, by some well-chosen anecdote or apposite reflection.

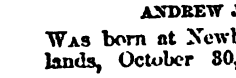
Of his style we have, perhaps, already said enough. Purity of diction, richness, variety, and an almost intuitive adaptation of construction and of language to the changes of the subject, are its leading characteristics. The variety of his terms is wonderful; and no one, who has not read him with attention, can form a correct idea of the power and inexhaustible resources of the Italian. A simple narrator, an exciting orator, soft, winning, stern, satirical at will, consummate master of all the secrets of art, he seems

Digitized by Google

to us to have carried many parts of historical composition to a very high pitch of perfection; and, if in some he appear less satisfactory, it is because he falls below the standard that we have formed from his own writings, rather than any that we have derived from those of others.

### ANDREW JACKSON DOWNING

Was born at Newburgh, in the Hudson Highlands, October 30, 1815. His father was a



nurseryman at that place, and died in the year 1822. The family were in humble circumstances, and Downing's education was confined to the teaching of the academy at Montgomery, near his native town. At the age of sixteen he joined his brother in the management of his nursery. He formed soon after the acquaintance of the Baron de Liderer, the Austrian Consul-General, and other gentlemen possessed of the fine country estates in the neighborhood, and began to write descriptions of the beautiful scenery about him, in the New York Mirror and other journals. In June, 1838, he married the daughter of J. P. De Wint, Esq., his neighbor on the opposite side of the Hudson. His first architectural work was the construction of his own house, an elegant Elizabethan cottage. In 1841, he published his Treatise on the *Theory and Practice of Landscape Gardening, adapted to North America, with a view to the Improvement of Country Residences, with Remarks on Rural Architecture.* It was highly successful, and orders for the construction of houses and decoration of grounds followed orders for copies to his publishers. He next published in 1845, *The Fruits and Fruit Trees of America.* In 1846 he was invited to become the editor of the Horticulturist, a small monthly magazine published in Albany. He accepted the charge, and wrote an essay a month for it, until the close of his life.

In 1849 he added *Additional Notes and Hints to Persons about Building in this country,* to an American reprint of Wightwick's "Hints to Young Architects."

In 1850 he visited England for the purpose of obtaining a competent assistant in the large architectural business which was pressing upon him. He remained only during the summer, visiting with great delight those perfect examples of his art, the great country seats of England. In the same year appeared his *Architecture of Country Houses; including Designs for Cottages, Farm-houses, and Villas.* In 1851 he was commissioned by President Fillmore to lay out and plant, in pursuance of an act of Congress, the public grounds in the city of Washington, lying near the White House, Capitol, and Smithsonian Institution. He was actively employed in this and other professional labors of a more private character, when on the 27th of July he embarked with his wife on board the steamboat Henry Clay for the city, on his way to Newport. As they proceeded down the river it was soon found that the boat was racing with its rival the "Armenia." It was too common a nuisance to excite alarm, until the boats were near Yonkers, when the Henry Clay was discovered to be on fire. In passing from the lower to the upper deck Mrs. Downing was separated by the crowd from her husband, and saw him no more, until his dead body was brought to their home the next day. He was seen by one of the passengers throwing chairs from the upper deck of the boat, to support those who had leaped overboard, and a little after struggling in the water, with others clinging to him. He was heard to utter a prayer, and seen no more. His *Rural Essays* were collected and published in 1853, with a well written and sympathetic memoir by George W. Curtis, and "A Letter to his Friends," by Miss Bremer, who was Mr. Downing's guest during a portion of her visit to this country, and a most enthusiastic admirer of the man and his works.

Downing's exertions have undoubtedly exercised a great and salutary influence on the taste of the community. His works, in which he has freely availed himself of those of previous writers on the same topic, have been extensively read, and their suggestions have been realized on many an acre of the banks of his native Hudson, and other favorite localities. His style as an essayist was, like that of the man, pleasant, easy, and gentlemanly.

### EDMUND FLAGG.

Edmund Flagg is descended from an old New England family, and the only son of the late Edmund Flagg, of Chester, N. H. He was born in the town of Wiscasset, Maine, on the twenty-fourth day of November, 1815. He was graduated at Bowdoin in 1835, and immediately after went to the West with his mother and sister, passing the winter at Louisville, where he taught the classics to a few boys, and was a frequent contributor to Prentice's "Louisville Journal." He passed the summer of 1836 in wandering over the prairies of Illinois and Missouri, writing *Sketches of a Traveller* for the "Louisville Journal," which were afterwards published in a work entitled *The Far West.*

During the succeeding fall and winter, Mr. Flagg read law with the Hon. Hamilton R. Gamble, now Judge of the Supreme Court of Missouri, and commenced practice in the courts. In 1838, he edited the "St. Louis Daily Commercial Bulletin," and during that fall published *The Far West* in two volumes, from the press of the Harpers. In December, he became connected with George D. Prentice, Esq., in the editorship of "The Louisville Literary News-Letter." In the spring of 1840, in consequence of ill health, he accepted an invitation to practise law with the Hon. Sargent S. Prentiss, of Vicksburg, Miss., a resident of that place.

In 1842, Mr. Flagg conducted the "Gazette" published at Marietta, Ohio, and at the same time wrote two novels—*Carrero, or The Prime Minister,* and *Francis of Valois,* which were published in New York. In 1844–5, he conducted the "St. Louis Evening Gazette;" and, for several years succeeding, was "Reporter of the Courts" of St. Louis County. In the meantime, he published several prize novels, among which were *The Howard Queen, Blanche of Artois,* and also several dramas,

Digitized by Google

successfully produced in the theatres of St. Louis, Louisville, Cincinnati, and New York.

In the spring of 1848, Mr. Flagg went out as Secretary to the Hon. Edward A. Hannegan, American Minister to Berlin. The appointment afforded him an opportunity to travel over England, Germany, and France. On his return, he resumed his residence and the practice of the law at St. Louis. In 1850, he received the appointment of consul for the Port of Venice, under the administration of President Taylor. He visited England and Wales, travelled through central Europe to Venice, and entered upon the duties of his consulate, corresponding in the meantime with several of the New York Journals. In the fall of 1851, he visited Florence, Rome, Naples, and the other Italian cities, and in November embarked at Marseilles for New Orleans. On his arrival, he proceeded to St. Louis, and took charge of a democratic newspaper at that place.

In the following year, his last work was published in New York, in two volumes, entitled *Venice, The City of the Sea.* It comprises the history of that capital from the invasion by Napoleon, in 1797, to its capitulation to Radetzky, after its revolution, and the terrible siege of 1848 and '49. A third volume, to be entitled *North Italy since* 1849, is, we understand, nearly ready for publication.

In 1853 and 1854, Mr. Flagg contributed a number of articles illustrating the cities and scenery of the West to the United States Illustrated, published by Mr. Meyer of New York. Mr. Flagg has also written occasional poetical pieces for various magazines.*

### RICHARD H. DANA, Jr.,

The author of "Two Years before the Mast," was born at Cambridge in 1815. He is the son of Richard H. Dana the poet. In his boyhood, he had a strong passion for the sea, and had he consulted his inclination only, would have entered the Navy. Influenced by the advice of his father, he chose a student's life at home, and entered Harvard. Here he was exposed to one of those difficulties which college faculties sometimes put in the way of the students by their mismanagement. There was some misconduct, and an effort was made to compel one of the class to witness against his companion. Dana, as one of the prominent rebels, was rusticated. As it was on a point of honor, it was no great misfortune to him, the less as he passed into the family, and under the tutorship of the Rev. Leonard Woods, at Andover, now the president of Bowdoin—with whom he enjoyed the intimacy of a friend of rare mental powers and scholarship. On returning to Cambridge, an attack of measles in one of the college vacations injured his eye-sight so materially, that he had to resign his books. For a remedy, he thought of his love of the sea, and resolved to rough it on a Pacific voyage as a sailor, though he had every facility for ordinary travel and adventure.

On the 14th of August, 1834, he set sail accordingly in the brig Pilgrim from Boston, for a voyage round Cape Horn to the western coast of North America; performed his duty throughout with spirit, while the object of the voyage was accomplished in the traffic for hides, little thinking while toiling on the cliffs and in the unsteady anchorages of California of the speedy familiarity which his countrymen would have with the region, and returned in the ship in September, 1836, to the harbor of Boston.

Richd H. Dana Jr

In the year 1840, he published an account of this adventure in the volume *Two Years before the Mast, a Personal Narrative of Life at Sea.** For this, he received for the entire copyright but two hundred and fifty dollars, a fact which shows the very recent low standard of American literary property. A publisher now could hardly expect so lucky a windfall. It was immediately successful, passing through numerous editions, being reprinted in London, where the British Admiralty adopted it for distribution in the Navy, and translated into several of the languages of the Continent, including even the Italian. It has been quoted, too, with respect for its authority on naval matters, by Lords Brougham and Carlisle in the House of Lords.

The work, written out from his journal and notes of the voyage, was undertaken with the idea of presenting the plain reality of a sailor's life at sea. In this, its main object, it has been eminently successful. It has not only secured the admiration of gentle readers on shore, but, a much rarer fortune, has been accepted as a true picture by Jack himself. A copy of the book is no unusual portion of the scant equipment of his chest in the forecastle. Its popularity is further witnessed by the returns of the cheap lending libraries in England, where it appears high on the list of the books in demand. The cause is obvious. The author is a master of narrative, and the story is told with a thorough reality. It is probably the most truthful account of a sailor's

* The Native Poets of Maine.

* Harpers' Family Library, New York.

Digitized by Google

life at sea ever written. Its material is actual experience, and its style the simple straight-forward language of a disciplined mind, which turns neither to the right nor to the left from its object. It is noticeable, that in this universally read book, the writer uses the technical language of the ship; so that the account is to that extent sometimes unintelligible. On this, he makes a profound remark. "I have found," says he, "from my own experience, and from what I have heard from others, that plain matters of fact in relation to customs and habits of life new to us, and descriptions of life under new aspects, act upon the inexperienced through the imagination, so that we are hardly aware of our want of technical knowledge." It has, too, this advantage. A technical term can be explained by easy reference to a dictionary; a confused substitute for it may admit of no explanation. Good sense and good humor sum up the enduring merits of this book. It is life itself, —a passage of intense unexaggerated reality.

Mr. Dana had, after his return from abroad, entered the senior class at Harvard, from which institution he was graduated in 1837, when he pursued his studies at the Law-School under Judge Story and Professor Greenleaf. His proficiency in these preparatory studies in moot courts and the exercises of his pen, showed his acute legal mind, and when he began to practise law his success was rapid. He was aided in maritime cases by the reputation of his book; while he employed his influence to elevate a much abused branch of practice, though in Boston it takes a higher rank from being pursued in the United States Courts. His practice is also extensive in the State Courts.*

In 1850, Mr. Dana edited, with a preliminary preface, *Lectures on Art and Poems, by Washington Allston*.†

His *Seaman's Manual* is a technical dictionary of sea terms, and an epitome of the laws affecting the mutual position of master and sailor. It is reprinted in England, and in use in both countries as a standard work.

Of late, Mr. Dana has been prominently before the public as a member of the Free-Soil party of Massachusetts, and in his vigorous opposition to the Fugitive Slave Law. His speech in the case of the negro Anthony Burns, in 1854, is noticeable, not only for its acute analysis of the evidence offered, but for its clear picturesque statement. The life-like character of some of its descriptions—though no personal remarks were made on any individual—inspired a cowardly, brutal street attack, in a blow struck at his head by a slung shot, which, had it varied a little, would have proved fatal.

In a later case, an argument before the Supreme Court of Maine, at Bangor, July 22, 1854, in an action brought by a naturalized citizen of the Roman Catholic faith, for injuries in the removal of his child from the public school, in consequence of the parents' rejection of the ordinary version of the Bible read there, and consequent interference with the school regulations, Mr. Dana has pronounced not merely an eloquent, but an able, legal, and philosophical argument in defence of the superintending school committee, and of the accepted translation of the Scriptures. His argument was sustained by the judgment of the court.

In 1853, Mr. Dana was prominently engaged in the State Convention of Massachusetts. His course there, in the discussion of topics of enlarged interest, determined his rank in the higher walk of his profession.

We are enabled on this point to present adequate authority in a letter on the subject from a leader in the Convention, the Hon. Rufus Choate.

BOSTON, Sept. 29, 1854.

*Charles Scribner, Esq.*

SIR—I received some time since an inquiry respecting the position occupied by Mr. Dana in the Convention for revising the constitution of Massachusetts; to which I would have made an immediate reply, but for an urgent engagement. When I was relieved from that, I unfortunately had overlooked your letter, which I have only just now recovered.

The published debates of that body indicate quite well, though not adequately, the space he filled in the convention. He took a deep interest in its proceedings; attended its sessions with great punctuality, and by personal effort and influence, and occasional very effective speech, had a large share in doing good and resisting evil. He was classed with the majority in the body, consisting in a general way of those friendly to its convocation, and friendly to pretty extended and enterprising schemes of change; but on some fundamental questions he differed decidedly from them, and upon one of these—that concerning the tenure of judicial office—he displayed conspicuous ability and great zeal, and enforced with persuasive and important effect the soundest and most conservative opinions. In general, there, as in all things, and in all places, he was independent, prompt, and firm; and was universally esteemed not more for his talent, culture, and good sense, than for his sincerity and honor. I differed often from him, but always with pain, if not self-distrust, with no interruption of the friendship of many years.

I am very truly,
Your serv't,
RUFUS CHOATE.

An article by Mr. Dana, on the Memoir of the Rev. Dr. William Croswell, whom he had defended in an able and eloquent speech on an Ecclesiastical trial in the North American Review for April, 1854, may be mentioned for its feeling and judicious estimate of a man to whom the Reviewer stood in the relations of friend and parishioner.

Mr. Dana is married to a grand-daughter of the Rev. James Marsh. His residence is at Cambridge, in the vicinity of the College.

HOMEWARD BOUND—FROM TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST.

It is usual, in voyages round the Cape from the Pacific, to keep to the eastward of the Falkland Islands; but as it had now set in a strong, steady, and clear south-wester, with every prospect of its lasting, and we had had enough of high latitudes, the captain determined to stand immediately to the northward, running inside of the Falkland Islands. Accordingly, when the wheel was relieved at eight o'clock, the order was given to keep her due north, and all hands were turned up to square away the yards and make sail. In a moment the news ran

* The account of Dana in "Livingston's American Lawyers," Part iv. June 1852, contains references to his important cases up to the time when it was written.

† New York, Baker and Scribner, 1850.

Digitized by Google

through the ship that the captain was keeping her off, with her nose straight for Boston, and Cape Horn over her taffrail. It was a moment of enthusiasm. Every one was on the alert, and even the two sick men turned out to lend a hand at the halyards. The wind was now due south-west, and blowing a gale to which a vessel close-hauled could have shown no more than a single close-reefed sail; but as we were going before it, we could carry on. Accordingly, hands were sent aloft, and a reef shaken out of the top-sails, and the reefed fore-sail set. When we came to mast-head the top-sail yards, with all hands at the halyards, we struck up "Cheerily, men," with a chorus which might have been heard half way to Staten Land. Under her increased sail, the ship drove on through the water. Yet she could bear it well; and the Captain sang out from the quarter-deck—"Another reef out of that fore top-sail, and give it to her!" Two hands sprang aloft; the frozen reef-points and earings were cast adrift, the halyards manned, and the sail gave out her increased canvass to the gale. All hands were kept on deck to watch the effect of the change. It was as much as she could well carry, and with a heavy sea astern, it took two men at the wheel to steer her. She flung the foam from her bows; the spray breaking aft as far as the gangway. She was going at a prodigious rate. Still, everything held. Preventer braces were reeved and hauled taut; tackles got upon the backstays; and each thing done to keep all snug and strong. The captain walked the deck at a rapid stride, looked aloft at the sails, and then to windward; the mate stood in the gangway, rubbing his hands, and talking aloud to the ship—"Hurrah, old bucket! the Boston girls have got hold of the tow-rope!" and the like; and we were on the forecastle, looking to see how the spars stood it, and guessing the rate at which she was going,—when the captain called out—"Mr. Brown, get up the top-mast studding-sail! What she can't carry she may drag!" The mate looked a moment; but he would let no one be before him in daring. He sprang forward,—"Hurrah, men! rig out the top-mast studding-sail boom! Lay aloft, and I'll send the rigging up to you!"—We sprang aloft into the top; lowered a girt-line down, by which we hauled up the rigging; rove the tacks and halyards; ran out the boom and lashed it fast, and sent down the lower halyards, as a preventer. It was a clear starlight night, cold and blowing; but everybody worked with a will. Some, indeed, looked as though they thought the 'old man' was mad, but no one said a word. We had had a new top-mast studding-sail made with a reef in it,—a thing hardly ever heard of, and which the sailors had ridiculed a good deal, saying that when it was time to reef a studding-sail, it was time to take it in. But we found a use for it now; for, there being a reef in the top-sail, the studding-sail could not be set without one in it also. To be sure, a studding-sail with reefed top-sails was rather a new thing; yet there was some reason in it, for if we carried that away, we should lose only a sail and a boom; but a whole top-sail might have carried away the mast and all.

While we were aloft, the sail had been got out, bent to the yard, reefed, and ready for hoisting. Waiting for a good opportunity, the halyards were manned and the yard hoisted fairly up to the blocks, but when the mate came to shake the catspaw out of the downhaul, and we began to boom-end the sail, it shook the ship to her centre. The boom buckled up and bent like a whip-stick, and we looked every moment to see something go; but, being of the short, tough upland spruce, it bent like whalebone, and nothing could break it. The carpenter said it was the best stick he had ever seen. The strength of all hands soon brought the tack to the boom-end, and the sheet was trimmed down, and the preventer and the weather brace hauled taut to take off the strain. Every rope-yarn seemed stretched to the utmost, and every thread of canvass; and with this sail added to her, the ship sprang through the water like a thing possessed. The sail being nearly all forward, it lifted her out of the water, and she seemed actually to jump from sea to sea. From the time her keel was laid, she had never been so driven; and had it been life or death with every one of us, she could not have borne another stitch of canvass.

Finding that she would bear the sail, the hands were sent below, and our watch remained on deck. Two men at the wheel had as much as they could do to keep her within three points of her course, for she steered as wild as a young colt. The mate walked the deck, looking at the sails, and then over the side to see the foam fly by her,—slapping his hands upon his thighs and talking to the ship—"Hurrah, you jade, you 've got the scent!—you know where you're going!" And when she leaped over the seas, and almost out of the water, and trembled to her very keel, the spars and masts snapping and creaking—"There she goes!—There she goes—handsomely!—As long as she cracks she holds!"—while we stood with the rigging laid down fair for letting go, and ready to take in sail and clear away if anything went. At four bells we hove the log, and she was going eleven knots fairly; and had it not been for the sea from aft which sent the chip home, and threw her continually off her course, the log would have shown her to have been going much faster. I went to the wheel with a young fellow from the Kennebec, who was a good helmsman: and for two hours we had our hands full. A few minutes showed us that our monkey-jackets must come off; and cold as it was, we stood in our shirt-sleeves in a perspiration; and were glad enough to have it eight bells and the wheel relieved. We turned in and slept as well as we could, though the sea made a constant roar under her bows, and washed over the forecastle like a small cataract.

At four o'clock we were called again. The same sail was still on the vessel, and the gale, if there was any change, had increased a little. No attempt was made to take the studding-sail in; and, indeed, it was too late now. If we had started anything toward taking it in, either tack or halyards, it would have blown to pieces, and carried something away with it. The only way now was to let everything stand, and if the gale went down, well and good; if not, something must go—the weakest stick or rope first—and then we could get it in. For more than an hour she was driven on at such a rate that she seemed actually to crowd the sea into a heap before her, and the water poured over the sprit-sail yard as it would over a dam. Towards daybreak the gale abated a little, and she was just beginning to go more easily along, relieved of the pressure, when Mr. Brown, determined to give her no respite, and depending upon the wind's subsiding as the sun rose, told us to get along the lower studding-sail. This was an immense sail, and held wind enough to last a Dutchman a week,—hove-to. It was soon ready, the boom topped up, preventer guys rove, and the idlers called up to man the halyards; yet such was still the force of the gale, that we were nearly an hour setting the sail; carried away the outhaul in doing it, and came very near snapping off the swinging boom. No sooner was it set than

Digitized by Google

the ship tore on again like one that was mad, and began to steer as wild as a hawk. The men at the wheel were puffing and blowing at their work, and the helm was going hard up and hard down, constantly. Add to this, the gale did not lessen as the day come on, but the sun rose in clouds. A sudden lurch threw the man from the weather wheel across the deck and against the side. The mate sprang to the wheel, and the man, regaining his feet, seized the spokes, and they hove the wheel up just in time to save her from broaching to, though nearly half the studding-sail went under water; and as she came to the boom stood up at an angle of forty-five degrees. She had evidently more on her than she could bear; yet it was in vain to try to take it in—the clewline was not strong enough; and they were thinking of cutting away, when another wide yaw and a come-to snapped the guys, and the swinging boom came in with a crash against the lower rigging. The outhaul block gave way, and the top-mast studding-sail boom bent in a manner which I never before supposed a stick could bend. I had my eye on it when the guys parted, and it made one spring and buckled up so as to form nearly a half circle, and sprang out again to its shape. The clewline gave way at the first pull; the cleat to which the halyards were belayed was wrenched off, and the sail blew round the sprit-sail yard and head guys, which gave us a bad job to get it in. A half hour served to clear all away, and she was suffered to drive on with her top-mast studding-sail set, it being as much as she could stagger under.

During all this day and the next night we went on under the same sail, the gale blowing with undiminished force; two men at the wheel all the time; watch and watch, and nothing to do but to steer and look out for the ship, and be blown along;—until the noon of the next day—

*Sunday, July 24th*, when we were in latitude 50° 27′ S., longitude 62° 13′ W., having made four degrees of latitude in the last twenty-four hours. Being now to the northward of the Falkland Islands, the ship was kept off, north-east, for the equator; and with her head for the equator, and Cape Horn over her taffrail, she went gloriously on; every heave of the sea leaving the Cape astern, and every hour bringing us nearer to home, and to warm weather.

### THE ENGLISH BIBLE.*

* * * * * * * *

This is the common English Bible, which has always been used. It is not a "*Protestant* Bible." Great portions of the translation were made by men in the bosom of the General Church, before the Reformation, by Wickliffe, Tyndale, Coverdale, and Matthew. Testimony to its accuracy has been borne by learned men of the Roman Church. Leddes calls it "of all versions the most excellent for accuracy, fidelity, and the strictest attention to the letter of the text;" and Selden calls it "the best version in the world." As a well of pure English undefiled, as a fountain of pure idiomatic English, it has not its equal in the world. It was fortunately—may we not without presumption say providentially—translated at a time when the English language was in its purest state. It has done more to *anchor* the English language in the state it then was than all other books together. The fact that so many millions of each succeeding generation, in all parts of the world where the English language is used, read the same great lessons in the same words, not only keeps the language anchored where it was in its best state, but it preserves its universality, and frees it from all material provincialisms and *patois*, so that the same words, phrases, and idioms are used in London, New York, San Francisco, Australia, China, and India. To preserve this unity and steadfastness, the Book of Common Prayer has done much; Shakespeare, Milton, and Bunyan have done much; but the English Bible has done ten-fold more than they all.

From the common English Bible, too, we derive our household words, or phrases and illustrations, the familiar speech of the people. Our associations are with its narratives, its parables, its histories, and its biographies. If a man knew the Bible in its original Greek and Hebrew by heart, and did not know the common English version, he would be ignorant of the speech of the people. In sermons, in public speeches, from the pulpit, the bar, and the platform, would come allusions, references, quotations—that exquisite electrifying by conductors, by which the heart of a whole people is touched by a word, a phrase, in itself nothing, but everything in its power of conducting—and all this would be to him an unknown world. No greater wrong, intellectually, could be inflicted on the children of a school, aye, even on the Roman Catholic children, than to bring them up in ignorance of the English Bible. As well might a master instruct his pupil in Latin, and send him to spend his days among scholars, and keep him in ignorance of the words of Virgil and Horace, and Cicero and Terence and Tacitus. As a preparation for life, an acquaintance with the common English Bible is indispensable.

* * * * * * * * *

If the Bible is not read, where so well can the principles of morality and all the virtues be taught? "How infinitely superior," says Maurice, "is a gospel of facts to a gospel of notions!" How infinitely superior to abstract ethics are the teachings of the narratives and parables of the Bible! What has ever taken such a hold on the human heart, and so influenced human action? The story of Jacob and Esau, the unequalled narrative of Joseph and his brethren, Abraham and Isaac, Absalom, Naaman the Syrian, the old prophet, the wild, dramatic poetical histories of Elijah and Elisha, the captivities of the Jews, the episode of Ruth, unsurpassed for simple beauty and pathos, and time would fail me to tell of Daniel, Isaiah, Samuel, Eli, and the glorious company of the apostles, the goodly fellowship of the prophets, and the noble army of martyrs. Where can a lesson of fraternity and equality be struck so deeply into the heart of a child as by the parable of Lazarus and Dives? How can the true nature and distinctions of charity be better expounded than by the parables of the widow who cast her mite into the treasury, and the woman with the alabaster box of precious ointment? Can the prodigal son, the unjust steward, the lost sheep, ever be forgotten? Has not the narrative of the humble birth, the painful life, the ignominious death of our Lord, wrought an effect on the world greater than any and all lives ever wrought before? even on those who doubt the miracles, and do not believe in the mystery of the Holy Incarnation, and the glorious Resurrection and Ascension.

Remember, too, we beseech you, that it is at the school alone that many of these children can read or hear these noble teachings. If the book is closed to them there, it is open to them nowhere else.

Nor would I omit to refer to the reading of the Bible as a part of the education of the fancy and imagination. Whatever slight may be thrown upon

* From the argument in the school case before the Supreme Court of Maine.

Digitized by Google

these faculties by men calling themselves practical men, they are powerful agents in the human system which no man can neglect or abuse with impunity. Preoccupy, preoccupy the minds of the young with the tender, the beautiful, the rhythmical, the magnificent, the sublime, which God in his bounty, and wisdom too, has poured out so profusely into the minds of his evangelists and prophets! Nowhere can be found such varieties of the beautiful and sublime, the magnificent and simple, the tender and terrific. And all this is brought to our doors and offered to our daily eye. If the mind of the youth, girl, and boy is not preoccupied by what is moral, virtuous, and religious, the world is ready to attack the fancy and imagination with all the splendor and seductions of sense and sin. Their minds will have the food for imagination and fancy, and if they are not led to the Psalms, and Isaiah, and Job, and the Apocalypse, and the narratives and parables, they will find it in Shelley, Byron, Rousseau, and George Sand, and the feebler and more debased novels of the modern press of France.

## ANNA CORA MOWATT.

Anna Cora, the daughter of Samuel G. Ogden, a New York merchant, was born in Bordeaux, France, during her father's residence in that city. Her early years were passed in a fine old chateau in its neighborhood, called La Castagne. One of its apartments was fitted up as a theatre, in which the numerous children of the family, of which the future Mrs. Mowatt was the tenth, amused themselves with dramatic entertainments, for which several of them evinced decided talent. The family removed a few years after to New York.

While yet a school girl, Anna, in her fifteenth year, became the wife of Mr. James Mowatt, a lawyer of New York. The story of her first acquaintance with her lover, who soon began to escort her to and from school, gallantly bearing her satchel, and the courtship and run-away match which speedily followed, are very pleasantly told in the lady's autobiography. The only reason for the elopement being the unwillingness of the couple to wait until the lady had passed seventeen summers, they soon received the paternal pardon, and retired to a country residence at Flatbush, Long Island. Here the education of the "child-wife," as she was prettily styled, was continued by the husband, several years the senior. Some pleasant years were passed in Sunday-school teaching, fortune-telling at fancy fairs, "shooting swallows on the wing," in sportsman tramps through the woods, private theatricals, and the composition of an epic poem, *Pelayo, or the Cavern of Covadonga*, in five cantos, which was published by the Harpers, and followed by a satire entitled *Reviewers Reviewed*, directed against the critics who had taken the liberty to cut up the poem. Both appeared as the work of "Isabel."

Mrs. Mowatt's health failing, she accompanied a newly married sister and brother in a tour to Europe. She wrote a play, *Gulzara, or the Persian Slave*, during her absence, had appropriate scenes and dresses made in Paris for its representation, and soon after her return produced the piece with great applause at a party at her residence, in honor of her father's birthday.

Meanwhile Mr. Mowatt had taken part in the speculations of the day, and a commercial revulsion occurring, was "utterly ruined"—a weakness in the eyes preventing him from resuming his old profession of the law.

*Anna Cora Mowatt*

The elder Vandenhoff had just before met with great success in a course of dramatic readings, and the wife, casting about for ways and means of support, determined to bring her dramatic talents into account in this manner. She gained her husband's consent with some difficulty, and, preferring the verdict of a stranger audience, gave her first reading at Boston, and with decided success. She soon after appeared in New York, where she read to large audiences, but the tacit disapproval of friends and the exertions required brought on a fit of sickness, from which she suffered for the two following years.

She next, her husband having become a publisher, turned her attention to literature, and wrote a number of stories for the magazines with the signature of "Helen Berkley." These were followed by a longer story, *The Fortune Hunter*, and by the five act comedy of *Fashion*, which was written for the stage, and produced at the Park Theatre, March, 1845. It met with success there and at theatres in other cities, and emboldened its author, forced by the failure of her husband in the publishing business, to contribute to their joint support, to try her fortune as an actress. She made her first appearance on the classic boards of the Park Theatre, June, 1845, as Pauline in the Lady of Lyons, and played a number of nights with such approval that engagements followed in other cities, and she became one of the most successful of "stars." She appeared in her own play of Fashion, and in 1847 wrote and performed a new five act drama, *Armand*.

In 1847 Mrs. Mowatt visited England with her husband, and made her first bow to an English audience in the month of December, at Manchester. She was successful, and remained in England several years.

In February, 1851, Mr. Mowatt died. After a temporary retirement, his widow went through a round of farewell performances, and returned in July to her native land. In August she appeared

Digitized by Google

at Niblo's Garden, and after a highly successful engagement, made a brilliant farewell tour through the Union prior to her retirement from the stage at New York, in 1854. A few days afterwards she was married to Mr. William F. Ritchie, a gentleman of Richmond, Va.

In 1854 Mrs. Mowatt published the *Autobiography of an Actress, or Eight Years on the Stage*, a record of her private and professional life to that date.

TIME.

Nay, rail not at Time, though a tyrant he be,
And say not he cometh, colossal in might,
Our beauty to ravish, put pleasure to flight,
And pluck away friends, e'en as leaves from the tree;
And say not Love's torch, which like Vesta's should burn,
The cold breath of Time soon to ashes will turn.

You call Time a robber? Nay, he is not so,—
While Beauty's fair temple he rudely despoils,
The mind to enrich with its plunder he toils;
And, sowed in his furrows, doth wisdom not grow?
The magnet 'mid stars points the north still to view;
So Time 'mong our friends e'er discloses the true.

Though cares then should gather, as pleasures flee by,
Though Time from thy features the charm steal away,
He'll dim too mine eye, lest it see them decay;
And sorrows we've shared, will knit closer love's tie:
Then I'll laugh at old Time, and at all he can do,
For he'll rob me in vain, if he leave me but *you!*

## MARY E. HEWITT.

Mary E. Moore was born in Malden, Massachusetts. After her father's death her mother removed to Boston, where the daughter remained until her marriage with the late Mr. James L. Hewitt. She has since resided in the city of New York. In 1845 Mrs. Hewitt published *Songs of our Land and Other Poems*, a selection from her contributions to various periodicals. In 1850 she edited *The Gem of the Western World*, a holiday volume, and *The Memorial*, a volume of contributions by the authors of the day, designed as a mark of respect to the memory of Mrs. Osgood. Mrs. Hewitt was lately married to Mr. Stebbins, of New York.

Her poems are marked by their good sense, hearty expression, and natural feeling.

GOD BLESS THE MARINER.

God's blessing on the Mariner!
A venturous life leads he—
What reck the landsmen of their toil,
Who dwell upon the sea?

The landsman sits within his home,
His fireside bright and warm;
Nor asks how fares the mariner
All night amid the storm.

God bless the hardy Mariner!
A homely garb wears he,
And he goeth with a rolling gait,
Like a ship upon the sea.

He hath piped the loud "ay, ay, sir!"
O'er the voices of the main,
Till his deep tones have the hoarseness
Of the rising hurricane.

His seamed and honest visage
The sun and wind have tanned,
And hard as iron gauntlet
Is his broad and sinewy hand.

But oh! a spirit looketh
From out his clear, blue eye,
With a truthful, childlike earnestness,
Like an angel from the sky.

A venturous life the sailor leads
Between the sky and sea—
But when the hour of dread is past,
A merrier who, than he?

He knows that by the rudder bands
Stands one well skilled to save;
For a strong hand is the Steersman's
That directs him o'er the wave.

TO MARY.

Thine eye is like the violet,
Thou hast the lily's grace;
And the pure thoughts of a maiden's heart
Are writ upon thy face.
And like a pleasant melody
That to memory hath clung,
Falls thy voice, in the loved accent
Of mine own New England tongue.

New England—dear New England!—
All numberless they lie,
The green graves of my people,
Beneath her fair, blue sky.
And the same bright sun that shineth
On thy home at early morn,
Lights the dwellings of my kindred,
And the house where I was born.

Oh, fairest of her daughters!
That bids me so rejoice
'Neath the starlight of thy beauty,
And the music of thy voice—
While memory hath power
In my heart her joys to wake,
I love thee, Mary, for thine own,
And for New England's sake.

## EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

Mrs. Southworth is descended, both on the father's and mother's side, from families of high rank, who emigrated to America in 1632, and settled at St. Mary's, where they have continued to reside for two centuries. She was born in the city of Washington, in the house and room once occupied by General Washington, on the 26th of December, 1818. Her father, who had married in 1816 a young lady of fifteen, died in 1822, leaving his family straitened in resources, in consequence of losses previously incurred by the French spoliations on American commerce. Her mother afterwards married Mr. Joshua L. Henshaw, of Boston, by whom Miss Nevitte was educated.

In 1841 she became Mrs. Southworth. Thrown upon her own resources in 1848, with two infants

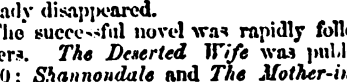
Digitized by Google

to support, a dreary interval in her life succeeded, which was broken by the successful publication of her first novel, *Retribution*, in 1849. She had previously published, in 1846, an anonymous sketch in the National Era, with which the editor, Dr. Bailey, was so well pleased, that he sought out the writer, and induced her to write other sketches and tales of a similar kind. *Retribution* was commenced as one of these, and was intended to be concluded in two numbers, but the subject grew under the author's hand. Every week she supplied a portion to the paper, "until weeks grew into months, and months into quarters, before it was finished." During its composition she was supporting herself as a teacher in a public school, and in addition to the entire charge of eighty boys and girls thus imposed upon her, and of one of her children who was extremely ill, was forced by the meagreness of her pecuniary resources to give close attention to her household affairs. Her health broke down under the pressure of these complicated labors and sorrows. Meanwhile her novel reached its termination, and was published complete by Harper and Brothers. The author, to use her own words, "found herself born, as it were, into a new life; found independence, sympathy, friendship, and honor, and an occupation in which she could delight. All this came very suddenly, as after a terrible storm a sunburst." Her child recovered, and her own malady disappeared.

The successful novel was rapidly followed by others. *The Deserted Wife* was published in 1850; *Shannondale* and *The Mother-in-Law* in 1851; *Children of the Isle* and *The Foster Sisters* in 1852; *The Curse of Clifton; Old Neighborhoods and New Settlements*, and *Mark Sutherland* in 1853, *The Lost Heiress* in 1854, and *Hickory Hall*, in 1855. These novels display strong dramatic power, and contain many excellent descriptive passages of the Southern life and scenery to which they are chiefly devoted.

### SUSAN WARNER—ANNA B. WARNER.

Miss Warner is the daughter of Mr. Henry Warner, a member of the bar of the city of New York. She has for some years resided with the remainder of her father's family on Constitution Island, near West Point, in the finest portion of the Hudson highlands.



Miss Warner made a sudden step into eminence as a writer, by the publication in 1849 of *The Wide, Wide World*, a novel, in two volumes. It is a story of American domestic life, written in an easy and somewhat diffuse style.

Her second novel, *Queechy*, appeared in 1852. It is similar in size and general plan to *The Wide, Wide World*, and contains a number of agreeable passages descriptive of rural life. The heroine, Fleda, is introduced to us as a little girl. Her sprightly, natural manner, and shrewd American common sense, contribute greatly to the attractions of the book. The "help" at the farm, male and female, are pleasantly hit off, and give a seasoning of humor to the volumes.

Miss Warner is also the author of *The Law and the Testimony*, a theological work of research and merit, and of a prize essay on the Duties of American Women.

Miss Anna B. Warner, a younger sister of Miss Susan Warner, is the author of *Dollars and Cents*, a novel, as its title indicates, of practical American life, published in 1853, and of a series of juvenile tales, *Anna Montgomery's Book Shelf*, three volumes of which, *Mr. Rutherford's Children* and *Carl Krinken*, have appeared.

#### CHESTNUT GATHERING—FROM QUEECHY.

In a hollow, rather a deep hollow, behind the crest of the hill, as Fleda had said, they came at last to a noble group of large hickory trees, with one or two chestnuts, standing in attendance on the outskirts. And also as Fleda had said, or hoped, the place was so far from convenient access that nobody had visited them; they were thick hung with fruit. If the spirit of the game had been wanting or failing in Mr. Carleton, it must have roused again into full life at the joyous heartiness of Fleda's exclamations. At any rate no boy could have taken to the business better. He cut, with her permission, a stout long pole in the woods; and swinging himself lightly into one of the trees showed that he was a master in the art of whipping them. Fleda was delighted but not surprised; for from the first moment of Mr. Carleton's proposing to go with her she had been privately sure that he would not prove an inactive or inefficient ally. By whatever slight tokens she might read this, in whatsoever fine characters of the eye, or speech, or manner, she knew it; and knew it just as well before they reached the hickory trees as she did afterwards.

When one of the trees was well stripped the young gentleman mounted into another, while Fleda set herself to hull and gather up the nuts under the one first beaten. She could make but little headway, however, compared with her companion; the nuts fell a great deal faster than she could put them in her basket. The trees were heavy laden, and Mr. Carleton seemed determined to have the whole crop; from the second tree he went to the third. Fleda was bewildered with her happiness; this was doing business in style. She tried to calculate what the whole quantity would be, but it went beyond her; one basketful would not take it, nor two, nor three,—it wouldn't *begin to*, Fleda said to herself. She went on hulling and gathering with all possible industry.

After the third tree was finished Mr. Carleton threw down his pole, and resting himself upon the ground at the foot, told Fleda he would wait a few moments before he began again. Fleda thereupon left off her work too, and going for her little tin pail presently offered it to him temptingly, stocked with pieces of apple-pie. When he had smilingly taken one, she next brought him a sheet of white paper with slices of young cheese.

"No, thank you," said he.

"Cheese is very good with apple-pie," said Fleda, competently.

"Is it?" said he, laughing. "Well—upon that—I think you would teach me a good many things, Miss Fleda, if I were to stay here long enough."

"I wish you would stay and try, sir," said Fleda, who did not know exactly what to make of the shade of seriousness which crossed his face. It was gone almost instantly.



Digitized by Google

"I think anything is better eaten out in the woods than it is at home," said Fleda.

"Well, I don't know," said her friend. "I have no doubt that is the case with cheese and apple-pie, and especially under hickory trees which one has been contending with pretty sharply. If a touch of your wand, Fairy, could transform one of these shells into a goblet of Lafitte or Amontillado we should have nothing to wish for."

'Amontillado' was Hebrew to Fleda, but 'goblet' was intelligible.

"I am sorry," she said. "I don't know where there is any spring up here—but we shall come to one going down the mountain."

"Do you know where all the springs are?"

"No, not all, I suppose," said Fleda, "but I know a good many. I have gone about through the woods so much, and I always look for the springs."

* * * * * * * * *

They descended the mountain now with hasty step, for the day was wearing well on. At the spot where he had stood so long when they went up, Mr. Carleton paused again for a minute. In mountain scenery every hour makes a change. The sun was lower now, the lights and shadows more strongly contrasted, the sky of a yet calmer blue, cool and clear towards the horizon. The scene said still the same that it had said a few hours before, with a touch more of sadness; it seemed to whisper "All things have an end—thy time may not be for ever—do what thou wouldest do—' while ye have light believe in the light that ye may be children of the light.'"

Whether Mr. Carleton read it so or not, he stood for a minute motionless, and went down the mountain looking so grave that Fleda did not venture to speak to him, till they reached the neighborhood of the spring.

"What are you searching for, Miss Fleda?" said her friend.

She was making a busy quest here and there by the side of the little stream.

"I was looking to see if I could find a mullein leaf," said Fleda.

"A mullein leaf! what do you want it for?"

"I want it—to make a drinking cup of," said Fleda; her intent bright eyes peering keenly about in every direction.

"A mullein leaf! that is too rough; one of these golden leaves—what are they?—will do better; won't it?"

"That is hickory," said Fleda. "No; the mullein leaf is the best, because it holds the water so nicely,—Here it is!—"

And folding up one of the largest leaves into a most artist-like cup, she presented it to Mr. Carleton.

"For me was all that trouble?" said he. "I don't deserve it."

"You wanted something, sir," said Fleda. "The water is very cold and nice."

He stooped to the bright little stream, and filled his rural goblet several times.

"I never knew what it was to have a fairy for my cup-bearer before," said he. "That was better than anything Bordeaux or Xeres ever sent forth."

He seemed to have swallowed his seriousness, or thrown it away with the mullein leaf. It was quite gone.

"This is the best spring in all grandpa's ground," said Fleda. "The water is as good as can be."

"How come you to be such a wood and water spirit? you must live out of doors. Do the trees ever talk to you? I sometimes think they do to me."

"I don't know—I think *I* talk to *them*," said Fleda.

"It's the same thing," said her companion, smiling. "Such beautiful woods!"

"Were you never in the country before in the fall, sir?"

"Not here—in my own country often enough—but the woods in England do not put on such a gay face, Miss Fleda, when they are going to be stripped of their summer dress—they look sober upon it—the leaves wither and grow brown, and the woods have a dull russet color. Your trees are true Yankees—they 'never say die!'"

### EMILY C. JUDSON.

Miss Emily Chubbuck was born at Morrisville, a town of Central New York. Soon after ceasing to be a school girl, with a view of adding to the limited means of her family and increasing her own knowledge, she became a teacher in a female seminary at Utica. It was with similar views that she commenced her literary career by writing a few poems for the Knickerbocker Magazine, and some little books for children, of a religious character, for the American Baptist Publication Society. In 1844 she sent a communication to the New York Weekly Mirror, with the signature of "Fanny Forester." Mr. Willis, the editor, wrote warmly in favor of the writer, who soon became a frequent contributor to his paper.

Fanny Forester

While passing the winter at Philadelphia with a clerical friend, the Rev. Mr. Gillette, Miss Chubbuck became acquainted with Dr. Judson, the celebrated Baptist missionary. He had recently lost his second wife, and applied to the young author to write her biography. Intimacy in the preparation of the work led to such mutual liking that the pair were married not long after, in July, 1846, and sailed immediately for India. They arrived at the missionaries' residence at Maulmain, where they resided until Dr. Judson fell sick, and was ordered home by his physicians.

Digitized by Google

His wife was unable to accompany him, and he embarked in a very weak state in the early part of 1850 for America. He died at sea on the twelfth of April of the same year. His widow returned not long after, her own health impaired by an Eastern climate, and after lingering a few months, died on the first of June, 1854.

Mrs. Judson was the author of *Alderbrook, a Collection of Fanny Forester's Village Sketches and Poems*, in two volumes, published in 1846. *A Biographical Sketch of Mrs. Sarah B. Judson*, 1849. *An Olio of Domestic Verses*, 1852, a collection of her poems; *How to be Great, Good, and Happy*, a volume designed for children; a small prose volume, *My Two Sisters, a Sketch from Memory*, and a number of other poems and prose sketches for various periodicals. The sprightliness and tenderness of Mrs. Judson's early sketches gained her a reputation which was rapidly extended by her subsequent publications, especially by those embodying, in a simple and unostentatious manner, her wider experiences of life as the wife of a missionary. The modest title of her collection of poems is an indication of her character, but should not be suffered to overshadow the merits of the choice contents of the book.

One of the latest productions of Mrs. Judson's pen was an admirable letter in defence of her children's property in her deceased husband's literary remains. His papers had been placed in the hands of President Wayland, and incorporated by him in a life of their author, when a rival and unauthorized work from the same materials was announced, and finally published. The letter of Mrs. Judson was addressed to the publisher of the last named volume, and came before the public in the evidence produced on the trial of the alleged invasion of copyright. It deserves to be remembered not only from the interest connected with the circumstances which called it forth, but as a spirited and well reasoned assertion of the rights of literary property.

### WATCHING.

Sleep, love, sleep!
The dusty day is done.
Lo! from afar the freshening breezes sweep,
Wild over groves of balm,
Down from the towering palm,
In at the open casement cooling run,
And round thy lowly bed,
Thy bed of pain,
Bathing thy patient head,
Like grateful showers of rain,
They come;
While the white curtains, waving to and fro,
Fan the sick air;
And pityingly the shadows come and go,
With gentle human care,
Compassionate and dumb.

The dusty day is done,
The night begun;
While prayerful watch I keep.
Sleep, love, sleep!
Is there no magic in the touch
Of fingers thou dost love so much?
Fain would they scatter poppies o'er thee now,
Or, with a soft caress,
The tremulous lip its own nepenthe press
Upon the weary lid and aching brow,
While prayerful watch I keep—
Sleep, love, sleep!

On the pagoda spire
The bells are swinging,
Their little golden circles in a flutter
With tales the wooing winds have dared to utter,
Till all are singing
As if a choir
Of golden-nested birds in heaven were singing;
And with a lulling sound
The music floats around,
And drops like balm into the drowsy ear;
Commingling with the hum
Of the Sepoy's distant drum,
And lazy beetle ever droning near,
Sounds these of deepest silence born,
Like night made visible by morn;
So silent, that I sometimes start
To hear the throbbings of my heart,
And watch, with shivering sense of pain,
To see thy pale lids lift again.

The lizard with his mouse-like eyes,
Peeps from the mortise in surprise
At such strange quiet after day's harsh din;
Then ventures boldly out,
And looks about,
And with his hollow feet,
Treads his small evening beat,
Darting upon his prey
In such a tricksy, winsome sort of way,
His delicate marauding seems no sin.
And still the curtains swing,
But noiselessly;
The bells a melancholy murmur ring,
As tears were in the sky;
More heavily the shadows fall,
Like the black foldings of a pall,
Where juts the rough beam from the wall;
The candles flare
With fresher gusts of air;
The beetle's drone
Turns to a dirge-like solitary moan;
Night deepens, and I sit, in cheerless doubt, alone.

## ANNE CHARLOTTE BOTTA.

Anne C. Lynch was born at Bennington, Vermont. Her father, at the age of sixteen, joined the United Irishmen of his native country, and was an active participant in the rebellion of 1798. He was offered pardon and a commission in the English army on the condition of swearing allegiance to the British government. On his refusal, he was imprisoned for four years, and then banished. He came to America, married, and died in Cuba during a journey undertaken for the benefit of his health, a few years after the birth of his daughter.

After receiving an excellent education at a ladies' seminary in Albany, Miss Lynch removed to Providence, where she edited, in 1841, the Rhode Island Book, a tasteful selection from the writings of the authors of that state. She soon after came to the city of New York, where she has since resided.

A collection of Miss Lynch's poems has been published in an elegant volume, illustrated by Durand, Huntington, Darley, and other leading American artists. Miss Lynch is also favorably known as a prose writer by her contributions of essays and tales to the magazines of the day.

In 1855, Miss Lynch was married to Mr. Vin-

Digitized by Google

Anne C. Lynch

cenzo Botta, formerly a professor in the University of Turin, and a nephew of the historian of America.

THOUGHTS IN A LIBRARY.

Speak low!—tread softly through these halls;
Here Genius lives enshrined;
Here reign, in silent majesty,
The monarchs of the mind.

A mighty spirit host they come,
From every age and clime;
Above the buried wrecks of years,
They breast the tide of Time.

And in their presence chamber here
They hold their regal state,
And round them throng a noble train,
The gifted and the great.

Oh, child of Earth! when round thy path
The storms of life arise,
And when thy brothers pass thee by
With stern unloving eyes;

Here shall the poets chant for thee
Their sweetest, loftiest lays;
And prophets wait to guide thy steps
In wisdom's pleasant ways.

Come, with these God-anointed kings
Be thou companion here;
And in the mighty realm of mind,
Thou shalt go forth a peer!

TO —— WITH FLOWERS.

Go, ye sweet messengers,
To that dim-lighted room
Where lettered wisdom from the walls
Sheds a delightful gloom.

Where sits in thought profound
One in the noon of life,
Whose flashing eye and fevered brow
Tell of the inward strife;

Who in those wells of lore
Seeks for the pearl of truth,
And to Ambition's fever dream
Gives his repose and youth.

To him, sweet ministers,
Ye shall a lesson teach;
Go in your fleeting loveliness,
More eloquent than speech.

Tell him in laurel wreaths
No perfume e'er is found,
And that upon a crown of thorns
Those leaves are ever bound.

Thoughts fresh as your own hues
Bear ye to that abode—
Speak of the sunshine and the sky
Of Nature and of God.

PARKE GODWIN.

PARKE GODWIN was born at Paterson, New Jersey, February 25, 1816. His father was an officer of the war of 1812, and his grandfather a soldier of the Revolution. He was educated at Kinderhook, and entered Princeton College in 1831, where he was graduated in 1834. He then studied law at Paterson, N. J., and having removed to the West, was admitted to practice in Kentucky, but did not pursue the profession. In 1837, he became assistant editor of the Evening Post, in which position he remained, with a single year excepted, to the close of 1853—thirteen years of active editorial life. In February, 1843,

Parke Godwin

Mr. Godwin commenced the publication of a weekly, political, and literary Journal, somewhat on the plan of Mr. Leggett's Plaindealer, entitled "The Pathfinder." Mr. John Bigelow, at present associated with Mr. Bryant in the proprietorship and editorship of the Post, and the author of a volume of travels, *Jamaica in* 1850, contributed a number of articles to this journal. Though well conducted in all its departments, it was continued but about three months, when it was dropped with the fifteenth number. During the period of Mr. Godwin's connexion with the Post, besides his constant articles in the journal, he was a frequent contributor to the Democratic Review, where numerous papers on free trade, political economy, democracy, course of civilization, the poetry of Shelley, and the series on law reformers, Bentham, Edward Livingston, and others; and the discussion of the subject of Law Reform, in which the measures taken in the state of New York were anticipated, are from his pen. He has since written a similar series of papers on the public questions of the day, in Putnam's Monthly Magazine, with which he is prominently connected. In 1850, he published a fanciful illustrated tale, entitled *Vala*, in which he turned his acquaintance with the quaint mythologies of the north, and the poetic arts connecting the world of imagination with the world of reality, to the illustration of incidents in the life of Jenny Lind. It is a succession of pleasant pictures constructed with much ingenuity. The volume was published in quarto with illustrations, by the author's friends, Hicks, Rossiter, Wolcott, and Whitley.

Another proof of Mr. Godwin's acquaintance with German literature, is his translation of

Digitized by Google

Goethe's Autobiography, published by Wiley in New York, and adopted by Bohn in London; and of a series of the tales of Zschokke. He has written besides a popular account of Fourier's writings, and a small volume on *Constructive Democracy*.

It is understood that he has been for some time engaged on a book to be entitled *The History and Organization of Labor*, and the preparation of another, *The Nineteenth Century, with its Leading Men and Movements*. He has also promised the public a book of travels, *A Winter Harvest*, the result of a visit to Europe a few years since, during which he had personal interviews with the leading French and English political reformers.

### JOHN G. SAXE.

JOHN G. SAXE was born at Highgate, Franklin County, Vermont, June 2, 1816. He was graduated at Middlebury College in 1839, studied law, was admitted to the bar, and has since been engaged in the practice of the profession in his native State.

In 1849 Mr. Saxe published a volume of *Poems* including *Progress, a Satire*, originally delivered at a college commencement, and a number of shorter pieces, many of which had previously appeared in the Knickerbocker Magazine.

In the same year Mr. Saxe delivered a poem on *The Times* before the Boston Mercantile Library Association. This production is included in the enlarged edition of his volume, in 1852. He has since frequently appeared before the public on college and other anniversaries, as the poet of the occasion, well armed with the light artillery of jest and epigram. In the summer of 1855 he pronounced a brilliant poem on Literature and the Times, at the Second Anniversary of the Associate Alumni of the Free Academy in New York.

#### RIDING ON THE RAIL.

Singing through the forests,
Rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches,
Rumbling over bridges,
Whizzing through the mountains,
Buzzing o'er the vale,—
Bless me! this is pleasant,
Riding on the rail!

Men of different "stations"
In the eye of Fame,
Here are very quickly
Coming to the same.
High and lowly people,
Birds of every feather,
On a common level
Travelling together!

Gentleman in shorts,
Looming very tall;
Gentleman at large;
Talking very small;
Gentleman in tights,
With a loose-ish mien;
Gentleman in gray,
Looking rather green.

Gentleman quite old,
Asking for the news;
Gentleman in black,
In a fit of blues;
Gentleman in claret,
Sober as a vicar;
Gentleman in Tweed,
Dreadfully in liquor!

Stranger on the right,
Looking very sunny,
Obviously reading
Something rather funny.
Now the smiles are thicker,
Wonder what they mean!
Faith, he's got the KNICKERBOCKER Magazine!

Stranger on the left,
Closing up his peepers,
Now he snores amain,
Like the Seven Sleepers;
At his feet a volume
Gives the explanation,
How the man grew stupid
From "Association!"

Ancient maiden lady
Anxiously remarks,
That there must be peril
'Mong so many sparks;
Roguish looking fellow,
Turning to the stranger,
Says it's his opinion
*She* is out of danger!

Woman with her baby,
Sitting vis-a-vis;
Baby keeps a squalling,
Woman looks at me;
Asks about the distance,
Says it's tiresome talking,
Noises of the cars
Are so very shocking!

Market woman careful
Of the precious casket,
Knowing eggs are eggs,
Tightly holds her basket;

Digitized by Google

Feeling that a smash,
If it came, would surely
Send her eggs to pot
Rather prematurely!

Singing through the forests,
Rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches,
Rumbling over bridges,
Whizzing through the mountains,
Buzzing o'er the vale;
Bless me! this is pleasant,
Riding on the rail!

SONNET TO A CLAM.

Dum tacent *clamant*.

Inglorious friend! most confident I am
Thy life is one of very little ease;
Albeit men mock thee with thy similes
And prate of being "happy as a clam!"
What though thy shell protects thy fragile head
From the sharp bailiffs of the briny sea!
Thy valves are, sure, no safety-valves to thee,
While rakes are free to desecrate thy bed,
And bear thee off,—as foemen take their spoil,
Far from thy friends and family to roam:
Forced, like a Hessian, from thy native home,
To meet destruction in a foreign broil!
Though thou art tender, yet thy humble bard
Declares, O clam! thy case is shocking hard!

MY BOYHOOD.

Ah me! those joyous days are gone!
I little dreamt, till they were flown,
How fleeting were the hours!
For, lest he break the pleasing spell,
Time bears for youth a muffled bell,
And hides his face in flowers!

Ah! well I mind me of the days,
Still bright in memory's flattering rays
When all was fair and new;
When knaves were only found in books,
And friends were known by friendly looks,
And love was always true!

While yet of sin I scarcely dreamed,
And everything was what it seemed,
And all too bright for choice;
When fays were wont to guard my sleep
And *Crusoe* still could make me weep,
And *Santaclaus*, rejoice!

When heaven was pictured to my thought,
(In spite of all my mother taught
Of happiness serene)
A theatre of boyish plays—
One glorious round of holidays,
Without a school between!

Ah me! these joyous days are gone;
I little dreamt till they were flown,
How fleeting were the hours!
For, lest he break the pleasing spell,
Time bears for youth a muffled bell,
And hides his face in flowers!

## JESSE AMES SPENCER

Was born June 17, 1816, at Hyde Park, Dutchess county, New York. His father's family, originally from England, came over with the colony which founded Saybrook, Connecticut. On his mother's side (her name was Ames) he claims distant connexion with Fisher Ames, the orator and patriot. Having removed to New York city in the year 1825, he received a good English education, and for several years was an assistant to his father as city surveyor. He chose at first to learn a trade, and acquired a competent knowledge of the printing business with Sleight & Robinson at the age of 17. He then determined to engage in preparation for the sacred ministry. He entered Columbia College in 1834, and was graduated with high classical honors in 1837. He then pursued the course at the General Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and was ordained deacon July, 1840. He accepted the rectorship of St. James's church, Goshen, New York, directly after. Health having failed him in 1842, by advice of his physicians, he spent the winter of 1842–3 at Nice, Sardinia. Returning to New York in 1843, he devoted himself to teaching, in schools and privately, to editing a juvenile magazine, *The Young Churchman's Miscellany*, and other literary labors. Early in the year 1848 he had a severe illness; was again sent abroad; travelled through England, Scotland, etc., during the summer in company with Mr. George W. Pratt. With the same gentleman he arrived in Alexandria in December, 1848; ascended the Nile, spent some months in Egypt, crossed the desert in March, 1849, travelled through the Holy Land, and in May of the same year left for Europe. He reached New York in August, 1849. The following year he accepted the professorship of Latin and Oriental languages in Burlington College, New Jersey. He was afterwards nominated for professor of ecclesiastical history in the General Theological Seminary, and failed of the appointment by only one vote. He was chosen editor and secretary of the General Protestant Episcopal Sunday School Union and Church Book Society, November, 1851, which office he still holds.

Dr. Spencer's writings are, a volume of *Discourses*, in 1843; a *History of the English Reformation*, 18mo., 1846; an edition of the *New Testament in Greek, with Notes on the Historical Books*, 12mo., 1847; *Cæsar's Commentaries, with copious Notes, Lexicon*, etc., 12mo., 1848; and a volume of foreign travel, *Egypt and the Holy Land*, the first edition of which appeared in 1849.

Dr. Spencer has edited a valuable series of classical books by the late T. K. Arnold, and has contributed largely to the current literature of the time.

## FREDERICK WILLIAM SHELTON

Was born at Jamaica, Queens County, Long Island, where his father, Dr. Nathan Shelton, a graduate of Yale, lived, much respected as a physician. The son was graduated at the College of New Jersey in 1834. He subsequently employed much of his time in literature at his home on Long Island, writing frequently for the Knickerbocker Magazine, to which he contributed a series of local humorous sketches, commencing with The Kushow Property, a tale of Crowhill in 1838, and followed by *The Tinnecum Papers*, and other miscellaneous articles, including several refined criticisms of Vincent Bourne, Charles Lamb, and other select authors.

In 1837, Mr. Shelton published anonymously his first volume, *The Trollopiad; or Travelling Gentlemen in America*, a satire, by Nil Admirari, Esq., dedicated to Mrs. Trollope. It is in rhyming pentameter, shrewdly sarcastic, and

Digitized by Google

liberally garnished with notes preservative of the memory of the series of gentlemen, whose hurried tours in America and flippant descriptions were formerly so provocative of the ire of native writers. As a clever squib, and a curious record of a past state of literature, the *Trollopiad* is worthy a place in the libraries of the curious.

In 1847, Mr. Shelton was ordained a minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church; and in the discharge of the duties of this vocation, has occupied country parishes at Huntington, Long Island, and the old village of Fishkill, Dutchess county, New York. In 1854 he became rector of a church at Montpelier, Vermont, where he is at present established.

Several of his writings have grown out of his experiences as a rural clergyman, and are among the happiest sketches of the fertile topic afforded in that field under the voluntary system in America which have yet appeared. He is a genial, kindly humorist, and his pictures of this class in *The Rector of St. Bardolph's, or Superannuated*, published in 1852, and *Peeps from a Belfry, or the Parish Sketch Book*, in 1855, while truthfully presenting all that is due to satire, are so tempered by pathos and simplicity that they would have won the heart of the Vicar of Wakefield himself.

In another more purely moral vein Mr. Shelton has published two apologues, marked by poetical refinement, and a delicate, fanciful invention: *Salander and the Dragon* (in 1850), and *Crystalline, or the Heiress of Fall Downe Castle*. These are fairy tales designed to exhibit the evils in the world of suspicion and detraction.

In yet another line Mr. Shelton has published a volume, *Up the River*, composed of a series of rural sketches, dating from his parish in Dutchess county, on the Hudson. It is an exceedingly pleasant book in its tasteful, truthful observations of nature and animal life, and the incidents of the country, interspersed with occasional criticism of favorite books, and invigorated throughout by the individual humors of the narrator.

Mr. Shelton has also published two lectures on *The Gold Mania*, and *The Use and Abuse of Reason*, delivered before the Huntington (Long Island) Library Association in 1850.

### A BURIAL AMONG THE MOUNTAINS—FROM PEEPS FROM A BELFRY.

Several times has the summer come and gone—several times have the sear and crisped leaves of autumn fallen to the ground, since it was my privilege to administer for a single winter to a small parish in the wilderness. I call it the wilderness only in contradistinction to the gay and splendid metropolis from which I went. For how great the contrast from the din of commerce, from noisy streets, attractive sights, and people of all nations, to a village among the mountains, where the attention is even arrested by a falling leaf. It was among the most magnificent scenes of nature, whose massive outlines have imprinted themselves on my recollection with a distinctness which can never be effaced.

I account it a privilege to have spent a winter in Vermont. The gorgeous character of the scenery, the intelligence and education of its inhabitants, the excellence yet simplicity of living, its health and hospitality, rendered the stay both profitable and agreeable. Well do I remember those Sunday mornings, when, with the little Winooski river on the right hand, wriggling through the ice, and with a snow-clad spur of the mountains on the left, I wended my solitary way through the cutting wind to the somewhat remote and somewhat thinly-attended little church. But the warmth, intelligence, refinement, and respectful attention of that small band of worshippers fully compensated for the atmosphere without, which often ranged below zero. It is true that a majority of the inhabitants had been educated to attend the Congregational (usually denominated the Brick Church), where a young man of fine talents, who was my friend, administered to the large flock committed to his charge.

> How oft with him I've ranged the snow-clad hill,
> Where grew the pine-tree and the towering oak!
> And as the white fogs all the valley fill,
> And axe re-echoed to the woodman's stroke,
> While frozen flakes were squeaking under foot,
> And distant tinklings from the vale arise,
> Upward and upward still the way we took,
> As souls congenial tower toward the skies.
>
> We talked of things which did beseem the place,
> Matters of moment to the Church and State,
> The upward, downward progress of the race,
> Predestination, Destiny, and Fate.
> He tracked the thoughts of Calvin or of Kant,
> Such lore as from his learned sire he drew;
> I searched the tomes of D'Orley and of Maat,
> Or sipped the sweetness of Castalian dew.
> So when the mountain path grew dim to view,
> And woollen tippets were congealed or damp,
> Swift to the vale our journey we renew,
> Relight the fire, and trim the student's lamp.

Ordinary occurrences impress themselves more deeply, associated with scenes whose features are so grand. A conversation with a friend will be remembered with greater accuracy if it be made upon the mountain or in the storm; and not with less devotion does the heart respond to the worship of God, if his holy temple be builded among scenes of beauty; if it have no pillars but the uncarved rocks, no rafters but the sunbeams, and no dome but the skies. Thus, while residing on the mountains, I kept on the tablets of memory an unwritten diary, from which it is pleasant to draw forth an occasional leaf.

It was in the month of January, when the boreal breath is so keen, after such a walk with my friend to the summit of the mountain, that I returned at nightfall to my chamber, with my camlet cloak and hat completely covered with snow. The flakes were large, starry, and disposed themselves in the shape of crystals. After much stamping of the feet, shaking the cloak, and thumping with a drum-like sound upon the hat, I began to stuff into the box-stove (for nothing but Russian stoves will keep you warm in Vermont) a plenty of maple-wood which abounds in those regions, and which, after hickory, makes the most delightful fire in the world. Then, having dried my damp feet, looked reflectingly into the coals, answered the tea-bell, and, as a mere matter of course, drank a cup of the weed called tea, I returned to my solitary apartment, snuffed the candles, laid out a due quantity of ruled "Sermon paper," wiped the rusty steel pens, and began to reflect, What theme will be most appropriate for the season? Let me examine the Lessons—let me see if I can find some sentiment in the Epistle or Gospel for the day, on which it will be proper to enlarge. Such search in the Prayer Book is never in vain. The course is marked out—the path clear. For not more equally is the natural year distinguished by day and night, cold and heat, storm and sunlight, winter and spring, summer and autumn, than is the "Year of our Lord" by times and seasons, which are the events in His lifetime, and which are the very periods by which to direct our course. If in this work-day world the daily service of the sanctuary cannot be attended, let the devout Christian, let the earnest Churchman,

Digitized by Google

at least read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest, those daily lessons which the Church, through Holy Writ, teaches.

Scarce had I disposed myself for an evening's work, when I was called on with a request to perform funeral services on the next day, over the body of a poor Irish laborer, killed suddenly on the line of the railroad by the blasting of rocks.

The priest was absent; for although there was a numerous body, perhaps several hundred Irish Catholics in that vicinity, he came only once in six weeks. During the interval those poor people were left without shepherd; and as they had a regard for the decencies of Christian burial, they sometimes, as on this occasion, requested the church clergyman to be at hand. I willingly consented to do what appeared a necessary charity, although I apprehended, and afterwards learned, that the more rigid and disciplined of the faith were indignant, and kept away from the funeral rites, which they almost considered profane. Nor could I disrespect their scruples, considering the principles whence they grew.

The snow fell all night to the depth of several feet, and when the morrow dawned, the wind blew a hurricane, filling the air with fine particles of snow, and making the cold intense. Muffling myself as well as possible, I proceeded two miles to the Irish shanty where the deceased lay, which was filled to its utmost capacity with a company of respectful friends and sincere mourners. It was, indeed, a comfortless abode; but for the poor man who reposed there in his pine coffin, it was as good a tenement as the most sumptuous palace ever reared. When I see the dead going from an abode like this, the thought comes up that perhaps they have lost little, and are gaining much; that the grave over which the grass grows, and the trees wave, and the winds murmur, is, after all, a peaceful haven and a place of rest. But when they go from marble halls and splendid mansions, the last trappings appear a mockery, and I think only of what they have left behind.

Standing in one corner of that small cabin among the sobbing relatives, while the winds of winter howled without their requiem of the departed year, I began to read the Church's solemn office for the dead:—

"I am the Resurrection and the life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die."

Having completed the reading of those choral words, which form the opening part of the order for burial, and the magnificent and inspiring words of St. Paul, the procession was formed at the door of the hovel and we proceeded on foot.

The wind-storm raged violently, so that you could scarce see, by reason of the snowy pillar, while the drifts were sometimes up to your knees. The walk was most dreary. On either hand the mountains lifted their heads loftily, covered to the summit with snows; the pine trees and evergreens which skirted the highway, presented the spectacle of small pyramids; every weed which the foot struck was glazed over; and the bushes, in the faint beams of the struggling light, sparkled with gems. In a wild, Titanic defile, gigantic icicles hung from the oozing rocks; and as we passed a mill stream, we had the sight of a frozen water-fall, arrested in its descent, and with all its volume, spray, and mist, as if by the hand of some enchanter changed suddenly into stone.

All these objects, in my walks through the mountains, had impressed their lessons of the magnificence and glory of God. But what new ideas did the same scenes suggest, associated as they were with this wintry funeral.

At last we arrived at the place of graves. It was an acclivity of the mountain; a small field surrounded by a rude fence, in one corner of which were erected many wooden crosses; and a pile of sand, or rather of sandy frozen clods, dug out with a pickaxe, and cast upon the surrounding snows, indicated the spot of this new sepulture. There was not a single marble erected, not a monument of brown stone, or epitaph; but the emblem of the cross alone denoted that it was the resting-place of the lowliest of the lowly—of the poor sons of Erin, the hewers of wood and drawers of water, who had from time to time, in these distant regions, given up their lives to toil, to suffering, or to crime. But the mountain in which they were buried was itself a monument which, without any distinction, in a spot where all were equal, was erected equally for all. There is no memorial, even of the greatest, so good as the place in which they repose; and when I looked at the Sinai-like peak which rose before us, I thought that these poor people had, in their depth of poverty, resorted to the very God of nature to memorize their dead.

But I must not forget to notice, by way of memorial, the history of that poor man. He was one of those who lived by the sweat of the brow. By digging and delving in the earth; by bearing heavy burdens, and performing dangerous work, he obtained a living by hard labor, "betwixt the daylight and dark;" and while the famine was raging in his own land, like many of his race who exhibit the same noble generosity and devotion (what an example to those of loftier rank!) he had carefully saved his earnings and transmitted them to his relatives. They arrived too late. His father and mother had already died of starvation; but his only sister had scarce reached the doors of this poor man's hovel, after so long a journey, when, as she awaited anxiously his return that evening, from his daily work, the litter which contained his body arrived at the door!

I reflected upon this little history, as we approached the grave upon the mountain side, and, melancholy as the scene was, with the snows drifting upon our uncovered heads, I would not have exchanged the good which it did my soul, for the warmest and best-lighted chamber where revelry abounds; and as I repeated those most touching words, "O Lord, God most holy, O Lord, most mighty, O holy and most merciful Saviour, deliver us not into the bitter pains of eternal death," I thought that the surrounding gloom was itself suggestive of hope to the Christian soul. In a few months more, the mountains would again be clothed with verdure, and the little hills would rejoice on every side. As the winds died away into vernal gales, as the icicles fell from the rocks, as the snows vanished, they would be succeeded by the voice of the blooming and beautiful earth, with all its forest choirs, prolonging the chant of thanksgiving. How much more should the body of him, which now lay cold in its grave, with the clods and the snows of the mountains piled upon it, awake to a sure, and, it was to be hoped, a joyous resurrection. With such cheering thoughts we hurried away from the spot, when the service was ended, humbly praying that a portion of consolation might be conveyed to the heart of her, who, in a strange land, mourned the loss of an only brother. *In pace requiescat.*

### JOHN O. SARGENT—EPES SARGENT.

JOHN OSBORNE SARGENT was born in Gloucester, Massachusetts, and passed his childhood there and in the town of Hingham. He was sent to the Latin school in Boston, the prize annals of which,

Digitized by Google

and the record of a Latin ode, and a translation from the Elegy of Tyrtæus, of his compositions, show his early proficiency in classical education. He passed to Harvard and was graduated in 1830. While there he established the clever periodical of which we have already spoken in the notice of one of its contributors, Dr. O. W. Holmes,* The Collegian. He was further assisted in it by the late William H. Simmons, the accomplished elocutionist and essayist; Robert Habersham, jr., of Boston, Frederick W. Brune of Baltimore, and by his brother, Epes Sargent.

On leaving college Mr. Sargent studied law in the office of the Hon. William Sullivan of Boston, and commenced its practice in that city. This was at the period of political agitation attending the financial measures of President Jackson. Mr. Sargent became a political writer and speaker in the Whig cause, and was elected to the lower house of the Legislature of Massachusetts. For some three years he was almost a daily writer for the editorial columns of the Boston Atlas, and added largely by his articles to the reputation which the paper at that time enjoyed as an efficient, vigorous party journal.

In 1838 Mr. Sargent removed to the city of New York, and was well known by his pen and oratory during the active political career which resulted in the election of General Harrison to the presidency. The Courier and Enquirer, for three or four years at this time, was enriched by leading political articles from his hand. At the close of the contest he re-engaged in the active pursuit of his profession. To this he devoted himself, with rigid seclusion from politics for eight years, with success.

He was drawn, however, again into politics in the canvass which resulted in the election of General Taylor, upon whose elevation to the presidency he became associated with Mr. Alexander C. Bullitt of Kentucky, in the establishment of the Republic newspaper at Washington. Its success was immediate and unprecedented. In about six months it numbered more than thirty thousand staunch Whigs on its subscription list. Its course, however, was not acceptable to the members of the cabinet. A rupture was finally brought about in consequence of the attempt of Messrs. Bullitt and Sargent to separate General Taylor from the cabinet in the matter of the Galphin claim, and their determination to support Mr. Clay's measures of compromise against the known wishes of the administration. A withdrawal from the editorship of the paper was the result. After Mr. Fillmore's accession to the presidency by the death of Taylor, a change in the policy of the administration ensued, which enabled Mr. Sargent to return to the Republic, which he conducted with spirit and efficiency to the close of the presidential term. Mr. Sargent enjoyed the entire confidence of President Fillmore, and was tendered by him the mission to China.

Since the advent of the Pierce cabinet Mr. Sargent has occupied himself exclusively with professional pursuits in the city of Washington, where he is engaged in an extensive legal practice.

Mr. Sargent has published several anonymous pamphlets on political and legal subjects which have been largely circulated. His *Lecture on the late Improvements in Steam Navigation and the Arts of Naval Warfare*, which contains a biographical sketch of John Ericsson, has been several times republished in England, and translated into several of the continental languages. He is an accomplished scholar in the modern languages. Some of his poetical translations from the German enjoy a high reputation.

EPES SARGENT, a brother of the preceding, was born at Gloucester, Massachusetts, but at a very early age removed with his family to Boston. He was subsequently at school at Hingham. At nine years of age he was placed at the public Latin school in Boston, where he continued five years, with the exception of a period of six months, during which he made a visit with his father to Russia. While in St. Petersburgh he was often at the palace, examining the fine collection of paintings at the "Hermitage," or wandering through the splendid apartments. While here also he was much noticed by Baron Stieglitz, the celebrated banker and millionaire, who offered to educate him with his son, and take him into his counting-room, under very favorable conditions. The proposition, however, was declined. Returning to school in Boston, young Sargent was one of half a dozen boys who started a small weekly paper called the Literary Journal. In it he published some account of his Russian experiences.

Mr. Sargent was admitted a member of the freshman class of Harvard University, but did not remain at Cambridge. Some years afterwards he was called upon to deliver the poem before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of that institution.

At an early age Mr. Sargent engaged in editorial life. He first became connected with the Boston Daily Advertiser, but some change occurring in the management of that journal he associated

* *Ante*, p. 511.

Digitized by Google

himself with Mr. S. G. Goodrich in the preparation of the "Peter Parley" books. His labors in book-making were various and numerous for a series of years.

In 1836 he wrote for Miss Josephine Clifton a five-act play, entitled *The Bride of Genoa*, which was brought out at the Tremont Theatre with much success, and often repeated. It was subsequently acted by Miss Cushman at the Park Theatre on the occasion of her sister's début. It was published in the New World newspaper under the title of The Genoese, but the author has never thought it worthy of a permanent adoption.

On the 20th of November, 1837, the tragedy of *Velasco*, written for Miss Ellen Tree, was produced at the Tremont Theatre, Boston, with marked success. It was afterwards brought out at the Park Theatre, New York, and the principal theatres in the country. The play was published and dedicated to the author's personal friend, the Hon. William C. Preston of South Carolina, under whose auspices it was produced at Washington.

Velasco was brought out in London in 1850–51, and played at the Marylebone Theatre for a number of nights. It was decidedly successful, though severely criticised by most of the papers.

In 1837 Mr. Sargent became editorially connected with the Boston Atlas, and passed much of his time at Washington writing letters to that journal. About the year 1839–40 he removed to New York on the invitation of General Morris, and took charge for a short time of the Mirror. He now wrote a number of juvenile works for the Harpers, of which two, *Wealth and Worth*, and *What's to be Done?* had a large sale. He also wrote a comedy, *Change makes Change*, first produced at Niblo's, and afterwards by Burton in Philadelphia. Recently Mr. Burton applied to the author for a copy to produce at the Chambers street establishment, and it was found that none was in existence. In 1846 he commenced and edited for some time the Modern Standard Drama, an enterprise which he afterwards sold out, and which is now a lucrative property.

A matrimonial alliance now drew him eastward again. He established himself at Roxbury within a short distance of Boston, and after editing the Transcript for a few years, withdrew from newspaper life, and engaged exclusively in literary pursuits. In 1852 he produced the *Standard Speaker*—a work of rare completeness in its department, which has already passed through thirteen large editions. A life of Benjamin Franklin, with a collection of his writings, followed: then lives of Campbell, Collins, Goldsmith, Gray, Hood, and Rogers, attached to fine editions of their poetical works, published by Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston. Recently Mr. Sargent has put forth a series of five Readers for schools, the success of which is justly due to the minute care and elaboration bestowed upon them, and the good taste with which they are executed.

In March, 1855, Mr. Sargent produced at the new Boston theatre, under the auspices of his old friend Mr. Barry, who had ushered into the world his two early dramatic productions, the five-act tragedy of *The Priestess*, which was played with decided success, Mrs. Hayne (born Julia Dean) performing the part of Norma, the heroine. The play is partially, in the latter acts, founded on the operatic story of Norma.

In 1849 an edition of Mr. Sargent's poems, under the title of *Songs of the Sea and other Poems*, was published by Ticknor & Fields. It is composed chiefly of a number of spirited lyrics, several of which have been set to music. A series of sonnets is included: Shells and Sea-weeds, Records of a Summer Voyage to Cuba. The expression in these, as in all the poetical writings of the author, is clear and animated.

In addition to these numerous engagements of a career of great literary activity, Mr. Sargent has been connected as a contributor and editor with various magazines and periodicals.

As a lecturer he has been widely known before the Mercantile Library Association in Boston and similar associations in the Eastern and middle states.

He was on terms of intimacy with Mr. Clay, and wrote a life of that distinguished statesman. In a preface to a recent edition of this life, Mr. Horace Greeley says: "I have reason to believe that Mr. Clay himself gave the preference, among all the narratives of his life which had fallen under his notice, to that of Epes Sargent, first issued in 1842, and republished with its author's revisions and additions in the summer of 1848."

### A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

A life on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep;
Where the scattered waters rave,
And the winds their revels keep!
Like an eagle caged, I pine
On this dull, unchanging shore:
O! give me the flashing brine,
The spray and the tempest's roar!

Once more on the deck I stand,
Of my own swift-gliding craft:
Set sail! farewell to the land!
The gale follows fair abaft.
We shoot through the sparkling foam
Like an ocean-bird set free;—
Like the ocean-bird, our home
We'll find far out on the sea.

The land is no longer in view,
The clouds have begun to frown;
But with a stout vessel and crew,
We'll say, Let the storm come down!
And the song of our hearts shall be,
While the winds and the waters rave,
A home on the rolling sea!
A life on the ocean wave!

### THE DEATH OF WARREN.

When the war-cry of Liberty rang through the land,
To arms sprang our fathers the foe to withstand;
On old Bunker Hill their entrenchments they rear,
When the army is joined by a young volunteer.
"Tempt not death!" cried his friends; but he bade them good-by,
Saying, "O! it is sweet for our country to die!"

The tempest of battle now rages and swells,
'Mid the thunder of cannon, the pealing of bells;
And a light, not of battle, illumes yonder spire—
Scene of woe and destruction;—'tis Charlestown on fire!

Digitized by Google

The young volunteer heedeth not the sad cry,
But murmurs, "'Tis sweet for our country to die!"
With trumpets and banners the foe draweth near:
A volley of musketry checks their career!
With the dead and the dying the hill-side is strown,
And the shout through our lines is, "The day is our own!"
"Not yet," cries the young volunteer, "do they fly!
Stand firm!—it is sweet for our country to die!"

Now our powder is spent, and they rally again;—
"Retreat!" says our chief, "since unarmed we remain!"
But the young volunteer lingers yet on the field,
Reluctant to fly, and disdaining to yield.
A shot! Ah! he falls! but his life's latest sigh
Is, "'Tis sweet, O, 'tis sweet for our country to die!"

And thus Warren fell! Happy death! noble fall!
To perish for country at Liberty's call!
Should the flag of invasion profane evermore
The blue of our seas or the green of our shore,
May the hearts of our people re-echo that cry,—
"'Tis sweet, O, 'tis sweet for our country to die!"

### O YE KEEN BREEZES.

O ye keen breezes from the salt Atlantic,
Which to the beach, where memory loves to wander,
On your strong pinions waft reviving coolness,
Bend your course hither!

For, in the surf ye scattered to the sunshine,
Did we not sport together in my boyhood,
Screaming for joy amid the flashing breakers,
O rude companions!

Then to the meadows beautiful and fragrant,
Where the coy Spring beholds her earliest verdure
Brighten with smiles that rugged sea-side hamlet,
How would we hasten!

There under elm-trees affluent in foliage,
High o'er whose summit hovered the sea-eagle,
Through the hot, glaring noontide have we rested
After our gambols.

Vainly the sailor called you from your slumber:
Like a glazed pavement shone the level ocean;
While, with their snow-white canvass idly drooping,
Stood the tall vessels.

And when, at length, exulting ye awakened,
Rushed to the beach, and ploughed the liquid acres,
How have I chased you through the shivered billows,
In my frail shallop!

Playmates, old playmates, hear my invocation!
In the close town I waste this golden summer,
Where piercing cries and sounds of wheels in motion
Censelessly mingle.

When shall I feel your breath upon my forehead!
When shall I hear you in the elm-trees' branches!
When shall we wrestle in the briny surges,
Friends of my boyhood!

### PHILIP PENDLETON COOKE—JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

Philip Pendleton Cooke, the son of the late John R. Cooke, an eminent member of the Virginia bar, was born in Martinsburg, Berkeley Co., Va., October 26, 1816. He entered Princeton College at the early age of fifteen; and after completing his course, studied law with his father at Winchester. He wrote a few sketches in prose and verse for the Virginian, and the early numbers of the Southern Literary Messenger. Before he was of age, he was engaged in professional practice and also a married man. An ardent lover of field sports, and surrounded at his home on the Shenandoah near the Blue Ridge, with every temptation for these pursuits, he became a thorough sportsman. At this time, he penned a romance of about three hundred lines, entitled *Emily*, which was published in Graham's Magazine. This was followed by the *Froissart Ballads*, which appeared in a volume in 1847. This was his only separate publication. He afterwards wrote part of a novel, *The Chevalier Marlin*, which appeared, so far as completed, in the Southern Literary Messenger. He also wrote for the same periodical, the tales entitled *John Carpe*, *The Two Country Houses*, *The Gregories of Hackwood*, *The Crime of Andrew Blair*, *Erysicthon*, *Dante*, and a number of reviews.

Mr. Cooke died suddenly, January 20, 1850, at the early age of thirty-three.

With the exception of the Froissart Ballads, which he wrote with great rapidity, at the rate of one a day, Mr. Cooke composed slowly; and his published productions, felicitous as they are, do not, in the judgment of those who knew him, present a full exhibition of the powers of his mind. He shone in conversation, and was highly prized by all about him for his intellectual and social qualities. His manner was stately and impressive.

The poems of Mr. Cooke are in a bright animated mood, vigorous without effort, preserving the freedom of nature with the discipline of art. The ballads, versifications of old Froissart's chivalric stories, run off trippingly with their sparkling objective life. In its rare and peculiar excellence, in delicately touched sentiment, Florence Vane has the merit of an antique song.

Digitized by Google

FLORENCE VANE.

I loved thee long and dearly,
Florence Vane;
My life's bright dream, and early
Hath come again;
I renew in my fond vision,
My heart's dear pain,
My hope, and thy derision,
Florence Vane.

The ruin lone and hoary,
The ruin old,
Where thou didst mark my story,
At even told,—
That spot—the hues Elysian
Of sky and plain—
I treasure in my vision,
Florence Vane.

Thou wast lovelier than the roses
In their prime;
Thy voice excelled the closes
Of sweetest rhyme;
Thy heart was as a river
Without a main.
Would I had loved thee never,
Florence Vane!

But, fairest, coldest wonder!
Thy glorious clay
Lieth the green sod under—
Alas the day!
And it boots not to remember
Thy disdain—
To quicken love's pale ember,
Florence Vane.

The lilies of the valley
By young graves weep,
The pansies love to dally
Where maidens sleep;
May their bloom, in beauty vying,
Never wane
Where thine earthly part is lying,
Florence Vane!

YOUNG ROSALIE LEE.

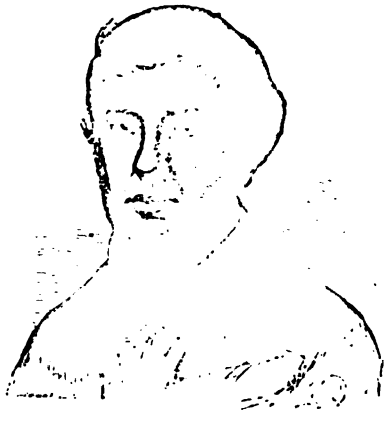
I love to forget ambition,
And hope, in the mingled thought
Of valley, and wood, and meadow,
Where, whilome, my spirit caught
Affection's holiest breathings—
Where under the skies, with me
Young Rosalie roved, aye drinking
From joy's bright Castaly.

I think of the valley and river,
Of the old wood bright with blossoms;
Of the pure and chastened gladness
Upspringing in our bosoms.
I think of the lonely turtle
So tongued with melancholy;
Of the hue of the drooping moonlight,
And the starlight pure and holy.

Of the beat of a heart most tender,
The sigh of a shell-tinct lip
As soft as the land-tones wandering
Far leagues over ocean deep;
Of a step as light in its falling
On the breast of the beaded lea
As the fall of the faery moonlight
On the leaf of you tulip tree.

I think of these—and the murmur
Of bird, and katydid,
Whose home is the grave-yard cypress
Whose goblet the honey-reed.
And then I weep! for Rosalie
Has gone to her early rest;
And the green-lipped reed and the daisy
Suck sweets from her maiden breast.

JOHN ESTEN COOKE, a younger brother of the preceding, is the author of a series of fictions, produced with rapidity, which have in a brief pe-



Jno Esten Cooke.

riod gained him the attention of the public. He was born in Winchester, Frederick county, Virginia, November 3, 1830. When a year or more old, his father took up his residence on his estate of Glengary, near Winchester, whence, on the burning of the house in 1839, the family removed to Richmond. Mr. Cooke's first publication, if we except a few tales and sketches contributed to Harpers' and Putnam's Magazines, the Literary World, and perhaps other journals, was entitled, *Leather Stocking and Silk, or Hunter John Myers and his Times, a Story of the Valley of Virginia*, from the press of the Harpers in 1854. The chief character, the hunter, is drawn from life, and is a specimen of manly, healthy, mountain nature, effectively introduced in the gay domestic group around him. This was immediately followed by the *Youth of Jefferson, or a Chronicle of College Scrapes, at Williamsburgh, in Virginia, A.D.* 1764. The second title somewhat qualifies the serious purport of the first, which might lead the reader to look for a work of biography; but in fact, the book, with perhaps a meagre hint or two of tradition, is a fanciful view of a gayer period than the present, with the full latitude of the writer of fiction. Love is, of course, a prominent subject of the story, and is tenderly and chivalrously handled. Scarcely had these books made their appearance, almost simultaneously, when a longer work from the same, as

Digitized by Google

yet anonymous, source, was announced in *The Virginia Comedians, or Old Days in the Old Dominion, edited from the MSS. of C. Effingham, Esq.* It is much the largest, and by far the best of the author's works thus far. The scene has the advantage of one of the most capable regions of romance in the country, the life and manners of Virginia in the period just preceding the Revolution, combining the adventure of woodland and frontier life with the wealth and luxury of the sea-board. We are introduced to one of the old manorial homesteads on James river, where the dramatis personæ have little else to do than to develope their traits and idiosyncrasies with a freedom fettered only by the rules of art and the will of the writer. The privilege is not suffered to pass unimproved. The whole book is redolent of youth and poetic susceptibility to the beauties of nature, the charms of woman, and the quick movement of life. Some liberties are taken with historical personages—there is a flitting study of Patrick Henry in a certain shrewd man in an old red cloak; Parson Tag has doubtless had his parallel among the high living clergy and stage manager Hallam we know existed, though we trust with very different attributes than those to which the necessity of the plot here subjects him. These are all, however, but shadowy hints; the author's active fancy speedily carrying him beyond literal realities. In its purely romantic spirit, and the variety and delicacy of its portraitures of the sex, the Virginia Comedians is a work of high merit and promise. The success of this work induced Mr. Cooke to avow his authorship, and take the benefit in literature of his growing reputation, though still devoted to his profession of the law.

A subsequent publication from his pen,—still another, we believe, is announced,—is entitled *Ellie, or the Human Comedy*, a picture of life in the old sense of the word, a representation of manners. It is a novel of the sentimental school of the day, contrasting high and low life in the city—the scene is laid at Richmond—a young girl, who gives name to the book, furnishing the sunbeam to the social life in which she is cast. In this portrait of girlish life, the writer, as he tells us, "has tried to show how a pure spirit, even though it be in the bosom of a child, will run through the variegated woof of that life which surrounds it, like a thread of pure gold, and that all who come in contact with it, will carry away something to elevate and purify them, and make them better." The character is in a mood in which the author has been most successful.

The most noticeable characteristic of Mr. Cooke's style is its gay, happy facility—the proof of a generous nature. It carries the reader, in these early works, lightly over any defects of art, and provides for the author an easy entrance to the best audience of the novelist, youth and womanhood.

#### PROLOGUE TO THE VIRGINIA COMEDIANS.

**The memories of men are full of old romances; but they will not speak—our skalds. King Arthur lies still wounded grievously, in the far island valley of Avilyon: Lord Odin in the misty death realm: Balder the Beautiful, sought long by great Hermoder, lives beyond Hela's portals, and will bless his people some day when he comes. But when? King Arthur ever *is to* come: Odin will one day wind his horn and clash his wild barbaric cymbals through the Nordland pines as he returns, but not in our generation: Balder will rise from sleep and shine again the white sun god on his world. But always these things will be: Arthur and the rest are meanwhile sleeping.**

**Romance is history: the illustration may be lame—the truth is melancholy. Because the men whose memories hold this history will not speak, it dies away with them! the great past goes deeper and deeper into mist: becomes finally a dying strain of music, and is no more remembered for ever.**

**Thinking these thoughts I have thought it well to set down here some incidents which took place on Virginia soil, and in which an ancestor of my family had no small part: to write my family romance in a single word, and also, though following a connecting thread, a leading idea, to speak briefly of the period to which these memories, as I may call them, do attach.**

**That period was very picturesque: illustrated and adorned, as it surely was, by such figures as one seldom sees now on the earth. Often in my evening reveries, assisted by the partial gloom resulting from the struggles of the darkness and the dying firelight, I endeavor, and not wholly without success, to summon from their sleep these stalwart cavaliers, and tender graceful dames of the far past. They rise before me and glide onward—manly faces, with clear eyes and lofty brows, and firm lips covered with the knightly fringe: soft, tender faces, with bright eyes and gracious smiles and winning gestures; all the life and splendor of the past again becomes incarnate! How plain the embroidered doublet, and the sword-belt, and the powdered hair, and hat adorned with its wide floating feather! How real are the ruffled breasts and hands, the long-flapped waistcoats, and the buckled shoes! And then the fairer forms: they come as plainly with their looped-back gowns all glittering with gold and silver flowers, and on their heads great masses of curls with pearls interwoven! See the gracious smiles and musical movement—all the graces which made those dead dames so attractive to the outward eye—as their pure faithful natures made them priceless to the eyes of the heart.**

**If fancy needed assistance, more than one portrait hanging on my walls might afford it. Old family portraits which I often gaze on with a pensive pleasure. What a tender maiden grace beams on me from the eyes of Kate Effingham yonder; smiling from the antique frame and blooming like a radiant summer—she was but seventeen when it was taken—under the winter of her snow-like powder, and bright diamond pendants, glittering like icicles! The canvas is discolored, and even cracked in places, but the little place laughs merrily still—the eyes fixed peradventure upon another portrait hanging opposite. This is a picture of Mr. William Effingham, the brave soldier of the Revolution, taken in his younger days, when he had just returned from college. He is most preposterously dressed in flowing periwig and enormous ruffles; and his coat is heavy with embroidery in gold thread: he is a handsome young fellow, and excepting some pomposity in his air, a simple-looking, excellent, honest face.**

**Over my fireplace, however, hangs the picture which I value most—a portrait of my ancestor, Champ Effingham, Esq. The form is lordly and erect; the face clear and pale; the eyes full of wondrous thought in their far depths. The lips are chiselled with extraordinary beauty, the brow noble and imaginative—the whole face plainly giving in-**

Digitized by Google

dication of fiery passion, and no less of tender softness. Often this face looks at me from the canvas, and I fancy sometimes that the white hand, covered as in Vandyke's pictures with its snowy lace, moves from the book it holds and raises slowly the forefinger and points toward its owner's breast. The lips then seem to say, "Speak of me as I was: nothing extenuate: set down nought in malice!"—then the fire-light leaping up shows plainly that this all was but a dream, and the fine pale face is again only canvas, the white hand rests upon its book:—my dream ends with a smile.

EPILOGUE.

It was one of those pure days which, born of spring, seem almost to rejoice like living things in the bright flowers and tender buds:—and she was failing.

All the mountain winds were faintly blowing on the smiling trees, and on the white calm brow of one who breathed the pure delightful airs of opening spring, before she went away to breathe the airs of that other land, so far away, where no snows come, or frost, or hail, or rain; but spring reigns ever, sublimated by the light which shines on figures in white garments round the central throne.

She heard those figures calling, calling, calling, with their low soft voices full of love and hope; calling ever to her in the purple twilight dying o'er the world; rejoicing every one that she was coming.

She looked upon the faces seen through mist around her, and besought them smiling, not to weep for her, but look to the bright land where she was going—for her faith was strong. She begged them to take tender care of the flower which lay but now upon her bosom, and not think of her. A voice had told her in the night that she was waited for: and now the sun was fading in the west, and she must go.

Alcestis-like she kissed them on their brows and pointed to the skies: the time had almost come.

She looked with dim faint eyes, as in a dream, upon that past which now had flowed from her and left her pure:—she saw the sunset wane away and die above the rosy headlands, glooming fast:—she murmured that her hope was steadfast ever; that she heard the angels; that they called to her, and bade her say farewell to all that was around her on this earth, for now the expected time had come.

The tender sunset faded far away, and over the great mountains drooped the spangled veil, with myriads of worlds all singing as her heart was singing now. She saw the rosy flush go far away, and die away, and leave the earth: and then the voice said Come!

She saw a cross rise from the far bright distance, and a bleeding form: she saw the heavenly vision slowly move, and ever nearer, nearer, brighter with the light of heaven. She saw it now before her, and her arms were opened. The grand eternal stars came out above—the sunset died upon her brow—she clasped the cross close to her bosom—and so fell asleep.

THE DEATH OF A MOUNTAIN HUNTER—FROM LEATHER STOCKING AND SILK.

His thoughts then seemed to wander to times more deeply sunken in the past than that of the event his words touched on. Waking he dreamed; and the large eyes melted or fired with a thousand memories which came flocking to him, bright and joyous, or mournful and sombre, but all now transmuted by his almost ecstasy to one glowing mass of purest gold. He saw now plainly much that had been dark to him before; the hand of God was in all, the providence of that great almighty being in every autumn leaf which whirled away!

Again, with a last lingering look his mental eyes surveyed that eventful border past, so full of glorious splendor, of battle shocks, and rude delights; so full of beloved eyes, now dim, and so radiant with those faces and those hearts now cold; again leaving the present and all around him, he lived for a moment in that grand and beauteous past, instinct for him with so much splendor and regret.

But his dim eyes returned suddenly to those much loved faces round him; and those tender hearts were overcome by the dim, shadowy look.

The sunset slowly waned away, and falling in red splendor on the old gray head and storm-beaten brow, lingered there lovingly and cheerfully. The old hunter feebly smiled.

"You'll be good girls," he murmured wistfully, drawing his feeble arm more closely round the children's necks, "remember the old man, darlin's!"

Caroline pressed her lips to the cold hand, sobbing. Alice did not move her head, which, buried in the counterpane, was shaken with passionate sobs.

* * * * * * * * *

The Doctor felt his pulse and turned with a mournful look to his brother. Then came those grand religious consolations which so smoothe the pathway to the grave; he was ready—always—God be thanked, the old man said; he trusted in the Lord.

And so the sunset waned away, and with it the life and strength of the old storm-beaten mountaineer—so grand yet powerless, so near to death yet so very cheerful.

"I'm goin'," he murmured, as the red orb touched the mountain, "I'm goin', my darlin's; I always loved you all, my children. Darlin', don't cry," he murmured feebly to Alice, whose heart was near breaking, "don't any of you cry for me."

The old dim eyes again dwelt tenderly on the loving faces, wet with tears, and on those poor trembling lips. There came now to the aged face of the rude mountaineer, an expression of grandeur and majesty, which illumined the broad brow and eyes like a heavenly light. Then those eyes seemed to have found what they were seeking; and were abased. Their grandeur changed to humility, their light to shadow, their fire to softness and unspeakable love. The thin feeble hands, stretched out upon the cover, were agitated slightly, the eyes moved slowly to the window and thence returned to the dear faces weeping round the bed; then whispering:

"The Lord is good to me! he told me he was comin' 'fore the night was here; come! come—Lord Jesus—come!" the old mountaineer fell back with a low sigh—so low that the old sleeping hound dreamed on.

The life strings parted without sound; and hunter John, that so long loved and cherished soul, that old strong form which had been hardened in so many storms, that tender loving heart—ah, more than all, that grand and tender heart—had passed as calmly as a little babe from the cold shadowy world to that other world; the world, we trust, of light, and love, and joy.

## HORACE BINNEY WALLACE.

Horace Binney Wallace, the son of John B. Wallace, an eminent lawyer of Philadelphia, was born in that city, February 26, 1817. The first two years of his collegiate course were passed at the University of Pennsylvania, and the remain-

Digitized by Google

ing portion at Princeton College, where he was graduated in 1835. He studied with great thoroughness the science of the law, and at the age of twenty-seven contributed notes to Smith's Selections of Leading Cases in various branches of the Law, White and Tudor's Selection of Leading Cases in Equity, and Decisions of American Courts in several departments of the Law, which have been adopted with commendation by the highest legal authorities.

His attention was, however, by no means confined to professional study. He devoted much time to scientific study, and projected several theories on subjects connected therewith, while in literature he produced an anonymous novel, *Stanley*, which, with many faults of construction, contains passages of admirably expressed thought.

Mr. Wallace published a number of articles anonymously in various periodicals. He was much interested in philosophical speculation, and bestowed much attention on the theory of Comte, by whom he was highly prized.

In April, 1849, Mr. Wallace sailed for Europe, and passed a year in England, Germany, France, and Italy. On his return he devoted himself with renewed energy to literary pursuits. He projected a series of works on commercial law, in the preparation of which he proposed to devote a year or two at a foreign university to the exclusive study of the civil law. In the spring of 1852 his eyesight became impaired, owing, as was afterwards discovered, to the incipient stages of congestion of the brain, produced by undue mental exertion. By advice of his physicians he embarked on the thirteenth of November for Liverpool. Finding no improvement in his condition on his arrival, he at once proceeded to Paris in quest of medical advice. His cerebral disease increased, and led to his death by suicide at Paris, on the sixteenth of December following.

In 1855 a volume was published in Philadelphia entitled, *Art, Scenery, and Philosophy in Europe; Being Fragments from the Portfolio of the late Horace Binney Wallace, Esquire, of Philadelphia.* It contains a series of essays on the principles of art, detailed criticisms on the principal European cathedrals, a few travelling sketches, papers on Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Fra Bartolomeo, Perugino, and Raphael, and an article on Comte.

These writings, though not designed for publication, and in many instances in an unfinished state, display great depth of thought, command of language, knowledge of the history as well as æsthetic principles of art, and a finely cultivated taste. Occasional passages are full of poetic imagery, growing naturally out of enthusiastic admiration of the subject in hand. Some of the finest of these passages occur in the remarks on the Cathedral of Milan, a paper which, although endorsed by the writer "very unfinished," and no doubt capable of finer elaboration, is one of the best in the series of which it forms a portion.

THE INTERIOR OF ST. PETER'S.

What a world within Life's open world is the interior of St. Peter's!—a world of softness, brightness, and richness!—fusing the sentiments in a refined rapture of tranquillity—gratifying the imagination with splendors more various, expansive, and exhaustless than the natural universe from which we pass,—typical of that sphere of spiritual consciousness, which, before the inward-working energies of faith, arches itself out within man's mortal being. When you push aside the heavy curtain that veils the sanctuary from the world without, what a shower of high and solemn pleasure is thrown upon your spirit! A glory of beauty fills all the Tabernacle! The majesty of a Perfection, that seems fragrant of delightfulness, fills it like a Presence. Grandeur, strength, solidity,—suggestive of the fixed Infinite,—float unsphered within those vaulted spaces, like clouds of lustre. The immensity of the size,—the unlimitable richness of the treasures that have been lavished upon its decoration by the enthusiastic prodigality of the Catholic world through successive centuries,—dwarfs Man and the Present, and leaves the soul open to sentiments of God and Eternity. The eye, as it glances along column and archway, meets nothing but variegated marbles and gold. Among the ornaments of the obscure parts of the walls and piers, are a multitude of pictures, vast in magnitude, transcendent in merit,—the master-pieces of the world,—the communion of St. Jerome,—the Burial of St. Petronilla,—the Transfiguration of the Saviour,—not of perishable canvass and oils, but wrought in mosaic, and fit to endure till Time itself shall perish.

It is the sanctuary of Space and Silence. No throng can crowd these aisles; no sound of voices or of organs can displace the venerable quiet that broods here. The Pope, who fills the world with all his pompous retinue, fills not St. Peter's; and the roar of his quired singers, mingling with the sonorous chant of a host of priests and bishops, struggles for an instant against this ocean of stillness, and then is absorbed into it like a faint echo. The mightiest ceremonies of human worship,—celebrated by the earth's chief Pontiff, sweeping along in the magnificence of the most imposing array that the existing world can exhibit,—seem dwindled into insignificance within this structure. They do not explain to our feelings the uses of the building. As you stand within the gorgeous, celestial dwelling—framed not for man's abode—the holy silence, the mysterious fragrance, the light of ever-burning lamps, suggest to you that it is the home of invisible spirits,—an outer-court of Heaven,—visited, perchance, in the deeper hours of a night that is never dark within its walls, by the all-sacred Awe itself.

When you enter St. Peter's, Religion, as a local reality and a separate life, seems revealed to you. Far up the wide nave, the enormous baldachino of jetty bronze, with twisted columns and tint-like canopy, and a hundred brazen lamps, whose unextinguished flame keeps the watch of Light around the entrance to the crypt where lie the martyred remains of the Apostle, the rock of the church, give an oriental aspect to the central altar, which seems to typify the origin of the Faith which reared this Fane. Holiest of the holy is that altar. No step less sacred than a Pope's may ascend to minister before it; only on days the most august in the calendar, may even the hand which is consecrated by the Ring of the Fisherman be stretched forth to touch the vessels which rest on it. At every hour, over some part of the floor, worshippers may be seen kneeling, wrapt each in solitary penitence or adoration. The persons mystically habited, who journey noiselessly across the marble, bow and cross themselves, as they pass before this or that spot, betoken the recognition of something mysterious, that is unseen, invisible. By day illuminated by rays only from above, by night always luminous within—filled by an atmosphere of its own, which changes

Digitized by Google

not with the changing cold and heat of the seasons without,—exhaling always a faint, delightful perfume,—it is the realm of piety,—the clime of devotion—a spiritual globe in the midst of a material universe.

### ELIHU G. HOLLAND

Was born of New England parentage at Solon, Cortlandt county, New York, April 14, 1817. His first published work was a volume entitled *The Being of God and the Immortal Life*, in 1846. His aim was to assert the doctrines of the divine existence and the immortality of man by arguments derived from the elements of human nature. In 1849 he published, at Boston, a volume, *Reviews and Essays*. It embraces an elaborate paper on the character and philosophy of Confucius, an analysis of the genius of Channing, an article on Natural Theology, and Essays on Genius, Beauty, the Infinite, Harmony, &c. This was followed in 1852 by another volume entitled *Essays: and a Drama in Five Acts*. The essays were in a similar range with those of its predecessor. The drama is entitled *The Highland Treason*, and is a version of the affair of Arnold and André. In 1853 he published a *Memoir of the Rev. Joseph Badger*, the revival preacher of the Christian connexion.* Though luxuriant and prolix in expression, with a tendency to over statement in the transcendental style, the writings of Mr. Holland show him to be a student and thinker.

We present a pleasing passage from an Essay on "American Scenery."

#### THE SUSQUEHANNAH.

It is difficult to imagine a more continuous line of beauty than the course of the Susquehannah, a river whose mild grace and gentleness combined with power render it a message of nature to the affections and to the tranquil consciousness. This trait of mildness, even in its proudest flow, seems to hover upon its banks and waters as the genius of the scene. No thunder of cataracts anywhere announces its fame. It is mostly the contemplative river, dear to fancy, dear to the soul's calm feeling of unruffled peace. This river of noble sources and many tributaries, traverses the vale of Wyoming, where, in other years, we have been delighted with its various scenery. Its mountain ramparts, which rise somewhat majestically to hail her onward progress, are crowned with a vegetation of northern fir, whilst the verdant and fertile valley is graced with the foliage of the oak, chestnut, and sycamore. At Northumberland, where the east and the west branch unite, the river rolls along with a noble expanse of surface; opposite the town rises, several hundred feet, a dark perpendicular precipice of rock, from which the whole prospect is exceedingly picturesque. The Alleghany Mountains, which somehow seem to bear a paternal relation to this river, lend it the shadow of their presence through great distances. These mountains, though they never rise so high as to give the impression of power and sublimity, are never monotonous. Though they are not generally gothic, but of rounded aspect, the northern part has those that are steep and abrupt, sharp-crested and of notched and jagged outline. The Susquehannah is wealthy also in aboriginal legend, and in abundant foliage. Its rude raft likewise aids the picture. It has many beautiful sources, particularly that in the lovely lake of Cooperstown; and no thought concerning its destiny can be so eloquent as the one expressed by our first American novelist whose name is alike honored by his countrymen and by foreign nations. He spoke of it as "the mighty Susquehannah, a river to which the Atlantic herself has extended her right arm to welcome into her bosom." Other scenery in Pennsylvania we have met, which, though less renowned than Wyoming and the Juniata, is not less romantic and beautiful. A noble river is indeed the image of unity, a representative of human tendencies, wherein many separate strivings unite in one main current of happiness and success. Man concentrates himself like a river in plans and purposes, and seek his unity in some chief end as the river seeks it in the sea.

### WILLIAM A. JONES

Is a member of a family long distinguished for the eminent men it has furnished to the bar and the bench, in the state of New York, including the ante-revolutionary period. He was born in New York June 26, 1817. In 1836 he was graduated at Columbia College, and is now attached to that institution as librarian. His contributions to the press have been numerous, chiefly articles in the department of criticism. To Dr. Hawks's *Church Record* he furnished an extended series of articles on Old English Prose Writers; to *Arcturus* numerous literary papers, and afterwards wrote for the Whig and Democratic Reviews. He has published two volumes of these and other Essays and Criticisms: *The Analyst, a Collection of Miscellaneous Papers*, in 1840, and *Essays upon Authors and Books* in 1849. In the last year he also published a Memorial of his father, the late Hon. David S. Jones, with an Appendix, containing notices of the Jones Family of Queens County.

A passage from an article in the Democratic Review exhibits his style, in a eulogy of a favorite author.

#### HAZLITT.

William Hazlitt we regard, all things considered, as the first of the regular critics in this nineteenth century, surpassed by several in some one particular quality or acquisition, but superior to them all in general force, originality, and independence. With less scholarship considerably than Hunt or Southey, he has more substance than either; with less of Lamb's fineness and nothing of his subtle humor, he has a wider grasp and altogether a more manly cast of intellect. He has less liveliness and more smartness than Jeffrey, but a far profounder insight into the mysteries of poesy, and apparently a more genial sympathy with common life. Then, too, what freshness in all his writings, "wild wit, invention ever new:" for although he disclaims having any imagination, he certainly possessed creative talent and fine ingenuity. Most of his essays are, as has been well remarked, "original creations," not mere homilies or didactic theses, so much as a new illustration from experience and observation of great truths colored and set off by all the brilliant aids of eloquence, fancy, and the choicest stores of accumulation.

As a literary critic he may be placed rather among the independent judges of original power than among the trained critics of education and acquirements. He relies almost entirely on individual impressions and personal feeling, thus giving a charm to his writings, quite apart from, and inde-

* An analysis of this work will be found in the Christian Examiner for July, 1854.

Digitized by Google

pendent of, their purely critical excellencies. Though he has never published an autobiography,* yet all of his works are, in a certain sense, confessions. He pours out his feelings on a theme of interest to him, and treats the impulses of his heart and the movements of his mind as historical and philosophical data. Though he almost invariably trusts himself, he is almost as invariably in the right. For, as some are born poets, so he too was born a critic, with no small infusion of the poetic character. Analytic judgment (of the very finest and rarest kind), and poetic fancy, naturally rich, and rendered still more copious and brilliant by the golden associations of his life, early intercourse with honorable poets, and a most appreciative sympathy with the master-pieces of poesy. Admirable as a genial critic on books and men, of manners and character, of philosophical systems and theories of taste and art, yet he is more especially the genuine critic in his favorite walks of art and poesy; politics and the true literature of real life—the domestic novels, the drama, and the belles-lettres.

As a descriptive writer, in his best passages, he ranks with Burke and Rousseau; in delineation of sentiment, and in a rich rhetorical vein, he has whole pages worthy of Taylor or Lord Bacon. There is nothing in Macaulay for profound gorgeous declamation, superior to the character of Coleridge, or of Milton, or of Burke, or of a score of men of genius whose portraits he has painted with love and with power. In pure criticism who has done so much for the novelists, the essayists, writers of comedy; for the old dramatists and elder poets? Lamb's fine notes are mere notes—Coleridge's improvised criticisms are merely fragmentary, while if Hazlitt has borrowed their opinions in some cases, he has made much more of them than they could have done themselves. Coleridge was a poet—Lamb a humorist. To neither of these characters had Hazlitt any fair pretensions, for with all his fancy he had a metaphysical understanding (a bad ground for the tender plant of poesy to flourish in), and to wit and humor he laid no claim, being too much in earnest to indulge in pleasantry and jesting—though he has satiric wit at will and the very keenest sarcasm. Many of his papers are prose satires, while in others there are to be found exquisite *jeux d'esprit*, delicate banter, and the purest intellectual refinements upon works of wit and humor. In all, however, the critical quality predominates, be the form that of essay, criticism, sketch, biography, or even travels.

### THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS,

The author of a translation of *The First Ten Cantos of the Inferno of Dante*, published in 1843, and of a volume of original *Poems* in 1854, is a native of, and resident at, Boston. His writings bear witness to his sound classical education, as well as to the fruits of foreign travel. The translation of Dante, in the stanza of the original, has been much admired by scholars. The Poems exhibit variety in playful satire, epistle, ballad, the tale, description of nature, of European antiquities, and the occasional record of personal emotion. In all, the subject is controlled and elevated by the language of art. It is the author's humor in the Epistles which open the volume to address several foreign celebrities in the character of an English traveller in America, writing to Charles Kemble on the drama; to Edward Moxon, the London publisher, on the state of letters; and to Rogers and Landor on poetry and art generally. In the Epistle to Landor, the comparatively barren objects of American antiquities are placed by the side of the storied associations of Italy. The land is pictured as existing "in Saturn's reign before the stranger came," like the waste Missouri; when the view is changed to the Roman era:—

* * * * * * * *

Soon as they rose—the Capitolian lords—
The land grew sacred and beloved of God;
Where'er they carried their triumphant swords
Glory sprang forth and sanctified the sod.

Nay, whether wandering by Provincial Rome,
Or British Tyne, we note the Cæsar's tracks,
Wondering how far from their Tarpeian flown,
The ambitious eagles bore the prætor's axe.

Those toga'd fathers, those equestrian kings,
Are still our masters—still within us reign,
Born though we may have been beyond the springs
Of Britain's floods—beyond the outer main.

For, while the music of their language lasts,
They shall not perish like the painted men—
Brief-lived in memory as the winter's blasts!—
Who here once held the mountain and the glen.

From them and theirs with cold regard we turn,
The wreck of polished nations to survey,
Nor care the savage attributes to learn
Of souls that struggled with barbarian clay.

With what emotion on a coin we trace
Vespasian's brow, or Trajan's chastened smile,
But view with heedless eye the murderous mace
And checkered lance of Zealand's warrior-isle.

Here, by the ploughman, as with daily tread
He tracks the furrows of his fertile ground,
Dark locks of hair, and thigh-bones of the dead,
Spear-heads, and skulls, and arrows, oft are found.

On such memorials unconcerned we gaze;
No trace returning of the glow divine,
Wherewith, dear Walter! in our Eton days
We eyed a fragment from the Palatine.

It fired us then to trace upon the map
The forum's line—proud empire's church-yard paths—
Ay, or to finger but a marble scrap
Or stucco piece from Diocletian's baths.

Cellini's workmanship could nothing add,
Nor any casket, rich with gems and gold,
To the strange value every pebble had
O'er which perhaps the Tiber's wave had rolled.

One of the longer poems—*Ghetto di Roma*, a story of the Jewish proscription—is admirably told; picturesque in detail, simple in movement, and the pathos effectively maintained without apparent effort. The lines *On the Death of Daniel Webster* are among the ablest which that occasion produced. The chaste and expressive lines, *Stewart's Burial*, are the record of a real incident. The friend of the author whose funeral is literally described, was Mr. David Steuart Robertson, a gentleman well known by his elegant rural hospitality at his residence at Lancaster to the wits and good society of Boston.

The healthy objective life of the poems, and their finished expression, will secure them a reputation long after many of the feeble literary affectations of the day are forgotten.

* The Liber Amoris can hardly be called an exception.



Digitized by Google

ON A BUST OF DANTE.

See, from this counterfeit of him
Whom Arno shall remember long,
How stern of lineament, how grim,
The father was of Tuscan song.
There but the burning sense of wrong,
Perpetual care and scorn, abide;
Small friendship for the lordly throng;
Distrust of all the world beside.

Faithful if this wan image be,
No dream his life was—but a fight;
Could any Beatrice see
A lover in that anchorite?
To that cold Ghibeline's gloomy sight
Who could have guessed the visions came
Of Beauty, veiled with heavenly light,
In circles of eternal flame?

The lips as Cumæ's cavern close,
The cheeks with fast and sorrow thin,
The rigid front, almost morose,
But for the patient's hope within,
Declare a life whose course hath been
Unsullied still, though still severe,
Which, through the wavering days of sin,
Kept itself icy-chaste and clear.

Not wholly such his haggard look
When wandering once, forlorn, he strayed,
With no companion save his book,
To Corvo's hushed monastic shade;
Where, as the Benedictine laid
His palm upon the pilgrim guest,
The single boon for which he prayed
The convent's charity was rest.*

Peace dwells not here—this rugged face
Betrays no spirit of repose;
The sullen warrior sole we trace,
The marble man of many woes.
Such was his mien when first arose
The thought of that strange tale divine,
When hell he peopled with his foes,
The scourge of many a guilty line.

War to the last he waged with all
The tyrant canker-worms of earth;
Baron and duke, in hold and hall,
Cursed the dark hour that gave him birth;
He used Rome's harlot for his mirth;
Plucked bare hypocrisy and crime;
But valiant souls of knightly worth
Transmitted to the rolls of Time.

O, Time! whose verdicts mock our own,
The only righteous judge art thou;
That poor, old exile, sad and lone,
Is Latium's other VIRGIL now:
Before his name the nations bow;
His words are parcel of mankind,
Deep in whose hearts, as on his brow,
The marks have sunk of DANTE'S mind.

STEUART'S BURIAL.

The bier is ready and the mourners wait,
The funeral car stands open at the gate.
Bring down our brother; bear him gently, too;
So, friends, he always bore himself with you.
Down the sad staircase, from the darkened room,
For the first time, he comes in silent gloom:
Who ever left this hospitable door
Without his smile and warm "good-bye," before?
Now we for him the parting word must say
To the mute threshold whence we bear his clay.

The slow procession lags upon the road,—
'T is heavy hearts that make the heavy load;
And all too brightly glares the burning noon
On the dark pageant—be it ended soon!
The quail is piping and the locust sings,—
O grief, thy contrast with these joyful things!
What pain to see, amid our task of woe,
The laughing river keep its wonted flow!
His hawthorns there—his proudly-waving corn—
And all so flourishing—and so forlorn!
His new-built cottage, too, so fairly planned,
Whose chimney ne'er shall smoke at his command.

Two sounds were heard, that on the spirit fell
With sternest moral—one the passing bell!
The other told the history of the hour,
Life's fleeting triumph, mortal pride and power.
Two trains there met—the iron-sinewed horse
And the black hearse—the engine and the corse!
Haste on your track, you fiery-winged steed!
I hate your presence and approve your speed;
Fly! with your eager freight of breathing men,
And leave these mourners to their march again!
Swift as my wish, they broke their slight delay,
And life and death pursued their separate way.

The solemn service in the church was held,
Bringing strange comfort as the anthem swelled,
And back we bore him to his long repose,
Where his great elm its evening shadow throws—
A sacred spot! There often he hath stood,
Showed us his harvests and pronounced them good;
And we may stand, with eyes no longer dim,
To watch new harvests and remember him.

Peace to thee, STEUART!—and to us! the All-wise
Would ne'er have found thee readier for the skies
In his large love He kindly waits the best,
The fittest mood, to summon every guest;
So, in his prime, our dear companion went,
When the young soul is easy to repent:
No long purgation shall he now require
In black remorse—in penitential fire;
From what few frailties might have stained his morn
Our tears may wash him pure as he was born.

JOHN W. BROWN.

JOHN W. BROWN was born in Schenectady, New York, August 21, 1814, and was graduated at Union College in 1832. He entered the General Theological Seminary in 1833, and on the completion of his course of study was ordained Deacon, July 8, 1836, and took charge of a parish at Astoria, Long Island, with which he was connected during the remainder of his life. In 1838 he established a school, the Astoria Female Institute, which he conducted for seven years. In 1845 he became editor of the Protestant Churchman, a weekly periodical. In the fall of 1848 Mr. Brown visited Europe for the benefit of his health. He died at Malta on Easter Monday, April 9, 1849.

In 1842 Mr. Brown published *The Christmas Bells: a Tale of Holy Tide: and other Poems*, a volume of pleasing verses suggested by the seasons and services of his church.

In the Christmas Bells he has described with beauty and feeling the effect of the holy services of the season upon the old and young. The poem has been set to music.

* It is told of DANTE that, when he was roaming over Italy, he came to a certain monastery, where he was met by one of the friars, who blessed him, and asked what was his desire; to which the weary stranger simply answered, "*Pace.*"

Digitized by Google

Mr. Brown was also the author of *Constance*, *Virginia*, *Julia of Baia*, and a few other prose tales of a religious character for young readers.

THE CHRISTMAS BELLS.

The bells—the bells—the Christmas bells
How merrily they ring!
As if they felt the joy they tell
To every human thing.
The silvery tones, o'er vale and hill,
Are swelling soft and clear,
As, wave on wave, the tide of sound
Fills the bright atmosphere.

The bells—the merry Christmas bells,
They're ringing in the morn!
They ring when in the eastern sky
The golden light is born;
They ring, as sunshine tips the hills,
And gilds the village spire—
When, through the sky, the sovereign sun
Rolls his full orb of fire.

The Christmas bells—the Christmas bells,
How merrily they ring!
To weary hearts a pulse of joy,
A kindlier life they bring.
The poor man on his couch of straw,
The rich, on downy bed,
Hail the glad sounds, as voices sweet
Of angels overhead.

The bells—the silvery Christmas bells,
O'er many a mile they sound!
And household tones are answering them
In thousand homes around.
Voices of childhood, blithe and shrill,
With youth's strong accents blend,
And manhood's deep and earnest tones
With woman's praise ascend.

The bells—the solemn Christmas bells,
They're calling us to prayer;
And hark, the voice of worshippers
Floats on the morning air.
Anthems of noblest praise there'll be.
And glorious hymns to-day,
Te Deums loud—and glorias:
Come, to the church—away.

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY,

A MEMBER of a Boston family, and graduate of Harvard of 1831, is the author of two novels of merit, *Morton's Hope, or The Memoirs of a Provincial*, and *Merry Mount, a Romance of the Massachusetts Colony*.

The first of these fictions appeared in 1839. The scene of the opening portion is laid at Morton's Hope, a quiet provincial country-seat in the neighborhood of Boston. In consequence of disappointment in a love affair, the hero leaves his country and passes some time among the German University towns, the manners of which are introduced with effect. Towards the middle of the second volume, he is summoned home by the news of the death of his uncle, and a hint from a relative that the fortune which this event places in his hands can be better employed in the service of his country, now engaged in the struggle of the Revolution, than in an aimless foreign residence. He returns home, becomes an officer in the Continental army, distinguishes himself, and regains his lost mistress.

In *Merry Mount* the author has availed himself of the picturesque episode of New England history presented in the old narrative of Thomas Morton, of which we have previously given an account.* Both of these fictions are written with spirit; the descriptions, which are frequent, are carefully elaborated; and the narrative is enlivened with frequent flashes of genuine humor.

Mr. Motley is at present residing at Dresden, where he has been some time engaged in writing a History of Holland, which will no doubt prove a work of high merit, as an animated and vigorous portraiture of the Dutch struggle of independence.

GOTTINGEN—FROM MORTON'S HOPE.

Gottingen is rather a well-built and handsome looking town, with a decided look of the Middle Ages about it. Although the college is new, the town is ancient, and like the rest of the German University towns, has nothing external, with the exception of a plain-looking building in brick for the library, and one or two others for natural collections, to remind you that you are at the seat of an institution for education. The professors lecture, each on his own account, at his own house, of which the basement floor is generally made use of as an auditorium. The town is walled in, like most of the continental cities of that date, although the ramparts, planted with linden-trees, have since been converted into a pleasant promenade, which reaches quite round the town, and is furnished with a gate and guard at the end of each principal avenue. It is this careful fortification, combined with the nine-story houses, and the narrow streets, which imparts the compact, secure look peculiar to all the German towns. The effect is forcibly to remind you of the days when the inhabitants were huddled snugly together, like sheep in a sheep-cote, and locked up safe from the wolfish attacks of the gentlemen highwaymen, the ruins of whose castles frown down from the neighbouring hills.

The houses are generally tall and gaunt, consisting of a skeleton of frame-work, filled in with brick, with the original rafters, embrowned by time, projecting like ribs through the yellowish stucco which covers the surface. They are full of little windows, which are filled with little panes, and as they are built to save room, one upon another, and consequently rise generally to eight or nine stories, the inhabitants invariably live as it were in layers. Hence it is not uncommon to find a professor occupying the two lower stories or strata, a tailor above the professor, a student upon the tailor, a beer-seller conveniently upon the student, a washerwoman upon the beer-merchant, and perhaps a poet upon the top; a pyramid with a poet for its apex, and a professor for the base.

The solid and permanent look of all these edifices, in which, from the composite and varying style of architecture, you might read the history of half a dozen centuries in a single house, and which looked as if built before the memory of man, and like to last for ever, reminded me, by the association of contrast, of the struggling towns and villages of America, where the houses are wooden boxes, worn out and renewed every fifty years; where the cities seem only temporary encampments, and where, till people learn to build for the future as well as the present, there will be no history, except in pen and ink, of the changing centuries in the country.

As I passed up the street, I saw on the lower story of a sombre-looking house, the whole legend of Samson and Delilah rudely carved in the brown freestone, which formed the abutments of the house ep-

* *Ante*, vol. i. p. 28.

Digitized by Google

posite; a fantastic sign over a portentous shop with an awning ostentatiously extended over the side-walk, announced the café and ice-shop: overhead, from the gutters of each of the red-tiled roofs, were thrust into mid-air the grim heads of dragons with long twisted necks, portentous teeth, and goggle eyes, serving, as I learned the first rainy day, the peaceful purpose of a water spout; while on the side-walks, and at every turn, I saw enough to convince me I was in an university town, although there were none of the usual architectural indications. As we passed the old gothic church of St. Nicholas, I observed through the open windows of the next house, a party of students smoking and playing billiards, and I recognised some of the faces of my Leipzig acquaintance. In the street were plenty of others of all varieties. Some, with plain caps and clothes, and a meek demeanour, sneaked quietly through the streets, with portfolios under their arms. I observed the care with which they turned out to the left, and avoided collision with every one they met. These were camels or "studious students" returning from lecture—others swaggered along the side-walk, turning out for no one, with clubs in their hands, and bull-dogs at their heels—these were dressed in marvellously fine caps and polonaise coats, covered with cords and tassels, and invariably had pipes in their mouths, and were fitted out with the proper allowance of spurs and moustachios. These were "Renomists," who were always ready for a row.

At almost every corner of the street was to be seen a solitary individual of this latter class, in a ferocious fencing attitude, brandishing his club in the air, and cutting carte and tierce in the most alarming manner, till you were reminded of the truculent Gregory's advice to his companion: "Remember thy swashing blow."

All along the street, I saw, on looking up, the heads and shoulders of students projecting from every window. They were arrayed in tawdry smoking caps and heterogeneous-looking dressing gowns, with the long pipes and flash tassels depending from their mouths. At his master's side, and looking out of the same window, I observed, in many instances, a grave and philosophical-looking poodle, with equally grim moustachios, his head reposing contemplatively on his fore-paws, and engaged apparently, like his master, in ogling the ponderous housemaids who were drawing water from the street pumps.

We passed through the market square, with its antique fountain in the midst, and filled with an admirable collection of old women, some washing clothes, and some selling cherries, and turned at last into the Nagler Strasse. This was a narrow street, with tall rickety houses of various shapes and sizes, arranged on each side, in irregular rows; while the gaunt gable-ended edifices, sidling up to each other in one place till the opposite side nearly touched, and at another retreating awkwardly back as if ashamed to show their faces, gave to the whole much the appearance of a country dance by unskilful performers. Suddenly the postillion drove into a dark, yawning doorway, which gaped into the street like a dragon's mouth, and drew up at the door-step of the "King of Prussia." The house bell jingled—the dogs barked—two waiters let down the steps, a third seized us by the legs, and nearly pulled us out of the carriage in the excess of their officiousness; while the landlord made his appearance cap in hand on the threshold, and after saluting us in Latin, Polish, French, and English, at last informed us in plain German, which was the only language he really knew, that he was very glad to have the honour of "recommending himself to us."

We paid our "brother-in-law," as you must always call the postillion in Germany, a magnificent drink-geld, and then ordered dinner.

### SAMUEL A. HAMMETT.

Mr. Hammett was born in 1816 at Jewett City, Connecticut. After being graduated at the University of the City of New York, he passed some ten or twelve years in the South-west, engaged in mercantile pursuits, and for a portion of the time as Clerk of the District Court of Montgomery county, Texas. In 1848 he removed to New York, where he has since resided.

Mr. Hammett has drawn largely on his frontier experiences in his contributions to the Spirit of the Times, Knickerbocker, Democratic and Whig Reviews, and Literary World. He has published two volumes—*A Stray Yankee in Texas*, and *The Wonderful Adventures of Captain Priest*, with the scene Down East. They are sketchy, humorous, and inventive.

#### HOW I CAUGHT A CAT, AND WHAT I DID WITH IT—FROM A STRAY YANKEE IN TEXAS.

At last behold us fairly located upon the banks of the river, where Joe had selected a fine, hard shingle beach upon which to pitch our camp. This same camp was an extemporaneous affair, a kind of *al fresco* home, formed by setting up a few crotches to sustain a rude roof of undressed shingles, manufactured impromptu,—there known as "boards,"—supported upon diminutive rafters of cane.

This done, a cypress suitable for a canoe, or "dug out," was selected, and in two days shaped, hollowed out, and launched. Fairly embarked now in the business, I found but little difficulty in obtaining a supply of green trout and other kinds of river fish, but the huge "Cats"—where were they? I fished at early morn and dewy eve, ere the light had faded out from the stars of morning, and after dame Nature had donned her *robe de nuit*,—all was in vain.

Joe counselled patience, and hinted that the larger species of "Cats" never ran but during a rise or fall in the river, and must then be fished for at night.

One morning, heavy clouds in the north, and the sound of distant thunder, informed us that a storm was in progress near the head waters of our stream. My rude tackle was looked after, and bait prepared in anticipation of the promised fish, which the perturbed waters of the river were to incite to motion.

Night came, and I left for a spot where I knew the Cats must frequent; a deep dark hole, immediately above a sedgy flat. My patience and perseverance at length met with their reward. I felt something very carefully examining the bait, and at last tired of waiting for the bite, struck with force.

I had him, a huge fellow, too; backwards and forwards he dashed, up and down, in and out. No fancy tackle was mine, but plain and trustworthy, at least so I fondly imagined.

At last I trailed the gentleman upon the sedge, and was upon the eve of wading in and securing him, when a splash in the water which threw it in every direction, announced that something new had turned up, and away went I, hook, and line, into the black hole below. At this moment my tackle parted, the robber—whether alligator or gar I knew not—disappeared with my half captured prey, and I crawled out upon the bank in a blessed humor.

My fishing was finished for the evening; but

Digitized by Google

repairing the tackle as best I could, casting the line again into the pool, and fixing the pole firmly in the knot-hole of a fallen tree, I abandoned it, to fish upon its own hook.

When I arose in the morning, a cold "norther" was blowing fiercely, and the river had risen in the world during the night. The log to which my pole had formed a temporary attachment, had taken its departure for parts unknown, and was in all human probability at that moment engaged in making an experimental voyage on account of "whom it may concern."

The keen eyes of Joe, who had been peering up and down the river, however, discovered something upon the opposite side that bore a strong resemblance to the missing pole, and when the sun had fairly risen, we found that there it surely was, and moreover its bowing to the water's edge, and subsequent straightening up, gave proof that a fish was fast to the line.

The northern blast blew shrill and cold, and the ordinarily gentle current of the river was now a mad torrent, lashing the banks in its fury, and foaming over the rocks and trees that obstructed its increased volume.

Joe and I looked despairingly at each other, and shook our heads in silence and in sorrow.

Yet there was the pole waving to and fro, at times when the fish would repeat his efforts to escape—it was worse than the Cup of Tantalus, and after bearing it as long as I could, I prepared for a plunge into the maddened stream. One plunge, however, quite satisfied me; I was thrown back upon the shore, cold and dispirited.

During the entire day there stood, or swung to and fro, the wretched pole, now upright as an orderly sergeant, now bending down and kissing the waters at its feet.

The sight I bore until flesh and blood could no more endure. The sun had sunk to rest, the twilight was fading away, and the stars were beginning to peep out from their sheltering places inquiringly, as if to know why the night came not on, when I, stung to the soul, determined at any hazard to dare the venture.

Wringing the hand of Joe, who shook his head dubiously, up the stream I bent my course until I reached a point some distance above, from which the current passing dashed with violence against the bank, and shot directly over to the very spot where waved and wagged my wretched rod, cribbed by the waters, and cabined and confined among the logs.

I plunged in, and swift as an arrow from the bow, the water hurried me on, a companion to its mad career. The point was almost gained, when a shout from Joe called my attention to the pole: alas, the fish was gone, and the line was streaming out in the fierce wind.

That night was I avenged; a huge cat was borne home in triumph. How I took it, or where, it matters not; for so much time having been occupied in narrating how I did not, I can spare no more to tell how I did.

The next point was to decide as to the cooking of him. Joe advised a barbacue; "a fine fellow like that," he said, "with two inches of clear fat upon his back-bone, would make a noble feast." Let not the two inches of clear fat startle the incredulous reader; for in that country of lean swine, I have often heard that the catfish are used to fry bacon in.

But to the cooking.

We cooked him that night, and we cooked him next day,
And we cooked him in vain until both passed away.

He would *not* be cooked, and was in fact much worse, and not half so honest as a worthy old gander—once purchased by a very innocent friend of mine—that was found to contain in its maw a paper embracing both his genealogy and directions with reference to the advisable mode of preparing him for the table; of which all that I remember is, that parboiling for sixteen days was warmly recommended as an initial step.

Sixteen days' parboiling I am convinced would but have rendered our friend the tougher. We tried him over a hot fire, and a slow one,—we smoked him, singed him, and in fine tried all known methods in vain, and finally consigned him again, uneaten, to the waters.

### CORNELIUS MATHEWS.

Cornelius Mathews was born October 28, 1817, in the village of Port Chester, in Westchester county, State of New York. It is a spot situated on the Sound, on the borders of Connecticut, and was, until recently, before modern taste had altered the name, designated Saw-pitts, from the branch of industry originally pursued there. The early country life of Mr. Mathews in Westchester, on the banks of Byram river, or by the rolling uplands of Rye and its picturesque lake, is traceable through many a page of his writings, in fanciful descriptions of nature based upon genuine experience, and in frequent traits of the rural personages who filled the scene. Mr. Mathews was among the early graduates of the New York University, an association which he revived some years afterwards, by an address on *Americanism*, before one of the societies. His literary career began early. For the American Monthly Magazine of 1836, he wrote both in verse and prose. A series of poetical commemorations of incidents of the Revolution entitled, *Our Forefathers*, in this journal, are from his pen, with the animated critical sketches of Jeremy Taylor and Owen Felltham, among some revivals of the old English prose writers. In the New York Review for 1837 he wrote a paper, *The Ethics of Eating*, a satiric sketch of the ultra efforts at dietetic reform then introduced to the public. He was also a contributor to the Knickerbocker Magazine of humorous sketches. In the Motley Book in 1838, a collection of tales and sketches, he gave further evidence of his capacity for pathos and humor in description. It was followed the next year by *Behemoth, a Legend of the Moundbuilders*, an imaginative romance, in which the physical sublime was embodied in the great mastodon, the action of the story consisting in the efforts of a supposed ante-Indian race to overcome the huge monster. This "fossil romance" was a purely original invention, with very slender materials in the books of Priest, Atwater, and others; but such hints as the author procured from these and similar sources, were more than repaid in the genial notes which accompanied the first edition.

In 1840 his sketch of New York city electioneering life, *The Politicians*, a comedy, appeared; the subject matter of which was followed up in *The Career of Puffer Hopkins* in 1841, a novel which embodies many phases of civic political life, which have rapidly passed away. Both the play and the tale were the precursors of many similar attempts in local fiction and description.

Digitized by Google

Cornelius Mathews.

At this time, from December, 1840, to May, 1842, Mr. Mathews was engaged in the editorship of Arcturus, a Journal of Books and Opinion, a monthly magazine, of which three volumes appeared; and in which he wrote numerous papers, fanciful and critical, including the novel just mentioned.

In 1843 he published *Poems on Man in the Republic*, in which, with much vigor of thought, he passes in review the chief family, social, and political relations of the citizen. His *Big Abel and the Little Manhattan*, a "fantasy piece," is a picture of New York, sketched in a poetical spirit, with the contrast of the native original Indian element with the present developments of civilization; personated respectively by an Indian, and a representative of the first Dutch settlers.

In 1846 Mr. Murdoch brought upon the stage at Philadelphia Mr. Mathews's tragedy of *Witchcraft*, a story of the old Salem delusion, true to the weird and quaint influences of the time. The suspected mother in the piece, Ambla Bodish, is an original character well sustained. The play was successful on the stage. Mr. Murdoch also performed in it at Cincinnati, where it was received with enthusiasm. A second play, *Jacob Leisler*, founded on a passage of New York colonial history, was also first performed at Philadelphia in 1848, and subsequently with success in New York and elsewhere.

One of the difficulties Witchcraft had to contend with on the representation, was the age of the heroine. An actress could scarcely be found who would sacrifice the personal admiration of the hour to the interest of the powerful and truthful dramatic delineation in the mother, grey with sorrow and time. As a contemporary testimony to the merits of the play in poetic conception and character, we may quote the remarks by the late Margaret Fuller, published in her Papers on Literature and Art. "Witchcraft is a work of strong and majestic lineaments; a fine originality is shown in the conception, by which the love of a son for a mother is made a sufficient *motif* (as the Germans call the ruling impulse of a work) in the production of tragic interest; no less original is the attempt, and delightful the success, in making an aged woman a satisfactory heroine to the piece through the greatness of her soul, and the magnetic influence it exerts on all around her, till the ignorant and superstitious fancy that the sky darkens and the winds wait upon her as she walks on the lonely hill-side near her hut to commune with the Past, and seek instruction from Heaven. The working of her character on the other agents of the piece is depicted with force and nobleness. The deep love of her son for her, the little tender, simple ways in which he shows it, having preserved the purity and poetic spirit of childhood by never having been weaned from his first love, a mother's love, the anguish of his soul when he too becomes infected with distrust, and cannot discriminate the natural magnetism of a strong nature from the spells and lures of sorcery, the final triumph of his faith, all offered the highest scope to genius and the power of moral perception in the actor. There are highly poetic intimations of those lowering days with their veiled skies, brassy light, and sadly whispering winds, very common in Massachusetts, so ominous and brooding seen from any point, but from the idea of witchcraft invested with an awful significance. We do not know, however, that this could bring it beyond what it has appeared to our own sane mind, as if the air was thick with spirits, in an equivocal and surely sad condition, whether of purgatory or downfall; and the air was vocal with all manner of dark intimations. We are glad to see this mood of nature so fitly characterized. The sweetness and *naiveté* with which the young girl is made to describe the effects of love upon her, as supposing them to proceed from a spell, are also original, and there is no other way in which this revelation could have been induced that would not have injured the beauty of the character and position. Her visionary sense of her lover, as an ideal figure, is of a high order of poetry, and these facts have very seldom been brought out from the cloisters of the mind into the light of open day."

*Moneypenny, or the Heart of the World, a Romance of the Present Times*, a novel of contrasted country and city life, was published in 1850, and in the same year *Chanticleer, a Thanksgiving Story of the Peabody Family*, an idyllic tale of a purely American character. *A Pen and Ink Panorama of New York City*, is a little volume in which the author has gathered up his contributions to the journals of the day, a series of fanciful and picturesque sketches, chiefly illustrative of a favorite topic in his writings.

Besides these works, Mr. Mathews has been a constant writer in the journalism of the day, frequently in the Literary World of critical articles and sketches, and on social and other topics in the daily press of New York. He is also prominently identified with the discussion of the International Copyright Question, a subject which he has illustrated in his *Address of the Copyright Club to the American People*, and other writings, with ingenuity and felicity.

A characteristic of Mr. Mathews's writings is their originality. He has chosen new subjects,

Digitized by Google

and treated them in a way of his own, never without energy and spirit.

A collected edition of Mr. Mathews's writings has been published from the press of the Harpers. A second edition of the Poems on Man was published in 1846. An edition of Chanticleer has been published by Redfield.

THE JOURNALIST.

As shakes the canvass of a thousand ships,
Struck by a heavy land breeze, far at sea—
Ruffle the thousand broad-sheets of the land,
Filled with the people's breath of poteney.

A thousand images the hour will take,
From him who strikes, who rules, who speaks, who sings;
Many within the hour their grave to make—
Many to live, far in the heart of things.

A dark-dyed spirit he who coins the time,
To virtue's wrong, in base disloyal lies—
Who makes the morning's breath, the evening's tide,
The utterer of his blighting forgeries.

How beautiful who scatters, wide and free,
The gold-bright seeds of loved and loving truth!
By whose perpetual hand, each day, supplied—
Leaps to new life the empire's heart of youth.

To know the instant and to speak it true,
Its passing lights of joy, its dark, sad cloud,
To fix upon the unnumbered gazers' view,
Is to thy ready hand's broad strength allowed.

There is an in-wrought life in every hour,
Fit to be chronicled at large and told—
'Tis thine to pluck to light its secret power,
And on the air its many-colored heart unfold.

The angel that in sand-dropped minutes lives,
Demands a message cautious as the ages—
Who stuns, with dusk-red words of hate, his ear,
That mighty power to boundless wrath enrages.

Hell not the quiet of a Chosen Land,
Thou grimy man over thine engine bending;
The spirit pent that breathes the life into its limbs,
Docile for love is tyrannous in rending.

Obey, Rhinoceros! an infant's hand,
Leviathan! obey the fisher mild and young,
Vexed Ocean! smile, for on thy broad-beat sand
The little curlew pipes his shrilly song.

THE POOR MAN.

Free paths and open tracts about us lie,
'Gainst Fortune's spite, though deadliest to undo:
On him who droops beneath the saddest sky,
Hopes of a better time must flicker through.

No yoke that evil hours would on him lay,
Can bow to earth his unreturning look;
The ample fields through which he plods his way
Are but his better Fortune's open book.

Though the dark smithy's stains becloud his brow,
His limbs the dank and sallow dungeon claim;
The forge's light may take the halo's glow,
An angel knock the fetters from his frame.

In deepest needs he never should forget
The patient Triumph that beside him walks
Waiting the hour, to earnest labor set,
When, face to face, his merrier Fortune talks.

Plant in thy breast a measureless content,
Thou poor man, cramped with want or racked with pain,
Good Providence, on no harsh purpose bent,
Has brought thee there, to lead thee back again.

No other bondage is upon thee cast
Save that wrought out by thine own erring hand;
By thine own act, alone, thine image placed—
Poorest or President, choose thou to stand.

A man—a man through all thy trials show!
Thy feet against a soil that never yielded
Other than life, to him that struck a rightful blow
In shop or street, warring or peaceful fielded!

DIETETIC CHARLATANRY.

We think one of the rarest spectacles in the world must be (what is called) a *Graham* boarding-house at about the dinner-hour. Along a table, from which, perhaps, the too elegant and gorgeous luxury of a cloth is discarded, (for we have never enjoyed the felicity of an actual vision of this kind,) seated some thirty lean-visaged, cadaverous disciples, eyeing each other askance—their looks lit up with a certain cannibal spirit, which, if there were any chance of making a full meal off each other's bones, might perhaps break into dangerous practice. The gentlemen resemble busts cut in chalk or white flint; the lady-boarders (they will pardon the allusion) mummies preserved in saffron. At the left hand of each stands a small tankard or pint tumbler of cold water, or, perchance, a decoction of hot water with a little milk and sugar—"a harmless and salutary beverage;"—at the right, a thin segment of bran-bread. Stretched on a plate in the centre lie, melancholy twins! a pair of starveling mackerel, flanked on either side by three or four straggling radishes, and kept in countenance by a sorry bunch of asparagus served up without sauce. The van of the table is led by a hollow dish with a dozen potatoes, rather corpses of potatoes, in a row, lying at the bottom.

At those tables look for no conversation, or for conversation of the driest and dullest sort. Small wit is begotten off spare viands. They, however, think otherwise. "*Vegetable food tends to preserve a delicacy of feeling, a liveliness of imagination, and acuteness of judgment seldom enjoyed by those who live principally on meat.*" Green peas, cabbage, and spinach are enrolled in a new catalogue. They are no longer culinary and botanical. They take rank above that. They are become metaphysical, and have a rare operation that way; they "tend to preserve a delicacy of feeling," &c. Cauliflower is a power of the mind; and asparagus, done tenderly, is nothing less than a mental faculty of the first order. "Buttered parsnips" are, no doubt, a great help in education; and a course of vegetables, we presume, is to be substituted at college in the place of the old routine of Greek and Latin classics. The student will be henceforth pushed forward through his academic studies by rapid stages of Lima beans, parsley, and tomato.

* * * * * * * *

There is a class of sciolists, who believe that all kinds of experiments are to be ventured upon the human constitution: that it is to be hoisted by pulleys and depressed by weights: pushed forward by rotary principles, and pulled back by stop-springs and regulators. They have finally succeeded in looking upon the human frame, much as a neighboring alliance of stronger powers regard a petty state which is doing well in the world and is ambitious of rising in it. It must be kept under. It must be fettered by treaties and protocols without number. This river it must not cross: at the foot of that mountain it must pause. An attempt to include yonder forest in its territories, would awaken the wrath of its powerful superiors, and they would crush it

Digitized by Google

instantly. Or the body is treated somewhat as a small-spirited carter treats his horse; it must be kept on a handful of oats and made to do a full day's work. Famine has become custodian of the key which unlocks the gate of health to knowledge, to religious improvement and the millennium.

LITTLE TRAPPAN.

Tenderly let us deal with the memory of the dead—though they may have been the humblest of the living! Let us never forget that though they are parted from us, with a recollection of many frailties clinging about their mortal career, they have passed into a purer and a better light, where these very frailties may prove to have been virtues in disguise—a grotesque tongue to be translated into the clear speech of angels when our ears come to be purged of the jargon-sounds of worldly trade and selfish fashion. While we would not draw from household concealments into the glare of general notice any being whose life was strictly private, we may, with unblamed pen, linger for a moment, in a hasty but not irrespective sketch, over the departure of one whose peculiarities—from the open station he held for many years—were so widely known, that no publicity can affront his memory. Thousands will be pleased sorrowfully to dwell with a quaint regret over his little traits and turns of character, set forth in their true light by one who wished him well while living, and who would entomb him gently now that he is gone.

Whoever has had occasion any time, for the last ten years, to consult a file of newspapers at the rooms of the New York Society Library, must remember a singular little figure which presented itself skipping about those precincts with a jerky and angular motion. He must recollect in the first half-minute after entering, when newly introduced, having been rapidly approached by a man of slender build, in a frock coat, low shoes, a large female head in a cameo in his bosom, an eye-glass dangling to and fro; and presently thrusting into his very face a wrinkled countenance, twitchy and peculiarly distorted, in (we think it was) the left eye. This was little Trappan himself, the superintendent of the rooms, and arch-custodian of the filed newspapers: who no doubt asked you sharply on your first appearance, rising on one leg, as he spoke:

"Well, sir, what do you want?"

This question was always put to a debutant with a sternness of demeanor and severity of tone, absolutely appalling. But wait a little, and you will see the really kind old gentleman softening down, and meek as a lamb, leading you about to crop of the sweetest bunches his garden of preserves could furnish. It was his way only: and, while surprised into admiration of his new suavity, you were lingering over an open paper which he had spread before you with alacrity, you were startled into fresh and greater wonder, at the uprising of a voice in a distant quarter, shouting, roaring almost in a furious key, and demanding with clamorous passion—

"Why the devil gentlemen couldn't conduct themselves *as* gentlemen, and keep their legs off the tables!"

Looking hastily about, you discover the little old man, planted square in the middle of the floor, firing hot shot and rapid speech, in broadsides, upon a doubled-up man, half on a chair, and half on the reading-table—with a perfect chorus of eyes rolling about the room from the assembled readers, centring upon the little figure in its spasm. Silence again for three minutes, and all the gentlemen present are busy with the afternoon papers (just come in), when suddenly a second crash is heard, and some desperate unknown mutilator of a file—from which an oblong, three inches by an inch and a half, is gone—is held up to the scorn, contumely, and measureless detestation of the civilized world. The peal of thunder dies away, and with it the spare figure has disappeared at a side door, out of the Reading Room into the Library; but it is not more than a couple of minutes after, that the Reading Room tables are alive with placards, bulletins, and announcements in pen and ink, variously requiring, imploring, and warning frequenters of the room against touching said files with unholy hands. These are no sooner set and displayed, than the irrepressible Superintendent is bending over some confidential friend at one of the tables, and making him privately and fully acquainted with the unheard of outrages which require these violent demonstrations.

And yet a kind old man was he! We drop a tear much more promptly—from much nearer the heart—over his lonely grave, than upon the tomb of even men as great and distinguished as the City Aldermen, who once welcomed Father Mathew among us with such enthusiasm. Little Trappan had his ways, and they were not bad ways—take them altogether. He cherished his ambition as well as other men. It was an idea of his own—suggested from no foreign source, prompted by the movement of no learned society—to make a full, comprehensive, and complete collection of all animated creatures of the bug kind taken within the walls and in the immediate purlieus of the building (for such he held the edifice of the New York Society to be *par excellence*). This led him into a somewhat more active way of life than he had been used to, and involved him in climbings, reaching forth of the arms, rapid scurries through apartments, in pursuit of flies, darning needles, bugs, and beetles, which, we sometimes thought, were exhausting too rapidly the scant vitality of the old file-keeper. He however achieved his object in one of the rarest museums of winged and footed creatures to be found anywhere. We believe he reckoned at the time of his demise, twenty-three of the beetle kind, fourteen bugs, and one mouse, in his depository. In one direction he was foiled. There was a great bug, of the roach species, often to be seen about the place—a hideously ill-favored and ill-mannered monster—which, with a preternatural activity, seemed to possess the library in every direction—sometimes on desk, sometimes on ladder, tumbling and rolling about the floor—and perpetually, with a sort of brutish instinct of spite, throwing himself in the old man's way, and continually thwarting his plans. And he was never, with all his activity and intensity of purpose, able to capture the great bug *and stick a pin through him*, as he desired. This, we think, wore upon the old man and finally shortened his days. It is not long since that the little superintendent yielded up the ghost. We hope some friend to his memory will succeed in mastering the bug, and in carrying out the (known) wishes of the deceased.

This curious and rare collection was, however, but a subordinate ambition of the late excellent superintendent. It was a desire of his—the burning and longing hope of his life—to found a library which should be in some measure worthy of the great city of New York. With this object in view, he made it a point to frequent all the great night auctions of Chatham street, the Bowery, and Park Row: and he scarcely ever returned of a night without bringing home some rare old volume or pamphlet not to be had elsewhere for love or money—which nobody had ever heard of before—and which never cost him more than twice its value.

Digitized by Google

He seemed to have acquired his peculiar taste in the selection and purchase of books from that learned and renowned body, the trustees of the Society Library, with which he had been so long associated. It has been supposed by some that he was prompted in his course by a spirit of rivalry with the parent institution. There is some plausibility in this conjecture, for at the time of his death he was pushing it hard—having accumulated in the course of ten years' diligent devotion of the old sums he could spare from meat and drink and refreshment, no less than three hundred volumes, pamphlets, and odd numbers of old magazines. We suppose, that in acknowledgment of a generous emulation, it is the intention of the Trustees to place a tablet to his memory on the walls of the Parent Institution.

There is a single other circumstance connected with the career of the deceased superintendent scarcely worth mentioning. It is perhaps too absurd and frivolous to refer to at all: and to save ourselves from being held in light esteem by every intelligent reader, and impelling him to laugh in our very face, we shall be obliged to disclose it tenderly, and under a generality.

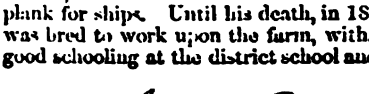
A character so marked and peculiar as Little Trappan (Old Trap, as he was familiarly called) could have scarcely failed to attract more or less, the attention of the observers of human nature. They would have spied the richness of the land, and dwelt with lingering pleasantry on his little traits of character and disposition from day to day. And it would have so happened that among these he could not have escaped the regard of men who make it a business to study, and to describe human nature in its varieties. For instance, if Little Trappan had been, under like circumstances, a denizen of Paris, he might probably, long before this, have figured in the quaint notices of Jules Janin; Hans Christian Andersen would have taken him for a go-seid in Stockholm: Thackeray must have developed him, we can readily suppose, with some little change in one of his brilliant sketches or stories.

Then what a time we should have had of it! Such merry enjoyment, such peals of honest laughter, over the eccentricities of little old Trap; such pilgrimages to the library to get a glimpse of him; such printings by painters of his person; such sketches by sketchers; such a to-do all round the world! But it was his great and astounding misfortune to belong to this miserable, wo-begone, and fun-forsaken city of New York, and to have fallen, as we are told (though we know nothing about it), into the hands of nobody but a wretched American humorist, who, it is vaguely reported, has made him the hero of a book of some three hundred and fifty pages—as in a word—New York is New York—Little Trappan, Little Trappan—and the author a poor devil native scribbler—why, the less said about the matter the better! We trust, however, his friendly rivals, the trustees of the library, will be good enough to erect the tablet; if not, they will oblige us by passing a resolution on the subject.

### GEORGE W PECK

Was born in Rehoboth, Bristol county, Massachusetts, December 4, 1817. His ancestor, Joseph Peck, who came from Hingham in Norfolk, England, was one of the small company who settled the town in 1641.* The Plymouth court appointed him to "administer" marriage there in 1650. His descendants, for six generations, have lived at or near the spot where he built his cabin.

In the war of the Revolution three members of the family, uncles of our author, served in the continental army; one fell at Crown Point, another at Trenton, and the third became crippled and a pensioner. The father of Mr. Peck was a farmer, and added to this the business of sawing plank for ships. Until his death, in 1827, his son was bred to work upon the farm, with, however, good schooling at the district school and at home.



After various pupilage and preparation for college under teachers of ability, and the interval of a year passed at Boston in the bookstore of the Massachusetts Sunday School Society, Mr. Peck entered Brown University in 1833. After receiving his degree in 1837 he went to Cincinnati and thence to Louisville. Opposite the latter city in Jeffersonville, Indiana, he taught school three months; and afterwards, on a plantation near Louisville. He then taught music at Madison, Indiana, and at Cincinnati. At the close of the year he started in the latter city a penny paper, The Daily Sun, which attained considerable prosperity. It was merged, the following year, in The Republican, Mr. Peck still continuing to take part in its editorship. After its early extinction he found employment for some months as clerk of a steamboat.

He left the West the next spring and returned to Bristol, Rhode Island, whither his mother had removed, and entered the office of Governor Bullock as a law student. The following year he continued his studies at Boston with Mr. R. H. Dana, Jr., until he was admitted to the bar in 1843. He continued in the office of Mr. Dana for about two years. During this time he delivered lectures on many occasions in the city and country towns. Finding himself ill adapted for the extemporaneous speaking of the bar he turned from the profession to literature, and wrote several communications for the Boston Post, which were so well received that he was engaged as musical and dramatic critic for that paper in the winter of 1843–4, and continued to write for it for some time after. Among his novelties in prose and verse were a series of *Sonnets of the Sidewalk*.

In the spring of 1845, through the aid of the Hon. S. A. Eliot, and a few other known patrons of music, Mr. Peck started and conducted *The Boston Musical Review*, four numbers of which were published. In the winter of the same year he was engaged as a violin player in the orchestra of the Howard Athenæum, continuing to write and report for various journals. In June, 1846, he convoyed a party of Cornish miners to the copper region of Lake Superior.

In the fall of that year he went to New York, and through an acquaintance with Mr. H. J. Raymond, then associated in the conduct of the paper, was engaged as a night editor on the Courier and

* Rehoboth is celebrated as the theatre of "King Philip's War." Its first minister, the Rev. Samuel Newman, wrote there, partly, as tradition says, by the light of pine knots, a folio Concordance to the Bible, afterwards published in London. The first English Mayor of New York City, Captain Thomas Willet, was a native of Rehoboth.—History of Rehoboth, by Leonard Bliss.

Digitized by Google

Enquirer. He shortly after became a regular contributor to Mr. Colton's American Review, and was its associate editor from July, 1848, to January, 1849. He next published a species of apologue entitled *Aurifodina; or, Adventures in the Gold Region*. From that time he was variously employed as writer and correspondent of the reviews and newspapers, the American and Methodist Quarterly Reviews, the Literary World, Courier and Enquirer, the Art-Union Bulletin, &c., till February, 1853, when he sailed from Boston for Australia. After nine weeks at Melbourne, where he witnessed the first developments of the gold excitement, and wrote the first Fourth of July address ever spoken on that continent, he crossed the Pacific, visited Lima and the Chincha Islands, and returned to New York after a year's absence. As a result of this journey he published in New York, in 1854, a volume, *Melbourne and the Chincha Islands; with Sketches of Lima, and a Voyage Round the World*, a book of noticeable original observation and reflection; in which the author brings a fine critical vein to the study of character under unusual aspects, and such as seldom engage the attention of a cultivated scholar.

Mr. Peck has, since the production of this book, resided at Cape Ann and Boston, writing a series of *Summer Sketches*, and other correspondence descriptive and critical, for the New York Courier and Enquirer. Mr. Peck is a well read literary critic of insight and acumen, and a writer of freshness and originality.

THE GOVERNOR OF THE CHINCHAS.

I did not go ashore till the next morning after my arrival, when ——, whom I mentioned having met at Callao, took me with him to the Middle island. The landing is under the precipice, on a ledge that makes out in front of a great cave, extending quite through the point, over which, a hundred feet above, project shears for hoisting up water and provision. On the ledge, a staircase, or rather several staircases, go up in a zigzag to close by the foot of the shears; the lowest staircase, about twenty feet long, hangs from shears at the side of the ledge at right angles with the rest in front of the cave, and is rigged to be hoisted or lowered according to the tide, and to be drawn up every evening, or whenever the Governor of the Island chooses to enjoy his dignity alone.

A few rods from the edge of the cliff, directly over the cave, is the palace of the said governor, who styles himself in all his State papers,

"KOSSUTH."

The palace is a large flat-roofed shanty, constructed of rough boards, and the canes and coarse rush matting which answers generally for the commonest sort of dwellings in Peru. It has, if I remember correctly, two apartments, with a sort of portico, two or three benches, a table, and grass hammock in front surrounded by a low paling, forming a little yard, where a big dog usually mounts guard. One of the apartments is probably the storeroom; there is a kitchen shanty adjoining the piazza on the side most exposed to the sun. The other is the bed-chamber and dining-room of Governor Kossuth and his aids. It contains three or four cot beds, an old table, and writing desk, and is decorated with a few newspapers, colored lithographs, and old German plans of the battles of Frederick the Great. Over Kossuth's couch are some cheap single barrel pistols; the floor is guano. The situation overlooks nearly all the shipping between the Middle and North islands. Directly under it, but far beneath, the cavern from before which the stairs go up, runs through and opens into a narrow bight or cove, whose precipices reach up to within a few yards of the shanty. The noise of the surf comes up here in a softened monotone; below are a hundred tall vessels—the North island with its strange rocks and dark arches fringed with foam—in the distance, north and east, the hazy bay of Pisco lying in the sunshine, and if it be afternoon, the snowy Andes.

We found Kossuth at home. He is a Hungarian, or at least looks like one, and has selected a Hungarian name. He is a middle sized, half soldier-like, youngish individual, with quick gray eyes, and an overgrown red moustache. He wears his hair trimmed close at the back of his head, which goes up in a straight wall, broadening as it goes, and causing his ears to stand out almost at right angles. From this peculiarity, as well as his general cast of countenance, he looks combative and hard. But his forehead, gathering down in a line with his nose, and his speech and actions show so much energy of character, that he does not look like a very bad fellow after all. He is full of life, and display, and shrewdness, and swearing, and broken English. I rather liked him.* His favorite exclamation is "Hellanfire!" and he loves to show his authority. He was polite enough to me, though the captains often complained of being annoyed by his caprices.

He invited me to come ashore and see him, and offered to tell me "all the secrets of the island." He told me that he was one of the party of Hungarians who came to New York on the representations of Ujhazy, who had obtained for them a grant of land. But he said, that land was of no use to them, they were soldiers—they could not work. Ujhazy, who had been a landowner at home, and not a military man, had made a blunder in obtaining land—they wanted employment in the army, or as engineers and the like. That he, (Kossuth,) finding how matters stood, left New York for New Orleans, where he joined the Lopez expedition. From this he escaped, he did not tell me how, into Mexico, thence reached San Francisco, where he joined Flores, and so came to South America. Here, when that expedition failed, he took service in Peru, and finally had obtained the place he held on this island, where he said he meant to make money enough to buy land, and tell other people to work, but not to work himself. He pitied the poor Chinese slaves here, but what could he do? He could only make them work—and so on.

He talked and exclaimed "Hellanfire!" and gesticulated, altogether with so much rapidity that it was an effort to follow him; treated us to some of the wine of the country, (very much like the new wine of Sicily,) and other good things; cold ham, sardines, and preserved meats, which he says the captains present him with, more than he wants, and he never knows where they come from. According to him they all expect cargoes at once, and as he cannot accommodate them, they try to influence him by arguments and long talks and flattery, and in every sort of way, and he gets wearied to death in his efforts to please them—poor man! He told all this with a lamentable voice and face, and every now and then a roguish twinkle of the eye, that made it a great trial of the nerves to listen to him without laughing—knowing as I did the exact sum which

* He appreciates Shakespeare. I gave the Spanish doctor an old copy, and Kossuth bought it of him. I told him it showed he must have some claim to his name.

Digitized by Google

had been paid him by some captains, to get loaded before the expiration of their lay days!

After finishing our call upon him, we walked over the height of the island; that is, over the rounded hill of guano which covers it, and of which but a small portion comparatively has been cut away on one side for shipment. The average height of the rock which is the substratum of the island, is from an hundred and fifty to two and three hundred feet. Kossuth's place stands on the surface of this at about the lowest of those elevations. On this the guano lies as upon a scaffolding or raised platform rising out of the sea. It lies on a smooth rounded mound, and is on this island about a hundred and sixty feet in the central part, supposing the rock to maintain the average level of the height when it is exposed. Perhaps twenty acres or more have been cut away from the side of the hill towards the north or lee side the island, next the shipping.

### J. ROSS BROWNE.

MR. BROWNE commenced his career as a traveller in his eighteenth year by the descent of the Ohio and Mississippi from Louisville to New Orleans. His subsequent adventures are so well

and concisely narrated in his last published volume, *Yusef*, that the story cannot be better presented than in his own words:—

Ten years ago, after having rambled all over the United States—sixteen hundred miles of the distance on foot, and sixteen hundred in a flat-boat—I set out from Washington with fifteen dollars, to make a tour of the East. I got as far east as New York, when the last dollar and the prospect of reaching Jerusalem came to a conclusion at the same time. Sooner than return home, after having made so good a beginning, I shipped before the mast in a whaler, and did some service, during a voyage to the Indian Ocean, in the way of scrubbing decks and catching whales. A mutiny occurred at the island of Zanzibar, where I sold myself out of the vessel for thirty dollars and a chest of old clothes; and spent three months very pleasantly at the consular residence, in the vicinity of his Highness the Imaum of Muscat. On my return to Washington, I labored hard for four years on Bank statistics and Treasury reports, by which time, in order to take the new administration by the fore-lock, I determined to start for the East again. The only chance I had of getting there was, to accept of an appointment as third lieutenant in the Revenue service, and go to California, and thence to Oregon, where I was to report for duty. On the voyage to Rio, a difficulty occurred between the captain and the passengers of the vessel, and we were detained there nearly a month. I took part with the rebels, because I believed them to be right. The captain was deposed by the American consul, and the command of the vessel was offered to me; but, having taken an active part against the late captain, I could not with propriety accept the offer. A whaling captain, who had lost his vessel near Buenos Ayres, was placed in the command, and we proceeded on our voyage round Cape Horn. After a long and dreary passage we made the island of Juan Fernandez. In company with ten of the passengers, I left the ship seventy miles out at sea, and went ashore in a small boat, on the purpose of gathering up some tidings in regard to my old friend Robinson Crusoe. What befell us on that memorable expedition is fully set forth in a narrative published in Harpers' Magazine. Subsequently we spent some time in Lima, "the City of the Kings." It was my fortune to arrive penniless in California, and to find, by way of consolation, that a reduction had been made by Congress in the number of revenue vessels, and that my services in that branch of public business were no longer required. While thinking seriously of taking in washing at six dollars a dozen, or devoting the remainder of my days to mule-driving as a profession, I was unexpectedly elevated to the position of post-office agent; and went about the country for the purpose of making post-masters. I only made one—the post-master of San Jose. After that, the Convention called by General Riley met at Monterey, and I was appointed to report the debates on the formation of the State Constitution. For this I received a sum that enabled me to return to Washington, and to start for the East again. There was luck in the third attempt, for, as it may be seen, I got there at last, having thus visited the four continents, and travelled by sea and land a distance of a hundred thousand miles, or more than four times round the world, on the scanty earnings of my own head and hands.

In 1846 Mr. Browne published *Etchings of a Whaling Cruise, with Notes of a Sojourn on the Island of Zanzibar. To which is appended a brief History of the Whale Fishery, its Past and Present Condition.* It contains a spirited and faithful description of an interesting portion of the author's experience as a whaler, which does not appear to have favorably impressed him with the ordinary conduct of the service. He writes warmly in condemnation of the harsh treatment to which sailors are in his judgment exposed. The work is valuable as an accurate presentation of an important branch of our commercial marine, and as a graphic and humorous volume of personal adventure.

On his return from Europe, Mr. Browne published *Yusef, or the Journey of the Frangi; A Crusade in the East.* It is a narrative of the usual circuit of European travellers in the East, the dragoman of the expedition standing godfather to the book. His humorous peculiarities, with those of the author's occasional fellow travellers, are happily hit off. The pages of the volume are also enlivened by excellent comic sketches from the author's designs.

#### JOHN TABOR'S RIDE—A YARN FROM THE EXPERIENCE OF A WHALING CRUISE.

"I was cruising some years ago," he began, "on the southern coast of Africa. The vessel in which I was at the time had been out for a long time, and many of the crew were on the sick-list. I had smuggled on board a large quantity of liquor, which I had made use of pretty freely while it lasted. Finding the crew in so helpless a condition, the captain put into Algoa Bay, where we had a temporary hospital erected for the benefit of the sick. I saw that they led a very easy life, and soon managed to get on the sick-list myself. As soon as I got ashore I procured a fresh supply of liquor from some of the English settlers there, and in about a week I was laid up with a fever in consequence of my deep potations. One night, while I lay in the hospital burning with this dreadful disease, I felt an unusual sensation steal over me. My blood danced through my veins. I sprang up from my eatands as strong as a lion. I thought I never was better in my life, and I wondered how it was I had so long

Digitized by Google

been deceived as to my disease. A thrilling desire to exert myself came over me. I would have given worlds to contend with some giant. It seemed to me I could tear him to pieces, as a wolf would tear a lamb. Elated with the idea of my infinite power, I rushed out and ran toward the beach, hoping to meet a stray elephant or hippopotamus on the way that I might pitch him into the sea; but very fortunately, I saw none. It was a calm, still night. There was scarcely a ripple on the bay. I put my ear to the sand to listen; for I thought I heard the breaches of a whale. I waited for a repetition of the sounds, scarcely daring to breathe, lest I should miss them. Not a murmur, except the low heaving of the swell upon the beach, broke the stillness of the night. I was suddenly startled by a voice close behind me, shouting, 'There she breeches!' and jumping up, I saw, standing within a few yards of me, such a figure as I shall never forget, even if not occasionally reminded of his existence, as I was to-night. The first thing I could discern was a beard, hanging down from the chin of the owner in strings like rope yarns. It had probably once been white, but now it was discolored with whale-gurry and tar. The old fellow was not more than five feet high. He carried a hump on his shoulders of prodigious dimensions; but notwithstanding his apparent great age, which must have been over a hundred years, he seemed as spry and active as a mokak. His dress consisted of a tremendous sou-wester, a greasy duck jacket, and a pair of well-tarred trowsers, something the worse for the wear. In one hand he carried a harpoon; in the other a coil of short warp. I felt very odd, I assure you, at the sudden apparition of such a venerable whaleman. As I gazed upon him, he raised his finger in a mysterious and solemn manner, and pointed toward the offing. I looked, and saw a large whale sporting on the surface of the water. The boats were lying upon the beach. He turned his eyes meaningly toward the nearest. I trembled all over; for I never experienced such strange sensations as I did then.

"'Shall we go?' said he.

"'As you say,' I replied.

"'You are a good whaleman, I suppose? Have you ever killed your whale at a fifteen fathom dart?'

"I replied in the affirmative.

"'Very well,' said he, 'you'll do.'

"And without more delay, we launched the boat and pushed off. It was a wild whale-chase, that! We pulled and tugged for upwards of an hour. At last we came upon the whale, just as he rose for the second time. I sprang to the bow, for I wanted to have the first iron into him.

"'Back from that!' said the old whaleman, sternly.

"'It's my chance,' I replied.

"'Back, I tell you! I'll strike that whale!'

"There was something in his voice that inspired me with awe, and I gave way to him. The whale was four good darts off; but the old man's strength was supernatural, and his aim unerring. The harpoon struck exactly where it was pointed, just back of the head.

"'Now for a ride!' cried the old man; and his features brightened up, and his eyes glared strangely. 'Jump on, John Tabor, jump on!' said he.

"'How do you mean?' said I; for although I had killed whales, and eat of them too, such an idea as that of riding a whale-back never before entered my mind.

"'Jump on, I say, jump on, John Tabor!' he repeated, sternly.

"'Damme if I do!' said I, and my hair began to stand on end.

"'You must,' shouted the old whaleman.

"'But I won't!' said I, resolutely.

"'Won't you?' and with that he seized me in his arms, and, making a desperate spring, reached the whale's back and drove the boat adrift. He then set me down, and bade me hold on to the seat of his ducks, while he made sure his own fastening by a good grip of the iron pole. With the other hand he drew from his pocket a quid of tobacco and rammed it into his mouth; after which he began to hum an old song. Feeling something rather uncommon on his back, the whale set off with the speed of lightning, whizzing along as if all the whalers in the Pacific were after him.

"'Go it!' said the old man, and his eyes flashed with a supernatural brilliancy. 'Hold fast, John Tabor! stick on like grim Death!'

"'What the devil kind of a wild-goose chase is this?' said I, shivering with fear and cold; for the spray came dashing over us in oceans.

"'Patience!' rejoined the old man; 'you'll see presently.' Away we went, leaving a wake behind us for miles. The land became more and more indistinct. We lost sight of it entirely. We were on the broad ocean.

"'On! on! Stick to me, John Tabor!' shouted the old man, with a grin of infernal ecstacy.

"'But where are you bound?' said I. 'Damme if this don't beat all the crafts I ever shipped in!' and my teeth chattered as if I had an ague.

"'Belay your jaw-tackle, John Tabor! Keep your main hatch closed, and hold on. Go it! go it, old sperm!'

"Away we dashed, bounding from wave to wave like a streak of pigtail lightning. Whizz! whizz! we flew through the sea. I never saw the like. At this rate we travelled till daylight, when the old man sang out, 'Land oh!'

"'Where away?' said I, for I had no more idea of our latitude and longitude than if I had been dropped down out of the clouds. 'Off our weather eye!'

"'That's the Cape of Good Hope!'

"No'er went John Gilpin faster than we rounded the cape.

"'Hard down your flukes!' shouted my companion, and in five minutes Table Mountain looked blue in the distance. The sun had just risen above the horizon, when an island appeared ahead.

"'Land oh!' cried the old man.

"'Why, you bloody old popinjay,' said I, peeping through the clouds of spray that rose up before us, 'where are you steering?'

"'That's St. Helena!'

"'The devil you say!' and before the words were well out of my mouth we shot past the island and left it galloping astern.

"'Stick on! stick on, John Tabor!' cried old greasy-beard; and I tightened my grasp on the seat of his ducks. The sea was growing rough. We flew onward like wildfire.

"'Land oh!' shouted the old man again.

"'Where's that?' said I, holding on with all my might.

"'That's Cape Hatteras!'

"Our speed now increased to such a degree that my hat flew off, and the wind whistled through my hair, for it stood bolt upright the whole time, so fearful was I of losing my passage. I had travelled in steam-boats, stages, and locomotives, but I had never experienced or imagined anything like this. I couldn't contain myself any longer; so I made bold to tell the old chap with the beard what I thought about it.

"'Shiver me!' said I, 'if this isn't the most outlandish, hell-bent voyage I ever went. If you don't come to pretty soon, you and I'll part company.'

Digitized by Google

"'Land ho!' roared the old man.

"'In the devil's name,' said I, 'what d'ye call that?'

"'Nantucket,' replied my comrade.

"We passed it in the winking of an eye, and away we went up Buzzard's Bay. The coast was lined with old whaling skippers, spying us with glasses; for certainly so strange a sight was never seen before or since.

"'There she breaches!' cried some.

"'There she blows!' cried others; but it was all one to them. We were out of sight in a jiffy.

"The coast of Massachusetts was right ahead. On, on we flew. Taborstown, the general receptacle for Tabors, stood before us. High and dry we landed on the beach. Still onward went the whale, blowing and pitching, and tearing up the sand with his flukes.

"'My eyes!' said I, scarcely able to see a dart ahead, 'look out, or you'll be foul of the town pump!'

"'Go it! Never say die! Hold fast, John Tabor!' shouted the old chap; and helter-skelter we flew down Main-street, scattering children, and women, and horses, and all manner of live stock and domestic animals, on each side. The old Cape Horn and plum-pudding captains rushed to their doors at a sight so rare.

"'There she breaches! There she breaches!' resounded through the town fore and aft; and with the ruling passion strong even in old age, they came hobbling after us, armed with lances, harpoons, and a variety of old rusty whale-gear, the hindmost singing out,

"'Don't you strike that whale, Captain Tabor!' and the foremost shouting to those behind, 'this is my chance, Captain Tabor!' while the old man with the long beard, just ahead of me, kept roaring,

"'Stick fast, John Tabor! hang on like grim Death, John Tabor!'

"And I did hang on. As I had predicted, we fetched up against the town pump; and so great was the shock, that the old fellow flew head-foremost over it, leaving in my firm grasp the entire seat of his ducks. I fell myself; but being further aft, I didn't go quite so far as my comrade. However, I held on to the stern-sheets. As the old man righted up, he presented a comical spectacle to the good citizens of Taborstown. The youngsters seeing such an odd fish floundering about, got their miniature lances and harpoons to bear upon him, in a manner that didn't tickle his fancy much.

"The whale at length got under weigh again, and onward we went, with about twenty irons dangling at each side. I grasped the old man by the collar of his jacket this time. A shout of laughter followed us.

"'You've lost your whale, Captain Tabor!' cried one.

"'The devil's in the whale, Captain Tabor!' cried another.

"'As long as I've been Captain Tabor,' said a third, 'I never saw such a whale.'

"'As sure as I'm Captain Tabor, he's bewitched,' observed a fourth.

"'Captain Tabor, Captain Tabor! I've lost my irons!' shouted a fifth.

"'Who's that aboard, Captain Tabor?' asked a sixth.

"'That's John Tabor!' replied the seventh.

"'John Tabor, John Tabor, hold fast!' roared the old man, and away we went as if possessed of the devil, sure enough. Over hills and dales, and through towns and villages flew we, till the Alleghanies hove in sight. We cleared them in no time, and came down with a glorious breach right into the Alleghany River. Down the river we dashed through steam-boats, flat-boats, and all manner of small craft, till we entered the Ohio. Right ahead went we, upsetting every thing in our way, and astonishing the natives, who never saw any thing in such a shape go at this rate before. We entered the Mississippi, dashed across all the bends, through swamp and canebrake, and at last found ourselves in the Gulf of Mexico, going like wildfire through a fleet of whalers. Nothing daunted, the whale dashed ahead; the coast of South America hove in sight. Over the Andes went we—into the Pacific—past the Sandwich Islands—on to China—past Borneo—up the Straits of Malacca—through the Seychelles Islands—down the Mozambique Channel, and at last we fetched up in Algoa Bay. We ran ashore with such headway that I was pitched head-foremost into the sand, and there I fastened as firm as the stump of a tree. You may be sure, out of breath as I was, I soon began to smother. This feeling of suffocation became so intolerable, that I struggled with the desperation of a man determined not to give up the ghost. A confusion of ideas came upon me all at once, and I found myself sitting upright in my catanda in the old hospital——"

Here Tabor paused.

"Then it was all a dream!" said I, somewhat disappointed. He shook his head, and was mysteriously silent for a while.

### HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

Two of the most noticeable books in American literature on the score of a certain quaint study of natural history and scenery, are Mr. Thoreau's volumes on the Concord and Merrimack rivers, and Life in the Woods. The author is a humorist in the old English sense of the word, a man of humors, of Concord, Mass., where, in the neighborhood of Emerson and Hawthorne, and in the enjoyment of their society, he leads, if we may take his books as the interpreter of his career, a meditative philosophic life.

We find his name on the Harvard list of graduates of 1837. In 1849, having previously been a contributor to the Dial, and occupied himself in school-keeping and trade in an experimental way, he published *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers*. It is a book of mingled essay and description, occasionally rash and conceited, in a certain transcendental affectation of expression on religious subjects; but in many other passages remarkable for its nicety of observation, and acute literary and moral perceptions. It is divided into seven chapters, of the days of the week. A journey is accomplished in the month of August, 1839, descending the Concord river, from the town of that name, to the Merrimac; then ascending the latter river to its source: thence backward to the starting point. This voyage is performed by the author in company with his brother, in a boat of their own construction, which is variously rowed, pulled, dragged, or propelled by the wind along the flats or through the canal; the travellers resting at night under a tent which they carry with them. The record is of the small boating adventures, and largely of the

Digitized by Google

reflections, real or supposed, suggested by the moods or incidents of the way. There are a variety of illustrations of physical geography, the history of the interesting settlements along the way; in the botanical excursions, philosophical speculations and literary studies.

The author, it will be seen from the date of his publication, preserved the Horatian maxim, of brooding over his reflections, if not keeping his copy, the approved period of gestation of nine years.

His next book was published with equal deliberation. It is the story of a humor of the author, which occupied him a term of two years and two months, commencing in March, 1845. *Walden, or Life in the Woods*, was published in Boston in 1854. The oddity of its record attracted universal attention. A gentleman and scholar retires one morning from the world, strips himself of all superfluities, and with a borrowed axe and minimum of pecuniary capital, settles himself as a squatter in the wood, on the edge of a New England pond near Concord. He did not own the land, but was permitted to enjoy it. He felled a few pines, hewed timbers, and for boards bought out the shanty of James Collins, an Irish laborer on the adjacent Fitchburg railroad, for the sum of four dollars twenty-five cents. He was assisted in the raising by Emerson, George W. Curtis, and other celebrities of Concord, whose presence gave the rafters an artistic flavor. Starting early in the spring, he secured long before winter by the labor of his hands "a tight shingled and plastered house, ten feet wide by fifteen long, and eight feet posts, with a garret and a closet, a large window on each side, two trap-doors, one door at the end, and a brick fire-place opposite." The exact cost of the house is given:—

Thoreau's House.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Boards, | $8 03½, | mostly shanty boards. |
| Refuse shingles for roof and sides, | 4 00 | |
| Laths, | 1 25 | |
| Two second-hand windows with glass, | 2 43 | |
| One thousand old brick, | 4 00 | |
| Two casks of lime, | 2 40 | That was high. |
| Hair, | 0 31 | More than I needed. |
| Mantle-tree iron, | 0 15 | |
| Nails, | 3 90 | |
| Hinges and screws, | 0 14 | |
| Latch, | 0 10 | |
| Chalk, | 0 01 | |
| Transportation, | 1 40 | I carried a good part on my back. |
| In all, | $28 12½ | |

These are all the materials excepting the timber, stones, and sand, which I claimed by squatter's right. I have also a small wood-shed adjoining, made chiefly of the stuff which was left after building the house.

The rest of the account from Mr. Thoreau's ledger is curious, and will show "upon what meats this same Cæsar fed," that he came to interest the public so greatly in his house-keeping:—

By surveying, carpentry, and day-labor of various other kinds in the village in the mean while, for I have as many trades as fingers, I had earned $13 34. The expense of food for eight months, namely, from July 4th to March 1st, the time when these estimates were made, though I lived there more than two years,—not counting potatoes, a little green corn, and some peas, which I had raised, nor considering the value of what was on hand at the last date, was

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Rice, | $1 73½ | | |
| Molasses, | 1 73 | Cheapest form of the saccharine. | |
| Rye meal, | 1 04½ | | |
| Indian meal, | 0 99½ | Cheaper than rye. | |
| Pork, | 0 22 | | |
| Flour, | 0 88 | Cost more than Indian meal, both money and trouble. | All experiments which failed. |
| Sugar, | 0 80 | | |
| Lard, | 0 65 | | |
| Apples, | 0 25 | | |
| Dried apple, | 0 22 | | |
| Sweet potatoes, | 0 10 | | |
| One pumpkin, | 0 06 | | |
| One watermelon, | 2 | | |
| Salt, | 3 | | |

Yes, I did eat $8 74, all told; but I should not thus unblushingly publish my guilt, if I did not know that most of my readers were equally guilty with myself, and that their deeds would look no better in print. The next year I sometimes caught a mess of fish for my dinner, and once I went so far as to slaughter a woodchuck which ravaged my bean-field,—effect his transmigration, as a Tartar would say,—and devour him, partly for experiment's sake; but though it afforded me a momentary enjoyment, notwithstanding a musky flavor, I saw that the longest use would not make that a good practice, however it might seem to have your woodchucks ready dressed by the village butcher.

Clothing and some incidental expenses within the same dates, though little can be inferred from this item, amounted to

| | |
|---|---|
| | $8 40½ |
| Oil and some household utensils, | 2 00 |

So that all the pecuniary outgoes, excepting for washing and mending, which for the most part were done out of the house, and their bills have not yet been received,—and these are all and more than all the ways by which money necessarily goes out in this part of the world,—were

| | |
|---|---|
| House, | $28 12½ |
| Farm one year, | 14 72½ |
| Food eight months, | 8 74 |
| Clothing, &c. eight months, | 8 40½ |
| Oil, &c., eight months, | 2 00 |
| In all, | $61 99½ |

I address myself now to those of my readers who have a living to get. And to meet this I have for farm produce sold

| | |
|---|---|
| | $23 44 |
| Earned by day-labor, | 13 34 |
| In all, | $36 78 |

which subtracted from the sum of the outgoes leaves a balance of $25 21½ on the one side,—this being

Digitized by Google

very nearly the means with which I started, and the measure of expenses to be incurred,—and on the other, beside the leisure and independence and health thus secured, a comfortable house for me as long as I chose to occupy it.

He had nothing further to do after his "family baking," which, the family consisting of a unit, could not have been large or have come round very often, than to read, think, and observe. Homer appears to have been his favorite book. The thinking was unlimited, and the observation that of a man with an instinctive tact for the wonders of natural history. He sees and describes insects, birds, such "small deer" as approached him, with a felicity which would have gained him the heart of Izaak Walton and Alexander Wilson. A topographical and hydrographical survey of Walden Pond, is as faithful, exact, and labored, as if it had employed a government or admiralty commission.

As in the author's previous work, the immediate incident is frequently only the introduction to higher themes. The realities around him are occasionally veiled by a hazy atmosphere of transcendental speculation, through which the essayist sometimes stumbles into abysmal depths of the bathetic. We have more pleasure, however, in dwelling upon the shrewd humors of this modern contemplative Jacques of the forest, and his fresh, nice observation of books and men, which has occasionally something of a poetic vein. He who would acquire a new sensation of the world about him, would do well to retire from cities to the banks of Walden pond; and he who would open his eyes to the opportunities of country life, in its associations of fields and men, may loiter with profit along the author's journey on the Merrimack, where natural history, local antiquities, records, and tradition, are exhausted in vitalizing the scene.

#### A CHARACTER—FROM WALDEN.

Who should come to my lodge this morning but a true Homeric or Paphlagonian man,—he had so suitable and poetic a name that I am sorry I cannot print it here,—a Canadian, a wood-chopper and post maker, who can hole fifty posts in a day, who made his last supper on a woodchuck which his dog caught. He, too, has heard of Homer, and, "if it were not for books," would "not know what to do rainy days," though perhaps he has not read one wholly through for many rainy seasons. Some priest who could pronounce the Greek itself, taught him to read his verse in the Testament in his native parish far away; and now I must translate to him, while he holds the book, Achilles' reproof to Patroclus, for his sad countenance.—"Why are you in tears, Patroclus, like a young girl?"

> Or have you alone heard some news from Phthia?
> They say that Menœtius lives yet, son of Actor,
> And Peleus lives, son of Æacus, among the Myrmidons.
> Either of whom having died, we should greatly grieve.

He says, "That's good." He has a great bundle of white-oak bark under his arm for a sick man, gathered this Sunday morning. "I suppose there's no harm in going after such a thing to-day," says he. To him Homer was a great writer, though what his writing was about he did not know. A more simple and natural man it would be hard to find. Vice and disease, which cast such a sombre moral hue over the world, seemed to have hardly any existence for him. He was about twenty-eight years old, and had left Canada and his father's house a dozen years before to work in the States, and earn money to buy a farm with at last, perhaps in his native country. He was cast in the coarsest mould; a stout but sluggish body, yet gracefully carried, with a thick sunburnt neck, dark bushy hair, and dull sleepy blue eyes, which were occasionally lit up with expression. He wore a flat gray cloth cap, a dingy wool-colored greatcoat, and cowhide boots. He was a great consumer of meat, usually carrying his dinner to his work a couple of miles past my house,—for he chopped all summer,—in a tin pail; cold meats, often cold woodchucks, and coffee in a stone bottle which dangled by a string from his belt; and sometimes he offered me a drink. He came along early, crossing my beanfield, though without anxiety or haste to get to his work, such as Yankees exhibit. He wasn't a-going to hurt himself. He didn't care if he only earned his board. Frequently he would leave his dinner in the bushes, when his dog had caught a woodchuck by the way, and go back a mile and a half to dress it and leave it in the cellar of the house where he boarded, after deliberating first for half an hour whether he could not sink it in the pond safely till nightfall,—loving to dwell long upon these themes. He would say, as he went by in the morning, "How thick the pigeons are! If working every day were not my trade, I could get all the meat I should want by hunting pigeons, woodchucks, rabbits, partridges,—by gosh! I could get all I should want for a week and one day."

#### A BATTLE OF ANTS—FROM WALDEN.

One day when I went out to my wood-pile, or rather my pile of stumps, I observed two large ants, the one red, the other much larger, nearly half an inch long, and black, fiercely contending with one another. Having once got hold they never let go, but struggled and wrestled and rolled on the chips incessantly. Looking farther, I was surprised to find that the chips were covered with such combatants, that it was not a *duellum*, but a *bellum*, a war between two races of ants, the red always pitted against the black, and frequently two red ones to one black. The legions of these Myrmidons covered all the hills and vales in my wood-yard, and the ground was already strewn with the dead and dying, both red and black. It was the only battle which I have ever witnessed, the only battle-field I ever trod while the battle was raging; internecine war; the red republicans on the one hand, and the black imperialists on the other. On every side they were engaged in deadly combat, yet without any noise I could hear, and human soldiers never fought so resolutely. I watched a couple that were fast locked in each other's embraces, in a little sunny valley amid the chips, now at noon-day prepared to fight till the sun went down, or life went out. The smaller red champion had fastened himself like a vice to his adversary's front, and through all the tumblings on that field never for an instant ceased to gnaw at one of his feelers near the root, having already caused the other to go by the board; while the stronger black one dashed him from side to side, and, as I saw on looking nearer, had already divested him of several of his members. They fought with more pertinacity than bull-dogs. Neither manifested the least disposition to retreat. It was evident that their battle-cry was—Conquer or die. In the mean while there came along a single red ant on the hill-side of this valley, evidently full of excitement, who either had despatched his foe, or had not yet taken part in the battle; probably the latter, for he had lost none

Digitized by Google

of his limbs; whose mother had charged him to return with his shield or upon it. Or perchance he was some Achilles, who had nourished his wrath apart, and had now come to avenge or rescue his Patroclus. He saw this unequal combat from afar —for the blacks were nearly twice the size of the red,—he drew near with rapid pace till he stood on his guard within half an inch of the combatants; then, watching his opportunity, he sprang upon the black warrior, and commenced his operations near the root of his right fore-leg, leaving the foe to select among his own members; and so there were three united for life, as if a new kind of attraction had been invented which put all other locks and cements to shame. I should not have wondered by this time to find that they had their respective musical bands stationed on some eminent chip, and playing their national airs the while, to excite the slow and cheer the dying combatants. I was myself excited somewhat even as if they had been men. The more you think of it, the less the difference. And certainly there is not the fight recorded in Concord history, at least, if in the history of America, that will bear a moment's comparison with this, whether for the numbers engaged in it, or for the patriotism and heroism displayed. For numbers and for carnage it was an Austerlitz or Dresden. Concord Fight! Two killed on the patriots' side, and Luther Blanchard wounded! Why here every ant was a Buttrick,— "Fire! for God's sake fire!"—and thousands shared the fate of Davis and Hosmer. There was not one hireling there. I have no doubt that it was a principle they fought for, as much as our ancestors, and not to avoid a three-penny tax on their tea; and the results of this battle will be as important and memorable to those whom it concerns as those of the battle of Bunker Hill, at least.

I took up the chip on which the three I have particularly described were struggling, carried it into my house, and placed it under a tumbler on my window-sill, in order to see the issue. Holding a microscope to the first-mentioned red ant, I saw that, though he was assiduously gnawing at the near fore-leg of his enemy, having severed his remaining feeler, his own breast was all torn away, exposing what vitals he had there to the jaws of the black warrior, whose breast-plate was apparently too thick for him to pierce; and the dark carbuncles of the sufferer's eyes shone with ferocity, such as war only could excite. They struggled half an hour longer under the tumbler, and when I looked again the black soldier had severed the heads of his foes from their bodies, and the still living heads were hanging on either side of him like ghastly trophies at his saddle-bow, still apparently as firmly fastened as ever, and he was endeavoring with feeble struggles, being without feelers and with only the remnant of a leg, and I know not how many other wounds, to divest himself of them; which at length, after half an hour more, he accomplished. I raised the glass, and he went off over the window-sill in that crippled state. Whether he finally survived that combat, and spent the remainder of his days in some Hotel des Invalides, I do not know; but I thought that his industry would not be worth much thereafter. I never learned which party was victorious, nor the cause of the war; but I felt for the rest of that day as if I had had my feelings excited and harrowed by witnessing the struggle, the ferocity and carnage, of a human battle before my door.

Kirby and Spence tell us that the battles of ants have long been celebrated and the date of them recorded, though they say that Huber is the only modern author who appears to have witnessed them. "Æneas Sylvius," say they, "after giving a very circumstantial account of one contested with great obstinacy by a great and small species on the trunk of a pear tree," adds that "'This action was fought in the pontificate of Eugenius the Fourth, in the presence of Nicholas Pistoriensis an eminent lawyer, who related the whole history of the battle with the greatest fidelity. A similar engagement between great and small ants is recorded by Olaus Magnus, in which the small ones, being victorious, are said to have buried the bodies of their own soldiers, but left those of their giant enemies a prey to the birds. This event happened previous to the expulsion of the tyrant Christiern the Second from Sweden." The battle which I witnessed took place in the Presidency of Polk, five years before the passage of Webster's Fugitive-Slave Bill.

### ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE.

ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE is the son of the Rev. Samuel H. Coxe, of Brooklyn, the author of *Quakerism, not Christianity; Interviews, Memorable and Useful, from Diary and Memory, reproduced;* and other publications. He was born at Mendham, New Jersey, May 10, 1818. On his mother's side he is a grandson of the Rev. Aaron Cleveland, an early poet of Connecticut.

Mr. Cleveland was born at Haddam, February 3, 1744. His father, a missionary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, dying when the son was but thirteen years of age, the latter received few educational advantages. He, however, at the age of nineteen, produced a descriptive poem, *The Philosopher and Boy*, of some merit. He soon after became a Congregational minister. In 1775 he published a poem on *Slavery*, in blank verse. He was also the author of several satirical poems directed against the Jeffersonians. He died on the twenty-first of September, 1815.*

Mr. Coxe was prepared for college under the private tuition of Professor George Bush. He entered the University of the City of New York, and was graduated in 1838. During his freshman year he wrote a poem, *The Progress of Ambition*, and in 1837 published *Advent, a Mystery*, a poem after the manner of the religious dramas of the Middle Ages. In 1838 appeared *Athwold, a Romaunt*, and *Saint Jonathan, the Lay of the Scald*, designed as the commencement of a semi-humorous poem, in the Don Juan style.

Mr. Coxe soon after became a student in the General Theological Seminary, New York. While at this institution he delivered a poem, *Athanasion*, before the Alumni of Washington College, Hartford, at the Commencement in 1840. In the same year he published *Christian Ballads*, a collection of poems, suggested for the most part by the holy seasons and services of his church. Five editions of this popular volume have since appeared.

Mr. Coxe was ordained deacon in July, 1841, and in the August following became rector of St. Anne's church, Morrisania, where he wrote his poem *Halloween*, privately printed in 1842. He was next called to St. John's church, at Hartford. During his residence at that place he published, in 1845, *Saul, a Mystery*, a dramatic poem of much greater length than his Advent, but, like that production, modelled on the early religious

* Everest's Poets of Connecticut.

Digitized by Google

plays. He is at present rector of Grace church, Baltimore.

In addition to his poetical volumes Mr. Coxe has published Sermons on Doctrine and Duty, preached to the parishioners of St. John's church, Hartford, and numerous articles in the Church Review and other periodicals. He has also translated a work of the Abbe Laborde, on the *Impossibility of the Immaculate Conception as an Article of Faith*, with notes.

### OLD TRINITY.

*Easter Even*, 1540.

Thy servants think upon her stones, and it pitieth them to see her in the dust.—*Psalter.*

The Paschal moon is ripe to-night
On fair Manhada's bay,
And soft it falls on Hoboken,
As where the Saviour lay;
And beams beneath whose paly shine
Nile's troubling angel flew,
Show many a blood-besprinkled door
Of our passover too.

But here, where many an holy year
It shone on arch and aisle,
What means its cold and silver ray
On dust and ruined pile?
Oh, where's the consecrated porch,
The sacred lintel where,
And where's that antique steeple's height
To bless the moonlight air?

I seem to miss a mother's face
In this her wonted home;
And linger in the green churchyard
As round that mother's tomb.
Old Trinity! thou too art gone!
And in thine own blest bound,
They've laid thee low, dear mother church,
To rest in holy ground!

The vaulted roof that trembled oft
Above the chaunted psalm;
The quaint old altar where we owned
Our very Paschal Lamb;
The chimes that ever in the tower
Like seraph-music sung,
And held me spell-bound in the way
When I was very young;—

The marble monuments within;
The 'scutcheons, old and rich;
And one bold bishop's effigy
Above the chancel-niche;
The mitre and the legend there
Beneath the colored pane;
All these—thou knewest, Paschal moon,
But ne'er shalt know again!

And thou wast shining on this spot
That hour the Saviour rose!
But oh, its look that Easter morn,
The Saviour only knows.
A thousand years—and 'twas the same,
And half a thousand more;
Old moon, what mystic chronicles,
Thou keepest, of this shore!

And so, till good Queen Anna reigned,
It was a heathen sward:
But when they made its virgin turf,
An altar to the Lord,
With holy roof they covered it;
And when Apostles came,
They claimed, for Christ, its battlements,
And took it in God's name.

Then, Paschal moon, this sacred spot
No more thy magic felt,
Till flames brought down the holy place,
Where our forefathers knelt:
Again, 'tis down—the grave old pile;
That mother church sublime!
Look on its roofless floor, old moon,
For 'tis thy last—last time!

Ay, look with smiles, for never there
Shines Paschal moon agen,
Till breaks the Earth's great Easter-day
O'er all the graves of men!
So wane away, old Paschal moon,
And come next year as bright;
Eternal rock shall welcome thee,
Our faith's devoutest light!

They rear old Trinity once more:
And, if ye weep to see,
The glory of this latter house
Thrice glorious shall be!
Oh lay its deep foundations strong,
And, yet a little while,
Our Paschal Lamb himself shall come
To light its hallowed aisle.

### HE STANDETH AT THE DOOR AND KNOCKETH.

In the silent midnight watches,
List,—thy bosom door!
How it knocketh—knocketh—knocketh,
Knocketh evermore!
Say not 't is thy pulse is beating:
'Tis thy heart of sin;
'Tis thy Saviour knocks, and crieth—
"Rise, and let me in."

Death comes on with reckless footsteps,
To the hall and hut:
Think you, Death will tarry, knocking,
Where the door is shut?
Jesus waiteth, waiteth, waiteth—
But the door is fast;
Grieved away thy Saviour goeth;
Death breaks in at last!

Then, 'tis time to stand entreating
Christ to let thee in;
At the gate of heaven beating,
Wailing for thy sin.
Nay,—alas, thou guilty creature!
Hast thou then forgot?
Jesus waited long to know thee,
Now he knows thee not.

### THE VOLUNTEER'S MARCH.

March—march—march!
Making sounds as they tread,
Ho-ho! how they step,
Going down to the dead!
Every stride, every tramp,
Every footfall is nearer,
And dimmer each lamp,
As darkness grows dreerer:
But ho! how they march,
Making sounds as they tread
Ho-ho! how they step,
Going down to the dead!

March—march—march!
Making sounds as they tread,
Ho-ho! how they laugh,
Going down to the dead!
How they whirl, how they trip,
How they smile, how they dally,
How blithesome they skip,
Going down to the valley!



Digitized by Google

Oh ho! how they march,
Making sounds as they tread;
Ho-ho! how they skip,
Going down to the dead!

March—march—march!
Earth groans as they tread;
Each carries a skull,
Going down to the dead!
Every stride—every stamp,
Every footfall is bolder;
'Tis a skeleton's tramp,
With a skull on his shoulder.
But ho! how he steps
With a high tossing head,
That clay-covered bone,
Going down to the dead!

### JOHN STEINFORT KIDNEY

Is the author of a volume, *Catawba Rivers, and Other Poems*, published in 1847. He is a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church, settled at Saratoga Springs, New York. He was born in 1819, in Essex County, N. J., where his ancestors had lived for a hundred and fifty years, was educated partly at Union College, and gave some attention to the law before entering the church through the course of instruction of the General Theological Seminary. After his ordination he was for a time rector of a parish in North Carolina, and afterwards in Salem, N. J.

His verses show an individual temperament, and the tastes of a scholar and thinker.

#### COME IN THE MOONLIGHT.

Come in the moonlight—come in the cold,
Snow-covered the earth,
Yet O, how inviting!
Come—O come!

Come, ye sad lovers, friends who have parted,
Lonely and desolate,
All heavy-hearted ones,
Come—O come!

Come to the beauty of frost in the silence,
Cares may be loosened,
Loves be forgotten,—
Come—O come!

Deep is the sky;—pearl of the morning,
Rose of the twilight,
Lost in its blueness,
Come—O come!

Look up and shudder; see the lone moon
Like a sad cherub
Passing the clouds.
Come—O come!

Lo! she is weeping;—tears in the heaven
Twinkle and tremble.
Tenderest sister!
Come—O come!

Keen is the air;—keener the sparkles
Sprinkling the snow-drift,
Glancing and glittering,
Come—O come!

Look to the earth—from earth to her sister,
See which is brightest!
Both white as the angels!
Come—O come!

Robed in the purity heaven hath sent her,
Gone are the guilt-stains—
Drowned in the holiness,
Come—O come!

Grief hath no wailing:—Rapture is silent.
Colder and purer
Freezes the spirit!
Come—O come!

### GEORGE H. COLTON.

George Hooker Colton, the son of the Rev. George Colton, was born at Westford, Otsego County, New York, on the 27th of October, 1818. He was graduated, with a high rank in his class, at Yale College, in 1840. In the fall of the same year, while engaged as a teacher in Hartford, he determined to write a poem on the Indian Wars, in which the newly elected President, General Harrison, had been engaged. It was to have appeared at the time of the Inauguration, but, the plan expanding as the author proceeded, was not published until the spring of 1842.

The poem, *Tecumseh, or the West Thirty Years Since*, is in nine cantos, in the octosyllabic measure and style of Sir Walter Scott, with the usual ordinary felicities of illustration bestowed upon this class of compositions in America, of which many have been produced with little success.

In 1842 Mr. Colton also prepared, from the materials which he had accumulated during the progress of his poem, a course of lectures on the Indians, which were delivered in various places during 1842 and 1843.

In the summer of 1844 he delivered a poem before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Yale College.

In January, 1845, he published the first number of the American Whig Review, a monthly magazine of politics and literature, under his editorship. Mr. Colton entered upon this important enterprise with great energy, securing a large number of the leading politicians and authors of the country as its friends and contributors. He edited the work with judgment, wrote constantly for its pages, and had succeeded in gaining a fair measure of success, when he was seized in November, 1847, by a violent attack of typhus fever, which put an end to his life on the first of December following.*

### PHILIP SCHAFF.

Dr. Philip Schaff, Professor of Theology in the Seminary of the German Reformed Church at Mercersburg, Pa., the author of a History of the Apostolic Church and of other theological works, which have received considerable attention in America, is a native of Switzerland. He was born at Coire (Chur), Canton Graubundten, January 1, 1819. He was educated at the college of his native city, afterwards at the Gymnasium of Stuttgart, and in the Universities of Tubingen, Halle, and Berlin. He received his degree in 1841, as Doctor of Philosophy and Bachelor of Divinity, at the University of Berlin, which subsequently (1854) presented him the Diploma of D.D. honoris causâ. At the conclusion of his early college life, he travelled for nearly two years through Germany, Switzerland, France, and Italy, as tutor of a young Prussian nobleman. In 1842 he became a lecturer on theology in the University of Berlin, after having gone through the examination of public academic teachers. In 1843, he received a unanimous call as professor of Church History and Exegesis to the Theologi-

* New Englander, vii. 269.

Digitized by Google

cal Seminary at Mercersburg, Pennsylvania, from the Synod of the German Reformed Church of the United States, on the recommendations of Drs. Neander, Hengstenberg, Tholuck, Muller, Krummacher, and others, who had been consulted about a suitable representative of German Evangelical Theology for America. In the spring of 1844 he left Berlin, and after some months' travel in Southern Germany, Switzerland, Belgium, and England, he crossed the Atlantic and soon identified himself with American interests.

He has since been engaged in teaching the various branches of exegetical and historical theology at Mercersburg, both in the German and English languages, with the exception of the year 1854, which he spent on a visit to his friends in Europe.

The Church History of Dr. Schaff is remarkable for its thorough and apparently exhaustive learning, for its clear style and somewhat artistic groupings, for its union of doctrinal persistency with philosophical enlargement. His position is that of strong supernaturalism, with great emphasis upon the church organism, and the high Lutheran doctrine of divine grace, which is saved from Calvinism by the decided high church view of the sacraments.

His life of Augustine is a scholarlike and philosophical development of the great saint's doctrinal positions from his experience and life.*

Marshall College, with which, under the presidency of the Rev. Dr. John W. Nevin, Dr. Schaff held the Professorship of Æsthetics and German Literature, was first situated at Mercersburg, Franklin Co. Pa., and was founded under a charter from the Legislature of Pennsylvania in 1835. It sprang originally out of the high school attached to the Theological Seminary of the German Reformed Church, and is in intimate union with that institution. By an act of the state in 1850, it was united with Franklin College at Lancaster, and in 1853 was removed to that place, the new institution bearing the title Franklin and Marshall College.

Adolphus L. Koeppen, author of a series of lectures on Geography and History, and a valuable publication on the subject, is Professor of German Literature, Æsthetics, and History, in this institution.

Dr. Nevin, the associate of Professor Schaff, is also the author of a work on *The Mystical Presence, a Vindication of the Reformed or Calvinistic Doctrine of the Holy Eucharist*, and other theological writings of the school of divinity to which he is attached, and of which the Mercersburg Review, commenced in January, 1849, has been the organ.

* The following is a list of the publications of Dr. Schaff:—
1. The Sin against the Holy Ghost, and the Dogmatical and Ethical Inferences derived from it. With an Appendix on the Life and Death of Francis Spiera. Halle, 1841. (German.)
2. James, the Brother of the Lord, and James the Less. An exegetical and historical essay. Berlin, 1842. (German.)
3. The Principle of Protestantism, as related to the present state of the Church. Chambersburg, Pa., 1845. (German and English Translation, with an Introduction by Dr. Nevin.)
4. What is Church History? A Vindication of the Idea of Historical Development. Philadelphia, 1846. (English.)
5. History of the Apostolic Church, with a General Introduction to Church History. First German edition, Mercersburg, Pa., 1851. Second German edition, Leipzic, 1854. (English translation by the Rev. E. Yeomans, New York, 1853. Reprinted in Edinburgh, 1854.)
6. Life and Labors of St. Augustine (English edition, New York, 1853, and another, London, 1854. German edition, Berlin, 1854.)
7. America. The Political, Social, and Religious Condition of the United States of N. A. Berlin, 1854. (German. An English translation will appear before the end of 1855.)
8. Der Deutsche Kirchenfreund ("The German Church Friend, or Monthly Organ for the General Interests of the German Churches in America," commenced in 1848, and edited and published by Dr. Schaff till the close of the 6th volume in 1853; now continued by the Rev. William J. Mann, Philadelphia, Pa.)
9. Several Tracts and Orations on Anglo-Germanism, Dante, Systematic Benevolence, etc. etc., and Articles in the Bibliotheca Sacra, Methodist Quarterly, Mercersburg Review, and other journals of America and Germany.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Is the descendant of an old New England family, which has long held important stations in Massachusetts. His ancestor, Percival Lowell, settled in the town of Newbury in 1639. His grandfather, John Lowell, was an eminent lawyer, a member of Congress and of the convention which formed the first constitution of Massachusetts. His father is Charles Lowell, the venerable pastor of the West Church in Boston; his mother was a native of New Hampshire, a sister of the late Capt. Robert T. Spence of the U. S. Navy, and is spoken of as of remarkable powers of mind and possessing in an eminent degree the faculty of acquiring languages.*

J. R. Lowell

James Russell Lowell, who is named after his father's maternal grandfather, Judge James Russell, of Charleston, was born at the country-seat of Elmwood, the present residence of the family, at Cambridge, Mass., February 22, 1819. He was educated in the town, and in 1838 received

* This faculty is inherited by her daughter, Mrs. Putnam, whose controversy with Mr. Bowen, editor of the North American Review, respecting the late war in Hungary, brought her name prominently before the public. Mrs. Putnam converses readily in French, Italian, German, Polish, Swedish, and Hungarian, and is familiar with twenty modern dialects, besides the Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Persic, and Arabic. Mrs. Putnam made the first translation into English of Frederica Bremer's novel of the Neighbors, from the Swedish. The translation by Mary Howitt was made from the German.—*Women of American Authors*—Art. LOWELL.

Digitized by Google

his degree at Harvard. His first production in print, a class poem, appeared at this time. This was succeeded, in 1841, by a collection of poems —*A Year's Life*. It was marked by a youthful delicacy and sensibility, with a leaning to transcendental expression, but teeming with proofs of the poetic nature, particularly in a certain vein of tenderness. In January, 1843, he commenced, in conjunction with his friend Mr. Robert Carter, the publication of *The Pioneer, a Literary and Critical Magazine*, which, though published in the form of a fashionable illustrated magazine, was of too fine a cast to be successful. But three monthly numbers were issued: they contained choice articles from Poe, Neal, Hawthorne, Parsons, Dwight, and others, including the editors. This unsuccessful speculation was an episode in a brief career at the bar, which Mr. Lowell soon relinquished for a literary life. The reception of Mr. Lowell's first poetic volume had been favorable, and encouraged the author's next adventure, a volume containing the *Legend of Brittany, Miscellaneous Poems and Sonnets*, in 1844. There was a rapid advance in art in these pages, and a profounder study of passion. The leading poem is such a story as would have engaged the heart of Shelley or Keats. A country maiden is betrayed and murdered by a knightly lover. Her corpse is concealed behind the church altar, and the guilty presence made known on a festival day by a voice demanding baptism for the unborn babe in its embrace. The murderer is struck with remorse, and ends his days in repentance. The story thus outlined is delicately told, and its repulsiveness overcome by the graces of poetry and feeling with which it is invested in the character of the heroine Margaret. The poem in blank verse entitled *Prometheus*, which followed the legend in the volume, afforded new proof of the author's ability. It is mature in thought and expression, and instinct with a lofty imagination. The prophecy of the triumph of love, humanity, and civilization, over the brute and sensual power of Jove, is a fine modern improvement of the old fable. The apologue of *Rhœcus* is also in a delicate, classical spirit.

The next year Mr. Lowell gave the public a volume of prose essays—a series of critical and æsthetic *Conversations on some of the Old Poets*, Chaucer and the dramatists Chapman and Ford being the vehicles for introducing a liberal stock of reflections on life and literature generally. It is a book of essays, displaying a subtle knowledge of English literature, to which the form of dialogue is rather an incumbrance.

Another series of *Poems*, containing the spirit of the author's previous volume, followed in 1848. About the same time appeared *The Vision of Sir Launfal*, founded on a legend of a search for the San Greal. The knight in his dream discovers charity to the suffering to be the holy cup.

As a diversion to the pursuit of sentimental poetry, Mr. Lowell at the close of the year sent forth a rhyming estimate of contemporaries in a *Fable for Critics*, which, though not without some puerilities, contains a series of sharply drawn portraits in felicitous verse.

*The Biglow Papers, edited with an Introduction, Notes, Glossary, and Copious Index*, complete the record of this busy year. The book purports to be written by Homer Wilbur, A.M., Pastor of the First Church in Jaalam and (prospective) Member of many Literary, Learned, and Scientific Societies. It is cast in the Yankee dialect, and is quite an artistic product in that peculiar lingo. The subject is an exposure of the political pretences and shifts which accompanied the war with Mexico, the satire being directed against war and slavery. It is original in style and pungent in effect.

This is Mr. Lowell's last published volume, his time having been since occupied in a residence abroad, though he has occasionally written for the North American Review, Putnam's Magazine, and other journals, and was for a time a stated contributor to the Anti-slavery Standard.

He was married in December, 1844, to Miss Maria White, of Watertown, a lady whose literary genius, as exhibited in a posthumous volume privately printed by her husband in 1855, deserves a record in these pages. She was born July 8, 1821, and died October 27, 1853. We quote from the memorial volume alluded to, which is occupied with a few delicately simple poems of her composition, chiefly divided between records of foreign travel and domestic pathos, this touching expression of resignation:—

THE ALPINE SHEEP—ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND AFTER THE LOSS OF A CHILD.

When on my ear your loss was knelled,
And tender sympathy upburst,
A little spring from memory welled,
Which once had quenched my bitter thirst,

And I was fain to bear to you
A portion of its mild relief,
That it might be a healing dew,
To steal some fever from your grief.

After our child's untroubled breath
Up to the Father took its way,
And on our home the shade of Death,
Like a long twilight haunting lay,

And friends came round, with us to weep
Her little spirit's swift remove,
The story of the Alpine sheep
Was told to us by one we love.

They, in the valley's sheltering care,
Soon crop the meadows' tender prime,
And when the sod grows brown and bare,
The Shepherd strives to make them climb

To airy shelves of pasture green,
That hang along the mountain's side,
Where grass and flowers together lean,
And down through mist the sunbeams slide.

But naught can tempt the timid things
The steep and rugged path to try,
Though sweet the shepherd calls and sings,
And seared below the pastures lie,

Till in his arms his lambs he takes,
Along the dizzy verge to go,
Then, heedless of the rifts and breaks,
They follow on o'er rock and snow.

And in those pastures, lifted fair,
More dewy-soft than lowland mead,
The shepherd drops his tender care,
And sheep and lambs together feed.

This parable, by Nature breathed,
Blew on me as the south-wind free

Digitized by Google

O'er frozen brooks, that flow unsheathed
From icy thraldom to the sea.

A blissful vision, through the night
Would all my happy senses sway
Of the Good Shepherd on the height,
Or climbing up the starry way,

Holding our little lamb asleep,
While, like the murmur of the sea,
Sounded that voice along the deep,
Saying, "Arise and follow me."

It is to the death of Maria Lowell, at Cambridge, that Mr. Longfellow alludes in his poem published in Putnam's Magazine in April, 1854, entitled

THE TWO ANGELS.

Two angels, one of Life, and one of Death,
Passed o'er the village as the morning broke;
The dawn was on their faces, and beneath,
The sombre houses hearsed with plumes of smoke.

Their attitude and aspect were the same,
Alike their features and their robes of white;
But one was crowned with amaranth, as with flame,
And one with asphodels, like flakes of light.

I saw them pause on their celestial way,
Then said I, with deep fear and doubt oppressed,
"Beat not so loud, my heart, lest thou betray
The place where thy beloved are at rest!"

And he who wore the crown of asphodels,
Descending, at my door began to knock,
And my soul sank within me, as in wells
The waters sink before an earthquake's shock.

I recognised the nameless agony,
The terror and the tremor and the pain,
That oft before had filled and haunted me,
And now returned with threefold strength again.

The door I opened to my heavenly guest,
And listened, for I thought I heard God's voice,
And knowing whatsoe'er he sent was best,
Dared neither to lament nor to rejoice.

Then with a smile that filled the house with light,
"My errand is not Death, but Life," he said,
And ere I answered, passing out of sight
On his celestial embassy he sped.

'Twas at thy door, O friend! and not at mine,
The angel with the amaranthine wreath,
Pausing, descended, and with voice divine,
Whispered a word that had a sound like Death.

Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
A shadow on those features fair and thin,
And softly, from that hushed and darkened room,
Two angels issued, where but one went in.

All is of God! If he but wave his hand,
The mists collect, the rain falls thick and loud,
Till with a smile of light on sea and land,
Lo! he looks back from the departing cloud.

Angels of Life and Death alike are His;
Without his leave they pass no threshold o'er;
Who then would wish or dare, believing this,
Against his messengers to shut the door!

In 1854 Mr. Lowell delivered a course of lectures before the Lowell Institute on English Poetry, including the old ballad writers Chaucer, Pope, and others, to Wordsworth and Tennyson. They were marked by an acute critical spirit and enlivened by wit and fancy.

Mr. Lowell has edited the poems of Andrew Marvell and Donne in the series of Messrs. Little & Brown's standard edition of the English poets.

Early in 1855 he was appointed to the Belles Lettres professorship lately held by Mr. Longfellow in Harvard College, with the privilege of passing a preliminary year in Europe before entering on its duties.

MARGARET—FROM THE LEGEND OF BRITTANY.

Fair as a summer dream was Margaret,—
Such dream as in a poet's soul might start
Musing of old loves while the moon doth set:
Her hair was not more sunny than her heart,
Though like a natural golden coronet
It circled her dear head with careless art,
Mocking the sunshine, that would fain have lent
To its frank grace a richer ornament.

His loved-one's eyes could poet ever speak,
So kind, so dewy, and so deep were hers,—
But, while he strives, the choicest phrase too weak,
Their glad reflection in his spirit blurs;
As one may see a dream dissolve and break
Out of his grasp when he to tell it stirs,
Like that sad Dryad doomed no more to bless
The mortal who revealed her loveliness.

She dwelt for ever in a region bright,
Peopled with living fancies of her own,
Where nought could come but visions of delight,
Far, far aloof from earth's eternal moan;
A summer cloud thrilled through with rosy light,
Floating beneath the blue sky all alone,
Her spirit wandered by itself, and won
A golden edge from some unsetting sun.

The heart grows richer that its lot is poor,—
God blesses want with larger sympathies,—
Love enters gladliest at the humble door,
And makes the cot a palace with his eyes;—
So Margaret's heart a softer beauty wore,
And grew in gentleness and patience wise,
For she was but a simple herdsman's child,
A lily chance-sown in the rugged wild.

There was no beauty of the wood or field
But she its fragrant bosom-secret knew,
Nor any but to her would freely yield
Some grace that in her soul took root and grew;
Nature to her glowed ever new-revealed,
All rosy-fresh with innocent morning dew,
And looked into her heart with dim, sweet eyes
That left it full of sylvan memories.

O, what a face was hers to brighten light,
And give back sunshine with an added glow,
To wile each moment with a fresh delight,
And part of memory's best contentment grow!
O, how her voice, as with an inmate's right,
Into the strangest heart would welcome go,
And make it sweet, and ready to become
Of white and gracious thoughts the chosen home!

None looked upon her but he straightway thought
Of all the greenest depths of country cheer,
And into each one's heart was freshly brought
What was to him the sweetest time of year
So was her every look and motion fraught
With out-of-door delights and forest lore;
Not the first violet on a woodland lea
Seemed a more visible gift of spring than she.

AN INCIDENT IN A RAILROAD CAR.

He spoke of Burns: men rude and rough
Pressed round to hear the praise of one
Whose heart was made of manly, simple stuff
As homespun as their own.

Digitized by Google

And, when he read, they forward leaned,
Drinking, with thirsty hearts and ears,
His brook-like songs whom glory never weaned
From humble smiles and tears.

Slowly there grew a tender awe,
Sun-like, o'er faces brown and hard,
As if in him who read they felt and saw
Some presence of the bard.

It was a sight for sin and wrong
And slavish tyranny to see,
A sight to make our faith more pure and strong
In high humanity.

I thought, these men will carry hence
Promptings their former life above,
And something of a finer reverence
For beauty, truth, and love.

God scatters love on every side,
Freely among his children all,
And always hearts are lying open wide,
Wherein some grains may fall.

There is no wind but soweth seeds
Of a more true and open life,
Which burst, unlooked-for, into high-souled deeds,
With wayside beauty rife.

We find within these souls of ours
Some wild germs of a higher birth,
Which in the poet's tropic heart bear flowers
Whose fragrance fills the earth.

Within the hearts of all men lie
These promises of wider bliss,
Which blossom into hopes that cannot die,
In sunny hours like this.

All that hath been majestical
In life or death, since time began,
Is native in the simple heart of all,
The angel heart of man.

And thus, among the untaught poor,
Great deeds and feelings find a home,
That cast in shadow all the golden lore
Of classic Greece and Rome.

O, mighty brother-soul of man,
Where'er thou art, in low or high,
Thy skyey arches with exulting span
O'er-roof infinity!

All thoughts that mould the age begin
Deep down within the primitive soul,
And from the many slowly upward win
To one who grasps the whole:

In his broad breast the feeling deep
That struggled on the many's tongue,
Swells to a tide of thought, whose surges leap
O'er the weak thrones of wrong.

All thought begins in feeling,—wide
In the great mass its base is hid,
And, narrowing up to thought, stands glorified
A moveless pyramid.

Nor is he far astray who deems
That every hope, which rises and grows broad
In the world's heart, by ordered impulse streams
From the great heart of God.

God wills, man hopes: in common souls
Hope is but vague and undefined,
Till from the poet's tongue the message rolls
A blessing to his kind.

Never did Poesy appear
So full of heaven to me, as when
I saw how it would pierce through pride and fear
To the lives of coarsest men.

It may be glorious to write
Thoughts that shall glad the two or three
High souls, like those far stars that come in sight
Once in a century;—

But better far it is to speak
One simple word, which now and then
Shall waken their free nature in the weak
And friendless sons of men;

To write some earnest verse or line,
Which, seeking not the praise of art,
Shall make a clearer faith and manhood shine
In the untutored heart.

He who doth this, in verse or prose,
May be forgotten in his day,
But surely shall be crowned at last with those
Who live and speak for aye.

### THE FIRST SNOW FALL

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch-deep with pearl.

From sheds, new-roofed with Carrara,
Came chanticleer's muffled crow,
The stiff rails were softened to swan's-down,
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
Where a little headstone stood,
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good Allfather
Who cares for us all below.

Again I looked at the snowfall,
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar of that deep-stabbed woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall!"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her,
And she, kissing back, could not know
That my kiss was given to her sister
Folded close under deepening snow.

### THE COURTIN'.

Zekle crep' up, quite unbeknown,
An' peeked in thru the winder,
An' there sot Huldy all alone,
'ith no one nigh to hender.

Agin' the chimbly crookneeks hung,
An' in amongst 'em rusted
The old queen's arm thet gran'ther Young
Fetched back from Concord busted.

Digitized by Google

The wannut logs shot sparkles out
Towards the pootiest, bless her!
An' leetle fires danced all about
The chiny on the dresser.

The very room, coz she was in,
Looked warm from floor to ceilin',
An' she looked full as rosy agin
Ez th' apples she was peelin'.

She heerd a foot an' knowed it, tu,
Arraspin' on the scraper,—
All ways to once her feelins flew
Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
Some doubtful o' the seekle;
His heart kep' goin' pitypat,
But hern went pity Zekle.

## WILLIAM W. STORY,

The poet and artist, is the son of the late Judge Story. He was born in Salem, February 19, 1819. He became a graduate of Harvard in 1838, and applied himself diligently, under his father's auspices, to the study of the law. He was a frequent contributor, in prose and verse, to the Boston Miscellany, edited by Mr. Nathan Hale, in 1842. In his legal career he published *Reports of Cases argued and determined in the Circuit Court of the United States for the First Circuit*, 2 vols. Boston, 1842–5, and *A Treatise on the Law of Contracts not under Seal*, Boston, 1844.

In the last year he delivered the Phi Beta Kappa poem at Harvard, *Nature and Art*, an indication of the tastes which were to govern his future life.

His single volume of *Poems* was published by Messrs. Little and Brown in 1847. They are the productions of a man of cultivated taste, and of a quick susceptibility to impressions of the ideal.

In 1851 Mr. Story discharged an honorable debt to the memory of his father, in the publication of the two diligently prepared volumes of *The Life and Letters of Joseph Story*, a full, genial biography, written with enthusiasm and fidelity.

It was at this period, or earlier, that Mr. Story turned his attention particularly to art, in which he has achieved much distinction as a sculptor. He has resided for some time in Italy. Among his works, as an artist, are an admired statue of his father, and various busts in marble, including one of his friend Mr. J. R. Lowell. He has modelled a "Shepherd Boy," "Little Red Riding Hood," and other works. Besides achieving success in these varied pursuits of law, letters, and art, Mr. Story is an accomplished musician.

### CHILDHOOD.

Along my wall in golden splendor stream
The morning rays,
As when they woke me from the happy dream
Of childish days.

Then every morning brought a sweet surprise,—
When I was young—
Even as a lark, that carols to the skies,
My spirit sung.

To lie with early-wakened eyes, and hear
The busy clock,
While through our laughter, sounded shrilly clear
The crowing cock—

To count the yellow bars of light, that fell
Through the closed blind,
Was joy enough—O, strange and magic spell!
A guileless mind.

The cares of day have thickened round me since—
The morning brings
Work, duties—and that wondering innocence
Hath taken wings.

Dear were those thoughtless hours, whose sunny change
Had gleams of heaven!
But dearer Duty's ever-widening range,
Which Thought hath given!

### MIDNIGHT.

Midnight in the sleeping city! Clanking hammers beat no more;
For a space the hum and tumult of the busy day are o'er.

Streets are lonely and deserted, where the sickly lamplights glare,—
And the steps of some late passer only break the silence there.

Round the grim and dusky houses, gloomy shadows nestling cower,
Night hath stifled life's deep humming into slumber for an hour.

Sullen furnace fires are glowing over in the suburbs far,
And the lamp in many a homestead shineth like an earthly star.

O'er the hushed and sleeping city, in the cloudless sky above,
Never-fading stars hang watching in eternal peace and love.

Years and centuries have vanished, change hath come to bury change,
But the starry constellations on their silent pathway range.

Great Orion's starry girdle—Berenice's golden hair—
Ariadne's crown of splendor—Cassiopeia's shining chair;

Sagittarius and Delphinus, and the clustering Pleiad train,
Aquila and Ophiucus, Pegasus and Charles's Wain;

Red Antares and Capella, Aldebaran's mystic light,
Alruccabah and Arcturus, Sirius and Vega white;

They are circling calm as ever on their sure but hidden path,
As when mystic watchers saw them with the reverent eye of Faith.

So unto the soul benighted, lofty stars there are, that shine
Far above the mists of error, with a changeless light divine.

Lofty souls of old beheld them, burning in life's shadowy night,
And they still are undecaying 'mid a thousand centuries' flight.

Love and Truth, whose light and blessing, every reverent heart may know,
Mercy, Justice, which are pillars that support this life below;

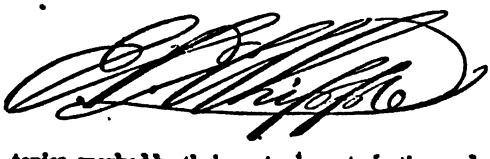
These in sorrow and in darkness, in the inmost soul we feel,
As the sure, undying impress of the Almighty's burning seal.

Digitized by Google

Though unsolved the mighty secret, which shall thread the perfect whole,
And unite the finite number unto the eternal soul,
We shall one day clearly see it—for the soul a time shall come,
When unfranchised and unburdened, thought shall be its only home;—
And Truth's fitful intimations, glancing on our fearful sight,
Shall be gathered to the circle of one mighty disk of light.

### EDWIN PERCY WHIPPLE

Was born at Gloucester, Massachusetts, March 8, 1819. His father, Matthew Whipple, who died while the son was in his infancy, is described as possessing "strong sense, and fine social powers." One of his ancestors was a signer of the Declaration of Independence. His mother, Lydia Gardiner, was of a family in Maine noted for its mental powers. She early removed to Salem, Massachusetts, where her son was educated at the English High School. At fourteen he published articles in a Salem newspaper; and at fifteen, on leaving school, became a clerk in the Bank of General Interest in that city. He was next employed, in 1837, in the office of a large broker's firm from Boston, and shortly was appointed Superintendent of the News Room of the Merchants' Exchange in State street. He had been a prominent member of the Mercantile Library Association, and one of a club of six which grew out of it, which held its sessions known as "The Attic Nights," for literary exercises and debate. There Whipple was a leader in the display of his quick intellectual fence and repartee, extensive stores of reading, and subtle and copious critical faculty. In 1840 he was introduced to the public by the delivery of a poem before the Mercantile Association, sketching the manners and satirizing the absurdities of the day, according to the standard manner of these productions, which will be hereafter sought for as valuable illustrations of the times. A critical article from his pen, on Macaulay, in the Boston Miscellany for February, 1843, attracted considerable attention. In October of that year, his lecture on the Lives of Authors was delivered before the Mercantile Library Association, and from that time he has been prominently before the public as a critic and lecturer, in the leading journals, and at the chief lyceums in the country. He has written in the *North American Review*, *The American Review*, *Christian Examiner*, *Graham's Magazine*, and other journals, extensive series of articles on the classical English authors and historical, biographical, and social



topics, marked by their acute characterization and fertility of illustration. His lectures, embracing a similar range of subjects, are philosophical in their texture, marked by nice discrimination, occasionally pushing a favorite theory to the verge of paradox; and when the reasoning faculties of his audience are exhausted, relieving the discussion by frequent picked anecdote, and pointed thrusts of wit and satire.

He is greatly in request as a lecturer, has probably lectured a thousand times in the cities and towns of the middle and northern states, from St. Louis to Bangor, has on numerous occasions addressed the literary societies of various Colleges, as Brown, Dartmouth, Amherst, the New York University; and in 1850 was the Fourth of July orator before the city authorities of Boston. Two collections of his writings have been published by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields,—*Essays and Reviews*, in two volumes, and *Lectures on Subjects Connected with Literature and Life*.

#### THE GENIUS OF WASHINGTON.*

This illustrious man, at once the world's admiration and enigma, we are taught by a fine instinct to venerate, and by a wrong opinion to misjudge. The might of his character has taken strong hold upon the feelings of great masses of men, but in translating this universal sentiment into an intelligent form, the intellectual element of his wonderful nature is as much depressed as the moral element is exalted, and consequently we are apt to misunderstand both. Mediocrity has a bad trick of idealizing itself in eulogising him, and drags him down to its own low level while assuming to lift him to the skies. How many times have we been told that he was not a man of genius, but a person of "excellent common sense," of "admirable judgment," of "rare virtues;" and by a constant repetition of this odious cant, we have nearly succeeded in divorcing comprehension from his sense, insight from his judgment, force from his virtues, and life from the man. Accordingly, in the panegyric of cold spirits, Washington disappears in a cloud of commonplaces; in the rhodomontade of boiling patriots he expires in the agonies of rant. Now the sooner this bundle of mediocre talents and moral qualities, which its contrivers have the audacity to call George Washington, is hissed out of existence, the better it will be for the cause of talent and the cause of morals; contempt of that is the beginning of wisdom. He had no genius, it seems. O no! genius, we must suppose, is the peculiar and shining attribute of some orator, whose tongue can spout patriotic speeches, or some versifier, whose muse can "Hail Columbia," but not of the man who supported states on his arm, and carried America in his brain. The madcap Charles Townsend, the motion of whose pyrotechnic mind was like the whizz of a hundred rockets, is a man of genius; but George Washington, raised up above the level of even eminent statesmen, and with a nature moving with the still and orderly celerity of a planet round its sun,—he dwindles, in comparison, into a kind of angelic dunce! What is genius? Is it worth anything? Is splendid folly the measure of its inspiration? Is wisdom its base and summit,—that which it recedes from, or tends towards? And by what definition do you award the name to the creator of an epic, and deny it to the creator of a country? On what principle is it to be lavished on him who sculptures in perishing marble, the image of possible excellence, and withheld from him who built up in himself a transcendant character, indestructible as the obligations of Duty, and beautiful as her rewards!

Indeed, if by the genius of action you mean will enlightened by intelligence, and intelligence ener-

* From an oration, "Washington and the Principles of the Revolution."

Digitized by Google

gised by will,—if force and insight be its characteristics, and influence its test,—and, especially, if great effects suppose a cause proportionably great, that is, a vital, causative mind,—then is Washington most assuredly a man of genius, and one whom no other American has equalled in the power of working morally and mentally on other minds. His genius, it is true, was of a peculiar kind, the genius of character, of thought and the objects of thought, solidified and concentrated into active faculty. He belongs to that rare class of men,—rare as Homers and Miltons, rare as Platos and Newtons,—who have impressed their characters upon nations without pampering national vices. Such men have natures broad enough to include all the facts of a people's practical life, and deep enough to discern the spiritual laws which underlie, animate, and govern those facts. Washington, in short, had that greatness of character which is the highest expression and last result of greatness of mind, for there is no method of building up character except through mind. Indeed, character like his is not *built* up, stone upon stone, precept upon precept, but *grows* up, through an actual contact of thought with things,—the assimilative mind transmuting the impalpable but potent spirit of public sentiment, and the life of visible facts, and the power of spiritual laws, into individual life and power, so that their mighty energies put on personality, as it were, and act through one centralizing human will. This process may not, if you please, make the great philosopher, or the great poet, but it does make the great *man*,—the man in whom thought and judgment seem identical with volition,—the man whose vital expression is not in words but deeds,—the man whose sublime ideas issue necessarily in sublime acts, not in sublime art. It was because Washington's character was thus composed of the inmost substance and power of facts and principles, that men instinctively felt the perfect reality of his comprehensive manhood. This reality enforced universal respect, married strength to repose, and threw into his face that commanding majesty, which made men of the speculative audacity of Jefferson, and the lucid genius of Hamilton, recognise, with unwonted meekness, his awful superiority.

### CHARLES WILKINS WEBBER

Was born on the 29th May, 1819, at Russelville, Kentucky. His mother, Agnes Maria Webber, was the daughter of General John Tannehill, and niece of the Hon. William Wilkins, both of Pittsburg. General Tannehill had served with distinction as an officer of the Revolution. His eldest son, Wilkins Tannehill, is known as the author of a book entitled *Sketches of the History of Literature from the Earliest Period to the Revival of Letters in the Fifteenth Century*,* remarkable for its various reading and the spirit which animates it, and the singularity of its production at an early date west of the Alleghanies. The Preface modestly states the author's design, "Prepared during intervals of occasional leisure from the duties of an employment little congenial with literary pursuits, and without any opportunity for consulting extensive libraries, it aspires only to the character of sketches, without pretending to be a complete history. It is an attempt by a 'backwoodsman,' to condense and comprise within a narrow compass, the most prominent and interesting events, connected with the progress of literary and scientific improvement, from the earliest period through a long succession of ages, and amidst a great variety of circumstances." As such it is an exceedingly creditable production. Its author was also for many years editor of the Nashville Herald, the first Clay-Whig paper ever published in Tennessee. This learned, modest, and useful man, having spent the greater portion of his life in close and unremitting literary labors, is now (in 1854) blind and rapidly declining in years. It is understood that his most valuable researches have been in the field of American antiquities.

The grandfather, General Tannehill, having met with heavy reverses of fortune, died leaving his family comparatively helpless. In this strait they found a home in the house of a brother of his wife, Charles Wilkins of Lexington, a wealthy and generous gentleman, whose memory is warmly cherished by the older families of that portion of Kentucky. The children were educated with great care, and the daughters grew up to be accomplished women. After the death of their uncle they removed with their mother to Nashville, to reside with her eldest son, Wilkins Tannehill. Here the eldest daughter married, and on her removing to the new town of Hopkinsville, Ky., was accompanied by her young sister Agnes, who became the wife of a physician from North Kentucky, Doctor Augustine Webber.

Of this marriage C. W. Webber was the second child, and first son. For forty years past Dr. Webber has stood prominent in his profession in South Kentucky, and has been noted as an intelligent, liberal, and devoted churchman and Whig.

It is, however, to his mother, a lady of great beauty of character, that C. W. Webber is most indebted for his early tastes. The education which her son received as the companion of her artistic excursions, for she possessed a natural genius for art, into the natural world, determined in a great measure the character of his future pursuits.

His early life, to his nineteenth year, was spent in miscellaneous study and the sports of the field, when, after the death of his mother, we find him wandering upon the troubled frontier of Texas. He soon became associated with the celebrated Colonel Jack Hays, Major Chevalier, Fitzgerald, &c., whose names are noted as forming the nucleus around which the famous Ranger Organization was constituted. After several years spent here, in singular adventures—many of which have been given to the world in his earlier books, *Old Hicks the Guide*, *Shot in the Eye*, and *Gold Mines of the Gila*—he returned to his family in Kentucky. He now further prosecuted his study of medicine, upon which he had originally entered with the design of making it his profession.

Becoming, however, deeply interested in controversial matters during a period of strong religious excitement which prevailed throughout the whole country, he entered the Princeton Theological Seminary as a candidate for the ministry. He, however, remained there but a short time.

* Sketches of the History of Literature, from the Earliest Period to the Revival of Letters in the Fifteenth Century. Indocti discant, ament meminisse periti. By Wilkins Tannehill. 8vo. pp. 344. Nashville: John S. Simpson, 1837.

Digitized by Google

From this time, his pen was to be his sole dependence. He had already tried its point in an article which appeared in the Nassau Monthly, which was edited by a committee of students. This paper was called "Imagination, and the Soul," and had attracted considerable attention both in the College and in the Seminary.

Arrived in New York, his first night was spent at "Minnie's Land," the residence of Audubon, whose acquaintance he had previously formed during the last Rocky Mountain tour of the old Naturalist, for whose character, from a similarity of tastes, he had nourished a most enthusiastic admiration. He listened to the counsel of the venerable sage with affectionate respect. Among other things, Audubon urged upon him to dedicate the best years of his life to the study of the natural history of South America, which he only regretted the want of years to grapple with.

Finding himself at New York utterly without acquaintances who could aid him, he resolved upon introducing himself, and a manuscript which he had prepared, to Mr. Bryant the poet, for whom he had conceived from his writings a high personal admiration, which was fully confirmed by his interview. He found Mr. Bryant at the office of the Evening Post; the poet smiled upon his eager enthusiasm, a self-confidence which had in it a touch of despair, and kept his manuscript for perusal. The result, the next day, was a letter of introduction to Winchester the publisher, who immediately engaged from the young writer a series of papers on "Texan Adventure" to be published in his flourishing newspaper, the New World.

On the failure of Winchester in his bold but rash conflict with the Harpers, Mr. Webber was again thrown out of employment, but was soon engaged in writing a number of sketches and other papers for the Democratic Review. The most important of these was called *Instinct, Reason, and Imagination*, and published under the sobriquet of C. Wilkens Eimi. About this time, the story of the *Shot in the Eye*, one of the best known of his productions, was written.

The manuscript was delivered to Mr. O'Sullivan, and after being in his possession for several months, was misplaced and lost sight of by him, and, after a long search, supposed to be irrecoverably lost. The story was then re-written for the Whig Review, and appeared in its second number. But having been unexpectedly found by Mr. O'Sullivan, it was published simultaneously in the Democratic Review, without the knowledge of Mr. Webber.

His connexion with the Whig Review as associate editor and joint proprietor, continued for over two years, in which time the magazine ran up to an unprecedented circulation for one of its class.

The Shot in the Eye, Charles Winterfield Papers, Adventures upon the Frontiers of Texas and Mexico, with a long paper on Hawthorne, are the principal articles by him which will be remembered by the earlier readers of the Review, although a great amount of critical and other miscellaneous matter was comprised within the sum of his editorial labors.

About this time, Mr. Webber was a contributor to the early numbers of the Literary World of papers on Western Life and Natural History.

He contracted also with the Sunday Despatch, which was just then commencing, for the story of *Old Hicks the Guide*, which for more than three months occupied the columns of that paper. The copyright of this story was finally sold to the Harpers for two hundred dollars.

C. W. Webber

Mr. Webber's next enterprise was one on a mammoth scale, projected by him in connexion with the two sons of John J. Audubon, the ornithologist. The design was to issue a magnificent monthly of large size, to be illustrated in each number by a splendid copperplate colored engraving, taken from a series of unpublished pictures by the elder Audubon, and to be edited by Mr. Webber. Only the first number was ever completed, and it was never published, owing to the many discouragements growing out of the protracted illness of John Woodhouse Audubon, and his immediate departure, while convalescing, with a view to the permanent restoration of his health, by overland travel to California. The immense expense which it was found would attend the prosecution of the work had also its effect in deterring its issue. Among the contributors to this first number were Hawthorne, Whipple, Headley, Street, Constable, Wallace, &c. The leading paper, *Eagles and Art*, was by Mr. Webber.

In the meantime he continued to write occasionally for the Democratic Review, Graham's Magazine, &c. In March, 1849, simultaneously with the discovery of gold in California, appeared the *Gold Mines of the Gila*, all but a few concluding chapters of which he had written several years previously. This work was considered by the author rather as a voluminous prospectus of an enterprise of exploration to the gold region, once attempted during his Texan experiences, and now again projected in the Centralia Exploring Expedition, than as a formal book. To

Digitized by Google

the chivalrous appeal, dedicated to the ladies of America, and addressed to its young men for their cooperation in the dangerous effort to resolve by examination the mystery of the unknown region lying between the river Gila and the Colorado of the West, there was a ready response. The required number of young men from all parts of the country had expressed their readiness to participate in the enterprise, under the leadership of Mr. Webber. Preparations were very far advanced, and the journey to New Orleans commenced, when, on arriving at Washington, he was met by the news of the loss of all the horses of the expedition, which had been collected at Corpus Christi to await their arrival. The Camanches carried off every animal, and, as they had been collected from the mountains at great trouble and as peculiarly adapted for this service, the loss proved irretrievable. The news of the ravages of the cholera along the whole line of the South-western border completed the defeat of the projected rendezvous.

Mr. Webber instantly commenced a new movement, by which he hoped to effect this purpose. The experiences of this year of the utter in-sufficiency of the means of transportation across the great desert to the gold regions, as limited to the horse, ox, and mule, of the country, offered an opening for urging upon the government the project of employing the African and Asiatic camel for such purposes. The vast endurance, capacity for burden, and speed, together with the singular frugality of this animal, seemed to him to indicate its introduction as the great desideratum of service in the South-west. This object has been assiduously pursued by Mr. Webber since 1849, and it may be mentioned as an instance of his perseverance, that he succeeded in obtaining from the last legislature of New York a charter for the organization of a camel company, and that the Secretary of War has warmly recommended the project to Congress in an official report.

In the meantime, the literary labors of Mr. Webber have by no means been suspended. His marriage, which occurred in Boston in 1849, had furnished him with an artistic collaborator in his wife. With her assistance, as the artist of many of its abundant illustrations, the first volume of *The Hunter Naturalist* was completed, and published in the fall of 1851 by Lippincott, Grambo & Co.

The prosecution of this work, to be continued through a series of volumes, was impeded by the author's serious illness, in spite of which, however, he succeeded in getting out, during the year 1852, two new books—*Spiritual Vampirism*, in which the heretical *isms* of the day are made the subject of dramatic and withering exposure, and *Tales of the Southern Border*, both of which were published by Lippincott & Co.

In the fall of 1853 the second volume of the Hunter Naturalist—*Wild Scenes and Song Birds*—appeared from the press of G. P. Putnam & Co. Of this Mrs. Webber was also the Natural History illustrator.

Mr. Webber's style is full, rapid, and impulsive, combining a healthy sense of animal life and out-of-door sensation, with inner poetical reflection. His narrative is borne along no less by his mental enthusiasm than by the lively action of its stirring Western themes. As a critic, many of his papers have shown a subtle perception with a glowing reproduction of the genius of his author.

A NIGHT HUNT IN KENTUCKY—FROM WILD SCENES AND WILD HUNTERS.

Now the scene has burst upon us through an opening of the trees!—There they are! Negroes of all degrees, size, and age, and of dogs—

> Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,
> Hound or spaniel, brack or lym,
> Or bobtail tike, or trundle tail.

All are there, in one conglomerate of active, noisy confusion. When indications of the hurried approach of our company are perceived, a great accession to the hubbub is consequential.

Old Sambo sounds a shriller note upon his horn, the dogs rise from independent howls to a simultaneous yell, and along with all the young half-naked darkies rush to meet us. The women come to the doors with their blazing lamps lifted above their heads, that they may get a look at the "young masters," and we, shouting with excitement, and blinded by the light, plunge stumbling through the meeting current of dogs and young negroes, into the midst of the gathering party. Here we are suddenly arrested by a sort of awe as we find ourselves in the presence of old Sambo. The young dogs leap upon us with their dirty fore-paws, but we merely push aside their caresses, for old Sambo and his old dog Bose are the two centres of our admiration and interest.

Old Sambo is the "Mighty Hunter before"—*the moon!* of all that region. He is seamed and scarred with the pitiless siege of sixty winters! Upon all matters appertaining to such hunts, his word is "*law*," while the "tongue" of his favorite and ancient friend Bose is recognised as "*gospel*." In our young imaginations, the two are respectfully identified.

Old Sambo, with his blanket "roundabout"—his cow's-horn trumpet slung about his shoulders by a tow string—his bare head, with its greyish fleece of wool—the broad grin of complacency, showing his yet sound white teeth—and rolling the whites of his eyes benignantly over the turmoil of the scene—was to us the higher prototype of Bose. He, with the proper slowness of dignity, accepts the greet of our patting caresses, with a formal wagging of the tail, which seems to say—"O, I am used to this!" while, when the young dogs leap upon him with obstreperous fawnings, he will correct them into propriety with stately snarling. They knew him for their leader!—they should be more respectful!

Now old Sambo becomes patronizing to *us*, as is necessary and proper in our new relations! From his official position of commander-in-chief, he soon reduces the chaos around us into something like subjection, and then in a little time comes forth the form of our night's march. A few stout young men who have obeyed his summons have gathered around him from the different huts of the Quarter—some with axes, and others with torches of pine and bark. The dogs become more restless, and we more excited, as these indices of immediate action appear.

Now, with a long blast from the cow's horn of Sambo, and a deafening clamor of all sizes, high and low—from men, women, children, and dogs, we take up the line of march for the woods. Sambo leads, of course. We are soon trailing after him in single file, led by the glimmer of the torches far ahead.

Now the open ground of the plantation has been passed, and as we approach the deep gloom of the bordering forest—

Digitized by Google

> Those perplexed woods,
> The nodding horror of whose shady brows
> Threats the forlorn and wandering passenger—

even the yelpings of the excited dogs cease to be heard, and they dash on into the darkness as if they were going to work—while we with our joyous chattering subsided into silence, enter these "long-drawn aisles" with a sort of shiver; the torches showing, as we pass in a dim light, the trees—their huge trunks vaulting over head into the night, with here and there a star shining like a gem set into their tall branching capitals—while on either side we look into depths of blackness as unutterably dreary to us as thoughts of death and nothingness. Oh, it was in half trembling wonder then, we crowded, trampling on the heels of those before, and, when after awhile the rude young negroes would begin to laugh aloud, we felt that in some sort it was profane.

But such impressions never lasted long in those days. Every other mood and thought gives way to the novelty and contagious excitement of adventure. We are soon using our lungs as merrily as the rest. The older dogs seem to know perfectly, from the direction taken, what was the game to be pursued for the night. Had we gone up by the old Field where the Persimmon trees grow, they would have understood that "possums" were to be had; but as old Sambo led off through the deep woods towards the swamps, it said "coons" to them as plain as if they had been Whigs of 1840.

The flush of blood begins to subside as we penetrate deeper into the wood, and as we hear old Sambo shout to his staff officers and immediate rear guard, "Hush dat 'ar jawing, you niggers, dar," we take it for granted that it is a hint, meant not to be disrespected by *us*, that silence is necessary, lest we should startle the game too soon and confuse the dogs.

All is silence now, except the rustle of our tramp over the dried autumn leaves, and occasional patter of the feet of a dog who ranges near to our path. Occasionally a white dog comes suddenly out of the darkness into view and disappears as soon, leaving our imagination startled as if some curious sprite had come "momently" from out its silent haunts to peep at us. Then we will hear the rustling of some rapid thing behind us, and looking round, see nothing; then spring aside with a nervous bound and fluttering pulse, as some black object brushes by our legs —"Nothin' but dat dog, Nigger Trimbush," chuckles a darkie, who observed us—but the couplet,—

> And the kelpie must flit from the black bog pit,
> And the brownie must not tarry,

flashes across our memory from the romance of superstition, with the half shudder that is the accompaniment of such dreamy images.

Hark, a dog opens—another, then another! We are still in a moment, listening—all eyes are turned upon old Sambo, the oracle. He only pauses for a minute.

"Dem's de pups—ole dogs aint dar!" A pause. "Pshaw, nothin but a ole har!"—and a long, loud blast of the horn sounds the recall.

We move on—and now the frosty night air has become chilly, and we begin to feel that we have something to do before us. Our legs are plied too lustily on the go-ahead principle for us to have time to talk. The young dogs have ceased to give tongue; for like unruly children they have dashed off in chase of what came first, and as the American hare ("*Lepus Americanus*") is found nearly everywhere, it was the earliest object.

Just when the darkness is most deep, and the sounds about our way most hushed, up wheels the silver moon, and with a mellowed glory overcomes the night. The weight of darkness has been lifted from us, and we trudge along more cheerily! The dogs are making wider ranges, and we hear nothing of them. The silence weighs upon us, and old Sambo gives an occasional whoop of encouragement. We would like, too, to relieve our lungs, but *he* says, "nobody mus holler now but dem dat de dog knows: make 'em bother!" We must perforce be quiet; for "*de dog*" means Bose, and we must be deferential to his humors!

Tramp, tramp, tramp, it has been for miles, and not a note from the dogs. We are beginning to be fatigued; our spirits sink, and we have visions of the warm room and bed we have deserted at home. The torches are burning down, and the cold, pale moon-light is stronger than that they give. One after another the young dogs come panting back to us, and fall lazily into our wake. "Hang coon hunts in general!—this is no joke; all cry and no wool!"

Hark! a deep-mouthed, distant bay! The sound is electrical; our impatience and fatigue are gone! All ears and eyes, we crowd around old Sambo. The oracle attitudinizes. He leans forward with one ear turned towards the earth in the direction of the sound. Breathlessly we gaze upon him. Hark! another bay; another; then several join in. The old man has been unconsciously soliloquizing from the first sound.

"Golly, dat's nigger Trim!" in an under tone; "he know de coon!" Next sound. "Dat's a pup; shaw!" Pause. "Dat's a pup, agin! Oh, niggers, no coon dar!"

Lifting his outspread hand, which he brings down with a loud slap upon his thigh; "Yah! yah! dat's ole Music; look out, niggers!" Then, as a hoarse, low bay comes booming to us through a pause, he bounds into the air with the caperish agility of a colt, and breaks out in ecstasy, "Whoop! whoop! dat's do ole dog; go my Bose!" Then striking hurriedly through the brush in the direction of the sounds, we only hear from him again,

"Yah! yah! yah! dat's a coon, niggers! Bose dar!" And away we rush as fast as we can scramble through the underbrush of the thick wood. The loud burst of the whole pack opening together, drowns even the noise of our progress.

The cry of a full pack is maddening music to the hunter. Fatigue is forgotten, and obstacles are nothing. On we go; yelling in chorus with the dogs. Our direction is towards the swamp, and they are fast hurrying to its fastnesses. But what do we care! Briars and logs; the brush of dead trees; plunges half leg deep into the watery mire of boggy places are alike disregarded. The game is up! Hurrah! hurrah! we must be in at the death! So we scurry, led by the maddening chorus—

> —while the babbling echo mocks the hounds.

Suddenly the reverberations die away. Old Sambo halts. When we get into ear-shot the only word we hear is "Tree'd!" This from the oracle is sufficient. We have another long scramble, in which we are led by the monotonous baying of a single dog.

We have reached the place at last all breathless. Our torches have been nearly extinguished. One of the young dogs is seated at the foot of a tree, and looking up, it bays incessantly. Old Sambo pauses for awhile to survey the scene. The old dogs are circling round and round, jumping up against the side of every tree, smelling as high as they can reach. They are not satisfied, and Sambo waits for *his* tried oracles to solve the mystery. He regards them steadily and patiently for awhile; then steps forward quickly, and beats off the young dog who had "lied" at the "tree."

Digitized by Google

The veterans now have a quiet field to themselves, and after some further delay in jumping up the sides of the surrounding trees, to find the scent, they finally open in full burst upon the trail. Old Sambo exclaims curtly, as we set off in the new chase,

"Dat looks like coon! *but cats is about!*"

Now the whole pack opens again, and we are off after it. We all understand the allusion to the *cats*, for we know that, like the raccoon, this animal endeavors to baffle the dogs by running some distance up a tree, and then springing off upon another, and so on until it can safely descend. The young dogs take it for granted that he is in the first tree, while the older ones sweep circling round and round until they are convinced that the animal has not escaped. They thus baffle the common trick which they have learned through long experience, and recovering the trail of escape, renew the chase.

Under ordinary circumstances we would already have been sufficiently exhausted; but the magnetism of the scene lifts our feet as if they had been shod with wings. Another weary scramble over every provoking obstacle, and the solitary baying of a dog is heard again winding up the "cry."

When we reached the "tree" this time, and find it is another "feint," we are entirely disheartened, and all this excitement and fatigue of the night reacting upon us leaves us utterly exhausted, and disinclined to budge one foot further. Old Sambo comes up—he has watched with an astute phiz the movements of the dogs for some time.

"Thought dat ware a *ole* coon from de fust! Dat's a mighty ole coon!" with a dubious shake of his head. "*Ole* coon nebber run dat long!" Another shake of the head, and addressing himself to his "staff:" "Ole coon nebber run'ed dis fur, niggers!" Then turning to us—"Massas, dat a cat!—'taint no coon!"

The dogs break out again, at the same moment, and with peculiar fierceness, in full cry. "Come 'long, niggers!—maby dat's a coon—maby 'taint!" and off he starts again.

We are electrified by the scenes and sounds once more, and "follow, still follow," forgetting everything in the renewed hubbub and excitement. Wearily now we go again over marsh and quagmire, bog and pond, rushing through vines, and thickets, and dead limbs. Ah, what glimpses have we of our cozy home during this wild chase! Now our strength is gone—we are chilled, and our teeth chatter—the moon seems to be the centre of cold as the sun is of heat, and its beams strike us like arrows of ice. Yet the cry of the dogs is onward, and old Sambo and his staff yell *on!*

Suddenly there is a pause! the dogs are silent, and we hold up! "Is it all lost!" we exclaim, as we stagger, with our bruised and exhausted limbs, to a seat upon an old log. The stillness is as deep as midnight—the owl strikes the watch with his too-whoo! Hah! that same hoarse, deep bay which first electrified us comes booming again through the stillness.

"Yah! yah! dat ole coon am done for! Bose got he, niggers—Gemmen, come on!"

The inspiring announcement, that *Bose* had tree'd at last, is balm to all our wounds, and we follow in the hurry-scurry rush to the tree. Arrived there, we find old Bose on end barking up a great old oak, while the other dogs lie panting around. "Dare he am," says old Sambo. "Make a fire, niggers!" There is but a single stump of a torch left; but in a little while they have collected dried wood enough to kindle a great blaze.

"Which nigger's gwine to climb dat tree?" says old Sambo, looking round inquiringly. Nobody answers. The insinuations he had thrown out, that it *might* be a cat, have had their effect upon the younger darkies. Sambo waits, in dignified silence, for an answer, and throwing off his horn, with an indignant gesture, he says,—

"You d—n pack of chicken-gizzards, niggers!—climb de tree myself!" and straightway the wiry old man, with the activity of a boy, springs against the huge trunk, and commences to ascend the tree.

Bose gives an occasional low yelp as he looks after his master. The other dogs sit with upturned noses, and on restless haunches, as they watch his ascent.

Nothing is heard for some time, but the fall of dead branches and bark which he throws down. The fire blazes high, and the darkness about us, beyond its light, is unpenetrated even by the moon. We stand in eager groups watching his ascent. He is soon lost to our view amongst the limbs; yet we watch on until our necks ache, while the eager dogs fidget on their haunches, and emit short yelps of impatience. We see him, against the moon, far up amongst the uppermost forks, creeping like a beetle, up, still up! We are all on fire—the whole fatigue and all the bruises of the chase forgotten! our fire crackles and blazes fiercely as our impatience, and sends quick tongues of light, piercing the black throng of forest sentinels about us.

Suddenly the topmost branches of the great oak begin to shake, and seem to be lashing the face of the moon.

"De eat! de eat! look out down dar!" The dogs burst into an eager howl! He is shaking him off! A dark object comes thumping down into our midst, and shakes the ground with its fall. The eager dogs rush upon it! but we saw the spotted thing with the electric flashing of its eyes. Yells and sputtering screams—the howls of pain—the gnashing growls of assault—the dark, tumbling struggle that is rolled, with its fierce clamors, out from our fire-light into the dark shadows of the wood, are all enough to madden us.

We all rush after the fray, and strike wildly into its midst with the clubs and dead limbs we have snatched, when one of *the* body-guards happens to think of his axe, and with a single blow settles it!

All is over! We get home as we may, and about the time

> —— the dapple grey coursers of the morn
> Beat up the light with their bright silver hoofs,
> And chase it through the sky,

we creep cautiously into our back window, and sleep not the less profoundly for our fatigue, that we have to charge our late hour of rising, next day, upon Bacon or the Iliad, instead of the "Night Hunt."

## HENRY AUGUSTUS WISE.

HENRY A. WISE, the son of George Stuart Wise, an officer of the United States Navy, was born at Brooklyn, New York, in May, 1819. He is descended on his father's side from an old English royalist family, several of whom were taken prisoners after the "Penruddock rebellion," and sent to Virginia about the year 1665.

At the age of fourteen, young Wise, through the influence of his cousin the present governor of Virginia, was appointed a midshipman, and received his first baptism in salt water under the auspices of Captain John Percival, the Jack Percy of his "Tales for the Marines," with whom he served for five years. Many of the scenes portrayed in his recent sketches were no doubt derived from his early experiences.

After passing his examination, he served in the

Digitized by Google

naval squadron on the coasts of Florida during the Seminole war; and later on his promotion to a lieutenantcy, in the Pacific, in California and Mexico during the war. On his return to the United States he married the daughter of the Hon. Edward Everett. He has recently completed a cruise in the Mediterranean, where he filled the part of flag-lieutenant to the squadron.

H. A. Wise

In 1849 Lieut. Wise published *Los Gringos.** The title of the book is taken from the epithet used in California and Mexico to describe the descendants of the Anglo-Saxon race, and is nearly equivalent to that of *Greenhorn* in our own language. As far as concerns the author, however, never was the epithet more misapplied; for in the varied scenes and adventures he describes, he is entirely *au fait;* and whether on ship or ashore, "chasing the wild deer" or being chased by the grizzly bear, shooting brigands or dancing fandangoes, swimming with the Sandwich Island girls or "doctoring" interesting young ladies in fits, he is equally at home. "Style," says Buffon, "is the man himself," and we could not have a truer picture of the gay and gallant young officer than he has given in his book.

Los Gringos was followed in 1855 by *Tales for the Marines*, a lively, spirited volume of adventure, humorous, sentimental, and melodramatic, on shipboard, off the coast of Africa, and in Rio Janeiro. Sailors, pirates, slavers, smugglers, senoritas, caymans, boa constrictors, all bear a part in the conduct of an amusing series of adventures, some of which are sufficiently marvellous to try the faith of the proverbially easy of belief class of the service to whom they are especially addressed.

Lieut. Wise possesses a keen eye for the humorous and the picturesque, and writes in an off-hand and spirited style. We present one of the scenes of his sketches. A party of desperadoes, with whom bloody encounters have previously taken place, are surprised by a detachment from the U. S. corvette Juniata.

AN ATTACK—FROM TALES FOR THE MARINES.

Mr. Spuke at this epoch was busy on a little tour of inspection, around the cargoes of the lighters, punching his steel-like knuckles into the sacks of sugar, dipping his claws of fingers into the bung holes of the *pipas* of rum to test the strength by sucking his digits afterwards, then smelling pinches and handfuls of coffee berries, in all which business pursuits he appeared quite at home. Upon his own boat coming on shore again with his copper treasure, he joined the Maltese, and with the assistance of the boy and the black oarsman, the bags were carried up about fifty yards on the beach, midway between the water and the cane huts.

This was no sooner effected than a signal was given to the cornet, and down from their concealment in the bushes ran the squad of sojers, while the fat officer, rushing up, laid his hand on the blue coat with bright brass buttons, which hung over the back of Mr. Spuke. This was the first intimation that individual had of the ambuscade; but, jerking himself free, he exclaimed,—

"By spikes! what on airth air yu about!" The suddenness and violence of the movement nearly twitched the officer off his legs.

When Mr. Spuke glanced round, and beheld the militia, with their bayonets at a charge, he seemed to recover himself at once; and striding over the sacks of metal, with his legs wide apart, he said,—

"Wal, ye darn'd Portingees, what air ye up tu? This here is my property, and ther custom-house permits is right and reg'lar—ask them dons theer—all honist folks—no idee on gittin quit of payin the fees."

Here he beckoned to the factors, who, with Mag, came to the spot; and there they stood, in a lump, just as the cutter of the Flirt was dashed alongside of the schooner.

I could not have stood it any longer; but just then Hazy exclaimed, "Now, my friends, it is our turn!" while the padron roared out in Portuguese, "Seize, or shoot down those villains, if they stir an inch. I arrest them for smuggling counterfeit coin." And I screamed to Mag, "Yes, you hag, and I've an account to settle with you for the affair in that den in Rio."

The Maltese was the first who made a bolt; but he had not moved a yard before Hazy's cockswain, Harry Greenfield, fetched him a tap with the gig's brass tiller, which laid him out, as meek as milk, on the strand.

When the combination burst with its real force upon Spuke and his female companion, the latter squinted furtively around, to see, perhaps, if a chance for escape presented itself; but observing all retreat cut off, her ugly mug began to assume a pale-blue, ashes-of-roses hue; and she put her hand in her bosom and partially exposed her tapering knife.

"Drop that, you piratical she-devil, or I'll ——" She must have looked full into the muzzle of the big-mouthed ship's pistol I pointed at her, before she removed her hand from the weapon; and then only to carry the gin jug to her hideous mouth; but she did not utter a word. Not so, however, with Mr. Spuke; he saw the game was up, and that not only his vessel was seized, and his liberty about to be cramped for an indefinite period, but, worse than all, he was to lose all his hard-earned gains.

Taking up the words as they were uttered by the padron, and losing all his drawly, nasal twang, he said, in a cold, deliberate tone,—

"O, ho! there's been spyin' goin' on, and I'm to be robbed, eh? Now, I'm an Ameriken, clear grit! and you, dam yer, my countryman," shaking his hand aloft at Hazy, "air standin' by to see me imposed upon by these cussed merlatters, when it's your dooty to pertect me. But, by spikes! let me see the first feller as 'll ris his finger jint to seize Elnathan Spuke."

With this, he bared his great slabs of arms to the shoulders; and there he stood, a powerful, towering giant,—glaring with the wrinkled, compressed lips, open nostril, and fierce, cunning eye of a tiger, ready for a spring.

"Arrest him, soldiers!" shouted the now excited padron; and the cornet drew his sword. Before, however, the blade was well out of its sheath, the fellow at bay gave him a tremendous kick in the stomach, which sent him fairly spinning up off the sand; and then he fell with a groan, completely *hors de combat*. At the moment the soldiers, who, as I told you, seemed by no means veterans in war, advanced, with fixed bayonets, upon the smuggler. Evading the first two men, he gave a sudden bound,

* Los Gringos; or, An Inside View of Mexico and California, with Wanderings in Peru, Chili, and Polynesia. Baker and Scribner. 12mo. pp. 408.

Digitized by Google

grasped the musket by the muzzle from the weak arms of one of the puny troop, and, with a deep-muttered imprecation of, "By the Eternal, let her rip," gave the weapon a half sweep over his head; and bringing it round, the foremost men went down like grain before a sickle. Recovering himself again, he made the heavy piece whirl on high, and brought it, for the second time, upon the backs of the panic-stricken soldiers; but the flint-lock catching some part of their equipments, the cock snapped, the piece flashed, held fire an instant, and then exploded full in the face of the Yankee. The charge traversed his upper jaw, nose, and one eye, leaving him blinded, and the blackened blood and powder clinging to his mutilated features. He spun round nearly a turn, by the force of the explosion, yet never relaxed his gripe on the muzzle of the musket, until, with a confused lurch, the breech of the gun touched the sand, and he fell forward with all his weight. The point of the bayonet entered nearly at his breast bone, and transfixed him to the pipe. He fell over sideways, and lay a dead man, deluging in blood the sacks of money he had made such desperate efforts to defend.

By this time the dismayed soldiers, who had turned tail from the one man, began to fire an irregular *feu de joie* right in amongst the crowd of us. They were too wild, however, to do much damage; only grazing the ear of one of the factors, and putting a ball into the foot of the Maltese—and a very severe and painful wound he found it.

During this skrimmage my attention was for a moment diverted from my own especial game; and when I looked again, I saw the hag running like a rat towards the thicket. Makeen fired his pistol at her, but the ball only cut off a twig, and scattered some leaves without touching her. I reserved my shot, and, with a cry that brought the whole assembly, with the exception of the soldiers, we plunged after Mag. She took the main road, a well-beaten track for mules and beasts, which led from the mouth of the river to the city; and though it wound about here and there, we could still keep her in sight, as she parted the bushes right and left in her flight. Presently, the thick undergrowth gave place to loftier vegetation; and between the trunks of the palms and cocoas we caught glimpses of narrow lagoons beyond, patched with light-green and white water lilies. On the opposite side, the land rose higher, and the forest was composed of heavy timber.

The woman still held on with great speed, and must have known she was running with a noose round her neck, for she never looked behind, or gave heed in the slightest degree to our yells to stop or be shot. There were a number of paths made by cattle, which crossed the road at intervals, and, all at once, Mag turned to the left into one of them. A pair of huge vampire bats rose from a branch with a boding croak; and as the woman leaped over the grass and leaves, one of the factors gave a shout of warning, and tried to stop me from going farther. Shaking off his grasp, however, I jumped on, with Mak and Hazy at my heels, into the thicket. In a minute we had entirely passed the dense foliage, and before us lay the long, narrow lagoon, cradled in its black, slimy, muddy banks, while directly through the centre, leading to the opposite shore, was apparently a clear, open bridge, matted and bound with roots, grasses, and rank vegetation of all sorts, with a little clump of bushes and parasitical plants at every few paces, but still showing a green, even road over the water. Mag was about a hundred yards in advance of us, and splashing a short distance into the mud and water, she sprang upon the bending mangrove roots, and, finding that they bore her weight, continued on her course.

"Hold!" roared the padron; "gentlemen, for God's sake don't go an inch farther!"

"*O! cuidado!*" screamed the factor. "Beware! it is certain death!" cried they, both out of breath. "That witch can't escape; the mire will prevent her on the other side."

At this moment, Mag, perceiving she was no longer pursued, turned about, and shaking her knife in one hand, and applying the gin jug to her lips with the other, she took a long pull, and then yelled derisively,—

"O, you hounds! you thought to hang me, eh! the hemp isn't planted yet for my throat; and you, ye devil's asp, let me once lay hold upon you, I'll take an oath to find your heart the next time. *Adios*," she said, as she again applied the jug to her mouth, and hurling it upon the slimy surface of the pool, wheeled to resume her flight.

I am glad to say that this was the last swig of gin and the last intelligible remarks which Miss Margaret, as Spuke respectfully styled her, ever uttered in this world.

No sooner had the water been disturbed by the splash of the empty bottle, than we noticed a little succession of rolling, unbroken billows along by the vegetable bridge. The flat, sickly leaves and flowers began to undulate, and as Mag stepped from the green laced, living fabric to a projecting root, we saw the huge, triangular-shaped snout of a red spectacled alligator, and the dull, protruding eyes, with the fringed, scaly crest between, slowly pushed above the water; and then a sharp, rattling snap upon the hard-baked clay of the gin jug.

"The cayman!" exclaimed the padron; and as the monster rolled his jaws more out of water, the irregular, reddish, marbled yellow and green spots were visible underneath, before he sank with his prize.

The factor ejaculated, "*O! vermelho cayman!*"

The noise of the breaking gin vessel did not, however, distract the attention of Mag, but as she trod on the elastic mass of the bridge, it yielded, and agitated the pool with a loud splash. The next moment, as if the impulse had been felt in every direction, the same unbroken undulations as before swelled up under the greenish, stagnant lagoon, and in less time than it takes to wink, the water broke with a rush upwards, within a few feet of the woman. The enormous mail-clad hide of the cayman appeared; the tail rose with a diagonal motion; and the head, with the distended, serrated jaws, the reddish tongue and yellow mouth inside them, gleamed hot and dry in the beams of the morning sun; the whole monster forming a curving bend of full twenty feet before and behind the now terrified hag. At the same instant the hard, flexible tail made a side sweep, quick as thought, which, striking Mag a crushing blow about her waist, doubled her up with a broken back, and she was swept into the frightful jaws, open to full stretch, and inclined sideways to receive the prey. Simultaneously with our groans of horror, the heretofore quiet pool was all alive with the projecting, ridgy bodies of the monsters, and for a few minutes we heard nothing but the violent snapping of their huge jaws, and the blows of their powerful tails. At last the water once more began to settle down into peace; the broad, flat leaves and stems of the pure white lilies, which had been torn and crushed by the commotion amongst the denizens below, gradually resumed their beds; and, save a few bubbles, and an occasional undulation, with a strong odor of musk, there was nothing left to show where the hag had met her horrid death.

Digitized by Google

"Come, let's crawl out of this swamp," said the padron, "or some of those hungry caymans will be after having a taste of us."

SAGACITY OF LOBSTERS—FROM THE SAME.

"Very sagacious creeters," chimed in an old salt, who was carefully laying up nettles for his hammock clews: "I know'd a dog once as would tell the time o' day by the skipper's nose, and would drink grog too like a Christian."

"Bless ye," again broke out the gaunt, bony fisherman, "dogs isn't a circumstance to lobsters for sagaciousness! Why, mateys, I was on the pint of tellin' you, that after my trip to Greenland and the coast of Labrador, the old people thought I had 'bout sowed my wild oats." "I thought you said grass," twanged in the young mountaineer; but the whaler, without deigning a glance at the cub, went on. "And I settled down stiddy at the lobster business. Nat Pochick and me was 'prentices in a smack for better nor five years, in war times too, until our time was out, when we bought the old smack at a bargain, and drove a lively trade in the same business. We used to take the lobsters, where the best on 'em comes from, along the moniment shore, down about Plymouth, and we ran 'em through the Vineyard Sound to York, by way of Montauk. Well, one day, when we had the well of the schooner as full as ever it could stick with claws and feelers, like darned fools we tried to shorten the distance by runnin' outside of Nantucket; but jest as we got off Skonset, what should we see but the old Ramillies seventy-four, the admiral's ship, a-hidin' under Tom Nevers' Head; and in less than a minute an eighteen pound shot come spinnin' across our bows, and two big double-banked boats was making the water white as they pulled towards us. We know'd, as well as could be, that them Britishers didn't want the old smack, nor care a snap for the lobsters; but we did believe sartin' that they wouldn't mind clappin' hold on two sich likely chaps as my partner and me, to sarve under the king's flag. So we up helm and ran the smack and the cargo slap on to the Old Man's Shoal; but jest afore she struck we jumped into the yawl, and paddled to the beach, where we saved being captured. Well, the smack was knocked into splinters by the breakers in less than an hour. Now, my hearties," said the whaler, as he paused and gazed around the group of listeners, "every blessid one of them lobsters went back to the ground where they was took, as much as a hundred miles from the reef where the old craft was wracked! and there's great Black Dan, of Marsfield, will tell ye the same; for ye must bear in mind, that every fisherman has his partiklar shaped pegs to chock the claws of the lobsters with, and every one of our lobsters was kitched again with our 'dentical pegs in 'em! This, boys, was the last trip as ever we made in that trade, though Nat Pochick, 'out of fondness for the things, established himself on the old Boston bridge, where he is to this day, a-bilin', may be, five or six thousand lobsters of a mornin', which he sells off like hot cakes in the arternoons."

## HERMAN MELVILLE.

HERMAN MELVILLE was born in the city of New York, August 1, 1819. On his father's side he is of Scotch extraction, and is descended in the fourth degree from Thomas Melville, a clergyman of the Scotch Kirk, who, from the year 1718 and for almost half a century, was minister of Scoonie parish, Leven, Fifeshire.* The minister of Scoonie had two sons—John Melville, who became a member of his majesty's council in Grenada, and Allan Melville, who came to America in 1748, and settled in Boston as a merchant. Dying young, the latter left an only son, Thomas Melville, our author's grandfather, who was born in Boston, and, as appears by the probate records on the appointment of his guardian in 1761, inherited a handsome fortune from his father. He was graduated at Princeton College, New Jersey in 1769, and in 1772 visited his relatives in Scotland. During this visit he was presented with the freedom of the city of St. Andrews and of Renfrew. He returned to Boston in 1773, where he became a merchant, and in December of that year was one of the Boston Tea Party. He took an active part in the Revolutionary war, and, as major in Craft's regiment of Massachusetts artillery, was in the actions in Rhode Island in 1776. Commissioned by Washington in 1789 as naval officer of the port of Boston, he was continued by all the presidents down to Jackson's time in 1829.† To the time of his death Major Melville continued to wear the antiquated three-cornered hat, and from this habit was familiarly known in Boston as the last of the cocked-hats. There is still preserved a small parcel of the veritable tea in the attack upon which he took an active part. Being found in his shoes on returning from the vessel it was sealed up in a vial, although it was intended that not a particle should escape destruction! The vial and contents are now in possession of Chief-Justice Shaw of Massachusetts.

Our author's father, Allan Melville, was an importing merchant in New York, and made frequent visits to Europe in connexion with his business. He was a well educated and polished man, and spoke French like a native.

On his mother's side Mr. Melville is the grandson of General Peter Gansevoort of Albany, New York, the "hero of Fort Stanwix," having successfully defended that fort in 1777 against a large force of British and Indians, commanded by General St. Leger.

The boyhood of Herman Melville was passed at Albany and Lansingburgh, New York, and in the country, at Berkshire, Massachusetts. He had early shown a taste for literature and composition.

In his eighteenth year he shipped as a sailor in a New York vessel for Liverpool, made a hurried

* Article Scoonie, Sinclair's Statistical Account of Scotland, vol. v. p. 115. Dr. George Brewster, minister of Scoonie, who died June 20, 1855, succeeded the Rev. David Swan, who was the successor of our author's ancestor. It is worthy of remark that the united years of these three clergymen, in the same desk, was one hundred and thirty-six years.—Obituary notice in Scotsman, June 23, 1855.

† Major Melville was the nearest surviving male relative of General Robert Melville, who was descended from a brother of the minister of Scoonie, the first and only Captain-General and Governor-in-chief of the Islands ceded to England by France in 1763, and at the time of his death, which occurred in 1809, was with one exception the oldest General in the British army.—County Annual Register, Scotland, 1809 and '10, vol. i. part 2. In the genealogy of General Melville, contained in Douglass's Baronage of Scotland, published in 1798, the Boston family are stated to be descended from the same branch of the Melville family as General Melville.

Digitized by Google

visit to London when he arrived in port, and returned home "before the mast." His next adventure was embarking, Jan. 1, 1841, on a whaling vessel for the Pacific for the sperm fishery. After eighteen months of the cruise, the vessel, in the summer of 1842, put into the Marquesas, at Nukuheva. Melville, who was weary of the service, took the opportunity to abandon the ship, and with a fellow sailor hid himself in the forest, with the intention of resorting to a neighboring peaceful tribe of the natives. They mistook their course, and after three days' wandering, in which they had traversed one of the formidable mountain ridges of the island, found themselves in the barbarous Typee valley. Here Melville was detained "in an indulgent captivity" for four months. He was separated from his companion, and began to despair of a return to civilization, when he was rescued one day on the shore by a boat's crew of a Sidney whaler. He shipped on board this vessel, and was landed at Tahiti the day when the French took possession of the Society Islands, establishing their "Protectorate" at the cannon's mouth. From Tahiti, Melville passed to the Sandwich Islands, spent a few months in observation of the people and the country, and in the autumn of 1843 shipped at Honolulu as "ordinary seaman" on board the frigate United States, then on its return voyage, which was safely accomplished, stopping at Callao, and reaching Boston in October, 1844. This voyaging in the merchant, whaling, and naval service rounded Melville's triple experience of nautical life. It was not long after that he made his appearance as an author. His first book, *Typee*, a narrative of his Marquesas adventure, was published in 1846, simultaneously by Murray in London* and Wiley and Putnam in New York. The spirit and vigorous fancy of the style, and the freshness and novelty of the incidents, were at once appreciated. There was, too, at the time, that undefined sentiment of the approaching practical importance of the Pacific in the public mind, which was admirably calculated for the reception of this glowing, picturesque narrative. It was received everywhere with enthusiasm, and made a reputation for its author in a day. The London Times reviewed it with a full pen, and even the staid Gentleman's Magazine was loud in its praises.

Mr. Melville followed up this success the next year with *Omoo, a Narrative of Adventures in the South Seas*, which takes up the story with the escape from the Typees, and gives a humorous account of the adventures of the author and some of his ship companions in Tahiti. For pleasant, easy narrative, it is the most natural and agreeable of his books. In his next book, in 1849—*Mardi, and a Voyage Thither*—the author ventured out of the range of personal observation and matter-of-fact description to which he had kept more closely than was generally supposed,† and projected a philosophical romance, in which human nature and European civilization were to be typified under the aspects of the poetical mythological notions and romantic customs and traditions of the aggregate races of Polynesia. In the first half of the book there are some of the author's best descriptions, wrought up with fanciful associations from the quaint philosophic and other reading in the volumes of Sir Thomas Browne, and such worthies, upon whose pages, after his long sea fast from books and literature, the author had thrown himself with eager avidity. In the latter portions, embarrassed by his spiritual allegories, he wanders without chart or compass in the wildest regions of doubt and scepticism. Though, as a work of fiction, lacking clearness, and maimed as a book of thought and speculation by its want of sobriety, it has many delicate traits and fine bursts of fancy and invention. Critics could find many beauties in Mardi which the novel-reading public who long for amusement have not the time or philosophy to discover. Mr. Melville, who throughout his literary career has had the good sense never to argue with the public, whatever opportunities he might afford them for the exercise of their disputative faculties, lost no time in recovering his position by a return to the agreeable narrative which had first gained him his laurels. In the same year he published *Redburn; his First Voyage, being the Sailor-boy Confessions and Reminiscences of the Son of a Gentleman, in the Merchant Service.* In the simplicity of the young sailor, of which the pleasant adventure of leaving the forecastle one day and paying his respects to the captain in the cabin, is an instance, this book is a witty reproduction of natural incidents. The lurid London episode, in the melo-dramatic style, is not so fortunate. Another course of Melville's nautical career, the United States naval service, furnished the subject of the next book—*White Jacket, or the World in a Man-of-war*, published in 1850. It is a vivid daguerreotype of the whole life of the ship. The description is everywhere elevated from commonplace and familiarity by the poetical associations which run through it. There is many a good word spoken in this book, as in the author's other writings, for the honor and welfare of Poor Jack. Punishment by flogging is unsparingly condemned.

In 1851 *Moby-Dick, or the Whale*, appeared, the most dramatic and imaginative of Melville's books. In the character of Captain Ahab and his contest with the whale, he has opposed the metaphysical energy of despair to the physical sublime of the ocean. In this encounter the whale becomes a representative of moral evil in the world. In the purely descriptive passages, the details of the fishery, and the natural history of the animal, are narrated with constant brilliancy of illustration from the fertile mind of the author.*

* It was brought to the notice of Mr. Murray in London by Mr. Gansevoort Melville, then Secretary of Legation to the Minister, Mr. Louis McLane. Mr. Gansevoort Melville was a political speaker of talent. He died suddenly in London of an attack of fever in May, 1846.

† Lt. Wise, in his lively, dashing book of travels—An Inside View of Mexico and California, with Wanderings in Peru, Chili, and Polynesia—pays a compliment to Melville's fidelity:

"Apart from the innate beauty and charming tone of his narratives, the delineations of island life and scenery, from my own personal observation, are most correctly and faithfully drawn."

* Just at the time of publication of this book its catastrophe, the attack of the ship by the whale, which had already good historic warrant in the fate of the Essex of Nantucket, was still further supported by the newspaper narrative of the Ann Alexander of New Bedford, in which the infuriated animal demonstrated a spirit of revenge almost human. In



Digitized by Google

*Pierre, or the Ambiguities*, was published in 1852. Its conception and execution were both literary mistakes. The author was off the track of his true genius. The passion which he sought to evolve was morbid or unreal, in the worst school of the mixed French and German melodramatic.

Since the publication of this volume, Mr. Melville has written chiefly for the magazines of Harper and Putnam. In the former, a sketch, entitled *Cock-a-doodle doo!* is one of the most lively and animated productions of his pen; in the latter, his *Bartleby the Scrivener*, a quaint, fanciful portrait, and his reproduction, with various inventions and additions, of the adventures of *Israel Potter*,* an actual character of the Revolution, have met with deserved success.

Melville's Residence.

Mr. Melville having been married in 1847 to a daughter of Chief Justice Shaw of Boston, resided for a while at New York, when he took up his residence in Berkshire, on a finely situated farm, adjacent to the old Melville House, in which some members of the family formerly lived; where, in the immediate vicinity of the residence of the poet Holmes, he overlooks the town of Pittsfield and the intermediate territory, flanked by the Taconic range, to the huge height of Saddleback.

Gray-lock, cloud girdled, from his purple throne,
A voice of welcome sends,
And from green sunny fields, a warbling tone
The Housatonic blends.†

In the fields and in his study, looking out upon the mountains, and in the hearty society of his family and friends, he finds congenial nourishment for his faculties, without looking much to cities, or troubling himself with the exactions of artificial life. In this comparative retirement will be found the secret of much of the speculative character engrafted upon his writings.

REDBURN CONTEMPLATES MAKING A SOCIAL CALL ON THE CAPTAIN IN HIS CABIN.

What reminded me most forcibly of my ignominious condition was the widely altered manner of the captain toward me. I had thought him a fine, funny gentleman, full of mirth and good humor, and good will to seamen, and one who could not fail to appreciate the difference between me and the rude sailors among whom I was thrown. Indeed I had made no doubt that he would in some special manner take me under his protection, and prove a kind friend and benefactor to me; as I had heard that some sea-captains are fathers to their crew; and so they are; but such fathers as Solomon's precepts tend to make—severe and chastising fathers; fathers whose sense of duty overcomes the sense of love, and who every day, in some sort, play the part of Brutus, who ordered his son away to execution, as I have read in our old family Plutarch.

Yes, I thought that Captain Riga, for Riga was his name, would be attentive and considerate to me, and strive to cheer me up, and comfort me in my lonesomeness. I did not even deem it at all impossible that he would invite me down to the cabin of a pleasant night, to ask me questions concerning my parents, and prospects in life; besides obtaining from me some anecdotes touching my great-uncle, the illustrious senator; or give me a slate and pencil, and teach me problems in navigation; or perhaps engage me at a game of chess. I even thought he might invite me to dinner on a sunny Sunday, and help me plentifully to the nice cabin fare, as knowing how distasteful the salt beef and pork, and hard biscuit of the forecastle must at first be to a boy like me, who had always lived ashore, and at home.

And I could not help regarding him with peculiar emotions, almost of tenderness and love, as the last visible link in the chain of associations which bound me to my home. For, while yet in port, I had seen him and Mr. Jones, my brother's friend, standing together and conversing: so that from the captain to my brother there was but one intermediate step; and my brother and mother and sisters were one.

And this reminds me how often I used to pass by the places on deck, where I remembered Mr. Jones had stood when he first visited the ship lying at the wharf; and how I tried to convince myself that it was indeed true, that he had stood there, though now the ship was so far away on the wide Atlantic Ocean, and he, perhaps, was walking down Wall-street, or sitting reading the newspaper in his counting-room, while poor I was so differently employed.

When two or three days had passed without the captain's speaking to me in any way, or sending word into the forecastle that he wished me to drop into the cabin to pay my respects, I began to think whether I should not make the first advances, and whether indeed he did not expect it of me, since I was but a boy, and he a man; and perhaps that might have been the reason why he had not spoken to me yet, deeming it more proper and respectful for me to address him first. I thought he might be offended, too, especially if he were a proud man, with tender feelings. So one evening, a little before sundown, in the second dog-watch, when there was no more work to be done, I concluded to call and see him.

After drawing a bucket of water, and having a good washing, to get off some of the chicken-coop stains, I went down into the forecastle to dress myself as neatly as I could. I put on a white shirt in place of my red one, and got into a pair of cloth trowsers instead of my duck ones, and put on my new pumps, and then carefully brushing my shooting-jacket, I put that on over all, so that upon the whole I made quite a genteel figure, at least for a

turning upon, pursuing, and destroying the vessel from which he had been attacked.

* "The Life and Adventures of Israel R. Potter (a native of Cranston, Rhode Island), who was a soldier in the American Revolution," were published in a small volume at Providence, in 1824. The story in this book was written from the narrative of Potter, by Mr. Henry Trumbull, of Hartford, Ct.

† Ode for the Berkshire Jubilee, by Fanny Kemble Butler.

Digitized by Google

forecastle, though I would not have looked so well in a drawing-room.

When the sailors saw me thus employed, they did not know what to make of it, and wanted to know whether I was dressing to go ashore; I told them no, for we were then out of sight of land; but that I was going to pay my respects to the captain. Upon which they all laughed and shouted, as if I were a simpleton; though there seemed nothing so very simple in going to make an evening call upon a friend. Then some of them tried to dissuade me, saying I was green and raw; but Jackson, who sat looking on, cried out, with a hideous grin, "Let him go, let him go, men—he's a nice boy. Let him go; the captain has some nuts and raisins for him." And so he was going on when one of his violent fits of coughing seized him, and he almost choked.

As I was about leaving the forecastle, I happened to look at my hands, and seeing them stained all over of a deep yellow, for that morning the mate had set me to tarring some strips of canvas for the rigging, I thought it would never do to present myself before a gentleman that way; so for want of kids I slipped on a pair of woollen mittens, which my mother had knit for me to carry to sea. As I was putting them on, Jackson asked me whether he shouldn't call a carriage; and another bade me not to forget to present his best respects to the skipper. I left them all tittering, and coming on deck was passing the cook-house, when the old cook called after me, saying, I had forgot my cane.

But I did not heed their impudence, and was walking straight toward the cabin-door, on the quarter-deck, when the chief mate met me. I touched my hat, and was passing him, when, after staring at me till I thought his eyes would burst out, he all at once caught me by the collar, and with a voice of thunder wanted to know what I meant by playing such tricks aboard a ship that he was mate of? I told him to let go of me, or I would complain to my friend the captain, whom I intended to visit that evening. Upon this he gave me such a whirl round, that I thought the Gulf Stream was in my head, and then shoved me forward, roaring out I know not what. Meanwhile the sailors were all standing round the windlass looking aft, mightily tickled.

Seeing I could not effect my object that night, I thought it best to defer it for the present; and returning among the sailors, Jackson asked me how I had found the captain, and whether the next time I went I would not take a friend along and introduce him.

The upshot of this business was, that before I went to sleep that night, I felt well satisfied that it was not customary for sailors to call on the captain in the cabin; and I began to have an inkling of the fact, that I had acted like a fool; but it all arose from my ignorance of sea usages.

And here I may as well state, that I never saw the inside of the cabin during the whole interval that elapsed from our sailing till our return to New York; though I often used to get a peep at it through a little pane of glass, set in the house on deck, just before the helm, where a watch was kept hanging for the helmsman to strike the half hours by, with his little bell in the binnacle, where the compass was. And it used to be the great amusement of the sailors to look in through the pane of glass, when they stood at the wheel, and watch the proceedings in the cabin; especially when the steward was setting the table for dinner, or the captain was lounging over a decanter of wine on a little mahogany stand, or playing the game called *solitaire*, at cards, of an evening; for at times he was all alone with his dignity; though, as will ere long be shown, he generally had one pleasant companion, whose society he did not dislike.

The day following my attempt to drop in at the cabin, I happened to be making fast a rope on the quarter-deck, when the captain suddenly made his appearance, promenading up and down, and smoking a cigar. He looked very good-humored and amiable, and it being just after his dinner, I thought that this, to be sure, was just the chance I wanted.

I waited a little while, thinking he would speak to me himself; but as he did not, I went up to him and began by saying it was a very pleasant day, and hoped he was very well. I never saw a man fly into such a rage; I thought he was going to knock me down; but after standing speechless awhile, he all at once plucked his cap from his head and threw it at me. I don't know what impelled me, but I ran to the lee scuppers where it fell, picked it up, and gave it to him with a bow; when the mate came running up, and thrust me forward again; and after he had got me as far as the windlass, he wanted to know whether I was crazy or not; for if I was, he would put me in irons right off, and have done with it.

But I assured him I was in my right mind, and knew perfectly well that I had been treated in the most rude and ungentlemanly manner both by him and Captain Riga. Upon this, he rapped out a great oath, and told me if ever I repeated what I had done that evening, or ever again presumed so much as to lift my hat to the captain, he would tie me into the rigging, and keep me there until I learned better manners. "You are very green," said he, "but I'll ripen you." Indeed this chief mate seemed to have the keeping of the dignity of the captain, who in some sort seemed too dignified personally to protect his own dignity.

I thought this strange enough, to be reprimanded, and charged with rudeness for an act of common civility. However, seeing how matters stood, I resolved to let the captain alone for the future, particularly as he had shown himself so deficient in the ordinary breeding of a gentleman. And I could hardly credit it, that this was the same man who had been so very civil, and polite, and witty, when Mr. Jones and I called upon him in port.

But this astonishment of mine was much increased, when some days after, a storm came upon us, and the captain rushed out of the cabin in his night-cap, and nothing else but his shirt on; and leaping up on the poop, began to jump up and down, and curse and swear, and call the men aloft all manner of hard names, just like a common loafer in the street.

Besides all this, too, I noticed that while we were at sea, he wore nothing but old shabby clothes, very different from the glossy suit I had seen him in at our first interview, and after that on the steps of the City Hotel, where he always boarded when in New York. Now, he wore nothing but old-fashioned snuff-colored coats, with high collars and short waists; and faded, short-legged pantaloons, very tight about the knees; and vests that did not conceal his waistbands, owing to their being so short, just like a little boy's. And his hats were all caved in, and battered, as if they had been knocked about in a cellar; and his boots were sadly patched. Indeed, I began to think that he was but a shabby fellow after all, particularly as his whiskers lost their gloss, and he went days together without shaving; and his hair, by a sort of miracle, began to grow of a pepper and salt color, which might have been owing, though, to his discontinuing the use of some kind of dye while at sea. I put him

Digitized by Google

down as a sort of impostor! and while ashore, a gentleman on false pretences, for no gentleman would [illegible] gentleman as I did me.

Yes, Captain Riga, thought I, you are no gentleman, and you know it.

### CAROLINE M. SAWYER.

Caroline M. Fisher was born in the latter part of the year 1812, in the village of Newton, Massachusetts. She was carefully educated at home by an invalid uncle, who was thoroughly conversant with foreign literature, and succeeded in imparting his fine taste as well as varied accomplishments to his pupil. She commenced writing at an early age, but did not make her appearance in the magazines until after her marriage with the Rev. T. J. Sawyer, an eminent Universalist divine, in 1832, when she removed to New York. In 1847 her husband accepted the presidency of the Universalist Seminary at Clinton, New York, where they have since resided.

Mrs. Sawyer has written a number of poems and prose tales for the periodicals of the day, which have not been collected. She has also translated in prose and verse from the German.

#### THE BLIND GIRL.

Crown her with garlands! 'mid her sunny hair
  Twine the rich blossoms of the laughing May,
The lily, snowdrop, and the violet fair,
  And queenly rose, that blossoms for a day.
Haste, maidens, haste! the hour brooks no delay—
  The bridal veil of soft transparence bring;
And as ye wreathe the gleaming locks away,
  O'er their rich wealth its folds of beauty fling—
    She *seeth* now!

Bring forth the lyre of sweet and solemn sound,
  Let its rich music be no longer still;
Wake its full chords, till, sweetly floating round,
  Its thrilling echoes all our spirits fill.
Joy for the lovely! that her lips no more
  To notes of sorrow tune their trembling breath;
Joy for the young, whose starless course is o'er;
  Io! sing Pæans for the bride of Death!
    She seeth now!

She has been dark; through all the weary years,
  Since first her spirit into being woke,
Through those dim orbs that ever swam in tears,
  No ray of sunlight ever yet hath broke.
Silent and dark! herself the sweetest flower
  That ever blossomed in an earthly home,
Unuttered yearnings ever were her dower,
  And voiceless prayers that light at length might come.
    She seeth now!

A lonely lot! yet oftentimes a sad
  And mournful pleasure filled her heart and brain,
And beamed in smiles—o'er sweet, but never glad,
  As sorrow smiles when mourning winds complain.
Nature's great voice had ever for her soul
  A thrilling power the sightless only know;
While deeper yearnings through her being stole,
  For light to gild that being's darkened flow.
    She seeth *now!*

Strike the soft harp, then! for the cloud hath past,
  With all its darkness, from her sight away;
Beauty hath met her waiting eyes at last,
  And light is hers within the land of day.
'Neath the cool shadows of the tree of life,
  Where bright the fount of youth immortal springs,
Far from this earth, with all its weary strife,
  Her pale brow fanned by shining seraphs' wings,
    She seeth now!

Ah, yes, she seeth! through yon misty veil,
  Methinks e'en now her angel-eyes look down,
While round me falls a light all soft and pale—
  The moonlight lustre of her starry crown;
And to my heart as earthly sounds retire,
  Come the low echoes of celestial words,
Like sudden music from some haunted lyre,
  That strangely swells when none awake its chords.
But, hush! 'tis past; the light, the sound, are o'er:
Joy for the maiden! she is dark no more!
    She seeth now!

### LOUISA C. TUTHILL.

Louisa C. Higgins, a member of an old New England family, was born at New Haven, and at an early age, in 1817, married Mr. Cornelius Tuthill of that city. Mr. Tuthill was a gentleman of literary tastes, and edited, for two years, a periodical called The Microscope, in which the poet Percival was first introduced to the public.

After the death of Mr. Tuthill, in 1825, Mrs. Tuthill became an anonymous contributor to the magazines. Her first appearance *in propriâ personâ* as an author was on the title-page of *The Young Ladies' Reader*, a volume of selections published in 1839. This volume was followed by *The Young Ladies' Home*, a collection of tales and essays illustrating domestic pursuits and duties. Her next production consisted of a series of tales for young persons. They are entitled *I will be a Gentleman; I will be a Lady; Onward, right Onward; Boarding School Girl; Anything for Sport; A Strike for Freedom, or Law and Order;* each occupying a volume of about one hundred and fifty pages of moderate size, published between 1844 and 1850.

In 1852 Mrs. Tuthill commenced a new series with a tale entitled *Braggadocio. Queer Bonnets, Tip Top*, and *Beautiful Bertha*, followed in 1853 and 1854. She has now in progress another series entitled *Success in Life*, including six volumes, with the titles *The Merchant, The Lawyer, The Mechanic, The Artist, The Farmer*, and *The Physician.*

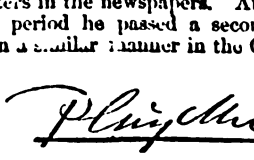
Mrs. Tuthill is also the author of a novel for mature readers published in 1846 with the title *My Wife*, and of a tasteful volume, *The History of Architecture*, published in 1848. In 1849 she prepared *The Nursery Book*, a volume of counsel to mothers on the care of their young offspring.

The writings of Mrs. Tuthill are admirably adapted for the class to whom they are addressed, and have met with success. They are sensible and practical in their aims, and written in an agreeable style. Mrs. Tuthill is at present a resident of Princeton, New Jersey.

### PLINY MILES.

Pliny Miles, whose name is pleasantly suggestive of his principal pursuit, that of a traveller and observer of nature, is a son of Captain Jonathan E. Miles, one of the early settlers of Watertown, New York. He was educated on the farm, but on coming of age engaged in mercban-

dise, and afterwards studied law. He next passed five years in travelling through the United States, supporting himself by lecturing and writing letters in the newspapers. At the expiration of this period he passed a second term of five years in a similar manner in the Old World.



Mr. Miles's newspaper correspondence, under the staid signature, on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, of *Communipaw*, would fill several volumes. But a single episode of his journeyings, *Rambles in Iceland*, has yet appeared in book form. It is a pleasant record of a tour, involving some adventure and exposure in an unfrequented part of the world. In place of a citation from its pages we however present a more comprehensive, and at the same time concise account of Mr. Miles's "voyages and travels," which we find in the New York Illustrated News of October 29, 1853. The statement was elicited by some exception being taken at one of Mr. Miles's letters on Western railroads,—his accuracy being called in question on the plea that he was "the stationary correspondent of the Post."

In the name of buffaloes and sea breezes what would you have, my dear fellow? I've been in every sea-port on the Atlantic, from Newfoundland to Key West; danced over the sparkling waves of the Moro Castle; "schoonered" it through the Gulf of Mexico; travelled every foot of the Mississippi, from the Belize to the Falls of St. Anthony, 2,300 miles, and the most of it several times over; wandered five hundred miles into the Indian territory, beyond the white settlements; steamed up the Illinois; stayed a while at Peoria, got caught there in an awful snow storm, and then went through the great lakes and the St. Lawrence to the Falls of the Montmorency. I have visited every great curiosity, nearly every state capital, and every State in the Union except California and Texas. Across the "herring pond" I travelled through almost every kingdom, and saw nearly every crowned head in Europe; wandered over the highlands of Scotland; stoned the cormorants in Fingal's cave; shot seagulls in Shetland; eat plovers and other wild birds in Iceland; cooked my dinner in the geysers; cooled my punch with the snows of Mount Hecla, and toasted my shins at the burning crater on its summit. I trod the rough mountains of Norway; celebrated "Independence Day" off its coast; fished in the Maelstrom, or near it; ate sour crout with the Dutch, frogs with the Frenchmen, and macaroni with the Italians; walked over the top of Vesuvius in one day, from Pompeii to Naples; lay all night near Ætna's summit, seeing an eruption with red hot rocks shooting a thousand feet in the air; sailed by Stromboli at midnight; landed where St. Paul did at Rhegium, saw the Coliseum by moonlight, visited Corsica's rocky isle, Sardinia and Elba, and steamed close to Monte Christo's home; admired the Chateau d'If at Marseilles, and spent months among the vine-clad hills of la belle France. Why, yes, man, I've been up in a balloon and down in a diving bell; shot alligators in the Mississippi and sparrows in Northumberland; eaten "corn dodgers" in Tennessee, black bread in Denmark, white bread in London, and been where I found it precious hard work to get any bread at all. I've rode in a Jersey wagon in Florida, a go-cart in Illinois, and on an English express train at fifty miles an hour, and gone a-foot and carried a knapsack when I found travelling dear and wanted to save money. I've been sixty-five voyages at sea; rode over nearly every railroad in Europe and more than one-half in this country, and travelled over a hundred thousand miles, and scarcely slept six nights in a place for more than ten years.

### RICHARD B. KIMBALL,

A DESCENDANT from an old and influential family, was born in Lebanon, New Hampshire. After completing his collegiate course at Dartmouth in 1834, and devoting the year following to the study of the law, he went to Europe, where he continued his legal studies in Paris, and made an extensive and thorough tour in Great Britain and on the Continent. On his return he commenced the practice of his profession at Waterford, New York, but soon after removed to the City of New York, where, with the exception of the time occupied in a second European tour in 1842, he has since resided.

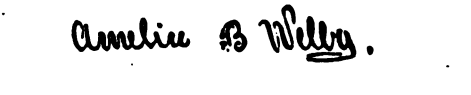
Mr. Kimball has for several years been a constant contributor to the Knickerbocker Magazine.

In 1849 his novel *St. Leger or the Threads of Life* was reprinted from the pages of that periodical. It is the story of a mind in pursuit of truth, and the mental repose consequent on a decided faith. In connexion with this main thread we have many scenes of active life, romantic adventure, and picturesque description.

In the same year Mr. Kimball published *Cuba and the Cubans*, and in 1853 a pleasant volume of tales and sketches, entitled, *Romance of Student Life Abroad*.

### AMELIA B. WELBY,

THE author of *Poems by Amelia*, first published in the Louisville Journal, and afterwards in Boston and New York, was born at St. Michael's, in Mary-



Digitized by Google

land, in 1821. She removed with her father early to the West, and resided in Kentucky at Lexington and Louisville, where she was married to Mr. George Welby. She died in 1852.

The chief edition of Mrs. Welby's poems was published by Messrs. Appleton in 1850, with a series of tasteful illustrations by R. C. Weir. The frequent elegiac topics of the verses of this author may have assisted their popularity. They are mostly upon themes of domestic life and natural emotion; and, without profound poetical culture, are written with ease and animation.

THE OLD MAID.

Why sits she thus in solitude! her heart
Seems melting in her eyes' delicious blue;
And as it heaves, her ripe lips lie apart,
As if to let its heavy throbbings through;
In her dark eye a depth of softness swells,
Deeper than that her careless girlhood wore;
And her cheek crimsons with the hue that tells
The rich, fair fruit is ripened to the core.

It is her thirtieth birthday! With a sigh
Her soul hath turned from youth's luxuriant bowers,
And her heart taken up the last sweet tie
That measured out its links of golden hours!
She feels her inmost soul within her stir
With thoughts too wild and passionate to speak;
Yet her full heart—its own interpreter—
Translates itself in silence on her cheek.

Joy's opening buds, affection's glowing flowers,
Once highly sprang within her beaming track;
Oh, life was beautiful in those lost hours!
And yet she does not wish to wander back!
No! she but loves in loneliness to think
On pleasures past, though never more to be;
Hope links her to the future, but the link
That binds her to the past is memory!

From her lone path she never turns aside,
Though passionate worshippers before her fall,
Like some pure planet in her lonely pride,
She seems to soar and beam above them all!
Not that her heart is cold! emotions new
And fresh as flowers are with her heart-strings knit;
And sweetly mournful pleasures wander through
Her virgin soul, and softly ruffle it.

For she hath lived with heart and soul alive
To all that makes life beautiful and fair;
Sweet thoughts, like honey-bees, have made their hive
Of her soft bosom-cell, and cluster there;
Yet life is not to her what it hath been;
Her soul hath learned to look beyond its gloss,
And now she hovers, like a star, between
Her deeds of love, her Saviour on the cross!

Beneath the cares of earth she does not bow,
Though she hath ofttimes drained its bitter cup,
But ever wanders on with heavenward brow,
And eyes whose lovely lids are lifted up!
She feels that in that lovelier, happier sphere,
Her bosom yet will, bird-like, find its mate,
And all the joys it found so blissful here
Within that spirit-realm perpetuate.

Yet sometimes o'er her trembling heart-strings thrill
Soft sighs, for raptures it hath ne'er enjoyed;
And then she dreams of love, and strives to fill
With wild and passionate thoughts the craving void.
And thus she wanders on,—half sad, half blest,—
Without a mate for the pure, lonely heart,
That, yearning, throbs within her virgin breast,
Never to find its lovely counterpart!

JANE T. WORTHINGTON.

This lady, the wife of Dr. F. A. Worthington, a physician of Ohio, whose maiden name was Jane Tayloe Lomax, was a native of Virginia. Her writings in prose and verse appeared frequently in the Southern Literary Messenger. Her compositions were in a vein of excellent sense and refinement.

MOONLIGHT ON THE GRAVE.

It shineth on the quiet graves
Where weary ones have gone,
It watcheth with angelic gaze
Where the dead are left alone;
And not a sound of busy life
To the still graveyard comes,
But peacefully the sleepers lie
Down in their silent homes.

All silently and solemnly
It throweth shadows round,
And every gravestone hath a trace
In darkness on the ground:
It looketh on the tiny mound
Where a little child is laid,
And it lighteth up the marble pile
Which human pride hath made.

It falleth with unaltered ray
On the simple and the stern,
And it showeth with a solemn light
The sorrows we must learn;
It telleth of divided ties
On which its beam hath shone,
It whispereth of heavy hearts
Which "brokenly live on."

It gleameth where devoted ones
Are sleeping side by side,
It looketh where a maiden rests
Who in her beauty died.
There is no grave in all the earth
That moonlight hath not seen;
It gazeth cold and passionless
Where agony hath been.

Yet it is well: that changeless ray
A deeper thought should throw,
When mortal love pours forth the tide
Of unavailing woe;
It teacheth us no shade of grief
Can touch the starry sky,
That all our sorrow liveth here—
The glory is on high.

LUCY HOOPER.

Miss Hooper was born in Newburyport, Massachusetts, February 4, 1816. She was carefully trained by her father, and was wont in after life to attribute her facility in composition to the exertions of this parent. At the age of fifteen she removed with her family to Brooklyn, where the remaining ten years of her life were passed.

Most of Miss Hooper's poems were contributed to the Long Island Star, a daily paper, where they appeared signed with her initials. She was also the author of a few prose sketches, collected in a volume in 1840, with the title *Scenes from Real Life*, and a prize essay on *Domestic Happiness*.

Lucy Hooper died on Sunday, August 1, 1841.

The estimation in which she was held, was touchingly shown in the numerous testimonies to her gentle excellence published after her decease, prefixed to the volume of her *Complete Poetical Works*, published in 1848.* Among these we find verses by Whittier and Tuckerman.

Lucy Hooper was a devout member of the Episcopal Church, and many of her poems are naturally drawn from the incidents of its ritual. Others are of a descriptive or reflective character.

THE DAUGHTER OF HERODIAS.

Written after seeing, among a collection of beautiful paintings, (copies from the old masters, recently sent to New York from Italy,) one representing the daughter of Herodias, bearing the head of John the Baptist on a charger, and wearing upon her countenance an expression, not of triumph, as one might suppose, but rather of soft and sorrowful remorse, as she looks upon the calm and beautiful features of her victim.

Mother! I bring thy gift,
Take from my hand the dreaded boon—I pray
Take it, the still pale sorrow of the face
Hath left upon my soul its living trace,
Never to pass away;
Since from these lips one word of idle breath
Blanched that calm face—oh! mother, this is death.

What is it that I see
From all the pure and settled features gleaming?
Reproach! reproach! My dreams are strange and wild;
Mother! had'st thou no pity on thy child?
Lo! a celestial smile seems softly beaming
On the hushed lips—my mother, can'st thou brook
Longer upon thy victim's face to look?

Alas! at yestermorn
My heart was light, and to the viol's sound
I gaily danced, while crowned with summer flowers,
And swiftly by me sped the flying hours,
And all was joy around:
Not *death!* Oh! mother, could I say thee nay?
Take from thy daughter's hand thy boon away!

Take it! my heart is sad,
And the pure forehead hath an icy chill—
I dare not touch it, for avenging Heaven
Hath shuddering visions to my fancy given,
And the pale face appals me, cold and still,
With the closed lips—oh! tell me, could I know
That the pale features of the dead were so?

I may not turn away
From the charmed brow, and I have heard his name
Even as a prophet by his people spoken—
And that high brow, in death, bears seal and token
Of one whose words were flame:
Oh! Holy Teacher! could'st thou rise and live,
Would not these hushed lips whisper, "I forgive!"

Away with lute and harp,
With the glad heart for ever, and the dance,
Never again shall tabret sound for me;
Oh! fearful mother! I have brought to thee
The silent dead, with his rebuking glance,
And the crushed heart of one, to whom are given
Wild dreams of judgment and offended Heaven!

## CATHARINE LUDERS.

A NUMBER of brief poems of a delicate and simple turn of expression and of a domestic pathetic interest have appeared from time to time in the magazines and the Literary World, by "Emily Hermann." The author is Mrs. Catharine Luders, lately a resident of the West, in Indiana.

THE BUILDING AND BIRDS.

We are building a pleasant dwelling,
And the orchard trees are set;
Yellow violets soon will open,
With tiny streaks of jet.

The wild-cherry buds are swelling,
And the brook runs full below;
Dim harebells in the garden,
And crocuses are in blow.

In the tops of the tulip-giants,
In the red-bud and the oak,
The spring-birds are all beginning
The pleasures of home to invoke.

They've built in our little parlour,
Where the floor was lately laid,
And it pleased us to give them shelter
In the nice new nest they made.

Those merry grey forest-rangers
To the green West now have come,
Wayfarers, like us, and strangers,
To build them a pleasant home.

They've reared a domestic altar
To send up their hymns at even;
Their songs and our own may mingle
Sometimes at the gates of heaven!

PLANTING IN RAIN.

We planted them in the rain,
When the skeleton building rose,
And here we sit, in the sultry day,
Where grateful shadows close.

We read in our pleasant books,
Or help the children play,
And weave long wreaths of dandelions
When the down is blown away.

The murmuring bell we hear,
For lowing herds are nigh,
With softened twilight in our heart,
And memories gone by.

Wild doves and orioles
Build in the orchard trees,
And where, on earth, are people poor
Who greet such friends as these?

They at our porch peep in
And sing their roundelay,
While bright-eyed rabbits near the steps,
In their nimble, fearless way.

In autumn, with apron in hand,
Cornelia waits near yon tree,
To catch the fruit from the grateful root,
Here set by our brothers and me.

Thus, where dense thickets rose,
And mouldering trees have lain,
Much happiness dwells for human hearts,
Under vines that were planted in rain.

THE LITTLE FROCK.

A common light blue muslin frock
Is hanging on the wall,
But no one in the household now
Can wear a dress so small.

The sleeves are both turned inside out,
And tell of summer wear;
They seem to wait the owner's hands
Which last year hung them there.

* 8vo. pp. 4:4.

Digitized by Google

'Twas at the children's festival
  Her Sunday dress was soiled—
You need not turn it from the light—
  To me it is not spoiled!

A sad and yet a pleasant thought
  Is to the spirit told
By this dear little rumpled thing,
  With dust in every fold.

Why should men weep that to their home
  An angel's love is given—
Or that before them she is gone
  To blessedness in heaven!

ESTELLE ANNA LEWIS.

Mrs. Lewis was born near Baltimore, Maryland, at the country-seat of her father, Mr. J. N. Robinson, who died while his daughter was in her infancy. He was a gentleman of large fortune, and of strongly marked qualities of character. His wife was a daughter of an officer of the Revolutionary war.

Our author was educated at the Female Seminary of Mrs Willard at Troy, where she added to the usual accomplishments of a polite education, a knowledge of Latin and even the study of law. During these school days, she published a series of stories in the Family Magazine, edited by Solomon Southwick at Albany. Leaving the seminary in 1841, she was married to Mr. S. D. Lewis, a lawyer of Brooklyn, N. Y., in which city she has since resided.

Estelle Anna Lewis.

Her first volume of poems, chiefly lyrical, *The Records of the Heart*, was published by the Appletons in 1844.

In 1846, Mrs. Lewis published a poem, *The Broken Heart, a Tale of Hispaniola*, in the Democratic Review. *The Child of the Sea, and Other Poems*, appeared from the press of Mr. George P. Putnam, in 1848.

In 1849, *The Angel's Visit*, *The Orphan's Hymn*, *The Prisoner of Perote*, etc., were printed in Graham's Magazine. In 1851, appeared in the same magazine, *The Cruise of Aureana*, *Melodiana's Dream*, *Adelina to Adhemer*, a series of sonnets from the Italian, and during the same year, a series of sonnets entitled, *My Study*, in the Literary World. In 1852, the Appletons issued the *Myths of the Minstrel*. In 1854, Mrs. Lewis published in Graham's Magazine, *Art and Artists in America*, a series of critical and biographical essays.

The poems of Mrs. Lewis are marked by a certain passionate expression, united with the study of poetic art. Her chief production, *The Child of the Sea*, exhibits ability in the construction of the story—a tale of sea adventure, of love and revenge,—and has force of imagination as a whole, and in its separate illustrations.

MY STUDY.

This is my world—my angel-guarded shrine,
Which I have made to suit my heart's great need,
When sorrow dooms it overmuch to bleed:
Or, when aweary and athirst I pine
For genial showers and sustenance divine;
When Love, or Hope, or Joy my heart deceive,
And I would sit me down alone to grieve—
My mind to sad or studious mood resign.
Here oft, upon the stream of thought I lie,
Floating whichever way the waves are flowing—
Sometimes along the banks of childhood going,
Where all is bud, and bloom, and melody,
Or, wafted by some stronger current, glide,
Where darker frown the steeps and deeper flows the tide.

Yes, 'tis my Cáabá—a shrine below,
Where my Soul sits within its house of clay,
Listing the steps of angels come and go—
Sweet missioned Heralds from the realms of day.
One brings me rays from Regions of the sun,
One comes to warn me of some pending dart,
One brings a laurel leaf for work well done,
Another, whispers from a kindred Heart.—
Oh! this I would not change for all the gold
That lies beneath the Sacramento's waves,
For all the Jewels Indian coffers hold,
For all the Pearls in Oman's starry caves—
The lessons of all Pedagogues are naught
To those I learn within this holy Fane of thought.

Here blind old Homer teaches lofty song;
The Lesbian sings of Cupid's pinions furled,
And how the heart is withered up by wrong;
Dante depictures an infernal world,
Wide opening many a purgatorial aisle;
Torquato rings the woes of Palestine,
Alphonso's rage and Leonora's smile—
Love, Beauty, Genius, Glory all divine;
Milton depaints the bliss of Paradise,
Then flings apart the ponderous gates of Hell,
Where Satan on the fiery billow lies,
"With head uplift," above his army fell,—
And Avon's Bard, surpassing all in art,
Unlocks the portals of the human heart.

GREECE—FROM THE CHILD OF THE SEA.

Shrine of the Gods! mine own eternal Greece!
When shall thy weeds be doffed—thy mourning cease!
The gyves that bind thy beauty rent in twain,
And thou be living, breathing Greece again!
Grave of the mighty! Hero—Poet—Sage—
Whose deeds are guiding stars to every age!
Land unsurpassed in glory and despair,
Still in thy desolation thou art fair!

Digitized by Google

Low in sepulchral dust lies Pallas' shrine—
Low in sepulchral dust thy Fanes divine—
And all thy visible self; yet o'er thy clay,
Soul, beauty, lingers, hallowing decay.

Not all the ills that war entailed on thee,
Not all the blood that stained Thermopylæ—
Not all the desolation [illegible]
Not all the woe and want [illegible]—
Not all the tears that slavery could wring
From out thy heart of patient suffering—
Not all that drapes thy loveliness in night,
Can quench thy spirit's never-dying light;
But hovering o'er the dust of gods enshrined,
It beams, a beacon to the march of mind—
An oasis to sage and bard forlorn—
A guiding star to centuries unborn.

For thee I mourn—thy blood is in my veins—
To thee by consanguinity's strong chains
I'm bound and fain would die to make thee free;
But oh! there is no Liberty for thee!
Not all the wisdom of thy greatest One—*
Not all the bravery of Thetis' Son—
Not all the weight of mighty Phœbus' ire—
Not all the magic of the Athenian's Lyre—
Can ever bid thy tears or mourning cease
Or rend one gyve that binds thee, lovely Greece.
Where Corinth weeps beside Lepanto's deep,
Her palaces in desolation sleep.
Seated till dawn on moonlit column, I
Have sought to probe eternal Destiny;
I've roamed, fair Hellas, o'er thy battle-plains.
And stood within Apollo's ruined fanes,
Invoked the spirits of the past to wake,
Assist with swords of fire thy chains to break;
But only from the hollow sepulchres,
Murmured, "Eternal slavery is hers!"
And on thy bosom I have laid my head
And poured my soul out—tears of lava shed;
Before thy desecrated altars knelt,
To calmer feelings felt my sorrows melt,
And gladly with thee would have made my home,
But pride and hate impelled me o'er the foam,
To distant lands and seas unknown to roam.

THE FORSAKEN.

It hath been said, for all who die
There is a tear;
Some pining, bleeding heart to sigh
O'er every bier:
But in that hour of pain and dread
Who will draw near
Around my humble couch, and shed
One farewell tear!

Who watch life's last, departing ray
In deep despair,
And soothe my spirit on its way
With holy prayer!
What mourner round my bier will come
"In weeds of woe,"
And follow me to my long home—
Solemn and slow!

When lying on my clayey bed,
In icy sleep,
Who there by pure affection led
Will come and weep—
By the pale moon implant the rose
Upon my breast,
And bid it cheer my dark repose,
My lowly rest!

Could I but know when I am sleeping
Low in the ground,
One faithful heart would there be keeping
Watch all night round,
As if some gem lay shrined beneath
The sod's cold gloom,
'Twould mitigate the pangs of death,
And light the tomb.

Yes, in that hour if I could feel
From halls of glee
And Beauty's presence *one* would steal
In secrecy,
And come and sit and weep by me
In night's deep noon—
Oh! I would ask of Memory
No other boon.

But ah! a lonelier fate is mine—
A deeper woe:
From all I love in youth's sweet time
I soon must go—
Draw round me my cold robes of white,
In a dark spot
To sleep through Death's long, dreamless night,
Lone and forgot.

* Lycurgus.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

The father of Mrs. Howe, Samuel Ward, the New York banker, whose liberality was freely expended on public-spirited and educational objects, as the Historical Society, the University, and Stuyvesant Institute of New York, was born in Rhode Island, a descendant of an old soldier of Cromwell, who settled in Newport after the

Julia Ward Howe

accession of Charles II., and who married a granddaughter of Roger Williams. Their son Richard became Governor of the State, and one of his sons, Samuel, was from 1774 to 1776 a member of the Old Continental Congress. This Samuel left a son Samuel, who served in the war of the Revolution, and was with Arnold in his expedition to Quebec. He was the grandfather of our author.

Digitized by Google

Her mother, a daughter of the late Mr. B. C. Cutler, of Boston, was a lady of poetic culture, a specimen of whose occasional verses is given in Griswold's Female Poets of America.

Miss Ward, after having received an education of unusual care and extent from the most accomplished teachers, was married in 1843 to the distinguished Philhellene and philanthropist of Boston, Dr. Samuel G. Howe, with whom she has resided in Europe, under peculiarly favorable opportunities for the study of foreign art and life. A volume of poems from her pen, *Passion Flowers*, published in 1854, is a striking expression of her culture, and of thoughts and experience covering a wide range of emotion, from sympathies with the "nationalities" of Europe, to "the fee griefs due to a single breast."

An appreciative critic in the Southern Quarterly Review* has thus characterized the varying features of the book.

"The art is subordinate to the feeling; the thought more prominent than the rhyme; there is far more earnestness of feeling than fastidiousness of taste:—instead of being the result of a dalliance with fancy, these effusions are instinct with the struggle of life; they are the offspring of experience more than of imagination. They are written by a woman who knows how to think as well as to feel; one who has made herself familiar with the higher walks of literature; who has deeply pondered Hegel, Comte, Swedenborg, Goethe, Dante, and all the masters of song, of philosophy, and of faith. Thus accomplished, she has travelled, enjoyed cultivated society, and gone through the usual phases of womanly development and duty. Her muse, therefore, is no casual impulse of juvenile emotion, no artificial expression, no spasmodic sentiment; but a creature born of wide and deep reflection; of study, of sorrow, yearning, love, care, delight, and all the elements of real, and thoughtful, and earnest life."

THE CITY OF MY LOVE.

She sits among the eternal hills,
Their crown, thrice glorious and dear,
Her voice is as a thousand tongues
Of silver fountains, gurgling clear.

Her breath is prayer, her life is love,
And worship of all lovely things;
Her children have a gracious port,
Her beggars show the blood of kings.

By old Tradition guarded close,
None doubt the grandeur she has seen;
Upon her venerable front
Is written: "I was born a Queen!"

She rules the age by Beauty's power,
As once she ruled by armed might;
The Southern sun doth treasure her
Deep in his golden heart of light.

Awe strikes the traveller when he sees
The vision of her distant dome,
And a strange spasm wrings his heart
As the guide whispers, "There is Rome!"

Rome of the Romans! where the Gods
Of Greek Olympus long held sway;
Rome of the Christians, Peter's tomb,
The Zion of our later day.

Rome, the mailed Virgin of the world,
Defiance on her brows and breast;
Rome, to voluptuous pleasure won,
Debauched, and locked in drunken rest.

Rome, in her intellectual day,
Europe's intriguing step-dame grown;
Rome, bowed to weakness and decay,
A canting, mass-frequenting crone.

Then th' unlettered man plods on,
Half chiding at the spell he feels,
The artist pauses at the gate,
And on the wonderous threshold kneels.

The sick man lifts his languid head
For those soft skies and balmy airs;
The pilgrim tries a quicker pace,
And hugs remorse, and patters prayers.

For ev'n the grass that feeds the herds
Methinks some unknown virtue yields
The very hinds in reverence tread
The precincts of the ancient fields.

But wrapt in gloom of night and death,
I crept to thee, dear mother Rome;
And in thy hospitable heart,
Found rest and comfort, health and home.

And friendships, warm and living still,
Although their dearest joys are fled;
True sympathies that bring to life
The better self, so often dead.

For all the wonder that thou wert,
For all the dear delight thou art,
Accept an homage from my lips,
That warms again a wasted heart.

And, though it seem a childish prayer,
I've breathed it oft, that when I die,
As thy remembrance dear in it,
That heart in thee might buried lie.

ALICE B. HAVEN,

THE author of numerous poems and tales, and of several volumes published under the name of "Cousin Alice," was born at Hudson, New York.

Her maiden name was Bradley. She early became a contributor to the periodicals of the day. In 1846 she was married to the late Joseph C.

* July, 1854.

Digitized by Google

Neal, the author of the Charcoal Sketches. Upon his death, a few months afterwards, she took charge of the literary department of Neal's Gazette, of which her husband had been a proprietor, and conducted it for several years with ability. Her articles, poems, tales, and sketches, appeared frequently during this time in the leading monthly magazines. A volume from her pen, *The Gossips of Rivertown, with Sketches in Prose and Verse*, was published in 1850. The main story is an illustration of the old village propensity of scandal, along with which the traits and manners of country life are exhibited in a genial, humorous way. Mrs. Haven is also the author of a series of juvenile works, published under the name of "Cousin Alice." They are stories written to illustrate various proverbial moralities, and are in a happy vein of dialogue and description, pervaded by an unobtrusive religious feeling. They are entitled, *Helen Morton's Trial; No Such Word as Fail; Contentment better than Wealth; Patient Waiting No Loss; All's not Gold that Glitters, or the Young Californian*, etc.

In 1853 Mrs. Neal was married to Mr. Samuel L. Haven, and has since resided at Mamaroneck, Westchester county, New York.

THEME IN THE CITY.

'Tis beautiful to see a forest stand,
Brave with its moss-grown monarchs and the pride
Of foliage dense, to which the south wind bland
Comes with a kiss, as lover to his bride;
To watch the light grow fainter, as it streams
Through arching aisles, where branches interlace,
Where sombre pines rise o'er the shadowy gleams
Of silver birch, trembling with modest grace.

But they who dwell beside the stream and hill,
Prize little treasures there so kindly given;
The song of birds, the babbling of the rill,
The pure unclouded light and air of heaven.
They walk as those who seeing cannot see,
Blind to this beauty even from their birth,
We value little blessings ever free,
We covet most the rarest things of earth.

But rising from the dust of busy streets,
These forest children gladden many hearts;
As some old friend their welcome presence greets
The toil-worn soul, and fresher life imparts.
Their shade is doubly grateful when it lies
Above the glare which stifling walls throw back,
Through quivering leaves we see the soft blue skies,
Then happier tread the dull, unvaried track.

And when the first fresh foliage, emerald-hued,
Is opening slowly to the sun's glad beams,
How it recalleth scenes we once have viewed,
And childhood's fair but long-forgotten dreams!
The gushing spring, with violets clustering round—
The dell where twin flowers trembled in the breeze—
The fairy visions wakened by the sound
Of evening winds that sighed among the trees.

There is a language given to the flowers—
To me, the trees "dumb oracles" have been;
As waving softly, fresh from summer showers,
Their whisper to the heart will entrance win.
Do they not teach us purity may live
Amid the crowded haunts of sin and shame,
And over all a soothing influence give—
Sad hearts from fear and sorrow oft reclaim?

And though transferred to uncongenial soil,
Perchance to breathe alone the dusty air,
Burdened with sounds of never-ceasing toil—
They rise as in the forest free and fair;
They do not droop and pine at adverse fate,
Or wonder why their lot should lonely prove,
But give fresh life to hearts left desolate,
Fit emblems of a pure, unselfish love.

THE CHURCH.

I will show thee the bride, the Lamb's wife.—Rev. xxi. 9.

Clad in a robe of pure and spotless white,
The youthful bride with timid step comes forth
To greet the hand to which she plights her troth,
Her soft eyes radiant with a strange delight.
The snowy veil which circles her around
Shades the sweet face from every gazer's eye,
And thus enwrapt, she passes calmly by—
Nor casts a look but on the unconscious ground.
So should the Church, the bride elect of Heaven,—
Remembering Whom she goeth forth to meet,
And with a truth that cannot brook deceit
Holding the faith, which unto her is given—
Pass through this world, which claims her for a while,
Nor cast about her longing look, nor smile.

## CATHERINE WARFIELD—ELEANOR LEE.

"Two Sisters of the West," as they appeared on the title-page of a joint volume, *The Wife of Leon and Other Poems*, published in New York in 1848, are the daughters of the Hon. Nathaniel Ware, of Mississippi, and were born near the city of Natchez. Miss Catherine Ware was married to Mr. Warfield of Lexington, Kentucky; Miss Eleanor to Mr. Lee of Vicksburg. A second volume of their joint contribution, *The Indian Chamber and Other Poems*, appeared in 1846. The part taken by either author in the volumes is not distinguished. The poems in ballad, narrative, and reflection, exhibit a ready command of poetic language, and a prompt susceptibility to poetic impressions. They have had a wide popularity.

I WALK IN DREAMS OF POETRY.

I walk in dreams of poetry;
They compass me around;
I hear a low and startling voice
In every passing sound;
I meet in every gleaming star,
On which at eve I gaze,
A deep and glorious eye, to fill
My soul with burning rays.

I walk in dreams of poetry;
The very air I breathe
Is filled with visions wild and free,
That round my spirit wreathe;
A shade, a sigh, a floating cloud,
A low and whispered tone—
These have a language to my brain,
A language deep and lone.

I walk in dreams of poetry,
And in my spirit bow
Unto a lone and distant shrine,
That none around me know,
From every heath and hill I bring
A garland rich and rare,
Of flowery thought and murmuring sigh,
To wreathe mine altar fair.

I walk in dreams of poetry:
Strange spells are on me shed;
I have a world within my soul
Where no one else may tread—

Digitized by Google

A deep and wide-spread universe,
Where spirit-sound and sight
Mine inward vision ever greet
With fair and radiant light.

My footsteps tread the earth below,
While soars my soul to heaven:
Small is my portion here—yet there
Bright realms to me are given.
I clasp my kindred's greeting hands,
Walk calmly by their side,
And yet I feel between us stands
A barrier deep and wide.

I watch their deep and household joy
Around the evening hearth,
When the children stand beside each knee
With laugh and shout of mirth.
But oh! I feel unto my soul
A deeper joy is brought—
To rush with eagle wings and strong,
Up in a heaven of thought.

I watch them in their sorrowing hours,
When, with their spirits tossed,
I hear them wail with bitter cries
Their earthly prospects crossed;
I feel that I have sorrows wild
In my heart buried deep—
Immortal griefs that none may share
With me—nor eyes can weep.

And strange it is: I cannot say
If it is wo or weal,
That thus unto my heart can flow
Fountains so few may feel;
The gift that can my spirit raise
The cold, dark earth above,
Has flung a bar between my soul
And many a heart I love.

Yet I walk in dreams of poetry,
And would not change that path,
Though on it from a darkened sky
Were poured a tempest's wrath.
Its flowers are mine, its deathless blooms,
I know not yet the thorn;
I dream not of the evening glooms
In this my radiant morn.

Oh! still in dreams of poetry,
Let me for ever tread,
With earth a temple, where divine,
Bright oracles are shed:
They soften down the earthly ills
From which they cannot save;
They make a romance of our life;
They glorify the grave.

#### SHE COMES TO ME.

She comes to me in robes of snow,
The friend of all my sinless years—
Even as I saw her long ago,
Before she left this vale of tears.

She comes to me in robes of snow—
She walks the chambers of my rest,
With soundless footsteps sad and slow,
That wake no echo in my breast.

I see her in my visions yet,
I see her in my waking hours;
Upon her pale, pure brow is set
A crown of azure hyacinth flowers.

Her golden hair waves round her face,
And o'er her shoulders gently falls:
Each ringlet hath the nameless grace
My spirit yet on earth recalls.

And, bending o'er my lowly bed,
She murmurs—"Oh, fear not to die!—
For thee an angel's tears are shed,
An angel's feast is spread on high.

"Come, then, and meet the joy divine
That features of the spirits wear:
A fleeting pleasure here is thine—
An angel's crown awaits thee there.

"Listen! it is a choral hymn"—
And, gliding softly from my couch,
Her spirit-face waxed faint and dim,
Her white robes vanished at my touch.

She leaves me with her robes of snow—
Hushed is the voice that used to thrill
Around the couch of pain and wo—
She leaves me to my darkness still.

### SARAH S. JACOBS,

A LADY of Rhode Island, the daughter of a Baptist clergyman, the late Rev. Bela Jacobs, is remarkable for her learning and cultivation. She has of late resided at Cambridgeport, Mass. There has been no collection of her writings, except the few poems which have been brought together in Dr. Griswold's Female Poets of America.

#### BENEDETTA.

By an old fountain once at day's decline
We stood. The winged breezes made
Short flights melodious through the lowering vine,
The lindens flung a golden, glimmering shade,
And the old fountain played.
I a stern stranger—a sweet maiden she,
And beautiful as her own Italy.
At length she smiled; her smile the silence broke,
And my heart finding language thus it spoke:
"Whenever Benedetta moves,
Motion then all Nature loves;
When Benedetta is at rest,
Quietness appeareth best.
She makes me dream of pleasant things,
Of the young corn growing;
Of butterflies' transparent wings
In the sunbeams rowing;
Of the summer dawn
Into daylight sliding;
Of Dian's favorite fawn
Among laurels hiding;
Of a movement in the tops
Of the most impulsive trees;
Of cool, glittering drops
God's gracious rainbow sees;
Of pale moons; of saints
Chanting anthems holy;
Of a cloud that faints
In evening slowly;
Of a bird's song in a grove,
Of a rosebud's love;
Of a lily's stem and leaf,
Of dew-silvered meadows;
Of a child's first grief;
Of soft-floating shadows;
Of the violet's breath
To the moist wind given;
Of early death
And heaven."

I ceased: the maiden did not stir,
Nor speak, nor raise her bended head;
And the green vines enfoliaged her,
And the old fountain played.
Then from the church beyond the trees

Google

Chimed the bells to evening prayer:
Fervent the devotions were
Of Benedetta on her knees;
And when her prayer was over,
A most spiritual air
Her whole form invested,
As if God did love her,
And his smile still rested
On her white robe and flesh,
So innocent and fresh—
Touching where'er it fell
With a glory visible.

She smiled, and crossed herself, and smiled again
Upon the heretic's sincere "Amen!"
"Buona notte," soft she said or sung—
It was the same on that sweet southern tongue—
And passed. I blessed the faultless face,
All in composed gentleness arrayed;
Then took farewell of the secluded place;
And the tall lindens flung a glimmering shade
And the old fountain played.

And this was spring. In the autumnal weather,
One golden afternoon I wandered thither;
And to the vineyards, as I passed along,
Murmured this fragment of a broken song:

"I know a peasant girl serene—
What though her home doth lowly lie!
The woods do homage to their queen,
The streams flow reverently nigh
Benedetta, Benedetta!

"Her eyes, the deep, delicious blue
The stars and I love to look through;
Her voice the low, bewildering tone,
Soft winds and she have made their own
Benedetta, Benedetta!"

She was not by the fountain—but a band
Of the fair daughters of that sunny land.
Weeping they were, and as they wept they threw
Flowers on a grave. Then suddenly I knew
Of Benedetta dead:
And weeping too,
O'er beauty perished,
Awhile with her companions there I stood,
Then turned and went back to my solitude;
And the tall lindens flung a glimmering shade,
And the old fountain played.

### ELIZABETH C. KINNEY.

Mrs. Elizabeth C. Kinney is a native of New York, the daughter of Mr. David L. Dodge, a merchant of the city. She is married to Mr. William B. Kinney, editor of the Newark Daily Advertiser, where, as well as in the magazines and literary journals of the day, many of her poetic compositions have appeared. In 1850, she accompanied her husband on his mission as Chargé d'Affaires to Sardinia. A it of her residence abroad has been a narrative m entitled *Felicita, a Metrical Romance;* the s of a lady sold into Moorish captivity by her er, who is rescued by a slave; and after lm s passed through a sorrowful love adventure. a in a convent. The numerous occasional poer f Mrs. Kinney have not been collected.

#### THE SPIRIT OF SONG.

Eternal Fame! thy g[illegible]at rewards,
Throughout all time, shall be
The right of those old master bards
Of Greece and Italy;
And of fair Albion's favored isle,
Where Poesy's celestial smile
Hath shone for ages, gildi[illegible] bright
Her rocky cliffs and ancient towers,
And cheering this New World of ours
With a reflected light.

Yet, though there be no path untrod
By that immortal race—
Who walked with Nature as with God,
And saw her face to face—
No living truth by them unsung,
No thought that hath not found a tongue
In some strong lyre of olden time—
Must every tuneful lute be still
That may not give the world a thrill
Of their great harp sublime?

Oh, not while beating hearts rejoice
In music's simplest tone,
And hear in Nature's every voice
An echo to their own!
Not till these scorn the little rill
That runs rejoicing from the hill,
Or the soft, melancholy glide
Of some deep stream through glen and glade,
Because 'tis not the thunder made
By ocean's heaving tide!

The hallowed lilies of the field
In glory are arrayed,
And timid, blue-eyed violets yield
Their fragrance to the shade;
Nor do the wayside flowers conceal
Those modest charms that sometimes steal
Upon the weary traveller's eyes
Like angels, spreading for his feet
A carpet, filled with odors sweet,
And decked with heavenly dyes.

Thus let the affluent soul of Song—
That all with flowers adorns—
Strew life's uneven path along,
And hide its thousand thorns:
Oh, many a sad and weary heart,
That treads a noiseless way apart,
Has blessed the humble poet's name
For fellowship, refined and free,
In meek wild-flowers of poesy,
That asked no higher fame!

And pleasant as the waterfall
To one by deserts bound,
Making the air all musical
With cool, inviting sound—
Is oft some unpretending strain
Of rural song, to him whose brain
Is fevered in the sordid strife
That Avarice breeds 'twixt man and man,
While moving on, in caravan,
Across the sands of Life.

Yet not for these alone he sings:
The poet's breast is stirred
As by the spirit that takes wings
And carols in the bird!
He thinks not of a future name,
Nor whence his inspiration came,
Nor whither goes his warbled song:
As Joy itself delights in joy,
His soul finds life in its employ,
And grows by utterance strong.

### SARA JANE LIPPINCOTT.

This lady, whose productions in prose and verse are known to the public under her *nom de plume* "Grace Greenwood," was born at Onondaga, in the State of New York, of New England parent-

Digitized by Google

rge. Her early years were passed at Rochester, New York. Her father afterwards removed to New Brighton, a picturesquely situated village in Beaver Co., Western Pennsylvania, where she has since chiefly resided. In 1853 she was married to Mr. Lippincott, of Philadelphia.

Grace Greenwood

Two series of *Greenwood Leaves*, portions of which were originally contributed as letters to the New Mirror of Messrs. Morris and Willis, have been published in Boston by Messrs. Ticknor and Co., who also issued a volume of the author's *Poetical Works* in 1851. Mrs. Lippincott has also published *Haps and Mishaps of a Tour in Europe*, including an enthusiastic account of numerous European friends of the author, and several juvenile books, *History of My Pets*, *Recollections of My Childhood and Merrie England*.

The prose writings of "Grace Greenwood" are animated by a hearty spirit of out-of-door life and enjoyment, and a healthy, sprightly view of society. Her poems are the expressions of a prompt, generous nature.

### ARIADNE.

[The demi-god, Theseus, having won the love of Ariadne, daughter of the king of Crete, deserted her on the isle of Naxos. In Miss Bremer's "H—— Family," the blind girl is described as singing, "*Ariadne à Naxos*," in which Ariadne is represented as following Theseus, climbing a high rock to watch his departing vessel, and calling on him in her despairing anguish.]

Daughter of Crete, how one brief hour,
Ere in thy young love's early morn,
Sends storm and darkness o'er thy bower—
Oh doomed, oh desolate, oh lorn!
The breast which pillowed thy fair head
Rejects its burden—and the eye
Which looked its love so earnestly,
Its last cold glance hath on thee shed—
The arms which were thy living zone,
Around thee closely, warmly thrown,
Shall others clasp, deserted one!

Yet, Ariadne, worthy thou
Of the dark fate which meets thee now,
For thou art grovelling in thy woe—
Arouse thee! joy to bid him go.
For god above, or man below,
Whose love's warm and impetuous tide
Cold interest or selfish pride
Can chill, or stay, or turn aside,
Is all too poor and mean a thing
One shade o'er woman's brow to fling
Of grief, regret, or fear.
To cloud one morning's rosy light,
Disturb the sweet dreams of one night,
To cause the soft lash of her eye
To droop one moment mournfully,
Or tremble with one tear!

'Tis thou should'st triumph—thou art free
From chains that bound thee for awhile—
This, this the farewell meet for thee,
Proud princess, on that lonely isle!

"Go, to thine Athens bear thy faithless name!
Go, base betrayer of a holy trust!
Oh, I could bow me in my utter shame,
And lay my crimson forehead in the dust,
If I had ever loved thee as thou art,
Folding mean falsehood to my high, true heart!

"But thus I loved thee not. Before me bowed
A being glorious in majestic pride
And breathed his love, and passionately vowed
To worship only me, his peerless bride;
And this was thou, but crowned, enrobed, entwined,
With treasures borrowed from my own rich mind.

"I knew thee not a creature of my dreams,
And my rapt soul went floating into thine;
My love around thee poured such halo beams
Had'st thou been true had made thee all divine
And I, too, seemed immortal in my bliss,
When my glad lip thrilled to thy burning kiss.

"Shrunken and shrivelled into Theseus now
Thou stand'st—the gods have blown away
The airy crown which glittered on thy brow,
The gorgeous robes which wrapt thee for a day.
Around thee scarce one fluttering fragment clings,
A poor, lean beggar in all glorious things!

"Nor will I deign to cast on thee my hate—
It were a ray to tinge with splendour still
The dull, dim twilight of thy after fate—
Thou shalt pass from me like a dream of ill,
Thy name be but a thing that crouching stole,
Like a poor thief, all noiseless from my soul!

"Though thou hast dared to steal the sacred flame
From out that soul's high heaven, she sets thee free,
Or only chains thee with thy sounding shame—
Her memory is no Caucasus for thee!
And even her hovering hate would o'er thee fling
Too much of glory from its shadowy wing!

"Thou think'st to leave my life a lonely night—
Ha, it is night all glorious with its stars!
Hopes yet unclouded beaming forth their light,
And free thoughts welling in their silver cars,
And queenly pride, serene, and cold, and high,
Moves the Diana of its calm, clear sky.

"If poor and humble thou believest me,
Mole of a demi-god, how blind art thou!
For I am rich in scorn to pour on thee,
And gods shall bend from high Olympus' brow,
And gaze in wonder on my lofty pride—
Naxos be hallowed, I be deified!"

On the tall cliff, where cold and pale,
Thou watchest his receding sail,

Digitized by Google

Where thou, the daughter of a king,
Wail'st like a breaking wind-harp's string—
Bend'st like a weak and wilted flower,
Before a summer evening's shower;
There should'st rear thy royal form
Like a young oak amid the storm
Uncrushed, unbowed, unriven!
Let thy last glance burn through the air,
And fall far down upon him there,
Like lightning stroke from heaven!

There should'st thou mark o'er billowy crest,
His white sail flutter and depart;
No wild fears surging at thy breast,
No vain hopes quivering round thy heart!
And this brief, burning prayer alone,
Leap from thy lips to Jove's high throne:

"Just Jove, thy wrathful vengeance stay,
And speed the traitor on his way!
Make vain the siren's silver song,
Let nereids smile the wave along!
O'er the wild waters send his barque,
Like a swift arrow to its mark!
Let whirlwinds gather at his back,
And drive him on his dastard track!
Let thy red bolts behind him burn,
And blast him should he dare to turn!"

## ALICE CAREY—PHEBE CAREY.

Alice Carey was born in Mount Healthy, near Cincinnati, in 1822. She first attracted notice as a writer by a series of sketches of rural life in the National Era, with the signature of Patty Lee. In 1850 she published, with her younger sister Phebe, a volume of *Poems* at Philadelphia.

A volume of prose sketches—*Clovernook, or Recollections of Our Neighborhood in the West*—followed in 1851. A second series of these pleasant papers appeared in 1853. A third gleaning from the same field, for the benefit of more youthful readers, was made in 1855 in *Clovernook Children*. *Lyra, and Other Poems*, was published in 1852; followed by *Lazar, a Story of To-day*, in 1853. She has since published two other stories—*Married, not Mated*, and *Hollywood*—and a new collection of *Poems* in 1855.

Miss Alice Carey has rapidly attained a deservedly high position. Her poems are thoughtful, forcible, and melodiously expressed. In common with her prose writings, they are drawn from her own observation of life and nature.

### PICTURES OF MEMORY.

Among the beautiful pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
Is one of a dim old forest,
That seemeth best of all:
Not for its gnarled oaks olden,
Dark with the mistletoe;
Not for the violets golden
That sprinkle the vale below;
Not for the milk-white lilies
That lean from the fragrant hedge,
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,
And stealing their golden edge;
Not for the vines on the upland
Where the bright red berries rest,
Nor the pinks, nor the pale, sweet cowslip,
It seemeth to me the best.

I once had a little brother,
With eyes that were dark and deep—
In the lap of that old dim forest
He lieth in peace asleep:
Light as the down of the thistle,
Free as the winds that blow,
We roved there the beautiful summers
The summers of long ago;
But his feet on the hills grew weary,
And, one of the autumn eves,
I made for my little brother
A bed of the yellow leaves.

Sweetly his pale arms folded
My neck in a meek embrace,
As the light of immortal beauty
Silently covered his face:
And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the tree-tops bright,
He fell, in his saint-like beauty,
Asleep by the gates of light.
Therefore, of all the pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
The one of the dim old forest
Seemeth the best of all.

### MULBERRY HILL.

Oh, sweet was the eve when I came from the mill,
Adown the green windings of Mulberry Hill:
My heart like a bird with its throat all in tune,
That sings in the beautiful bosom of June.

For there, at her spinning, beneath a broad tree,
By a rivulet shining and blue as the sea,
I first saw my Mary—her tiny feet bare,
And the buds of the sumach among her black hair.

They called me a bold enough youth, and I would
Have kept the name honestly earned, if I could;
But, somehow, the song I had whistled was hushed,
And, spite of my manhood, I felt that I blushed.

I would tell you, but words cannot paint my delight,
When she gave the red buds for a garland of white,
When her cheek with soft blushes—but no, 'tis in vain!
Enough that I loved, and she loved me again.

Three summers have come and gone by with their charms,
And a cherub of purity smiles in my arms,
With lips like the rosebud and locks softly light
As the flax which my Mary was spinning that night.

And in the dark shadows of Mulberry Hill,
By the grass-covered road where I came from the mill,
And the rivulet shining and blue as the sea,
My Mary lies sleeping beneath the broad tree.

### NOBILITY.

Hilda is a lofty lady,
Very proud is she—
I am but a simple herdsman
Dwelling by the sea.
Hilda hath a spacious palace,
Broad, and white, and high;
Twenty good dogs guard the portal—
Never house had I.

Hilda hath a thousand meadows—
Boundless forest lands:
She hath men and maids for service—
I have but my hands.
The sweet summer's ripest roses
Hilda's cheeks outvie—
Queens have paled to see her beauty—
But my beard have I.

Hilda from her palace windows
Looketh down on me,
Keeping with my dove-brown oxen
By the silver sea.

Digitized by Google

When her dulcet harp she playeth,
Wild birds singing nigh,
Cluster, listening, by her white hands—
But my reed have I.

I am but a simple herdsman,
With nor house nor lands;
She hath men and maids for service—
I have but my hands.
And yet what are all her crimsons
To my sunset sky—
With my free hands and my manhood
Hilda's peer am I.

Miss Phebe Carey has, like her sister, been a frequent contributor to the periodicals of the day. She published in 1854 a volume of *Poems and Parodies*.

COMING HOME.

How long it seems since first we heard
The cry of "land in sight!"
Our vessel surely never sailed
So slowly till to-night.
When we discerned the distant hills,
The sun was scarcely set,
And, now the noon of night is passed,
They seem no nearer yet.

Where the blue Rhine reflected back
Each frowning castle wall,
Where, in the forest of the Hartz,
Eternal shadows fall—
Or where the yellow Tiber flowed
By the old hills of Rome—
I never felt such restlessness,
Such longing for our home.

Dost thou remember, oh, my friend,
When we beheld it last,
How shadows from the setting sun
Upon our cot were cast?
Three summer-times upon its walls
Have shone for us in vain;
But oh, we're hastening homeward now,
To leave it not again.

There, as the last star dropped away
From Night's imperial brow,
Did not our vessel "round the point?"
The land looks nearer now!
Yes, as the first faint beams of day
Fell on our native shore,
They're dropping anchor in the bay,
We're home, we're home once more!

ELISE JUSTINE BAYARD.

Miss E. J. Bayard, the daughter of Mr. Robert Bayard of Glenwood, near Fishkill, N. Y., is the author of a number of poems, several of which have appeared in the Knickerbocker Magazine and Literary World. The following is noticeable for its thought and feeling, and no less for its happy literary execution.

FUNERAL CHANT FOR THE OLD YEAR.

'Tis the death-night of the solemn Old Year!
And it calleth from its shroud
With a hollow voice and loud,
But serene:
And it saith—"What have I given
That hath brought thee nearer heaven?
Dost thou weep, as one forsaken,
For the treasures I have taken?
Standest thou beside my hearse
With a blessing or a curse?
Is it well with thee or worse
Than I have been?

'Tis the death-night of the solemn Old Year!
The midnight shades that fall,—
They will serve it for a pall,
In their gloom;—
And the misty vapours crowding
Are the withered corse enshrouding;
And the black clouds looming off in
The far sky, have plumed the coffin,
But the vaults of human souls,
Where the memory unrolls
All her tear-besprinkled scrolls,
Are its tomb!

'Tis the death-night of the solemn Old Year!
The moon hath gone to weep
With a mourning still and deep
For her loss:—
The stars dare not assemble
Through the murky night to tremble—
The naked trees are groaning
With an awful, mystic moaning—
Wings sweep upon the air,
Which a solemn message bear,
And hosts, whose banners wear
A crowned cross!

'Tis the death-night of the solemn Old Year!
Who make the funeral train
When the queen hath ceased to reign?
Who are here
With the golden crowns that follow
All invested with a halo?
With a splendour transitory
Shines the midnight from their glory,
And the pæan of their song
Rolls the aisles of space along,
But the left hearts are less strong,
For they were dear!

'Tis the death-night of the solemn Old Year!
With a dull and heavy tread
Tramping forward with the dead
Who come last?
Ling'ring with their faces groundward,
Though their feet are marching onward,
They are shrieking,—they are calling
On the rocks in tones appalling,
But Earth waves them from her view,—
And the God-light dazzles through,
And they shiver, as spars do,
Before the blast!

'Tis the death-night of the solemn Old Year!
We are parted from our place
In her motherly embrace,
And are lone!
For the infant and the stranger
It is sorrowful to change her—
She hath cheered the night of mourning
With a promise of the dawning;
She hath shared in our delight
With a gladness true and bright:
Oh! we need her joy to-night—
But she is gone!

CAROLINE MAY.

This lady is the daughter of a clergyman of the Dutch Reformed Church of the City of New York. The chief collection of her poems is included in a few pages of Mr. Griswold's Female Poets of America. She is the editor of a Collection of the Female Poets of America, which ap-

Digitized by Google

peared at Philadelphia in 1848, and of a volume, *Treasured Thoughts from Favorite Authors.*

THE SABBATH OF THE YEAR.

It is the sabbath of the year;
And if ye'll walk abroad,
A holy sermon ye shall hear,
Full worthy of record.
Autumn the preacher is; and look—
As other preachers do,
He takes a text from the one Great Book,
A text both sad and true.

With a deep, earnest voice, he saith—
A voice of gentle grief,
Fitting the minister of Death—
"Ye all fade as a leaf;
And your iniquities, like the wind,
Have taken you away;
Ye fading flutterers, weak and blind,
Repent, return, and pray."

And then the Wind ariseth slow,
And giveth out a psalm—
And the organ-pipes begin to blow,
Within the forest calm;
Then all the Trees lift up their hands,
And lift their voices higher,
And sing the notes of spirit bands
In full and glorious choir.

Yes! 'tis the sabbath of the year!
And it doth surely seem,
(But words of reverence and fear
Should speak of such a theme.)
That the corn is gathered for the bread,
And the berries for the wine,
And a sacramental feast is spread,
Like the Christian's pardon sign.

And the Year, with sighs of penitence,
The holy feast bendis o'er;
For she must die, and go out hence—
Die, and be seen no more.
Then are the choir and organ still,
The psalm melts in the air,
The Wind bows down beside the hill,
And all are hushed in prayer.

Then comes the Sunset in the West,
Like a patriarch of old,
Or like a saint who hath won his rest,
His robes, and his crown of gold;
And forth his arms he stretcheth wide,
And with solemn tone and clear
He blesseth, in the eventide,
The sabbath of the year.

## HARRIET WINSLOW LIST.

THE following poem was brought into notice a few years since by Mr. Longfellow, who included it in the choice collection of minor poems, *The Waif.* It was printed there anonymously with the omission of a few of its stanzas. The author was Miss Harriet Winslow, since married to Mr. Charles List of Pennsylvania.

TO THE UNBAPTIZED.

Why thus longing, thus for ever sighing
For the far-off, unattained and dim;
While the beautiful all around thee lying,
Offers up its low, perpetual hymn?

Wouldst thou listen to its gentle teaching,
All thy restless yearning it would still,
Leaf and flower and laden bee are preaching
Thine own sphere, though humble, first to fill.

Poor indeed thou must be, if around thee
Thou no ray of light and joy canst throw;
If no silken cord of love hath bound thee
To some little world through weal or woe;

If no dear eyes thy fond love can brighten,—
No fond voices answer to thine own;
If no brother's sorrow thou canst lighten
By daily sympathy and gentle tone.

Not by deeds that win the crowd's applauses,
Not by works that give thee world-renown,
Not by martyrdom, or vaunted crosses,
Canst thou win and wear the immortal crown:

Daily struggling, though unloved and lonely,
Every day a rich reward will give;
Thou wilt find, by hearty striding only,
And truly loving, thou canst truly live.

Dost thou revel in the rosy morning,
When all nature hails the lord of light;
And his smile, the mountain-tops adorning,
Robes yon fragrant field in radiance bright.

Other hands may grasp the field and forest;
Proud proprietors in pomp may shine:
But with fervent love if thou adorest,
Thou art wealthier;—all the world is thine.

Yet, if through earth's wide domains thou rovest,
Sighing that they are not thine alone,
Not those fair fields, but thyself thou lovest,
And their beauty, and thy wealth are gone.

Nature wears the colours of the spirit;
Sweetly to her worshipper she sings;
All the glory, grace, she doth inherit
Round her trusting child she fondly flings.

## ELIZABETH LLOYD.

MISS ELIZABETH LLOYD, a lady of Philadelphia, is the author of the following poem, which recently attracted attention in "going the rounds of the press." It was stated in the newspapers to have been taken from an Oxford edition of Milton's Works.

MILTON ON HIS BLINDNESS.

I am old and blind!
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown:
Afflicted and deserted of my kind,
Yet am I not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong:
I murmur not, that I no longer see;
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,
Father Supreme! to Thee.

O merciful One!
When men are farthest, then art Thou most near;
When friends pass by, my weakness to shun,
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face
Is leaning toward me, and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place—
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee,
I recognise Thy purpose, clearly shown;
My vision Thou hast dimmed, that I may see
Thyself, Thyself alone.

I have naught to fear;
This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing;
Beneath it I am almost sacred—here
Can come no evil thing.

Oh! I seem to stand
Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,
Wrapped in the radiance from Thy sinless land,
Which eye hath never seen.



Digitized by Google

Visions come and go;
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng;
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

It is nothing now,
When heaven is opening on my sightless eyes,
When airs from Paradise refresh my brow,
The earth in darkness lies.

In a purer clime,
My being fills with rapture—waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit—strains sublime
Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre!
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine:
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire
Lit by no skill of mine.

### CAROLINE CHESEBRO'.

Miss Chesebro' was born at Canandaigua, where she has always resided with her family. Her first literary articles, a series of tales and sketches, were written for Graham's Magazine and Holden's Dollar Magazine in 1848. Since that time contributions have appeared from her pen in The Knickerbocker, Putnam's, Harpers', and other magazines, and in the newspapers, to which on two occasions, in Philadelphia and New York, she contributed prize tales. In 1851 she published a collection of tales and sketches, *Dream-Land by Daylight, a Panorama of Romance*. The title is suggestive of the fanciful, reflective, and occasionally sombre character of the work, qualities which also mark Miss Chesebro's later and more elaborate productions, *Isa, a Pilgrimage*, and *The Children of Light, a Theme for the Times*, tales, each occupying a separate volume, and written with energy and thoughtfulness. The scene of these writings is laid in America at the present day. They are grave in tone, and aim rather at the exhibition of mental emotion than the outward, salient points of character.

#### THE BLACK FROST.

Methinks
This word of love is fit for all the world,
And that for gentle hearts another name
Would speak of gentler thoughts than the world owns.

It was a clear, calm night. Brightly shone the innumerable stars: the fixed orbs of giant magnitude, the little twinkling points of light, the glorious constellations—in their imperial beauty stood they, gazing upon the mysterious face of darkness—a clear, calm, terribly cold night.

Winter had not as yet fairly set in. There had been no snow, but it was very late in the autumn, and the grass, and the flowering shrubs and trees, looked as though they had each and all felt the cruel breath of the Destroyer, as he pronounced the doom upon them.

People rubbed their hands, and talked with quivering lips of the hard winter coming, as they hastened, in the increasing shadows of the night, to their homes. The children, warmed and gladdened by the bright fires that were kindled on the hearth-stones, romped, and frolicked, and prophesied, with knowing looks, about snow-balling, sleigh-rides, skating, and all manner of fun. The young girls met together, and talked merrily of coming gaieties; the old man wondered whether he should see another spring-time; and the poor crept to their beds at nightfall, glad to forget everything—cold, hunger, and misery—in sleep.

Midnight came. More and more brightly shone the stars—they glowed, they trembled, and smiled on one another. The cold became intense—in the deep silence how strangely looked the branches of the leafless trees! how desolate the gardens and the forest—how *very still* the night did seem!

Close beside an humble cottage, under a huge bush of flowering-currant, had flourished all the autumn a tiny violet-root. And still, during the increasing cold of the latter days, the leaves had continued green and vigorous, and the flowers opened.

There had been an arrival at the cottage that day. Late in the afternoon, a father and mother, with their child, had returned from long wandering in foreign lands.

A student had watched their coming. In the morning, he had gathered a flower from that little root in their garden, and now, as he sat in the long hours of night, poring over his books, he kept the violet still beside him, in a vase which held the treasures of a green-house, and his eyes rested often on the pale blue modest flower.

At nightfall, a youthful form had stood for a moment at the cottage-door, and the young invalid's eyes, which so eagerly sought all familiar things, at last rested on those still living flowers—flowers, where she had thought to find all dead, even as were those buds which once gave fair promise of glorious opening in her girl-heart! Unmindful of the cold and dampness, she stepped from the house, and passed to the violet-root, and, gathering all the flowers but one, she placed them in her hair, and then hastened with a shiver back to the cottage.

In the fast-increasing cold, the leaves that were left bowed down close to the earth, and the delicate flowers crowning the pale, slender stem, trembled under the influence of the frost.

The little chamber where Mary lay down to rest, was that which, from her childhood, had been set apart for her occupation; a pleasant room, endeared to her by a thousand joyful dreams dreamed within its shade—solemnized to her also by that terrible wakening to sorrow which she had known.

She reclined now on her bed in the silentness, the darkness; but she rested not, she slept not. The young girl's eyes, fixed on the far-off stars, on the glorious heavens, her thoughts wandered wild and free, but her body was circled by the arm of Death.

She had not yet slept at all that night; she had not slept for many nights. Winter was reigning in Mary's heart—it had long reigned there. She was remembering now, while others nestled in the arms of forgetfulness, those days that were gone, when she had looked with such trust and joy upon the years to be—how that she had longed for the slowly-unfolding future to develop itself fully, completely! how she had wholly given herself to the fancies and the hopes of the untried. Alas! she had reached, she had passed, too soon, that crisis of life which unfolds next to the expectant the season of winter—she had seen the gay flowers fading, the leaves withering, the glory of summer pass. And yet how young, how very young she was!

They who saw the shadow brooding over her, out of which she could not move, they who loved, who almost worshipped her, the father and the mother, had in every manner sought, how vainly! to stop the course of that disease which fastened upon her—they could not dispel the sorrow which had blighted her life. She also, for a moment, desperately as they, had striven with her grief, but now, in the cheerless autumn time, she was come back to her home, feeling that it would be easier there to die.

Gazing from her couch out upon the "steadfast skies"—thinking on the past, and the to-come—the

Digitized by Google

to-come of the dying! Yet the thought of death and judgment terrified her not. Surely she would find mercy and heart's ease in the Heaven over which the merciful is king!

But suddenly, in the night's stillness, in the coldness and the darkness, she arose; and steadfastly gazed, for an instant, upward, far upward, where a star shot from the zenith, down, down, to the very horizon. She fell back at the sight, her spirit sped away with that swift glory flash—*Mary was dead!*

In that moment the student also stood beside his window. The fire in the grate had died away, the lamp was nearly exhausted; wearied with his long-continued work, he had risen, and now, for an instant, stood looking upon the heavens. There was sadness and weariness in his heart. The little violet, and the travellers' return, had strangely affected him: for once he found not in his books the satisfaction which he sought: he felt that another life than that of a plodding book-worm might be led by him. His dreams in the morning hour were not pleasant as he slept. They were solely of one whose love he had set at naught for the smiles of a sterner love; of one whom he now thought of, as in the spring-time of his life, when she was all the world to him. And now that she was come again, and he should see her once more! ah, he would bow before her as he once had, and she, who was ever so gentle, so loving, so good, would not spurn him: she would forget his forgetfulness, she would yet give to him that peace, that joy which he had never quaffed at the fountains of learning!

Up rose the sun, and people saw how the Black Frost was over the earth, binding all things in its hard, close, cold embrace. Later in the morning, a little child, passing by the cottage, paused and peeped through the bars upon the violet-root. Yesternight, when she went home from school, she saw the flowers blooming there, the pale, blue, faint-hearted looking flowers—and now she remembered to look if they were there still. But though she looked long and steadfastly where the sunlight fell beneath the currant-bush, she could not see that she sought for; so passing quietly through the gate, she stooped down where the violets had been, and felt the leaves, and knew that they were frozen; and it was only by an effort that she kept back the fast-gathering tears, when she looked on the one flower Mary had left, and saw how it was drooped and dead.

But a sadder sight, and one more full of meaning, was presented in the pleasant chamber, whose window opened on the yard where the blossoming bushes grew. For there a woman bent over the bed whereon another frost-killed flower lay, moaning in the bitterness of grief, the death of her one treasure!

Still later in the day another mourner stood in that silent place, thinking of the meteor and the violet. It was the student, he who in remorse and anguish came, bemoaning the frost-blighted. Too late, too late, he came to tell his love—too late to crave forgiveness, too late to soothe the broken-hearted! Now stood he himself in the valley of the shadow of woe.

And the snow and the storms abounded. Winter was come!

## EDWARD MATURIN,

The author of several historical novels, and of a volume of poems of merit, is the son of the celebrated Irish novelist and dramatist, the Rev. Charles Robert Maturin. He has for a number of years been a resident of New York, and has married an American lady.

Mr. Maturin has published *Montezuma, The Last of the Aztecs*, a spirited prose romance, drawn from the brilliant and pathetic history of the Mexican chieftain, followed by *Benjamin, the Jew of Granada*, a story the scene of which is laid in the romantic era of the fall of the Moslem empire in Spain, and in 1848, *Eva, or the Isles of Life and Death*; a historical romance of the twelfth century in England, in which Dermod M'Murrough acts a leading part.

In 1850 he published *Lyrics of Spain and Erin*, a volume of genuine enthusiasm, and refined though irregular poetic expression. The author, who shows much of the poet in his prose writings, finds in the stirring historical ballad of Spain and the pathetic legend of Ireland his appropriate themes.

The latest production of Mr. Maturin was *Bianca*, a passionate story of Italian and Irish incident, published by the Harpers in 1853.

### THE SEASONS—FROM A POEM "THE WOODS."

What spirit moves within your holy shrine?
'Tis Spring—the year's young bride, that gladly pours
Above—around—an effluence Divine
Of light and life, falling in golden showers—
And with her come the sportive nymphs in dance
Like waves that gambol in the Summer's glance,
Untwining bowers from their Winter's sleep,
Unlocking rivers from their fountains deep,
Tinting the leaf with verdure, that had lain
Long-hid, like gold within the torpid grain,
Chaunting her choral song, as Nature's eyes
First greet the bridal of the earth and skies.

The Spring is past;—and blushing summer comes,
Music and sunshine throng her scented way;
The birds send gladly from their bowered homes,
Their pean at the birth of flowery May!
From close to shut of Day; yes, far and near
The spell of mystic music chains the ear;
All Nature, from her bosom pouring forth
Sounds such as make a Temple of the earth
Returns in one full stream of harmony
The angel-echoes that she hears on high—
Beautiful Summer! fling thy crown of flowers
O'er this dull earth through winter's weary hours;
Let them not fade—oh! let not sere and blight
Darken thy prism'd couch with shade of Night;
Let not thy music ever break its spell,
Like heaven-bound pilgrim bidding earth "Farewell!"
Oh! silence not thy music—let thy flowers
Be earth's bright stars responding to the skies;
Wreathing her graves with those immortal bowers
Thy rosy hand 'twined 'round the Dead in Paradise!

Oh! not a vision here but it must pass
Like our own image from Life's spectre-glass;
Summer is faded, and the Autumn sere
Gathers the fallen leaves upon her bier,
And, like the venomed breath of the Simoom
That turns Zahara's desert to a tomb,
Breathes on the buried Summer's shrined abode,
And leaves a spectre what she found—a God!
'Tis thus, ye woods! your melancholy tale
Hath more of truth than rose and lily pale,
When the bright glories of the summer vie
To make the earth a mirror of the sky.
In Autumn's time-worn volume do we read
The sacred moral—All things earthly fade;
And trace upon the page of every leaf
That first and latest human lesson—grief!

Digitized by Google

But hark! that dreary blast that rolls
Like heart-wrung wailings of unburied souls,
'Tis winter's breath
That comes from the land of Death
Where the Arctic fetters the main;
Like the lightning it darts
When its meteor parts
And dissolves, like the cloud in rain;
And now pale Winter cometh frore
From the dark North's drear and lifeless shore;
And round his form, trembling and old,
Hangs his snow-robe in drifting fold,
As that ye see on the mountain-height,
Like Death asleep in the calm moonlight—
His diadem gleams with the icicle bright,
And his sceptre of ice to destroy and to smite;
Like a monarch he sweeps from the mount to the vale,
In his chariot that glistens with hoar-frost and hail:
His palace the iceberg adorned with spars,
Like a wandering heaven all fretted with stars.

### WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE

Is a native of Lexington, Kentucky. He received his education in that state, studied law and came to New York, where he has been since a resident. In 1848, he published *Alban, a Poetical Composition*, "a romance of New York, intended to illustrate the influence of certain prejudices of society and principles of law upon individual character and destiny."* In 1851, he published *Meditations in America, and other Poems*. They are mostly marked by a certain grandeur of thought and eloquence of expression.

#### OF THINE OWN COUNTRY SING.

I met the wild-eyed Genius of our Land
In Huron's forest vast and dim;
I saw her sweep a harp with stately hand;
I heard her solemn hymn.

She sang of Nations that had passed away
From her own broad imperial clime;
Of Nations new to whom she gave the sway:
She sang of God and Time.

I saw the PAST with all its rhythmic lore:
I saw the PRESENT clearly glow;
Shapes with veiled faces paced a far dim shore
And whispered "Joy" and "Woe!"

Her large verse pictured mountain, vale, and bay,
Our wide, calm rivers rolled along,
And many a mighty Lake and Prairie lay
In the shadow of her Song.

As in Missouri's mountain range, the vast
Wild Wind majestically flies
From crag to crag till on the top at last
The wild Wind proudly dies.

So died the Hymn.—"O Genius! how can I
Crown me with Song as thou art crowned?"
She, smiling, pointed to the spotless sky
And the forest-tops around—

Then sang—"Not to the far-off Lands of Eld
Must thou for inspiration go:
There Milton's large imperial organ swelled,
There Avon's waters flow.

"No Alien-Bard where TASSO's troubled lyre
Made sorrow fair, unchallenged dwells—
Where deep-eyed DANTÉ with the wreath of fire
Came chanting from his Hells.

"Yet sometimes sing the old majestic themes
Of Europe in her song enshrined:
These going wind-like o'er thy Sea of Dreams,
May liberalize the mind.

"Or learn from mournful ASIA, as she lies
Musing at noon beneath her stately palms,
Her angel-lore, her wide-browed prophecies,
Her solemn-sounding psalms:

"Or sit with AFRIC when her eyes of flame
Smoulder in dreams, beneath their swarthy lids,
Of youthful Sphynx, and Kings at loud acclaim
On new-built Pyramids.

"But know thy Highest dwells at Home: there Art
And choral Inspirations spring;
If thou would'st touch the Universal Heart,
OF THINE OWN COUNTRY SING.

### CHARLES ASTOR BRISTED,

THE only son of the late Rev. John Bristed and Magdalen Bentzon, eldest daughter of the late John Jacob Astor, was born in New York in 1820. He entered Yale College, where he took the first Berkeleian prize for Latin composition *solus* in the freshman and sophomore years, and divided the Berkeleian classical prize of the senior year with A. R. Macdonough, a son of Commodore Macdonough. He was a frequent contributor at this time to the Yale Literary Magazine. Having completed his studies at Yale, he went to England, and passed five years at the University of Cambridge, taking his B.A. degree at Trinity College in 1845. At Trinity he gained a classical prize the first year, the under-graduate and bachelor prizes for English essays, and the first prize-cup for an English oration. He was also elected foundation-scholar of the college in 1844. In the university he gained the under-graduate's Latin essay prize in 1843, and was placed eighth in the Classical Tripos of his year.

Having returned to America, he was married in 1847 to the daughter of the late Henry Brevoort, one of the earliest friends and collaborators of Washington Irving.

Mr. Bristed was at this time and afterwards a frequent contributor of articles, poetical translations, critical papers on the classics, and sketches of society, to the Literary World, Knickerbocker, the Whig Review, and other journals. Mr. Bristed edited in 1849 *Selections from Catullus*, a school edition, by G. G. Cookesley, one of the assistant-masters of Eton, which he revised, with additional notes.

In 1850 he published *A Letter to the Hon. Horace Mann*, in reply to some reflections of the latter on Stephen Girard and John Jacob Astor, in a tract entitled "Thoughts for a Young Man."

In 1852 appeared *The Upper Ten Thousand*, a collection of sketches of New York society, contributed to Fraser's Magazine; which being written for an English periodical, were minute in description of matters familiar at home, but this particularity gave interest to the life-like narra-

* Griswold's Poets of America, Art. Wallace.

Digitized by Google

tion in America as well. A certain personal piquancy added to the attraction.

At the same time Mr. Bristed published two volumes of a graver character, *Five Years in an English University*, in which he described with spirit, in a knowing, collegiate style, the manners, customs, studies, and ideas of a complex organization and mode of life but little understood in America. In a rather extensive appendix to the first edition of this work the author added a series of his college orations and prize essays, and of the examination papers of the university. The work was an acceptable one to scholars, and those interested in the educational discipline on this side of the Atlantic, as well as to the general reader.

Of late years Mr. Bristed has passed much of his time in Paris, and in the summer at Baden-Baden. In a frequent correspondence with the New York Spirit of the Times he has recorded the life of Europe passing under his eye, in matters of art, literature, the drama, and the social aspect of the times. He has also resumed his contributions to Fraser's Magazine on American topics. An article in the number for July, 1855, from his pen, treats of the relation of the English press to the United States.

The writings of Mr. Bristed exhibit the union of the man of the world and of books. His pictures of society are somewhat remarkable for a vein of freedom and candor of statement. As a critic of Greek and Latin classical topics he is diligent and acute, displaying some of the best qualities of the trained English university man. He has also published numerous occasional clever poetical translations of classical niceties from Theocritus, Ovid, and such moderns as Walter de Mapes.

### HENRY R. JACKSON

Was born at Athens, Georgia, in 1820. He is the son of Dr. Henry Jackson, formerly professor of natural philosophy in Franklin college in that state. He was educated to the bar, and early held the office of United States district attorney for Georgia. At the commencement of the war with Mexico he raised at Savannah a company of one hundred men, called the Jasper Greens; marched to Columbus to form a regiment; was elected colonel, proceeded to Mexico, and served with distinction. On his return he was appointed Judge of the Superior Court of the Eastern District of Georgia. He is at present Resident Minister at Vienna, to which he was appointed in 1853.

In 1850 Mr. Jackson published a volume, a collection of fugitive verses, *Tallulah and other Poems*. Its themes are chiefly local, and of a patriotic interest, or occupied with the fireside affections. The expression is spirited and manly. His Georgia lyrics, and his descriptions of the scenery of the state, are animated and truthful productions.

#### THE LIVE-OAK.

With his gnarled old arms, and his iron form,
  Majestic in the wood,
From age to age, in the sun and storm,
  The live-oak long hath stood;

With his stately air, that grave old tree,
  He stands like a hooded monk,
With the grey moss waving solemnly
  From his shaggy limbs and trunk.

And the generations come and go,
  And still he stands upright,
And he sternly looks on the wood below,
  As conscious of his might.
But a mourner sad is the hoary tree,
  A mourner sad and lone,
And is clothed in funeral drapery
  For the long since dead and gone.

For the Indian hunter beneath his shade
  Has rested from the chase;
And he here has woo'd his dusky maid—
  The dark-eyed of her race;
And the tree is red with the gushing gore
  As the wild deer panting dies:
But the maid is gone, and the chase is o'er,
  And the old oak hoarsely sighs.

In former days, when the battle's din
  Was loud amid the land,
In his friendly shadow, few and thin,
  Have gathered Freedom's band;
And the stern old oak, how proud was he
  To shelter hearts so brave!
But they all are gone—the bold and free—
  And he moans above their grave.

And the aged oak, with his locks of grey,
  Is ripe for the sacrifice;
For the worm and decay, no lingering prey,
  Shall he tower towards the skies!
He falls, he falls, to become our guard,
  The bulwark of the free,
And his bosom of steel is proudly bared
  To brave the raging sea!

When the battle comes, and the cannon's roar
  Booms o'er the shuddering deep,
Then nobly he'll bear the bold hearts o'er
  The waves, with bounding leap.
Oh! may those hearts be as firm and true,
  When the war-clouds gather dun,
As the glorious oak that proudly grew
  Beneath our southern sun.

### HENRY W. PARKER.

The Rev. Henry W. Parker, of Brooklyn, New York, is the author of a volume of poems published at Auburn, New York, in 1850. It is a delicate book, with many proofs of refinement and scholarship, while a certain philosophical texture runs through it. An appendix contains several ingenious and fine-thoughted prose papers.

In 1851 Mr. Parker recited a poem, *The Story of a Soul*, before the Psi Upsilon Convention at Hamilton College.

#### THE CITY OF THE DEAD.

Go forth and breathe the purer air with me,
  And leave the city's sounding streets;
There is another city, sweet to see,
  Whose heart with no delirium beats;
The solid earth beneath it never feels
  The dance of joy, the rush of care,
The jar of toil, the mingled roll of wheels;
  But all is peace and beauty there.

No spacious mansions stand in stately rows
  Along that city's silent ways;
No lofty wall, nor level pavement, glows,
  Unshaded from the summer rays;

Digitized by Google

No costly merchandise is heaped around,
No pictures stay the passer-by,
Nor plumed soldiers march to music's sound,
Nor toys and trifles tire the eye.

The narrow streets are fringed with living green,
And weave about in mazes there;
The many hills bewilder all the scene,
And shadows veil the noonday glare.
No clanging bells ring out the fleeting hours,
But sunlight glimmers softly thro',
And marks the voiceless time in golden showers
On velvet turf and lakelets blue.

The palaces are sculptured shafts of stone
That gleam in beauty thro' the trees;
The cottages are mounds with flowers o'ergrown;
No princely church the stranger sees,
But all the grove its pointed arches rears,
And tinted lights shine thro' the leaves,
And prayers are rained in every mourner's tears
Who for the dead in silence grieves.

And when dark night descends upon the tombs,
No reveller's song nor watchman's voice
Is here! no music comes from lighted rooms
Where swift feet fly and hearts rejoice;
'Tis darkness, silence all; no sound is heard
Except the wind that sinks and swells,
The lonely whistle of the midnight bird,
And brooks that ring their crystal bells.

A city strange and still!—its habitants
Are warmly housed, yet they are poor—
Are poor, yet have no wish, nor woes and wants;
The broken heart is crushed no more,
No love is interchanged, nor bought and sold,
Ambition sleeps, the innocent
Are safe, the miser counts no more his gold,
But rests at last and is content.

A city strange and sweet!—its dwellers sleep
At dawn, and in meridian light,—
At sunset still they dream in slumber deep,
Nor wake they in the weary night;
And none of them shall feel the hero's kiss
On Sleeping Beauty's lip that fell,
And woke a palace from a trance of bliss
That long had bound it by a spell.

A city strange and sad!—we walk the grounds,
Or seek some mount, and see afar
The living cities shine, and list the sounds
Of throbbing boat and thundering car.
And *we* may go; but all the dwellers here,
In autumn's blush, in winter's snow,
In spring and summer's bloom, from year to year,
They ever come, and never go!

### CHARLES G. EASTMAN,

Of Vermont, for some time editor of the Vermont Patriot at Montpelier, is the author of a volume of *Poems* published in 1848. They are marked by facility in the use of lyric and ballad measures, and many are in a familiar sportive vein.

#### A PICTURE.

The farmer sat in his easy chair
Smoking his pipe of clay,
While his hale old wife with busy care
Was clearing the dinner away;
A sweet little girl with fine blue eyes
On her grandfather's knee was catching flies.

The old man laid his hand on her head,
With a tear on his wrinkled face,
He thought how often her mother, dead,
Had sat in the self-same place;
As the tear stole down from his half-shut eye,
"Don't smoke!" said the child, "how it makes you cry!"

The house-dog lay, stretched out on the floor
Where the shade after noon used to steal,
The busy old wife by the open door
Was turning the spinning wheel,
And the old brass clock on the mantel-tree
Had plodded along to almost three,—

Still the farmer sat in his easy chair,
While close to his heaving breast,
The moistened brow and the cheek so fair
Of his sweet grandchild were pressed;
His head, bent down, on her soft hair lay—
Fast asleep were they both, that summer day!

### JOHN ORVILLE TERRY,

Of Orient, a village of Suffolk county, Long Island, published in New York in 1850 a volume of characteristic rural life, entitled *The Poems of J. O. T., consisting of Song, Satire, and Pastoral Descriptions, chiefly depicting the Scenery, and illustrating the Manners and Customs of the Ancient and Present Inhabitants of Long Island.* The book answers to its title. The verses are written with ease and fervor, though sometimes carelessly, and have a genuine flavor of reality in the portraits of individuals, the various characteristics of nature and the seasons, the sea, and landscape. In his patriotic and satirical effusions, the author has something of the spirit of Freneau.

#### AUNT DINAH.

Embowered in shade, by the side of a wood,
The cot of aunt Dinah delightfully stood,
A rural retreat, in simplicity drest,
Sequestered it sat like a bird in its nest:
Festooned with the brier, and scented with rose,
Its windows looked out on a scene of repose,
Its wood all in green, and its grass all in bloom,
Like the dwelling of peace in a grove of perfume.

Tho' the skin of aunt Dinah was black as a coal,
The beams of affection enlightened her soul;
Like gems in a cavern, that sparkle and blaze,
The darkness but adds to the strength of their rays;
Or the moon looking out from her evening shroud,
Or the sun riding forth from the edge of a cloud,
So benevolence shone in her actions alway,
And the darkness of life became radiant with day.

What tho' she were poor, aunt Dinah's estate
The world was unable to give or create,
Her wealth was her virtues, and brightly they shone,
With a lustre unborrowed, and beauty their own;
Her nature was goodness, her heart was a mine
Of jewels, more precious than words can define,
And she gave them with such a profusion and grace,
Their light gave complexion and hue to her face.

Aunt Dinah has gone to the land of the good,
And her ashes repose by her favorite wood,
But her lonely old cottage looks out o'er the plain,
As if it would welcome its mistress again;
And long may it stand in that rural retreat,
To mind us of her we no longer may meet,
When we go after blackberries, joyful and gay,
And forget the kind hostess who welcomed us aye.

### CHARLES OSCAR DUGUÉ,

The author of several volumes of poetry in the French language, is a native of Louisiana, born at New Orleans, May 1, 1821. His parents were

Digitized by Google

both Americans by birth, of French descent. He was early sent to France, where he was educated at Clermont Ferrand in Auvergne, and at the College of St. Louis in Paris. While a student, he wrote verses, which Chateaubriand commended for their noble and natural expression, without affectation or extravagance. Thus encouraged, on his return to New Orleans, he published in 1847 his *Essais Poétiques*, the topics of which are descriptions of Southern scenery, sentimental and occasional poems. In 1852 he published two dramatic works, on subjects drawn from the romantic legends of Louisiana;—*Mila ou La Mort de La Salle*, and *Le Cygne, ou Mingo*, an Indian play, in which Tecumseh is one of the characters. In the same year he took the field as editor of a daily paper in New Orleans, *l'Orléanais*, in which he advocated the Compromise Resolutions. Mr. Dugué is now a member of the bar at New Orleans. He has written a manuscript work, entitled *Philosophie Morale*, which is to be published in French and English.

### XAVIER DONALD MACLEOD.

Mr. McLeod is the son of the Rev. Alexander McLeod, a Presbyterian clergyman of eminence, who emigrated to this country in 1794, and the grandson of Niel McLeod, the entertainer of Dr. Johnson at Mull in the Hebrides. Mr. McLeod was born in the city of New York, November 17, 1821, and took orders in the Episcopal Church in 1845. After being settled for a short time in a country parish, he in 1848 visited Europe, where he became a Roman Catholic. Since his return in 1852, Mr. McLeod has devoted himself to authorship, a career which he commenced at an early age, having contributed tales and poems to the New Yorker in 1841. He has published *Lynnhurst, his Wanderings and his Ways of Thinking*, a romance of European travel, *The Blood-Stone*, a story of talismanic influence, *Lescure, or the Last Marquis*, and the Life of Sir Walter Scott, prepared from the Life by Lockhart. His last work is a biography of the present efficient mayor of the city of New York, Fernando Wood. Mr. McLeod has been a frequent contributor in prose and verse to the magazines of the day.

### E. G. SQUIER.

Ephraim George Squier was born in the town of Bethlehem, Albany County, New York, June 17, 1821. He is a lineal descendant of Cornet Auditor Samuel Squier, one of Oliver Cromwell's lieutenants, who figures in the Correspondence, the "Thirty-Five Unpublished Letters of Cromwell," communicated to the historian Carlyle, and published by him in Fraser's Magazine.

The younger sons of this Samuel Squier emigrated to America, and their descendants took an active part in the colonial events which followed the Restoration. The great-grandfather of our author, Philip Squier, served under Wolcott in the capture of Louisburg; and his grandfather, Ephraim Squier, fought side by side with Col. Knowlton at Bunker Hill. He was also with Arnold in the terrible winter journey through the wilderness of the Kennebec, in the expedition against Canada. He lived to be one of the veterans of the war, dying in 1842 at the venerable age of ninety-seven. The father of the subject of our present sketch is a devoted Methodist minister in the northern part of New York and of Vermont. In his youth, Squier obtained his education according to the New England fashion, by working on the farm in summer, and teaching a common school in winter. At eighteen, we find him attempting literature in the publication of a little paper in the village of Charlton, Saratoga County, while more seriously qualifying himself for the profession of a Civil Engineer. The disastrous period of 1837–39, which put a stop for a time to all works of public improvement, necessarily diverted Mr. Squier from the career which he had marked out for himself. His knowledge of engineering, however, has since been of the most effectual service to him, in his investigations both at home and abroad, and has contributed much to their success. Diverted in this manner from his profession, Mr. Squier next made his appearance in print, in 1840, as the editor of a monthly periodical in Albany, entitled *Parlor Magazine*, which lasted a year, and which was succeeded by the *Poet's Magazine*, based upon the idea of making a contemporaneous collection of American poetry, a sort of National Anthology. But two numbers were issued.

His next effort was of more pith and importance, in his contributions to and virtual editorship of the *New York State Mechanic* (1841–2), published at Albany, and occupied with the interests of the mechanics, and a change in the prison system of the state, injurious to their callings. At this time he prepared a volume of information on the Chinese.*

In 1843 he went to Hartford, Connecticut, and for two years edited the *Hartford Daily Journal*, an ardent advocate of Henry Clay, as a type of American character; and to his duties as editor added the part of an efficient organizer of the Whig party in Connecticut.

Early in 1845, Mr. Squier accepted the editorship of the *Scioto Gazette* published at Chillicothe, Ohio, with which he retained his connexion for nearly three years, interrupted only by his election as Clerk of the Legislative Assembly of the State during the winter of 1847–8. Immediately upon his arrival in Ohio, in conjunction with Dr. Davis, he commenced a systematic investigation of the Aboriginal Monuments of the Mississippi Valley, the results of which he embodied in a voluminous Memoir, which was published by the Smithsonian Institution, and constitutes the first volume of its *Contributions to Knowledge*.†

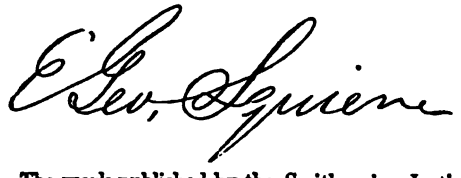
Previously to this, the researches of Mr. Squier had attracted the attention of the venerable Albert Gallatin, at whose request he prepared a Memoir on the Ancient Monuments of the West, which was published in the *Transactions of the American Ethnological Society*, and also in a separate form.‡

* The Chinese as they are, &c., by G. T. Lay; with Illustrative and Corroborative Notes, Additional Chapters on the Ancient and Modern History, Ancient and Modern Intercourse, &c. By E. G. Squier, 8vo. Albany. 1843.

† Ancient Monuments of the Mississippi Valley, comprising the Results of Extensive Original Surveys and Explorations. By E. G. Squier, A.M., and E. H. Davis, M.D. &c. pp. 400.

‡ Observations on the Aboriginal Monuments of the Mis-

Digitized by Google



The work published by the Smithsonian Institution, in the number, variety, and value of the facts which it embodies, is undoubtedly entitled to a front rank in all that relates to American Archæology. The memoir of Mr. Caleb Atwater published in 1820, in the Transactions of the American Antiquarian Society, was, previously to the appearance of this work, the only authority on the subject. In the language of Mr. Gallatin, "it is very incomplete, has many mistakes, and is in no degree comparable to the work published by the Smithsonian Institution," which has been accepted as a standard in the department to which it relates. The results of Mr. Squier's inquiries into our Western antiquities are briefly;

1st. That the earthworks of the West are of a high but indeterminate antiquity; one, nevertheless, sufficiently great to admit of physical and natural changes, which, in historic regions, it has required thousands of years to bring about.

2d. That the ancient population of the Mississippi Valley was numerous and widely spread, as evinced from the number and magnitude of the ancient monuments, and the extensive range of their occurrence.

3d. That this population was essentially homogeneous in blood, customs, and habits; that it was stationary and agricultural; and although not having a high degree of civilization, was nevertheless possessed of systematic forms of religion and government.

4th. That the facts of which we are in possession, suggest a probable ancient connexion between the race of the mounds, and the semi-civilized aboriginal families of Central America and Mexico, but that there exists no direct evidence of such relationship.

Upon the question, What became of the race of the Mounds? Mr. Squier has not, we believe, expressed an opinion. His writings, however, imply a total disregard of all hypotheses which would ascribe the ancient monuments of the Mississippi Valley to others than a purely aboriginal origin, as idle puerile fancies.*

The "Ancient Monuments" was followed by another publication from Mr. Squier's pen by the Smithsonian Institution in 1849;—*Aboriginal Monuments of the State of New York, from Original Surveys and Explorations*, under the auspices of the New York Historical Society, a work which was afterwards enlarged in a volume entitled, *Antiquities of the State of New York, with a Supplement on the Antiquities of the West.* This work established that the small and irregular earthworks, and other aboriginal remains, north-east of the great lakes, were to be ascribed to a comparatively recent period, and were probably due to the Indian tribes found in occupation of the country at the time of the discovery.

When General Taylor became President in 1848, Mr. Squier received the appointment of Chargé d'Affaires of the United States to the republics of Central America, in the discharge of which he negotiated three treaties with Nicaragua, Honduras, and San Salvador respectively. As an ardent advocate of American rights and interests, as well as of the political independence of the Central American States, he secured a personal influence on the Isthmus which has been directed to several objects of political and general interest, amongst which the opening, on most advantageous terms, of two new inter-oceanic routes, is not the least. His dispatches, published under order of Congress, fill two considerable volumes. He nevertheless found time, in the short period of his official duties, which were brought to a termination on the death of General Taylor, to make various explorations into the antiquities of the country, an account of which, as well as of his general political and social observations, etc., is included in his two valuable volumes entitled *Nicaragua; its People, Scenery, and Monuments*, published in 1852, which in original investigation, spirit of adventure, and picturesque narrative, is a companion to Stephens's Incidents of Travel in Central America and Yucatan.

Mr. Squier had previously, in 1851, published his volume, *The Serpent Symbol, or the Worship of the Reciprocal Principles of Nature in America*, the object of which seems to have been to show that the many resemblances, amounting in some instances to identities, between the manners, customs, institutions, and especially religions, of the great families of men in the old and new world, were not necessarily derivative, or the results of connexions or relationship, recent or remote. On the contrary, that these resemblances are due to like organizations, influenced by common natural suggestions, and the moulding force of circumstances.

On the publication of the work on Nicaragua,

---

sissippi Valley, the Character of the Ancient Earthworks, Structure and Purposes of the Mounds, etc., etc. By E. G. Squier.

* Monumental Evidences of the Discovery of America by the Northmen, Critically Examined.—London Ethnological Journal, December, 1849. Review of "A Memoir on the European Colonization of America in Ante-Historic Times." By Dr. Zestermann. London. 1850.

Digitized by Google

Mr. Squier visited Europe, where he was introduced to the chief geographical and ethnological societies of England, Germany, and France; made the personal acquaintance of Humboldt, Ritter (who has introduced a translation of his work on Nicaragua to the German public), Lepsius, Jomard, Maury, and the remaining leaders of archæological and geographical science. The first diploma of the Geographical Society of France, for 1853, was awarded to Mr. Squier, who was at the same time elected associate of the National Society of Antiquarians of France, an honor which has been conferred upon only one other American, the Hon. Edward Everett.

While in Europe Mr. Squier kept up his taste for antiquarian investigations by an examination of the remains at Stonehenge, the results of which were communicated in a paper to the American Ethnological Society.* He also, in conjunction with Lord Londesborough, made some interesting explorations amongst the early British barrows of the north of England, near Scarborough.

In 1853 Mr. Squier again visited Central America for the purpose of investigating the line of an inter-oceanic railway, which his deductions on his previous visit had led him to consider possible, between some convenient harbor on the Gulf of Mexico and the Bay of Fonseca on the Pacific. The result of this special point of investigation has been communicated to the public in Mr. Squier's preliminary report of the Honduras Inter-Oceanic Railway Company, of which he is Secretary. His further observations and adventures, at this time, are included in the two works which he has prepared, entitled *Honduras and San Salvador, Geographical, Historical, and Statistical*, with original maps and illustrative sketches, and a more personal volume, *Hunting a Pass*, comprising adventures, observations, and impressions during a year of active explorations in the States of Nicaragua, Honduras, and San Salvador, Central America. The numerous illustrations to these works are remarkable for their merit. They are from the pencil of the artist, Mr. D. C. Hitchcock, who accompanied Mr. Squier on his journeys as draftsman. The various vocabularies, plans, drawings of monuments, and other archæological materials collected during this last expedition, it is presumed will be embodied in a separate form.

Besides the writings which we have enumerated, Mr. Squier has been an industrious contributor to the periodical, newspaper, and scientific literature of the day, on topics of politics affecting the foreign relations of the country with the States of Central America; the antiquities and ethnology of the aboriginal tribes of the country, in various journals, and in the Transactions of the American Ethnological Society, of which he has been a prominent member.

* Literary World, January 17 and 24, 1852.

### ELISHA KENT KANE,

THE eminent Arctic explorer, was born in Philadelphia, Feb. 3, 1822. He took his degree at the Medical University of Pennsylvania in 1843; entered the United States Navy as assistant surgeon, and was attached as a physician to the first American embassy to China. Availing himself of the facilities of his position, he visited parts of China, the Philippines, Ceylon, and the interior of India. He is said to have been the second, if not the first person, having been certainly the first white person, to descend the crater of the Taal of Luzon, suspended by a bamboo rope around his body, from a projecting crag, two hundred and three feet above the scoriæ and debris. Upon this expedition, or one which followed it to the Indian Archipelago, he narrowly escaped with his life from the Ladrones who assailed him, sustained successfully an attack of an entire tribe of savages of the Negrito race, and was exposed to hardships under which his travelling companion, Baron Loe of Prussia, sank and died at Java. After this he ascended the Nile to the confines of Nubia, and passed a season in Egypt. He travelled through Greece on foot, and returned in 1846 through Europe to the United States. He was at once ordered to the coast of Africa, and when there, in 1847, made an effort to visit the slave marts of Whydah. He took the African fever, and was sent home in a very precarious state of health, from which, however, he recovered sufficiently to visit Mexico during the war as a volunteer. He made his way through the enemy's country with despatches for the American Commander-in-Chief from the President, with the notorious spy company of the brigand Dominguez as his escort; and, after a successful engagement with a party of the enemy whom they encountered at Nopaluca, he was forced to combat his companions single-handed to save the lives of his prisoners, Major-General Torrejon, General Gaona, and others, from their fury. He had his horse killed under him, and was badly wounded; but was restored to health by the hospitality and kind nursing of the grateful Mexicans, particularly the Gaona family of Puebla, by whom he was thus enabled to remain on service in Mexico till the cessation of hostilities.*

When the first Grinnell Expedition for the recovery of Sir John Franklin was projected in 1850, Dr. Kane was appointed senior surgeon and naturalist of the squadron, composed of the Advance and the Rescue, which set sail from New York May 22 of that year, under the command of Lieut. De Haven. After traversing the waters of Baffin's Bay to Melville Bay the expedition crossed to Lancaster Sound and Barrow Straits, and ascended Wellington Channel, where the notable discoveries were made which have given to the map of the world the names of Maury Channel, Grinnell Land, and Mount Franklin. The winter was passed by the expedition imbedded in the ice floe. From the thirteenth of January, 1851, to the fifth of June, the vessels drifted a distance of six hundred miles, when the ice pack immediately surrounding them was broken up in Baffin's Bay. At this time Dr. Kane met Lieut. Bellot, the young French officer whose melancholy fate in the Arctic Regions in August, 1853, was so greatly enhanced to the public mind by the successful results of the efforts at discovery which were announced at the same moment with his death.

* We find the preceding statement of facts in that excellent contribution to contemporary biography, "The Men of the Time," published by Rudfield.

Digitized by Google

He was then attached to the Prince Albert of the English expedition. After visiting the Greenland settlements of Prōven and Uppernavik, with an unsuccessful attempt, against floes and icebergs, to resume the search through Wellington Channel, the expedition returned to New York in September. The duties and scientific employments of Dr. Kane during the voyage were arduous and constant. After his return he employed himself upon the preparation of his journal for publication, and bringing before the public in lectures at Washington and the chief Atlantic cities, his views in reference to another attempt at Arctic discovery. His account of his voyage, *The U. S. Grinnell Expedition in Search of Sir John Franklin; A Personal Narrative*, was written and left for publication in the hands of the Harpers, when he sailed on his second Arctic expedition from New York, on the 31st May, 1853, in command of the Advance, fitted out by the liberality of Mr. Grinnell of New York, and Mr. Peabody, the wealthy broker of London. His design on this voyage was to advance to the head of Baffin's Bay, and in the winter and spring of 1854 traverse with dogs and sledges the upper portions of the peninsula or island of Greenland, in an endeavor to reach the supposed open Polar sea.

The publication of the book which Dr. Kane had left behind him was delayed by the burning of the edition, just then completed, at the great fire of the Messrs. Harper's establishment in Cliff and Pearl streets in December, 1853. The stereotype plates were saved, and the work was published in the spring of 1854. It is written with great fidelity and spirit, in a style highly characteristic of the life and energy of the man. Its descriptions are vivid, and its felicity of expression remarkable, illuminating to the unscientific reader the array of professional and technical terms with which the subject is appropriately invested. There is a frosty crystallization, as it were, about the style, in keeping with the theme. The scientific merits of the work are important, particularly in the careful study of the ice formations, on which subject Dr. Kane has mentioned his intention to prepare an elaborate essay for the Smithsonian publications. Not the least attraction of the book are the numerous careful drawings and spirited illustrations from the pencil of Dr. Kane himself.

Dr. Kane has also been a contributor to the scientific journals of Europe and America. In 1843 he published a paper on Kyestine, which was well received by the medical profession.

#### ARCTIC INCIDENTS.

I employed the dreary intervals of leisure that heralded our Christmas in tracing some Flemish portraitures of things about me. The scenes themselves had interest at the time for the parties who figured in them; and I believe that is reason enough, according to the practice of modern academics, for submitting them to the public eye. I copy them from my scrap-book, expurgating only a little.

"We have almost reached the solstice; and things are so quiet that I may as well, before I forget it, tell you something about the cold in its sensible effects, and the way in which as sensible people we met it.

"You will see, by turning to the early part of my journal, that the season we now look back upon as the perfection of summer contrast to this outrageous winter was in fact no summer at all. We had the young ice forming round us in Baffin's Bay, and were measuring snow-falls, while you were sweating under your grass-cloth. Yet I remember it as a time of sunny recreation, when we shot bears upon the floes, and were scrambling merrily over glaciers and murdering rotges in the bright glare of our day-midnight. Like a complaining brute, I thought it cold then—I, who am blistered if I touch a brass button or a ramrod without a woollen mit.

"The cold came upon us gradually. The first thing that really struck me was the freezing up of our water-casks, the drip-candle appearance of the bung-holes, and our inability to lay the tin cup down for a five-minutes' pause without having its contents made solid. Next came the complete inability to obtain drink without manufacturing it. For a long time we had collected our water from the beautiful fresh pools of the icebergs and floes; now we had to quarry out the blocks in flinty, glassy lumps, and then melt it in tins for our daily drink. This was in Wellington Channel.

"By-and-by the sludge which we passed through as we travelled became pancakes and snow-balls. We were glued up. Yet, even as late as the 11th of September, I collected a flowering Potentilla from Barlow's Inlet. But now anything moist or wet began to strike me as something to be looked at—a curious, out-of-the-way production, like the bits of broken ice round a can of mint-julep. Our decks became dry, and studded with botryoidal lumps of dirty foot-trodden ice. The rigging had nightly accumulations of rime, and we learned to be careful about coiled ropes and iron work. On the 4th of October we had a mean temperature below zero.

"By this time our little entering hatchway had become so complete a mass of icicles, that we had to give it up, and resort to our winter door-way. The opening of a door was now the signal for a gush of smoke-like vapor: every stove-pipe sent out clouds of purple steam; and a man's breath looked like the firing of a pistol on a small scale.

"All our eatables became laughably consolidated, and after different fashions, requiring no small ex-

Digitized by Google

perience before we learned to manage the peculiarities of their changed condition. Thus, dried apples became one solid breccial mass of impacted angularities, a conglomerate of sliced chalcedony. Dried peaches the same. To get these out of the barrel, or the barrel out of them, was a matter impossible. We found, after many trials, that the shortest and best plan was to cut up both fruit and barrel by repeated blows with a heavy axe, taking the lumps below to thaw. Saur-kraut resembled mica, or rather talcose slate. A crow-bar with chiseled edge extracted the *lamina* badly; but it was perhaps the best thing we could resort to.

"Sugar formed a very funny compound. Take *q. s.* of cork raspings, and incorporate therewith another *q. s.* of liquid gutta percha caoutchouc, and allow to harden: this extemporaneous formula will give you the brown sugar of our winter cruise. Extract with the saw; nothing but the saw will suit. Butter and lard, less changed, require a heavy cold chisel and mallet. Their fracture is conchoidal, with hæmatitic (iron-ore pimpled) surface. Flour undergoes little change, and molasses can at —28° be half scooped, half cut by a stiff iron ladle.

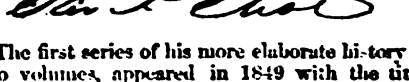
"Pork and beef are rare specimens of Florentine mosaic, emulating the lost art of petrified visceral monstrosities seen at the medical schools of Bologna and Milan: crow-bar and handspike! for at —30° the axe can hardly chip it. A barrel sawed in half, and kept for two days in the caboose house at +76°, was still as refractory as flint a few inches below the surface. A similar bulk of lamp oil, denuded of the staves, stood like a yellow sandstone roller for a gravel walk.

"Ices for the dessert come of course unbidden, in all imaginable and unimaginable variety. I have tried my inventive powers on some of them. A Roman punch, a good deal stronger than the noblest Roman ever tasted, forms readily at —20°. Some sugared cranberries, with a little butter and scalding water, and you have an impromptu strawberry ice. Many a time at those funny little jams, that we call in Philadelphia 'parties,' where the lady-hostess glides with such nicely-regulated indifference through the complex machinery she has brought together, I have thought I noticed her stolen glance of anxiety at the cooing doves, whose icy bosoms were melting into one upon the supper-table before their time. We order these things better in the Arctic. Such is the 'composition and fierce quality' of our ices, that they are brought in served on the shaft of a hickory broom; a transfixing rod, which we use as a stirrer first and a fork afterward. So hard is this terminating cylinder of ice, that it might serve as a truncheon to knock down an ox. The only difficulty is in the processes that follow. It is the work of time and energy to impress it with the carving-knife, and you must handle your spoon deftly, or it fastens to your tongue. One of our mess was tempted the other day by the crystal transparency of an icicle to break it in his mouth; one piece froze to his tongue, and two others to his lips, and each carried off the skin: the thermometer was at —28°."

## SAMUEL ELIOT,

THE author of a *History of Liberty*, was born at Boston, the son of William H. Eliot, December 22, 1821. He was educated in Boston and at Harvard, where he was graduated in 1839. He continued his studies in Europe. He formed the idea of writing a *History of Liberty* in Rome, where he spent the winter of 1844–5, and has since been engaged upon the work.

In 1847, he published in Boston, *Passages from the History of Liberty*, in which he traced the career of the early Italian reformers, Arnaldo da Brescia, Giovanni di Vicenza, and others; of Savonarola; of Wycliffe in England, and the War of the Communities in Castile.



The first series of his more elaborate history in two volumes, appeared in 1849 with the title, *The Liberty of Rome*. In 1853, this work was reprinted in a revised form as *The History of Liberty: Part I. The Ancient Romans*, and in the same year appeared two similar volumes relating to *The Early Christians*. These constituted two parts of an extensive work, of which three others are projected, devoted successively to the Papal Ages, the Monarchical Ages, and the American Nation.

The speciality of Mr. Eliot's historic labors is fully indicated in their title. It is to read the past, not for the purpose of curiosity, entertainment, or controversy, for the chronicle of kings and emperors, or the story of war and conquest, unless for their subordination to the progress of Liberty. His work is therefore a critical analysis rather than a narrative. As such it possesses much philosophical acumen, and bears evidences of a diligent study of the original and later authorities. The conception of the work is a noble one, and it may without vanity be said to be appropriately undertaken by an American.

As a specimen of the author's manner, we present a passage at the close of the history of Roman liberty with the establishment of the Emperors, and at the dawn of the new divine dispensation for all true freedom and progress of humanity in Christianity.

### CLOSE OF ANTIQUITY.

Thus is our Era to be named of Hope.
CARLYLE, *French Revolution*, Book III. ch. 8.

The course of the olden time was run. Its generations had wrought the work appointed them to do. Their powers were exhausted. Their liberty, in other words, their ability to exercise their powers, was itself overthrown.

From the outset there had been no union amongst men. The opposite system of centralization, by which the many were bound to the few, had prevailed at the beginning. Weakened, indeed, but more than ever developed, it prevailed also at the end. To renew and to extend this system had been the appointed work of the ancient Romans. Not to unite, not to liberate the human race, had they been intrusted with dominion. It was to reduce mankind, themselves included, to dissension and to submission, that the Romans were allowed their liberty.

To such an end their liberty, like that of the elder nations, was providentially adapted. As a possession, it was in the hands not of the best, but of the strongest. As a right, it was not the right to improve one's self, but that to restrain others. It was the claim to be served by others. It was not the privilege of serving others. Much less was it the privilege of serving God. Struggling amidst the laws of man, instead of resting upon those of God, it was the liberty of men destined to contention, until they fell in servitude.

Digitized by Google

There were exceptions. Not every one lost himself in the dust and the agony of strife. Not every generation spent itself in conflicts. The physical powers were not always the only ones in exercise. At times the intellectual powers obtained development. At rarer seasons, the spiritual powers evinced themselves. A generation might thus attain to a liberty far wider than that of its predecessors. An individual might thus rise to a liberty far higher than that of his contemporaries. Yet these were but exceptions. The rule, confirmed by them, was the tendency of men to a lower, rather than a higher state. Indirectly, they were led towards the higher state, for which the lower was the necessary preparation. But the passage was to be made through the lower. Every bad work that succeeded, every good work that failed, brought mankind nearer to the end of the prevailing evil. The advent of the approaching good was hastened by every downward step towards prostration.

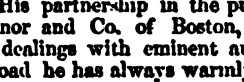
From the masses of the clouds the light first fades away. It presently vanishes from the patches in the skies originally undimmed. Then darkness overspreads the heavens. Men fall supine upon the earth. The night of universal humiliation sets in. But the gloom is not unbroken. Overshadowed as is the scene, it is not overwhelmed. There still remain the vales where truth has descended. There still exist the peaks to which love in its longing has climbed. Desires too earnest to have been wasted, principles too honest to have been unproductive, still linger in promise of the coming day. Men were to be humbled. They needed to feel the insecurity of their liberty, of the powers which made it their right, of the laws which made it their possession. But they did not need to be bereft of the good which their laws and their powers, however imperfect, comprehended.

The day of redemption followed. It was not too late. It was not too soon. The human race had been tried. It had not been annihilated. Then the angels sang their song of glory to God and peace amongst His creatures. We may believe that when the morning came, the oppression and the servitude of old had left their darkest forms amidst the midnight clouds. Before the death of Augustus, the Business of THE FATHER had already been begun in the Temple at Jerusalem; and near by, THE SON was increasing in wisdom and in stature and in favor with God and man.

The sea, as it were, whereon wave has pursued wave through day and night, through years and centuries, before our eyes, is thus illumined with the advancing light which we have been waiting to behold. And as we stand upon the shore, conscious of the Spirit that has moved upon the face of the waters, we may lift our eyes with more confiding faith to the over-watching Heaven.

### JAMES T. FIELDS

WAS born in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in 1820. His partnership in the publishing house of Ticknor and Co. of Boston, whose liberal literary dealings with eminent authors at home and abroad he has always warmly seconded, has identified him with the best interests of literature.



He is the poets' publisher of America, as Moxon has been of England, and like his brother of the craft in London, writes good verses himself. On two occasions, in 1838 and '48, Mr. Fields has delivered a poem before the Boston Mercantile Association. Sentiment and point, in good set iambics and clashing rhymes, are the approved necessities of these affairs. Mr. Fields's poems on "Commerce" and "the Post of Honor" are wanting in neither. An elegantly printed little volume, in the highest luxury of the press, contains his miscellaneous poems. They are truthful and unaffected in sentiment, finished and delicate in expression.

#### WORDSWORTH.

The grass hung wet on Rydal banks,
The golden day with pearls adorning,
When side by side with him we walked
To meet midway the summer morning.

The west wind took a softer breath,
The sun himself seemed brighter shining,
As through the porch the minstrel stept—
His eye sweet Nature's look enshrining.

He passed along the dewy sward,
The blue-bird sang aloft "good-morrow!"
He plucked a bud, the flower awoke,
And smiled without one pang of sorrow.

He spoke of all that graced the scene
In tones that fell like music round us,
We felt the charm descend, nor strove
To break the rapturous spell that bound us.

We listened with mysterious awe,
Strange feelings mingling with our pleasure;
We heard that day prophetic words,
High thoughts the heart must always treasure.

Great Nature's Priest! thy calm career,
With that sweet morn, on earth has ended—
But who shall say thy mission died
When, winged for Heaven, thy soul ascended!

#### DIRGE FOR A YOUNG GIRL.

Underneath the sod, low lying,
Dark and drear,
Sleepeth one who left, in dying,
Sorrow here.

Yes, they're ever bending o'er her,
Eyes that weep;
Forms that to the cold grave bore her
Vigils keep.

When the summer moon is shining
Soft and fair,
Friends she loved in tears are twining
Chaplets there.

Rest in peace, thou gentle spirit,
Throned above;
Souls like thine with God inherit
Life and love!

#### EVENTIDE.

This cottage door, this gentle gale,
Hay-scented, whispering round,
Yon path-side rose, that down the vale
Breathes incense from the ground,
Methinks should from the dullest clod
Invite a thankful heart to God.

But, Lord, the violet, bending low,
Seems better moved to praise;
From us, what scanty blessings flow,
How voiceless close our days:—
Father, forgive us, and the flowers
Shall lead in prayer the vesper hours.

Digitized by Google

## DONALD G. MITCHELL.

Mr. Mitchell was born in Norwich, Connecticut, April, 1822. His father was the pastor of the Congregational church of that place, and his grandfather a member of the first Congress at Philadelphia, and for many years Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Connecticut.

After being prepared for college at a boarding-school, young Mitchell entered Yale, and was graduated in due course in 1841. His health being feeble, he passed the three following years on his grandfather's estate in the country. He became much interested in agriculture, wrote a number of letters for the Cultivator at Albany, and gained a silver cup from the New York Agricultural Society, as a prize for a plan of farm buildings.

He next crossed the ocean, and spent half a winter in the island of Jersey, and the other half in rambling over England on foot, visiting in this manner every county, and writing letters to the Albany Cultivator. After passing eighteen months on the continent he returned home, and commenced the study of the law in New York city. He soon after published, *Fresh Gleanings; or, A New Sheaf from the Old Fields of Continental Europe; by Ik. Marvel*, a pleasant volume of leisurely observation over a tour through some of the choice places of Central Europe. Mr. Mitchell's health suffering from confinement in a city office, he again visited Europe, and passed some of the eventful months of 1848 in the capital and among the vineyards of France.

On his return, Mr. Mitchell published in 1850, *The Battle Summer, being Transcriptions from Personal Observations in Paris during the year 1848; by Ik. Marvel*, a volume in which he carried the quaint brevity of style, somewhat apparent in the Fresh Gleanings, to an injudicious extent, coupling with this an unfortunate imitation of Carlyle's treatment of similar scenes in the History of the French Revolution. His next production was *The Lorgnette*, a periodical in size and style resembling Salmagundi. It appeared anonymously, and although attracting much attention in fashionable circles, the author's incognito was for some time preserved. It was written in a quiet, pure style, and contains some of the best passages in the author's writings.

During the progress of the Lorgnette, Mr. Mitchell published the *Reveries of a Bachelor*, a contemplative view of life from the slippered ease of the chimney corner. A slight story runs through the volume, containing some pathetic scenes tenderly narrated.

A volume of a similar character, *Dream Life*, appeared in the following year. In 1853 Mr. Mitchell received the appointment of United States Consul at Venice. He retained the office but a short time, and after passing several months in Europe, engaged in the collection of materials for a proposed history of Venice, returned home the summer of 1855. He is at present residing on a country-seat which he has purchased in the neighborhood of New Haven.

Mr. Mitchell's last publication, *Fudge Doings*, was originally published in the Knickerbocker Magazine. It consists of a series of sketches, in a connected form, of city fashionable life, in the vein of the Lorgnette.

### LETTERS—FROM THE REVERIES OF A BACHELOR.

Blessed be letters!—they are the monitors, they are also the comforters, and they are the only true heart-talkers. Your speech, and their speeches, are conventional; they are moulded by circumstances; they are suggested by the observation, remark, and influence of the parties to whom the speaking is addressed, or by whom it may be overheard.

Your truest thought is modified half through its utterance by a look, a sign, a smile, or a sneer. It is not individual; it is not integral: it is social and mixed,—half of you, and half of others. It bends, it sways, it multiplies, it retires, and it advances, as the talk of others presses, relaxes, or quickens.

But it is not so with Letters:—there you are, with only the soulless pen, and the snow-white, virgin paper. Your soul is measuring itself by itself, and saying its own sayings: there are no sneers to modify its utterance,—no scowl to scare,—nothing is present, but you and your thought.

Utter it then freely—write it down—stamp it—burn it in the ink!—There it is, a true soul-print!

Oh, the glory, the freedom, the passion of a letter! It is worth all the lip-talk of the world. Do you say, it is studied, made up, acted, rehearsed, contrived, artistic?

Let me see it then; let me run it over; tell me age, sex, circumstances, and I will tell you if it be studied or real; if it be the merest lip-slang put into words, or heart-talk blazing on the paper.

I have a little pacquet, not very large, tied up with narrow crimson ribbon, now soiled with frequent handling, which far into some winter's night I take down from its nook upon my shelf, and untie, and open, and run over, with such sorrow, and such joy,—such tears and such smiles, as I am sure make me for weeks after, a kinder and holier man.

There are in this little pacquet, letters in the familiar hand of a mother—what gentle admonition—what tender affection!—God have mercy on him who outlives the tears that such admonitions, and such affection call up to the eye! There are others in the budget, in the delicate, and unformed hand of

Digitized by Google

a loved, and lost sister;—written when she and you were full of glee, and the best mirth of youthfulness; does it harm you to recall that mirthfulness? or to trace again, for the hundredth time, that scrawling postscript at the bottom, with its *i's* so carefully dotted, and its gigantic *t's* so carefully crossed, by the childish hand of a little brother?

I have added latterly to that pacquet of letters; I almost need a new and longer ribbon; the old one is getting too short. Not a few of these new and cherished letters, a former Reverie has brought to me; not letters of cold praise, saying it was well done, artfully executed, prettily imagined—no such thing: but letters of sympathy—of sympathy which means sympathy—the καθ' ἡμι and the συν.

It would be cold and dastardly work to copy them; I am too selfish for that. It is enough to say that they, the kind writers, have seen a heart in the Reverie—have felt that it was real, true. They know it; a secret influence has told it. What matters it, pray, if literally there was no wife, and no dead child, and no coffin, in the house? Is not feeling, feeling and heart, heart? Are not these fancies thronging on my brain, bringing tears to my eyes, bringing joy to my soul, as living, as anything human can be living? What if they have no material type—no objective form? All that is crude, —a mere reduction of ideality to sense,—a transformation of the spiritual to the earthy,—a levelling of soul to matter.

Are we not creatures of thought and passion? Is anything about us more earnest than that same thought and passion? Is there anything more real, —more characteristic of that great and dim destiny to which we are born, and which may be written down in that terrible word—Forever?

Let those who will then, sneer at what in their wisdom they call untruth—at what is false, because it has no material presence: this does not create falsity; would to Heaven that it did!

And yet, if there was actual, material truth, superadded to Reverie, would such objectors sympathize the more? No!—a thousand times, no; the heart that has no sympathy with thoughts and feelings that scorch the soul, is dead also—whatever its mocking tears and gestures may say—to a coffin or a grave!

Let them pass, and we will come back to these cherished letters.

A mother who has lost a child, has, she says, shed a tear—not one, but many—over the dead boy's coldness. And another, who has not, but who trembles lest she lose, has found the words failing as she reads, and a dim, sorrow-borne mist, spreading over the page.

Another, yet rejoicing in all those family ties that make life a charm, has listened nervously to careful reading, until the husband is called home, and the coffin is in the house—"Stop!" she says; and a gush of tears tells the rest.

Yet the cold critic will say—"it was artfully done." A curse on him!—it was not art: it was nature.

Another, a young, fresh, healthful girl-mind, has seen something in the love-picture—albeit so weak —of truth; and has kindly believed that it must be earnest. Aye, indeed is it, fair, and generous one, —earnest as life and hope! Who indeed with a heart at all, that has not yet slipped away irreparably and for ever from the shores of youth—from that fairy land which young enthusiasm creates, and over which bright dreams hover—but knows it to be real? And so such things will be real, till hopes are dashed, and Death is come.

Another, a father, has laid down the book in tears. —God bless them all! How far better this, than the cold praise of newspaper paragraphs, or the critically contrived approval of colder friends!

Let me gather up these letters carefully,—to be read when the heart is faint, and sick of all that there is unreal and selfish in the world. Let me tie them together, with a new, and longer bit of ribbon—not by a love knot, that is too hard—but by an easy slipping knot, that so I may get at them the better. And now they are all together, a snug pacquet, and we will label them not sentimentally (I pity the one who thinks it), but earnestly, and in the best meaning of the term—Souvenirs du Cœur.

Thanks to my first Reverie, which has added to such a treasure!

### THOMAS BUCHANAN READ

Was born in Chester county, Pennsylvania, March 12, 1822. His boyhood was passed among the scenes of country life until the age of seventeen, when, after the death of his father, he moved to Cincinnati, and obtained a situation in the studio of Clevinger the sculptor. Devoting himself to the fine arts, he soon obtained some local reputation as a portrait painter, and in 1841 removed to New York, with the intention of devoting himself to the art as a profession. He went within a year to Boston, where, in 1843–4 he published in the "Courier" a number of lyrics, and in 1847 his first volume of *Poems*. It was followed by a second of *Lays and Ballads* in 1848, published at Philadelphia, whither he had removed in 1846. In 1848 he made a collection of specimens of the Female Poets of America, and has published an edition of his own verses, elegantly illustrated. He has passed some time in Europe with a view to the study of painting, and is now pursuing that object with success in Rome.

A choice edition of Mr. Read's poems, delicately illustrated by Kenny Meadows, was published by Delf and Trübner, in London, in 1852. In 1853 a new and enlarged edition appeared at Philadelphia.

Digitized by Google

The latest production of Mr. Read, published in Philadelphia in 1855, during the author's residence in Italy, *The New Pastoral*, is the most elaborate of his compositions. It is a series of thirty-seven sketches, forming a volume of two hundred and fifty pages, mostly in blank verse. The thread which connects the chapters together is the emigration of a family group of Middle Pennsylvania to the Mississippi. The description of their early residence; the rural manners and pursuits; the natural scenery of their home; the phenomena of the seasons; the exhibitions of religious, political, and social life; the school; the camp meeting; the election; Independence Day, with an elevating love theme in the engagement of a village maiden to a poetic lover in Europe; the incidents of the voyage on the Ohio, with frequent episodes and patriotic aspirations, are all handled with an artist's eye for natural and moral beauty. The book presents a constant succession of truthful, pleasing images, in the healthy vein of the Goldsmiths and Bloomfields.

The characteristics we have noted describe Mr. Read's poems in his several volumes, which have exhibited a steady progress and development, in the confidence of the writer, in plain and simple objects, in strength of fancy and poetic culture.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

Within this sober realm of leafless trees,
The russet year inhaled the dreamy air,
Like some tanned reaper in his hour of ease,
When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

The gray barns, looking from their hazy hills
O'er the dim waters widening in the vales,
Sent down the air a greeting to the mills,
On the dull thunder of alternate flails.

All sights were mellowed, and all sounds subdued,
The hills seemed farther, and the streams sang low;
As in a dream, the distant woodman hewed
His winter log with many a muffled blow.

Th' embattled forests, erewhile armed in gold,
Their banners bright with every martial hue,
Now stood, like some sad beaten host of old,
Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest blue.

On slumb'rous wings the vulture tried his flight;
The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's complaint;
And like a star slow drowning in the light,
The village church-vane seemed to pale and faint.

The sentinel cock upon the hill-side crew;
Crew thrice, and all was stiller than before—
Silent till some replying wanderer blew
His alien horn, and then was heard no more.

Where erst the jay within the elm's tall crest
Made garrulous trouble round the unfledged young;
And where the oriole hung her swaying nest
By every light wind like a censer swung;

Where sang the noisy masons of the eves,
The busy swallows circling ever near,
Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,
An early harvest and a plenteous year;

Where every bird which charmed the vernal feast
Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn,
To warn the reapers of the rosy east,
All now was songless, empty, and forlorn.

Alone, from out the stubble piped the quail,
And croaked the crow through all the dreary gloom;
Alone the pheasant, drumming in the vale,
Made echo to the distant cottage loom.

There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers;
The spiders wove their thin shrouds night by night;
The thistle-down, the only ghost of flowers,
Sailed slowly by—passed noiseless out of sight.

Amid all this—in this most cheerless air,
And where the woodbine sheds upon the porch
Its crimson leaves, as if the year stood there,
Firing the floor with his inverted torch—

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,
The white-haired matron, with monotonous tread
Plied her swift wheel, and with her joyless mien
Sat like a Fate, and watched the flying thread.

She had known sorrow. He had walked with her,
Oft supped, and broke with her the ashen crust,
And in the dead leaves still she heard the stir
Of his black mantle trailing in the dust.

While yet her cheek was bright with summer bloom,
Her country summoned, and she gave her all,
And twice war bowed to her his sable plume;
He gave the swords to rest upon the wall.

Re-gave the swords—but not the hand that drew,
And struck for liberty the dying blow;
Nor him, who to his sire and country true
Fell 'mid the ranks of the invading foe.

Long, but not loud, the droning wheel went on,
Like the low murmurs of a hive at noon;
Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone
Breathed through her lips a sad and tremulous tune.

At last the thread was snapped, her head was bowed:
Life drooped the distaff through his hands serene;
And loving neighbors smoothed her careful shroud,
While Death and Winter closed the autumn scene.

PENNSYLVANIA—FROM THE NEW PASTORAL.

Fair Pennsylvania! than thy midland vales,
Lying 'twixt hills of green, and bound afar
By billowy mountains rolling in the blue,
No lovelier landscape meets the traveller's eye.
There Labour sows and reaps his sure reward,
And Peace and Plenty walk amid the glow
And perfume of full garners. I have seen
In lands less free, less fair, but far more known,
The streams which flow through history and wash
The legendary shores—and cleave in twain
Old capitols and towns, dividing oft
Great empires and estates of petty kings
And princes, whose domains full many a field,
Rustling with maize along our native West,
Out-measures and might put to shame! and yet
Nor Rhine, like Bacchus crowned, and reeling through
His hills—nor Danube, marred with tyranny,
His dull waves moaning on Hungarian shores—
Nor rapid Po, his opaque waters pouring
Athwart the fairest, fruitfulest, and worst
Enslaved of European lands—nor Seine,
Winding uncertain through inconstant France—
Are half so fair as thy broad stream whose breast
Is gemmed with many isles, and whose proud name
Shall yet become among the names of rivers
A synonym of beauty—Susquehanna!

Digitized by Google

THE VILLAGE CHURCH—FROM THE NEW PASTORAL.

About the chapel door, in easy groups,
The rustic people wait. Some trim the switch,
While some prognosticate of harvests full,
Or shake the dubious head with arguments
Based on the winter's frequent snow and thaw,
The heavy rains, and sudden frosts severe.
Some, happily but few, deal scandal out,
With look askance pointing their victim. These
Are the rank tares in every field of grain—
These are the nettles stinging unaware—
The briars which wound and trip unheeding feet—
The noxious vines, growing in every grove!
Their touch is deadly, and their passing breath
Poison most venomous! Such have I known—
As who has not!—and suffered by the contact.
Of these the husbandman takes certain note,
And in the proper season disinters
Their baneful roots; and to the sun exposed,
The killing light of truth, leaves them to pine
And perish in the noonday! 'Gainst a tree,
With strong arms folded o'er a giant chest,
Stands Barton, to the neighbourhood chief smith;
His coat, unused to aught save Sunday wear,
Grown too oppressive by the morning walk,
Hangs on the drooping branch: so stands he oft
Beside the open door, what time the share
Is whitening at the roaring bellows' mouth.
There, too, the wheelwright—he, the magistrate—
In small communities a man of mark—
Stands with the smith, and holds such argument
As the unlettered but observing can;
Their theme some knot of scripture hard to solve.
And 'gainst the neighbouring bars two others fan,
Less fit the sacred hour, discussion hot
Of politics; a topic, which inflamed,
Knows no propriety of time or place.
There Oakes, the cooper, with rough brawny hand,
Descants at large, and, with a noisy ardour,
Rattles around his theme as round a cask;
While Hanson, heavy-browed, with shoulders bent,
Bent with great lifting of huge stones—for he
A mason and famed builder is—replies
With tongue as sharp and dexterous as his trowel,
And sentences which like his hammer fall,
Bringing the flinty fire at every blow!
But soon the approaching parson ends in peace
The wordy combat, and all turn within.
Awhile rough shoes, some with discordant creak,
And voices clearing for the psalm, disturb
The sacred quiet, till, at last, the veil
Of silence wavers, settles, falls; and then
The hymn is given, and all arise and sing.
Then follows prayer, which from the pastor's heart
Flows unpretending, with few words devout
Of humble thanks and askings; not, with lungs
Stentorian, assaulting heaven's high wall,
Compelling grace by virtue of a siege!
This done, with loving care he scans his flock,
And opes the sacred volume at the text.
Wide is his brow, and full of honest thought—
Love his vocation, truth is all his stock.
With these he strives to guide, and not perplex
With words sublime and empty, ringing oft
Most musically hollow. All his facts
Are simple, broad, sufficient for a world!
He knows them well, teaching but what he knows.
He never strides through metaphysic mists,
Or takes false greatness because seen through fogs;
Nor leads 'mid brambles of thick argument
Till all admire the wit which brings them through:
Nor e'er essays, in sermon or in prayer,
To share the hearer's thought; nor strives to make
The smallest of his congregation lose
One glimpse of heaven, to cast it on the priest.
Such simple course, in these ambitious times,
Were worthy imitation; in these days,
When brazen tinsel bears the palm from worth,
And trick and pertness take the sacred desk;
Or some coarse thunderer, armed with doctrines new,
Aims at our faith a blow to fell an ox—
Swinging his sledge, regardless where it strikes,
Or what demolishes—well pleased to win
By either blows or noise!—A modern seer,
Crying destruction! and, to prove it true,
Walking abroad, for demolition armed,
And boldly levelling where he cannot build!
The service done, the congregation rise,
And with a freshness glowing in their hearts,
And quiet strength, the benison of prayer,
And wholesome admonition, hence depart.
Some, loath to go, within the graveyard loiter,
Walking among the mounds, or on the tombs,
Hanging, like pictured grief beneath a willow,
Bathing the inscriptions with their tears; or here,
Finding the earliest violet, like a drop
Of heaven's anointing blue upon the dead,
Bless it with mournful pleasure; or, perchance,
With careful hands, recall the wandering vine,
And teach it where to creep, and where to bear
Its future epitaph of flowers. And there,
Each with a separate grief, and some with tears,
Ponder the sculptured lines of consolation.

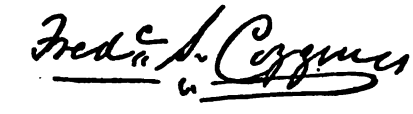
"The chrysalis is here—the soul is flown,
And waits thee in the gardens of the blest!"
"The nest is cold and empty, but the bird
Sings with its loving mates in Paradise!"
"Our hope was planted here—it blooms in heaven!"
"She walks the azure field, 'mid dews of bliss,
While 'mong the thorns our feet still bleed in this!"
"This was the fountain, but the sands are dry—
The waters have exhaled into the sky!"
"The listening Shepherd heard a voice forlorn,
And found the lamb, by thorns and brambles torn,
And placed it in his breast! Then wherefore mourn!"

Such are the various lines; and, while they read,
Methinks I hear sweet voices in the air,
And winnowing of soft, invisible wings,
The whisperings of angels breathing peace!

FREDERICK L. COZZENS.

THE author of numerous popular sketches in the Knickerbocker and Putnam's Magazines, is a native of New York City. He early became engaged in mercantile life, and is at present a leading wine-merchant.

In 1853 he published a volume of sketches in prose and verse entitled *Prismatics, by Richard Haywarde.* It was tastefully illustrated from designs by Elliott, Darley, Kensett, Hicks, and Rossiter. He has since written a series of sketches for Putnam's Monthly, humorously descriptive of a cockney residence in the country, under the title of *The Sparrowgrass Papers*, which are announced for publication in a volume by Derby.



Mr. Cozzens is also the author of a very pleasant miscellany published in connexion with his business, entitled *The Wine Press.* In addition to

much information on the important topic of the native culture of the grape, it is enlivened by many clever essays and sketches in the range of practical æsthetics.

BUNKER HILL; AN OLD-TIME BALLAD.

It was a starry night in June; the air was soft and still,
When the "minute-men" from Cambridge came, and gathered on the hill:
Beneath us lay the sleeping town, around us frowned the fleet,
But the pulse of freemen, not of slaves, within our bosoms beat;
And every heart rose high with hope, as fearlessly we said,
"We will be numbered with the free, or numbered with the dead!"
"Bring out the line to mark the trench, and stretch it on the sward!"
The trench is marked—the tools are brought—we utter not a word,
But stack our guns, then fall to work, with mattock and with spade,
A thousand men with sinewy arms, and not a sound is made:
So still were we, the stars beneath, that scarce a whisper fell;
We heard the red-coat's musket click, and heard him cry, "All's well!"
And here and there a twinkling port, reflected on the deep,
In many a wavy shadow showed their sullen guns asleep.
Sleep on, thou bloody hireling crew! in careless slumber lie;
The trench is growing broad and deep, the breast-work broad and high:
No striplings we, but bear the arms that held the French in check,
The drum that beat at Louisburg, and thundered in Quebec!
And thou, whose promise is deceit, no more thy word we'll trust,
Thou butcher GAGE! thy power and thee we'll humble in the dust;
Thou and thy tory minister have boasted to thy brood,
"The lintels of the faithful shall be sprinkled with our blood!"
But though these walls those lintels be, thy zeal is all in vain:
A thousand freemen shall rise up for every freeman slain;
And when o'er trampled crowns and thrones they raise the mighty shout,
This soil their Palestine shall be; their altar this redoubt:
See how the morn is breaking! the red is in the sky;
The mist is creeping from the stream that floats in silence by;
The Lively's hull looms through the fog, and they our works have spied,
For the ruddy flash and roundshot part in thunder from her side;
And the Falcon and the Cerberus make every bosom thrill,
With gun and shell, and drum and bell, and boatswain's whistle shrill;
But deep and wider grows the trench, as spade and mattock ply,
For we have to cope with fearful odds, and the time is drawing nigh!

Up with the pine tree banner! Our gallant PRESCOTT stands
Amid the plunging shells and shot, and plants it with his hands;
Up with the shout! for PUTNAM comes upon his reeking bay,
With bloody spur and foamy bit, in haste to join the fray;
And POMEROY, with his snow-white hairs, and face all flush and sweat,
Unscathed by French and Indian, wears a youthful glory yet.
But thou, whose soul is glowing in the summer of thy years,
Unvanquishable WARREN, thou (the youngest of thy peers)
Wert born, and bred, and shaped, and made to act a patriot's part,
And dear to us thy presence is as heart's blood to the heart!
Well may ye bark, ye British wolves! with leaders such as they,
Not one will fail to follow where they choose to lead the way—
As once before, scarce two months since, we followed on your track,
And with our rifles marked the road ye took in going back.
Ye slew a sick man in his bed; ye slew with hands accursed,
A mother nursing, and her blood fell on the babe she nursed;
By their own doors our kinsmen fell and perished in the strife;
But as we hold a hireling's cheap, and dear a freeman's life,
By Tanner brook, and Lincoln bridge, before the shut of sun,
We took the recompense we claimed—a score for every one!
Hark! from the town a trumpet! The barges at the wharf
Are crowded with the living freight—and now they're pushing off;
With clash and glitter, trump and drum, in all its bright array,
Behold the splendid sacrifice move slowly o'er the bay!
And still and still the barges fill, and still across the deep,
Like thunder-clouds along the sky, the hostile transports sweep;
And now they're forming at the Point—and now the lines advance:
We see beneath the sultry sun their polished bayonets glance;
We hear a-near the throbbing drum, the bugle challenge ring;
Quick bursts, and loud, the flashing cloud, and rolls from wing to wing;
But on the height our bulwark stands, tremendous in its gloom,
As sullen as a tropic sky, and silent as a tomb.
And so we waited till we saw, at scarce ten rifles' length,
The old vindictive Saxon spite, in all its stubborn strength;
When sudden, flash on flash, around the jagged rampart burst
From every gun the livid light upon the foe accurst;
Then quailed a monarch's might before a free-born people's ire;
Then drank the sward the veteran's life, where swept the yeoman's fire;



Digitized by Google

Then, staggered by the shot, we saw their serried columns reel,
And fall, as falls the bearded rye beneath the reaper's steel:
And then arose a mighty shout that might have waked the dead,
"Hurrah! they run! the field is won!" "Hurrah! the foe is fled!"
And every man hath dropped his gun to clutch a neighbor's hand,
As his heart kept praying all the while for Home and Native Land.
Thrice on that day we stood the shock of thrice a thousand foes,
And thrice that day within our lines the shout of victory rose!
And though our swift fire slackened then, and reddening in the skies,
We saw, from Charlestown's roofs and walls, the flamy columns rise;
Yet while we had a cartridge left, we still maintained the fight,
Nor gained the foe one foot of ground upon that blood-stained height.
What though for us no laurels bloom, nor o'er the nameless brave
No sculptured trophy, scroll, nor hatch, records a warrior-grave!
What though the day to us was lost! Upon that deathless page
The everlasting charter stands, for every land and age!
For man hath broke his felon bonds, and cast them in the dust,
And claimed his heritage divine, and justified the trust;
While through his rifted prison-bars the hues of freedom pour
O'er every nation, race, and clime, on every sea and shore,
Such glories as the patriarch viewed, when 'mid the darkest skies,
He saw above a ruined world the Bow of Promise rise.

### GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

George William Curtis is a native of Providence, R. I., where he was born in 1824. His grandfather, on the mother's side, was James Barrill, remembered as an eminent Rhode Islander, and for his Senator's speech in Congress on the Missouri Compromise Bill. He died at Washington, and is buried there in the Congressional cemetery.

At six years of age young Curtis was placed at school near Boston, and there remained until he was eleven. He returned to Providence, pursuing his studies till he was fifteen, when his father, George Curtis, removed with his family to New York. In a pleasant article in Putnam's Magazine, with the title *Sea from Shore*, our author has given an imaginative reminiscence of his early impressions of Providence, then in the decay of its large India trade.* Of late years manufactories and machine shops have supplanted the quaint old stores upon many of the docks; but the town, at the head of the Narraghansett bay, is fortunate in its situation, upon a hill at the confluence of two rivers, sloping to the east, west, and south; and the stately houses of its earlier merchants upon the ascent towards the south, form as fine a cluster of residences as are seen in any of our cities.

In New York our author was smitten with the love of trade, and deserted his books for a year to serve in a large foreign importing house. Though not without its advantages, the pursuit was abandoned at the end of that time, and the clerk became again a student, continuing with tutors until he was eighteen, when, in a spirit of idyllic enthusiasm, he took part in the Brook Farm Association in West Roxbury, Mass. He remained there a year and a half, enjoying the novel experiences of nature and the friendship of his cultivated associates, and still looks back upon the period as a pleasurable pastoral episode of his life.*

From Brook Farm and its agricultural occupations, after a winter in New York, being still enamored of the country, he went to Concord, in Massachusetts, and lived in a farmer's family, working hard upon the farm and taking his share of the usual fortunes of farmers' boys—with a very unusual private accompaniment of his own, in the sense of poetic enjoyment, unless the poet Bloomfield's Farmer's Boy be taken as the standard. At Concord he saw something of Emerson, much of Hawthorne, who had taken up his residence there after the Brook Farm adventure, and a little of Henry Thoreau, and of the poet William Ellery Channing. It was at this time that Emerson tried the formation of a club out of the individual "unclubable" elements of the philosophic personages in the neighborhood, which Mr. Curtis has pleasantly described in the Homes of American Authors.†

During these years, Mr. Curtis was constantly studying and perfecting himself in the various accomplishments of literature, and after two summers and a winter passed in Concord, he sailed for Europe in August, 1846. He landed at Marseilles, and proceeding along the coast to Genoa, Leghorn, and Florence, passed the winter in Rome in the society of the American artists then resident there, Crawford, Hicks, Kensett, Cranch, Terry, and Freeman. In the spring he travelled through southern Italy and reached Venice in August. At Milan he met Mr. George S. Hillard and the Rev. Frederic H. Hedge, and crossed the Stelvio with them in the autumn into Germany. There he matriculated at the University of Berlin, and spent a portion of his time in travel, visiting every part of Germany and making the tour of the Danube into Hungary as far as Pesth. He was in Berlin during the revolutionary scenes of March, 1848. The next winter he passed in Paris, was in Switzerland in the summer, and in the following autumn crossed into Italy, and went to Sicily from Naples. He made the tour of the island, and visited Malta and the East, returning to America in the summer of 1850.

* Putnam's Magazine, July, 1854. The passage is in the author's best faithful vein.

* Some further mention of this peculiar affair will be found in the notice of Hawthorne. In the preface to the Blithedale Romance, Hawthorne calls upon Curtis to become the historian of the settlement—"Even the brilliant Howadji might find as rich a theme in his youthful reminiscences of Brook Farm, and a more novel one,—close at hand as it lies,—than those which he has since made so distant a pilgrimage to seek, in Syria and along the current of the Nile."

† The papers of Mr. Curtis in this volume, published by Putnam in 1852, are the sketches of Emerson, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Irving, Bancroft, and Prescott.

Digitized by Google

In the autumn of that year he prepared the *Nile Notes of an Howadji*, much of which was written, as it stands, upon the Nile. During the winter he was connected with the Tribune newspaper, and the following season the *Notes* were published by the Harpers and by Bentley in London. In the summer of 1851 a travelling tour furnished letters from the fashionable watering-places to the Tribune, and the autumn and winter were spent in Providence, where a second series of Eastern reminiscences and sketches—*The Howadji in Syria*—was written, which was published by the Harpers the next spring, and the same publishing season the Tribune letters were rewritten and printed, with illustrations by Kensett, in the volume entitled *Lotus Eating*.

Returning to New York in the autumn of 1852, he became one of the original editors of Putnam's Monthly, and wrote the series of satiric sketches of society, the *Potiphar Papers*, which were collected in a volume in 1853. Besides the Potiphar Papers, he has written numerous articles for Putnam's Magazine, including several poetical essays, in the character of a simple-minded merchant's clerk, with his amiable, common-sense wife Prue for a heroine. *Dinner Time*, *My Chateaux*, and *Sea from Shore*, belong to this series.

He has also written for Harpers' Magazine a picturesque historical paper on Newport,* some tales of fashionable society by Smythe, Jr., and other papers.

In the winter of 1853 he took the field as a popular lecturer with success in different parts of the country.

In 1854 he delivered a poem before a literary society at Brown University, at Providence.

It is understood that Mr. Curtis is at present (1855) engaged upon a life of Mehemet Ali: a topic which will test his diligence and powers in a new department of composition.

* In the number for August, 1854.

UNDER THE PALMS—FROM THE NILE NOTES.

A motion from the river won,
Ridged the smooth level, bearing on
My shallop through the star-strown calm,
Until another night in night
I entered, from the clearer light,
Imbowered vaults of pillar'd Palm.

Humboldt, the only cosmopolitan and a poet, divides the earth by beauties, and celebrates as dearest to him, and first fascinating him to travel, the climate of palms. The palm is the type of the tropics, and when the great Alexander marched triumphing through India, some Hindoo, suspecting the sweetest secret of Brama, distilled a wine from the palm, the glorious phantasy of whose intoxication no poet records.

I knew a palm-tree upon Capri. It stood in select society of shining fig-leaves and lustrous oleanders; it overhung the balcony, and so looked, far over-leaning, down upon the blue Mediterranean. Through the dream-mists of southern Italian noons, it looked up the broad bay of Naples and saw vague Vesuvius melting away; or at sunset the isles of the Syrens, whereon they singing sat, and wooed Ulysses as he went; or in the full May moonlight the oranges of Sorrento shone across it, great and golden, permanent planets of that delicious dark. And from the Sorrento where Tasso was born, it looked across to pleasant Posylippo, where Virgil is buried, and to stately Ischia. The palm of Capri saw all that was fairest and most famous in the bay of Naples.

A wandering poet, whom I knew—sang a sweet song to the palm, as he dreamed in the moonlight upon that balcony. But it was only the free-masonry of sympathy. It was only syllabled moonshine. For the palm was a poet too, and all palms are poets.

Yet when I asked the bard what the palm-tree sang in its melancholy measures of waving, he told me that not Vesuvius, nor the Syrens, nor Sorrento, nor Tasso, nor Virgil, nor stately Ischia, nor all the broad blue beauty of Naples bay, was the theme of that singing. But partly it sang of a river for ever flowing, and of cloudless skies, and green fields that never faded, and the mournful music of water-wheels, and the wild monotony of a tropical life—and partly of the yellow silence of the Desert, and of drear solitudes inaccessible, and of wandering caravans, and lonely men. Then of gardens overhanging rivers, that roll gorgeous-shored through Western fancies—of gardens in Bagdad watered by the Euphrates and the Tigris, whereof it was the fringe and darling ornament—of oases in those sere sad deserts where it overfountained fountains, and every leaf was blessed. More than all, of the great Orient universally, where no tree was so abundant, so loved, and so beautiful.

When I lay under that palm-tree in Capri in the May moonlight, my ears were opened, and I heard all that the poet had told me of its song.

Perhaps it was because I came from Rome, where the holy week comes into the year as Christ entered Jerusalem, over palms. For in the magnificence of St. Peter's, all the pomp of the most pompous of human institutions is on one day charactered by the palm. The Pope borne upon his throne, as is no other monarch,—with wide-waving Flabella attendant, moves, blessing the crowd through the great nave. All the red-legged cardinals follow, each of whose dresses would build a chapel, so costly are they, and the crimson-crowned Greek patriarch with long silken black beard, and the crew of motley which the Roman clergy is, crowded after in shining splendor.

No ceremony of imperial Rome had been more imposing, and never witnessed in a temple more im-

Digitized by Google

perial. But pope, patriarch, cardinals, bishops, ambassadors, and all the lesser glories, bore palm branches in their hands. Not veritable palm branches, but their imitation in turned yellow wood; and all through Rome that day, the palm branch was waving and hanging. Who could not see its beauty, even in the turned yellow wood? Who did not feel it was a sacred tree as well as romantic?

For palm branches were strewn before Jesus as he rode into Jerusalem, and for ever, since, the palm symbolizes peace. Wherever a grove of palms waves in the low moonlight or starlight wind, it is the celestial choir chanting peace on earth, good-will to men. Therefore is it the foliage of the old religious pictures. Mary sits under a palm, and the saints converse under palms, and the prophets prophesy in their shade, and cherubs float with palms over the Martyr's agony. Nor among pictures is there any more beautiful than Correggio's Flight into Egypt, wherein the golden-haired angels put aside the palm branches, and smile sunnily through, upon the lovely Mother and the lovely child.

The palm is the chief tree in religious remembrance and religious art. It is the chief tree in romance and poetry. But its sentiment is always Eastern, and it always yearns for the East. In the West it is an exile, and pines in the most sheltered gardens. Among Western growths in the Western air, it is as unsphered as Hafiz in a temperance society. Yet of all Western shores it is happiest in Sicily; for Sicily is only a bit of Africa drifted westward. There is a soft Southern strain in the Sicilian skies, and the palms drink its sunshine like dew. Upon the tropical plain behind Palermo, among the sun-sucking aloes, and the thick, shapeless cactuses, like elephants and rhinoceroses enchanted into foliage, it grows ever gladly. For the aloe is of the East, and the prickly pear, and upon that plain the Saracens have been, and the palm sees the Arabian arch, and the oriental sign-manual stamped upon the land.

In the Villa Serra di Falco, within sound of the vespers of Palermo, there is a palm beautiful to behold. It is like a Georgian slave in a pacha's harem. Softly shielded from eager winds, gently throned upon a slope of richest green, fringed with brilliant and fragrant flowers, it stands separate and peculiar in the odorous garden air. Yet it droops and saddens, and bears no fruit. Vain is the exquisite environment of foreign fancies. The poor slave has no choice but life. Care too tender will not suffer it to die. Pride and admiration surround it with the best beauties, and feed it upon the warmest sun. But I heard it sigh as I passed. A wind blew warm from the East, and it lifted its arms hopelessly, and when the wind, love-laden with the most subtile sweetness, lingered, loth to fly, the palm stood motionless upon its little green mound, and the flowers were so fresh and fair—and the leaves of the trees so deeply hued, and the native fruit so golden and glad upon the boughs—that the still warm garden air seemed only the silent, voluptuous sadness of the tree; and had I been a poet my heart would have melted in song for the proud, pining palm.

But the palms are not only poets in the West, they are prophets as well. They are like heralds sent forth upon the farthest points to celebrate to the traveller the glories they foreshow. Like spring birds they sing a summer unfading, and climes where Time wears the year as a queen a rosary of diamonds. The mariner, eastward-sailing, hears tidings from the chance palms that hang along the southern Italian shore. They call out to him across the gleaming calm of a Mediterranean noon, "Thou happy mariner, our souls sail with thee."

The first palm undoes the West. The Queen of Sheba and the Princess Shemselnihar look then upon the most Solomon of Howadji's. So far the Orient has come—not in great glory, not handsomely, but as Rome came to Britain in Roman soldiers. The crown of imperial glory glittered yet and only upon the seven hills, but a single ray had penetrated the northern night—and what the golden house of Nero was to a Briton contemplating a Roman soldier, is the East to the Howadji first beholding a palm.

At Alexandria you are among them. Do not decry Alexandria as all Howadji do. To my eyes it was the illuminated initial of the oriental chapter. Certainly it reads like its heading—camels, mosques, bazaars, turbans, baths, and chibouques: and the whole East rows out to you, in the turbaned and fluttering-robed rascal who officiates as your pilot and moors you in the shadow of palms under the pacha's garden. Malign Alexandria no more, although you do have your choice of camels or omnibuses to go to your hotel, for when you are there and trying to dine, the wild-eyed Beloueen who serves you, will send you deep into the desert by masquerading costume and his eager, restless eye, looking as if he would momently spring through the window, and plunge into the desert depths. These Beloueen or Arab servants are like steeds of the sun for carriage horses. They fly, girt with wild fascination, for what will they do next?

As you donkey out of Alexandria to Pompey's Pillar, you will pass a beautiful garden of palms, and by sunset nothing is so natural as to see only those trees. Yet the fascination is lasting. The poetry of the first exiles you saw, does not perish in the presence of the nation, for those exiles stood beckoning like angels at the gate of Paradise, sorrowfully ushering you into the glory whence themselves were outcasts for ever:—and as you curiously looked in passing, you could not believe that their song was truth, and that the many would be as beautiful as the one.

Thenceforward, in the land of Egypt, palms are perpetual. They are the only foliage of the Nile, for we will not harm the modesty of a few Mimosas and Sycamores by foolish claims. They are the shade of the mud villages, marking their site in the landscape, so that the groups of palms are the number of villages. They fringe the shore and the horizon. The sun sets golden behind them, and birds sit swinging upon their boughs and float glorious among their trunks; on the ground beneath are flowers; the sugar-cane is not harmed by the ghostly shade nor the tobacco, and the yellow flowers of the cotton-plant star its dusk at evening. The children play under them, and the old men crone and smoke, the donkeys graze, the surly bison and the conceited camels repose. The old Bible pictures are ceaselessly painted, but with softer, clearer colors than in the venerable book.

The palm-grove is always enchanted. If it stretch inland too alluringly, and you run ashore to stand under the bending boughs to share the peace of the doves swinging in the golden twilight, and to make yourself feel more scripturally, at least to surround yourself with sacred emblems, having small other hope of a share in the beauty of holiness—yet you will never reach the grove. You will gain the trees, but it is not the grove you fancied—that golden gloom will never be gained—it is an endless El Dorado gleaming along these shores. The separate columnar trunks ray out in foliage above, but there is no shade of a grove, no privacy of a wood, except, indeed, at sunset,

Digitized by Google

A privacy of glorious light.

Each single tree has a little shade that the mass standing at wide ease can never create the shady solitude, without which there is no grove.

But the eye never wearies of palms more than the ear of singing birds. Solitary they stand upon the sand, or upon the level, fertile land in groups, with a grace and dignity that no tree surpasses. Very soon the eye beholds in their forms the original type of the columns which it will afterward admire in the temples. Almost the first palm is architecturally suggestive, even in those Western gardens—but to artists living among them and seeing only them! Men's hands are not delicate in the early ages, and the fountain fairness of the palms is not very flowingly fashioned in the capitals, but in the flowery perfection of the Parthenon the palm triumphs. The forms of those columns came from Egypt, and that which was the suspicion of the earlier workers, was the success of more delicate designing. So is the palm inwound with our art and poetry and religion, and of all trees would the Howadji be a palm, wide-waving peace and plenty, and feeling is kin to the Parthenon and Raphael's pictures.

## FRANCIS PARKMAN.

FRANCIS PARKMAN, the son of an esteemed clergyman of the same name, was born in Boston on the sixteenth of September, 1823. After completing his collegiate course at Harvard in 1844, he made a tour across the Prairies, the results of which were given to the public in a series of papers, *The Oregon Trail*, published in the Knickerbocker Magazine, and afterwards collected in a volume with the title, *Sketches of Prairie and Rocky Mountain Life*.

F. Parkman, Jr.

Mr. Parkman next occupied himself with historical composition. Familiar with actual Indian life on and beyond the frontier, he naturally turned his attention to the many picturesque scenes of a similar character in our annals. He selected a subject of limited scope, and on comparatively virgin ground.

*The History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac, and the War of the North American Tribes against the English Colonies after the Conquest of Canada*, appeared in an octavo volume in 1851. The work attracted attention by its individuality of subject, respect by its evidences of thorough investigation, and popularity by its literary merits. Mr. Parkman at once attained a foremost rank as a historian. His volume is written in a clear, animated tone, giving in its pages due prominence to the picturesque scenery as well as the dramatic action of its topic.

Mr. Parkman is at present occupied in the preparation of a History of French Discovery and Colonization in North America, a subject well adapted to his powers.

THE ILLINOIS.

We turn to a region of which, as yet, we have caught but transient glimpses; a region which to our forefathers seemed remote and strange, as to us the mountain strongholds of the Apaches, or the wastes of farthest Oregon. The country of the Illinois was chiefly embraced within the boundaries of the state which now retains the name. Thitherward, from the east, the west, and the north, three mighty rivers rolled their tributary waters; while countless smaller streams—smaller only in comparison—traversed the land with a watery network, impregnating the warm soil with exuberant fecundity. From the eastward, the Ohio—La Belle Rivière—pursued its windings for more than a thousand miles. The Mississippi descended from the distant north; while from its fountains in the west, three thousand miles away, the Missouri poured its torrent towards the same common centre. Born among mountains, trackless even now, except by the adventurous footstep of the trapper,—nurtured amid the howling of beasts and the war-cries of savages, never silent in that wilderness,—it holds its angry course through sun-scorched deserts, among towers and palaces, the architecture of no human hand, among lodges of barbarian hordes, and herds of bison blackening the prairie to the horizon. Fierce, reckless, headstrong, exulting in its tumultuous force, it plays a thousand freaks of wanton power; bearing away forests from its shores, and planting them, with roots uppermost, in its quicksands; sweeping off islands, and rebuilding them; frothing and raging in foam and whirlpool, and, again, gliding with dwindled current along its sandy channel. At length, dark with uncurbed fury, it pours its muddy tide into the reluctant Mississippi. That majestic river, drawing life from the pure fountains of the north, wandering among emerald prairies and wood-crowned bluffs, loses all its earlier charm with this unhallowed union. At first, it shrinks, as with repugnance, and along the same channel the two streams flow side by side, with unmingled waters. But the disturbing power prevails at length; and the united torrent bears onward in its might, boiling up from the bottom, whirling in many a vortex, flooding its shores with a malign deluge fraught with pestilence and fever, and burying forests in its depths to insnare the heedless voyager. Mightiest among rivers, it is the connecting link of adverse climates and contrasted races; and while at its northern source the fur-clad Indian shivers in the cold,—where it mingles with the ocean, the growth of the tropics springs along its banks, and the panting negro cools his limbs in its refreshing waters.

To these great rivers and their tributary streams the country of the Illinois owed its wealth, its grassy prairies, and the stately woods that flourished on its deep, rich soil. This prolific land teemed with life.

Digitized by Google

It was a hunter's paradise. Deer grazed on its meadows. The elk trooped in herds, like squadrons of cavalry. In the still morning, one might hear the clatter of their antlers for half a mile over the dewy prairie. Countless bison roamed the plains, filing in grave procession to drink at the rivers, plunging and snorting among the rapids and quicksands, rolling their huge bulk on the grass, or rushing upon each other in hot encounter, like champions under shield. The wildcat glared from the thicket; the raccoon thrust his furry countenance from the hollow tree, and the opossum swung, head downwards, from the overhanging bough.

With the opening spring, when the forests are budding into leaf, and the prairies gemmed with flowers; when a warm, faint haze rests upon the landscape—then heart and senses are enthralled with luxurious beauty. The shrubs and wild fruit-trees, flushed with pale red blossoms, and the small clustering flowers of grape-vines, which choke the gigantic trees with Laocoon writhings, fill the forest with their rich perfume. A few days later, and a cloud of verdure overshadows the land, while birds innumerable sing beneath its canopy, and brighten its shades with their glancing hues.

Yet this western paradise is not free from the curse of Adam. The beneficent sun, which kindles into life so many forms of loveliness and beauty, fails not to engender venom and death from the rank slime of pestilential swamp and marsh. In some stagnant pool, buried in the jungle-like depths of the forest, where the hot and lifeless water reeks with exhalations, the water-snake basks by the margin, or winds his checkered length of loathsome beauty across the sleepy surface. From beneath the rotten carcass of some fallen tree, the moccason thrusts out his broad flat head, ready to dart on the intruder. On the dry, sun-scorched prairie, the rattlesnake, a more generous enemy, reposes in his spiral coil. He scorns to shun the eye of day, as if conscious of the honor accorded to his name by the warlike race, who, jointly with him, claim lordship over the land. But some intrusive footstep awakes him from his slumbers. His neck is arched; the white fangs gleam in his distended jaws; his small eyes dart rays of unutterable fierceness; and his rattles, invisible with their quick vibration, ring the sharp warning which no man will rashly contemn.

The land thus prodigal of good and evil, so remote from the sea, so primitive in its aspect, might well be deemed an undiscovered region, ignorant of European arts; yet it may boast a colonization as old as that of many a spot to which are accorded the scanty honors of an American antiquity. The earliest settlement of Pennsylvania was made in 1681; the first occupation of the Illinois took place in the previous year. La Salle may be called the father of the colony. That remarkable man entered the country with a handful of followers, bent on his grand scheme of Mississippi discovery. A legion of enemies rose in his path; but neither delay, disappointment, sickness, famine, open force, nor secret conspiracy, could bend his soul of iron. Disasters accumulated upon him. He flung them off, and still pressed forward to his object. His victorious energy bore all before it, but the success on which he had staked his life served only to entail fresh calamity, and an untimely death; and his best reward is, that his name stands forth in history an imperishable monument of heroic constancy. When on his way to the Mississippi in the year 1680, La Salle built a fort in the country of the Illinois, and, on his return from the mouth of the great river, some of his followers remained, and established themselves near the spot. Heroes of another stamp took up the work which the daring Norman had begun. Jesuit missionaries, among the best and purest of their order, burning with zeal for the salvation of souls, and the gaining of an immortal crown, here toiled and suffered, with a self-sacrificing devotion which extorts a tribute of admiration even from sectarian bigotry. While the colder apostles of Protestantism labored upon the outskirts of heathendom, these champions of the cross, the forlorn hope of the army of Rome, pierced to the heart of its dark and dreary domain, confronting death at every step, and well repaid for all, could they but sprinkle a few drops of water on the forehead of a dying child, or hang a gilded crucifix round the neck of some warrior, pleased with the glittering trinket. With the beginning of the eighteenth century, the black robe of the Jesuit was known in every village of the Illinois. Defying the wiles of Satan and the malice of his emissaries, the Indian sorcerers, exposed to the rage of the elements, and every casualty of forest life, they followed their wandering proselytes to war and to the chase; now wading through morasses, now dragging canoes over rapids and sand-bars; now scorched with heat of the sweltering prairie, and now shivering houseless in the blasts of January. At Kaskaskia and Cahokia they established missions, and built frail churches from the bark of trees, fit emblems of their own transient and futile labors. Morning and evening, the savage worshippers sang praises to the Virgin, and knelt in supplication before the shrine of St. Joseph.

Soldiers and fur-traders followed where these pioneers of the church had led the way. Forts were built here and there throughout the country, and the cabins of settlers clustered about the mission-houses. The new colonists, emigrants from Canada or disbanded soldiers of French regiments, bore a close resemblance to the settlers of Detroit, or the primitive people of Acadia, whose simple life poetry has chosen as an appropriate theme. The Creole of the Illinois, contented, light-hearted, and thriftless, by no means fulfilled the injunction to increase and multiply, and the colony languished in spite of the fertile soil. The people labored long enough to gain a bare subsistence for each passing day, and spent the rest of their time in dancing and merry-making, smoking, gossiping, and hunting. Their native gayety was irrepressible, and they found means to stimulate it with wine made from the fruit of the wild grape-vines. Thus they passed their days, at peace with themselves, hand and glove with their Indian neighbors, and ignorant of all the world beside. Money was scarcely known among them. Skins and furs were the prevailing currency, and in every village a great portion of the land was held in common. The military commandant, whose station was at Fort Chartres, on the Mississippi, ruled the colony with a sway absolute as that of the Pacha of Egypt, and judged civil and criminal cases without right of appeal. Yet his power was exercised in a patriarchal spirit, and he usually commanded the respect and confidence of the people. Many years later, when, after the War of the Revolution, the Illinois came under the jurisdiction of the United States, the perplexed inhabitants, totally at a loss to understand the complicated machinery of republicanism, begged to be delivered from the intolerable burden of self-government, and to be once more subjected to a military commandant.

### ERASTUS W. ELLSWORTH

Was born November, 1823, in East Windsor, Conn., where he is at present a resident. He was educated at Amherst College, studied law, but was

Digitized by Google

diverted from the profession by a taste for mechanical ingenuities, and has mainly occupied himself as an inventor or machinist. A spirited poem from his pen, *The Railroad Lyric*, is an eloquent expression of these tastes.

## Erastus W. Ellsworth

Having contributed various poems to Sartain's Magazine, the International, and Putnam's Monthly, in 1855 he published a collection from them at Hartford. The longest of these is devoted to that old favorite theme of the Muse, the desertion of Ariadne by Theseus. Others are patriotic, celebrating General Putnam, Nathan Hale, and Mount Vernon. Still another class is on familiar topics, in a light sportive style. The following, in a quaint vein of morality, is among the most successful.

### WHAT IS THE USE?

I saw a man, by some accounted wise,
For some things said and done before their eyes,
Quite overcast, and in a restless muse,
Pacing a path about,
And often giving out:
"What is the use?"

Then I, with true respect: What meanest thou
By those strange words, and that unsettled brow?
Health, wealth, the fair esteem of ample views,
To these things thou art born.
But he as one forlorn:
"What is the use?

"I have surveyed the sages and their books,
Man, and the natural world of woods and brooks,
Seeking that perfect good that I would choose;
But find no perfect good,
Settled and understood.
What is the use?

"Life, in a poise, hangs trembling on the beam,
Even in a breath bounding to each extreme
Of joy and sorrow; therefore I refuse
All beaten ways of bliss,
And only answer this:
What is the use?

"The hoodwinked world is seeking happiness.
'Which way?' they cry, 'here!' 'no!' 'there!'
'who can guess?'
And so they grope, and grope, and grope, and cruise
On, on, till life is lost,
At blindman's with a ghost.
What is the use?

"Love first, with most, then wealth, distinction, fame,
Quicken the blood and spirit on the game.
Some try them all, and all alike accuse—
'I have been all,' said one,
'And find that all is none.'
What is the use?

"In woman's love we sweetly are undone;
Willing to attract, but harder to be won,
Harder to keep, is she whose love we choose.
Loves are like flowers that grow
In soils on fire below.
What is the use?

"Some pray for wealth, and seem to pray aright:
They heap until themselves are out of sight;
Yet stand, in charities, not over shoes,
And ask of their old age,
As an old ledger page,
What is the use?

"Some covet honors, and they have their choice,
Are dogged with dinners and the popular voice;
They ride a wind—it drops them—and they bruise;
Or, if sustained, they sigh:
'That other is more high.'
What is the use?

'Some try for fame—the merest chance of things
That mortal hope can wreak towards the wings
Of soaring Time—they win, perhaps, or lose—
Who knows? Not he, who, dead,
Laurels a marble head.
What is the use?

"The strife for fame and the high praise of power,
Is as a man, who, panting up a tower,
Bears a great stone, then, straining all his thews,
Heaves it, and sees it make
A splashing in a lake.
What is the use?

"Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
To scorn delights, and live laborious days.
Thus the great lords of spiritual fame amuse
Their souls, and think it good
To eat of angels' food.
What is the use?

"They eat their fill, and they are filled with wind.
They do the noble works of noble mind.
Repute, and often bread, the world refuse.
They go unto their place,
The greatest of the race.
What is the use?

"Should some new star, in the fair evening sky
Kindle a blaze, startling so keen an eye
Of flamings eminent, athwart the dews,
Our thoughts would say: No doubt
That star will soon burn out.
What is the use?

"Who'll care for me, when I am dead and gone?
Not many now, and surely, soon, not one;
And should I sing like an immortal Muse,
Men, if they read the line,
Read for their good, not mine;
What is the use?

"And song, if passable, is doomed to pass—
Common, though sweet as the new-scythed grass,
Of human deeds and thoughts Time bears no news,
That, flying, he can lack,
Else they would break his back,
What is the use?

"Spirit of Beauty! Breath of golden lyres!
Perpetual tremble of immortal wires!
Divinely torturing rapture of the Muse!
Conspicuous wretchedness!
Thou starry, sole success!—
What is the use?

"Doth not all struggle toil, upon its brow,
That he who makes it is not easy now,
But hopes to be? Vain hope that dost abuse!
Coquetting with thine eyes,
And fooling him who sighs.
What is the use?

"Go pry the lintels of the pyramids;
Lift the old king's mysterious coffin lids—
This dust was theirs whose names these stones confuse,
These mighty monuments
Of mighty discontents.
What is the use?

Digitized by Google

"Did not he sum it all, whose Gate of Pearls
Blazed royal Ophir, Tyre, and Syrian girls—
The great, wise, famous monarch of the Jews?
Though rolled in grandeur vast,
He said of all, at last:
What is the use?

"O! but to take, of life, the natural good,
Even as a hermit caverned in a wood,
More sweetly fills my sober-suited views,
Than sweating to attain
Any luxurious pain.
What is the use?

"Give me a hermit's life, without his beads—
His lantern-jawed and moral-mouthing creeds;
Systems and creeds the natural heart abuse.
What need of any Book,
Or spiritual crook?
What is the use?

"I love, and God is love; and I behold
Man, Nature, God, one triple chain of gold—
Nature in all sole Oracle and Muse.
What should I seek, at all,
More than is natural?
What is the use?"

---

Seeing this man so heathenly inclined—
So wilted in the mood of a good mind,
I felt a kind of heat of earnest thought;
And studying in reply,
Answered him, eye to eye:—

Thou dost amaze me that thou dost mistake
The wandering rivers for the fountain lake.
What is the end of living?—happiness?—
An end that none attain,
Argues a purpose vain.

Plainly, this world is not a scope for bliss,
But duty. Yet we see not all that is,
Or may be, some day, if we love the light.
What man is, in desires,
Whispers where man aspires.

But what and where are we?—what now—to-day?
Souls on a globe that spin our lives away—
A multitudinous world, where Heaven and Hell,
Strangely in battle met,
Their gonfalons have set.

Dust though we are, and shall return to dust,
Yet being born to battles, fight we must;
Under which ensign is our only choice.
We know to wage our best,
God only knows the rest.

Then since we see about us sin and dole,
And some things good, why not, with hand and soul
Wrestle and succor out of wrong and sorrow—
Grasping the swords of strife,
Making the most of life?

Yea, all that we can wield is worth the end,
If sought as God's and man's most loyal friend.
Naked we come into the world, and take
Weapons of various skill—
Let us not use them ill.

As for the creeds, Nature is dark at best;
And darker still is the deep human breast.
Therefore consider well of creeds and Books,
Lest thou mayst somewhat fail
Of things beyond the veil.

Nature was dark to the dim starry age
Of wistful Job; and that Athenian sage,
Pensive in piteous thought of Faith's distress;
For still she cried with tears:
"More light, ye crystal spheres!"

But rouse thee, man! Shake off this hideous death!
Be man! Stand up! Draw in a mighty breath!
This world has quite enough emasculate hands,
Dallying with doubt and sin.
Come—here is work—begin!

Come, here is work—and a rank field—begin.
Put thou thine edge to the great weeds of sin;
So shalt thou find the use of life, and see
Thy Lord, at set of sun,
Approach and say: "Well done!"

This at the last: They clutch the sapless fruit.
Ashes and dust of the Dead Sea, who suit
Their course of life to compass happiness;
But be it understood
That, to be greatly good,
All is the use.

### WILLIAM W. CALDWELL

Was born at Newburyport, Massachusetts, in 1823. He was educated at Bowdoin college, where he received his degree in 1843, and has since resided in his native place, engaged in the business of a druggist. A man of taste and refinement, he has pursued poetry and literature as the ornaments of life. His occasional verses, on simple heartfelt themes, are truthful in expression and sentiment, and happy in poetic execution. He has published also translations from the German poets.

#### ROBIN'S COME!

From the elm-tree's topmost bough,
Hark! the Robin's early song!
Telling one and all that now
Merry spring-time hastes along;
Welcome tidings thou dost bring,
Little harbinger of spring,
Robin's come!

Of the winter we are weary,
Weary of its frost and snow,
Longing for the sunshine cheery,
And the brooklet's gurgling flow;
Gladly then we hear thee sing
The reveillé of the spring.
Robin's come!

Ring it out o'er hill and plain,
Through the garden's lonely bowers,
Till the green leaves dance again,
Till the air is sweet with flowers!
Wake the cowslip by the rill,
Wake the yellow daffodil!
Robin's come!

Then as thou wert wont of yore,
Build thy nest and rear thy young,
Close beside our cottage door,
In the woodbine leaves among;
Hurt or harm thou need'st not fear,
Nothing rude shall venture near.
Robin's come!

Swinging still o'er yonder lane,
Robin answers merrily;
Ravished by the sweet refrain,
Alice claps her hands in glee,
Calling from the open door,
With her soft voice, o'er and o'er,
Robin's come!

#### WHAT SAITH THE FOUNTAIN?

What saith the Fountain,
Hid in the glade,
Where the tall mountain
Throweth its shade?

Digitized by Google

"Deep in my waters, reflected serene,
All the soft beauty of heaven is seen;
Thus let thy bosom from wild passions free
Ever the mirror of purity be!"

What saith the Streamlet,
Flowing so bright,
Clear as a beamlet
Of silvery light?

"Morning and evening still floating along,
Upward for ever ascendeth my song;
Be thou contented, whate'er may befal,
Cheerful in knowing that God is o'er all."

What saith the River,
Majestic in flow,
Moving for ever
Calmly and slow?

"Over my surface the great vessels glide,
Ocean-ward borne by my strong heaving tide;
Work thou too, brother, life vanisheth fast,
Labor unceasing, rest cometh at last."

What saith the Ocean,
Boundless as night;
Tumultuous in motion,
Resistless in might?

"Fountain to streamlet, streamlet to river,
All in my bosom commingle for ever;
Morning to noontide and noontide to night,
Soon will Eternity veil thee from sight."

JOHN R. THOMPSON

Was born in Richmond, Va., October 23, 1823. He was educated at a school at East Haven in Connecticut, and at the University of Virginia, where he received the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1845, having passed an interval of two years in the study of the law. In 1847, he became editor of the Southern Literary Magazine, which he has since conducted.

Mr. Thompson, besides the articles in his own journal, has contributed numerous poems to the Knickerbocker, Literary World, and International Magazine.

His editorship of the Messenger, the longest lived periodical of the South, and always an important medium of communication of the best Southern authors with the public, has been marked by its liberality and courtesy towards authors of all portions of the country. His poetical writings are finished with care, and display a delicate sentiment.

THE WINDOW PANES AT BRANDON.*

As within the old mansion the holiday throng
re-assembles in beauty and grace,
And some eye looking out of the window, by chance,
these memorial records may trace—
How the past, like a swift-coming haze from the sea,
in an instant, surrounds us once more,
While the shadowy figures of those we have loved,
all distinctly are seen on the shore!

Through the vista of years, stretching dimly away,
we but look, and a vision behold—
Like some magical picture the sunset reveals with
its colors of crimson and gold—
All suffused with the glow of the hearth's ruddy
blaze, from beneath the gay "mistletoe bough,"
There are faces that break into smiles as divinely as
any that beam on us now.

While the Old Year departing strides ghost-like
along o'er the hills that are dark with the
storm,
To the New the brave beaker is filled to the brim,
and the play of affection is warm:
Look once more—as the garlanded Spring re-appears,
in her footsteps we welcome a train
Of fair women, whose eyes are as bright as the gem
that has cut their dear names on the pane.

From the canvas of Vandyke and Kneller that hangs
on the old-fashioned wainscoted wall,
Stately ladies, the favored of poets, look down on
the guests and the revel and all;
But their beauty, though wedded to eloquent verse,
and though rendered immortal by Art,
Yet outshines not the beauty that breathing below,
in a moment takes captive the heart.

Many winters have since frosted over these panes
with the tracery-work of the rime,
Many Aprils have brought back the birds to the
lawn from some far-away tropical clime—
But the guests of the season, alas! where are they?
some the shores of the stranger have trod,
And some names have been long ago carved on the
stone, where they sweetly rest under the sod.

How uncertain the record! the hand of a child, in
its innocent sport, unawares,
May, at any time, lucklessly shatter the pane, and
thus cancel the story it bears:
Still a portion, at least, shall uninjured remain—
unto trustier tablets consigned—
The fond names that survive in the memory of friends
who yet linger a season behind.

Recollect, oh young soul, with ambition inspired!—
let the moral be read as we pass—
Recollect the illusory tablets of fame have been ever
as brittle as glass:
Oh then be not content with the name there inscribed,—for as well may you trace it in dust,—
But resolve to record it where long it shall stand, in
the hearts of the good and the just!

A PICTURE.

Across the narrow dusty street
I see at early dawn,
A little girl with glancing feet,
As agile as the fawn.

An hour or so and forth she goes,
The school she brightly seeks,
She carries in her hand a rose
And two upon her cheeks.

The sun mounts up the torrid sky—
The bell for dinner rings—
My little friend, with laughing eye,
Comes gaily back and sings.

The week wears off and Saturday,
A welcome day, I ween,
Gives time for girlish romp and play;
How glad my pet is seen!

But Sunday—in what satins great
Does she not then appear!
King Solomon in all his state
Wore no such pretty gear.

* Upon the window panes at Brandon, on James River, are inscribed the names, cut with a diamond ring, of many of those who have composed the Christmas and May parties of that hospitable mansion in years gone by.

Digitized by Google

I fling her every day a kiss,
And one she flings to me:
I know not truly when it is
She prettiest may be.

BENEDICITE.

I saw her move along the aisle—
The chancel lustres burned the while—
With bridal roses in her hair,
Oh! never seemed she half so fair.

A manly form stood by her side,
We knew him worthy such a bride;
And prayers went up to God above
To bless them with immortal love.

The vow was said. I know not yet
But some were filled with fond regret:
So much a part of us she seemed
To lose her quite we had not dreamed.

Like the "fair Inez," loved, caressed,
She went into the distant west,
And while one heart with joy flowed o'er,
Like her she saddened many more.

Lady, though far from childhood's things
Thy gentle spirit folds its wing,
We offer now for him and thee
A tearful Benedicite!

## GEORGE H. BOKER.

GEORGE HENRY BOKER is a native of Philadelphia, where he was born in the year 1824. In 1841 he was graduated at Nassau Hall, Princeton, and after a tour in Europe returned to Philadelphia, where he has since resided.

In 1847 he published *The Lesson of Life and other Poems;* and in 1848, *Calaynos*, a tragedy. This was received with favor, and in April, of the following year, acted with success at Sadlers' Wells Theatre, London. The scene is laid in Spain, the interest turns upon the hostile feeling between the Spanish and Moorish races.

Geo: H. Boker

Mr. Boker's second tragedy, *Anne Boleyn*, was soon after published and produced upon the stage. He has since written *The Betrothal*, *Leonor de Guzman*, and a comedy, *All the World a Mask*, all of which have been produced with success.

He has also contributed several poetical compositions of merit to the periodicals of the day.

Mr. Boker has wisely avoided, in his dramatic composition, the stilted periods of the classic, and the vagueness of the "unacted" drama. His plays have the action befitting the stage, and the finish requisite for the closet. His blank verse is smooth, and his dialogue spirited and colloquial.

THE DEATH OF DOÑA ALDA—FROM CALAYNOS.

*Calaynos.* What would'st thou, Alda?—Cheer thee, love, bear up!
*Doña Alda.* Thy face is dim, I cannot see thine eyes:
Nay, hide them not; they are my guiding stars—
Have sorrow's drops thus blotted out their light?
Thou dost forgive me, love—thou'lt think of me?
Thou'lt not speak harshly, when I'm 'neath the earth?
Thou'lt love my memory, for what once I was?
*Calaynos.* Yes, though I live till doom.
*Doña Alda.* O happiness!
Come closer—this thy hand? Have mercy, heaven!
Yes, press me closer—close—I do not feel.—
*Calaynos.* O God of mercy, spare!
*Doña Alda.* A sunny day—
Oh!—(*She faints.*)
*Calaynos.* Bear her in—I am as calm as ice.
Come when she wakes—I cannot see her thus.
[*Exeunt* OLIVER *and servants, bearing* DOÑA ALDA.
'Tis better so;—but then the thoughts come back
Of the young bride I welcomed at the gate.—
I kissed her, yes, I kissed her—was it there?
Yes, yes, I kissed her there, and in the chapel—
The dimly lighted chapel.—I see it all!
Here was old Hubert, there stood Oliver—
The priest, the bridesmaids, groomsmen—every face;
All the retainers that around us thronged,
Smiling for joy, with ribands in their caps.—
And shall they all, all follow her black pall,
With weeping eyes and doleful, sullen weeds?
For they all love her:—Oh, she was so kind,
So kind and gentle, when they stood in need;
And never checked them, if they murmured at her,
But found excuses for their discontent.—
They'll miss her: for her path was like an angel's,
And every place seemed holier where she came,
Ah me, ah me! I would this life were past!
Stay, love, watch o'er me; I will join thee soon.
[*A cry within.*
So quickly gone! And ere I said farewell!
[*Rushes to the door.*
(*Re-enter* OLIVER.)
*Oliver.* My lord—
*Calaynos.* Yes, yes, she's dead—I will go in.
[*Exit.*
*Oliver.* O, dreadful ending to a fearful night!
This shock has shattered to the very root
The strength of his great spirit. Mournful night!
And what will day bring forth?—but wo on wo.
Ah, death may rest awhile, and hold his hand,
Having destroyed this wondrous paragon,
And sapped a mind, whose lightest thought was worth
The concentrated being of a herd.
Yet shall the villain live who wrought this wo?—
By heaven I swear, if my lord kill him not,
I, though a scholar and unused to arms,
Will hunt him down—ay, should he course the earth,
And slay him like a felon!

Digitized by Google

If this is sin, let fiends snap at my soul,
But I will do it! Lo, where comes my lord,
Bent down and withered, like a broken tree,
Prostrate with too much bearing.
(*Re-enter* CALAYNOS.)
*Calaynos.* Oliver,
I stole to see her; not a soul was there,
Save an old crone that hummed a doleful tune,
And winked her purblind eyes, o'errun with tears.
O, boy, I never knew I loved her so!
I held my breath, and gazed into her face—
Ah, she was wondrous fair. She seemed to me,
Just as I've often seen her, fast asleep,
When from my studies cautiously I've stole,
And bent above her, and drank up her breath,
Sweet as a sleeping infant's,—Then perchance,
Yet in her sleep, her starry eyes would ope,
To close again behind their fringy clouds,
Ere I caught half their glory. There's no breath,
There's not a perfume on her withered lips,
Her eyes ope not, nor ever will again.—
But tell me how she died.—She suffered not?
*Oliver.* She scarcely woke from her first fainting here;
Or if she did, she gave no sign nor word.
Awhile she mutter'd, as if lost in prayer;
Some who stood close thought once they caught thy name;
But grief had dulled my sense, I could not hear.
Then she slid gently to a lethargy;
And so she died—we knew not when she went.
*Calaynos.* Here is the paper which contains her story:
I fain would clear her name, fain think her wronged.
[*Reads.*
O, double-dealing villain!—Moor—bought her!
Impious monster—false beyond belief!
But she is guiltless—hear'st thou, Oliver?
Nay, read; I cannot move thee as she can.
[OLIVER *reads.*
He called me Moor.—True, true, I did her wrong:
The sin is mine; I should have told her that.
I only kept it back to save her pain;
I feared to lose respect by telling her.
I see how he could heighten that grave wrong,
And spur her nigh to madness with his taunts.
She fell, was senseless, without life or reason—
Why tigers spare inanimated forms—
So bore her off. Then lie on lie—O base!
The guilt all mine. Why did I hide my birth?
Ah, who can tell how soon one seed of sin,
Which we short-sighted mortals think destroyed,
May sprout and bear, and shake its noxious fruit
Upon our heads, when we ne'er dream of ill;
For nought that is can ever pass away!
*Oliver.* And shall this villain live?
*Calaynos.* No, no, by heaven!
Those fellows on the wall would haunt me then.—
I hear your voices, men of crime and blood,
Ring in mine ears, and I obey the call.
[*Snatches a sword from the wall.*
How precious is the blade which justice wields,
To chasten wrong, or set a wrong to right!
[*Draws.*
Come forth, thou minister of bloody deeds,
That blazed a comet in the van of war,
Presaging death to man, and tears to earth.—
Pale, gleaming tempter, when I clutch thee thus,
Thou, of thyself, dost plead that murder's right,
And mak'st me half believe it luxury.
Thy horrid edge is thirsting for man's gore,
And thou shalt drink it from the point to hilt.—
To horse, to horse! the warrior blood is up;
The tiger spirit of my warlike race
Burns in my heart, and floods my kindling veins.—
Mount, Oliver, ere pity's hand can hide
The bloody mist that floats before mine eyes—
To horse, to horse! the Moor rides forth to slay!
[*Exeunt.*

## BAYARD TAYLOR.

BAYARD TAYLOR is the son of a Pennsylvania farmer, a descendant of the first emigration with Penn, and was born January 11, 1825, in the village of Kennett Square, Chester county, in that state. He received a country education, and at the age of seventeen became an apprentice in a printing-office in Westchester. He employed his limited leisure in learning Latin and French, and writing verses, which were cordially received by Willis and Griswold, then conducting the New York Mirror and Graham's Magazine. The success of these led him to collect the poems in a volume in 1844, entitled *Ximena*, with the object of gaining reputation enough to secure employment as a contributor to some of the leading newspapers, while he was making a tour in Europe which he projected. He succeeded in his object, procuring from Mr. Chandler of the Philadelphia United States Gazette, and from Mr. Patterson of the Saturday Evening Post, an advance of a hundred dollars for letters to be written abroad, and with this, in addition to forty dollars for some poems in Graham's Magazine, he started on his European tour. With some further remittances from home he was enabled to make the tour of England, Scotland, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and France, during a journey of two years, his expenses for the time being but five hundred dollars. How this was accomplished by the frugal pedestrian was told in his account of the tour on his return in 1846, when he published his *Views-a-Foot*. He next engaged in the editing and publication of a newspaper at Phœnixville, Pa., to which he gave his labors for a year with an unprofitable pecuniary result. At the close of 1847 he came to New York to prosecute his career of authorship, wrote for the Literary World, and in February, 1848, secured a position as a permanent writer for the Tribune, shortly after publishing his volume of poems, *Rhymes of Travel*. The next year he became proprietor of a share of the paper and one of its associate editors. His literary labors have been since connected with that journal. He visited California in 1849, and returned by way of Mexico in 1850, writing letters for the Tribune, which he revised and collected in the volumes, *El Dorado, or Adventures in the Path of Empire*. In the summer of 1851 he set out on a protracted tour in the East, leaving a third volume of poems with his publisher, *A Book of Romances, Lyrics, and Songs*.

In this new journey he proceeded to Egypt by way of England, the Rhine, Vienna, and Trieste, reaching Cairo early in November. He immediately proceeded to Central Africa, and after passing through Egypt, Nubia, Ethiopia, and Soudân, to the kingdom of the Shillook negroes on the White Nile, reached Cairo again in April, 1852, having made a journey of about four thousand miles in the interior of Africa. He then made the tour of Palestine and Syria, extending his journey northwards to Antioch and Aleppo, and thence by way of Tarsus, the defiles of the Taurus, Konieh (Iconium), the forests of Phrygia, and the Bithynian Olympus to Constantinople, where he arrived

Digitized by Google

Bayard Taylor

about the middle of July. After a month's stay he sailed for Malta and Sicily, reaching the foot of Mount Ætna in time to witness the first outbreak of the eruption of 1852. Thence he passed to Italy, the Tyrol, Germany, and England. In October he took a new departure from England for Gibraltar, spent a month in the south of Spain, and proceeded by the overland route to Bombay. He set out on the 4th of January, 1853, and after a tour of twenty-two hundred miles in the interior of India, reached Calcutta on the 22d of February. He there embarked for Hong Kong, by way of Penang and Singapore. Soon after his arrival in China he was attached to the American legation, and accompanied the minister, Colonel Marshall, to Shanghai, where he remained two months. On the arrival of Commodore Perry's squadron he entered the naval service for the purpose of accompanying it to Japan. He left on the 17th of May, and after visiting and exploring the Loo Choo and Bonin Islands, arrived in the bay of Yedo on the 8th of July. The expedition to which he was attached, remained there nine days, engaged with the ceremonials of delivering the President's letter, and then returned to Loo Choo and China. Taylor then spent a month in Macao and Canton, and sailed for New York on the 9th of September. After a voyage of one hundred and one days, during which the vessel touched at Angier in Java, and St. Helena, he reached New York on the 20th of December, 1853, after an absence of two years and four months, having accomplished upwards of fifty thousand miles of travel. His letters, describing the journey, were all this while published in the Tribune. In their enlarged and improved form they furnish material for several series of volumes.

The characteristics of Mr. Taylor's writings are, in his poems, ease of expression, with a careful selection of poetic capabilities, a full, animated style, with a growing attention to art and condensation. His prose is equable and clear, in the flowing style; the narrative of a genial, healthy observer of the many manners of the world which he has seen in the most remarkable portions of its four quarters.

In person he is above the ordinary height, manly and robust, with a quick, resolute way of carrying out his plans with courage and independence; and with great energy and perseverance, he combines a happy natural temperament and benevolence.

BEDOUIN SONG.

From the Desert I come to thee
On a stallion shod with fire;
And the winds are left behind
In the speed of my desire.
Under thy window I stand,
And the midnight hears my cry:
I love thee, I love but thee,
With a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!

Look from thy window and see
My passion and my pain;
I lie on the sands below,
And I faint in thy disdain.
Let the night-winds touch thy brow
With the heat of my burning sigh,
And melt thee to hear the vow
Of a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!

My steps are nightly driven,
By the fever in my breast,
To hear from thy lattice breathed
The word that shall give me rest.
Open the door of thy heart,
And open thy chamber door,
And my kisses shall teach thy lips
The love that shall fade no more
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!

KILIMANDJARO.

Hail to thee, monarch of African mountains,
Remote, inaccessible, silent, and lone—
Who, from the heart of the tropical fervors,
Liftest to heaven thine alien snows,
Feeding for ever the fountains that make thee
Father of Nile and Creator of Egypt!

The years of the world are engraved on thy forehead;
Time's morning blushed red on thy first-fallen snows;
Yet lost in the wilderness, nameless, unnoted,
Of man unbeholden, thou wert not till now.
Knowledge alone is the being of Nature,
Giving a soul to her manifold features,
Lighting through paths of the primitive darkness
The footsteps of Truth and the vision of Song.
Knowledge has born thee anew to Creation,
And long-baffled Time at thy baptism rejoices.
Take, then, a name, and be filled with existence,
Yea, be exultant in sovereign glory,
While from the hand of the wandering poet
Drops the first garland of song at thy feet.

Floating alone, on the flood of thy making,
Through Africa's mystery, silence, and fire,
Lo! in my palm, like the Eastern enchanter,
I dip from the waters a magical mirror,

Digitized by Google

And thou art revealed to my purified vision.
I see thee, supreme in the midst of thy co-mates,
Standing alone 'twixt the Earth and the Heavens,
Heir of the Sunset and Herald of Morn.
Zone above zone, to thy shoulders of granite,
The climates of Earth are displayed, as an index,
Giving the scope of the Book of Creation.
There, in the gorges that widen, descending
From cloud and from cold into summer eternal,
Gather the threads of the ice-gendered fountains—
Gather to riotous torrents of crystal,
And, giving each shelvy recess where they dally
The bloom of the North and its evergreen turfage,
Leap to the land of the lion and lotus!
There, in the wondering airs of the Tropics
Shivers the Aspen, still dreaming of cold:
There stretches the Oak, from the loftiest ledges,
His arms to the far-away lands of his brothers,
And the Pine tree looks down on his rival, the Palm.

Bathed in the tenderest purple of distance,
Tinted and shadowed by pencils of air,
Thy battlements hang o'er the slopes and the forests,
Seats of the Gods in the limitless ether,
Looming sublimely aloft and afar.
Above them, like folds of imperial ermine,
Sparkle the snow fields that furrow thy forehead—
Desolate realms, inaccessible, silent,
Chasms and caverns where Day is a stranger,
Garners where storeth his treasures the Thunder,
The Lightning his falchion, his arrows the Hail!

Sovereign Mountain, thy brothers give welcome:
They, the baptized and the crowned of ages,
Watch-towers of Continents, altars of Earth,
Welcome thee now to their mighty assembly.
Mont Blanc, in the roar of his mad avalanches,
Hails thy accession; superb Orizaba,
Belted with beech and cassandalled with palm;
Chimborazo, the lord of the regions of noonday;—
Mingle their sounds in magnificent chorus
With greeting august from the Pillars of Heaven
Who, in the urns of the Indian Ganges
Filters the snows of their sacred dominions,
Unmarked with a footprint, unseen but of God.

Lo, unto each is the seal of his lordship,
Nor questioned the right that his majesty giveth:
Each in his awful supremacy forces
Worship and reverence, wonder and joy.
Absolute all, yet in dignity varied,
None has a claim to the honors of story,
Or the superior splendors of song.
Greater than thou, in thy mystery mantled—
Thou, the sole monarch of African mountains,
Father of Nile and Creator of Egypt!

### RICHARD HENRY STODDARD

Was born at Hingham, Massachusetts. He has latterly resided in New York, where, having previously been a contributor to the Knickerbocker and other magazines, he published in 1849 a first collection of poems, entitled *Foot Prints*. In 1852 a collection of the author's maturer *Poems* appeared from the press of Ticknor and Co. The verses of Mr. Stoddard are composed with skill in a poetic school of which Keats may be placed at the head. He has a fondness for poetic luxuries, and his reader frequently participates in his enjoyment. He has achieved some success in the difficult province of the Ode, and has—an equally rare accomplishment—touched several delicate themes in song with graceful simplicity.

R. H. Stoddard.

#### AUTUMN.

Divinest Autumn! who may sketch thee best,
For ever changeful o'er the changeful globe?
Who guess thy certain crown, thy favorite crest,
The fashion of thy many-colored robe?
Sometimes we see thee stretched upon the ground,
In fading woods where acorns patter fast.
Dropping to feed thy tusky boars around,
Crunching among the leaves the ripened mast;
Sometimes at work where ancient granary-floors
Are open wide, a thresher stout and hale,
Whitened with chaff upwafted from thy flail,
While south winds sweep along the dusty floors;
And sometimes fast asleep at noontide hours,
Pillowed on sheaves, and shaded from the heat,
With Plenty at thy feet,
Braiding a coronet of oaten straw and flowers!
What time, emerging from a low hung cloud,
The shining chariot of the Sun was driven
Slope to its goal, and Day in reverence bowed
His burning forehead at the gate of Heaven;—
Then I beheld thy presence full revealed,
Slow trudging homeward o'er a stubble-field;
Around thy brow, to shade it from the west,
A wisp of straw entwisted in a crown;
A golden wheat-sheaf, slipping slowly down,
Hugged tight against thy waist, and on thy breast,
Linked to a belt, an earthen flagon swung;
And o'er thy shoulder flung,
Tied by their stems, a bundle of great pears,
Bell shaped and streaky, some rich orchard's pride;
A heavy bunch of grapes on either side,
Across each arm, tugged downward by the load,
Their glossy leaves blown off by wandering airs;
A yellow-rinded lemon in thy right,
In thy left hand a sickle caught the light,
Keen as the moon which glowed
Along the fields of night:
One moment seen, the shadowy masque was flown,
And I was left, as now, to meditate alone.

Hark! hark!—I hear the reapers in a row,
Shouting their harvest carols blithe and loud,
Cutting the rustled maize whose crests are bowed
With ears o'ertasselled, soon to be laid low;

Digitized by Google

Crooked earthward now, the orchards droop their boughs
With red-cheek fruits, while far along the wall,
Full in the south, ripe plums and peaches fall
In tufted grass where laughing lads carouse;
And down the pastures, where the horse goes round
His ring of tan, beneath the mossy shed,
Old cider-presses work with creaky din,
Oozing in vats, and apples heap the ground;
And hour by hour, a basket on his head,
Up-clambering to the spout, the ploughman pours them in!

Sweet-scented winds from meadows newly mown
Blow eastward now; and now for many a day
The fields will be alive with wains of hay
And stacks not all unmeet for Autumn's throne!
The granges will be crowded, and the men
Half-smothered, as they tread it from the top;
And then the wains will go, and come again,
And go and come until they end the crop.
And where the melons stud the garden vine,
Crook-necked or globy, smaller carts will wait,
Soon to be urged o'erloaded to the gate
Where apples drying on the stages shine;
And children soon will go at eve and morn
And set their snares for quails with baits of corn;
And when the house-dog snuffs a distant hare,
O'errun the gorgeous woods with noisy glee;
And when the walnuts ripen, climb a tree,
And shake the branches bare!
And by and by, when northern winds are out,
Great fires will roar in chimneys huge at night,
While chairs draw round, and pleasant tales are told:
And nuts and apples will be passed about,
Until the household, drowsy with delight,
Creep off to bed a-cold!

Sovereign of Seasons! Monarch of the Earth!
Steward of bounteous Nature, whose rich alms
Are showered upon us from thy liberal palms,
Until our spirits overflow with mirth!
Divinest Autumn! while our garners burst
With plenteous harvesting, and heaped increase,
We lift our eyes to thee through grateful tears.
World-wide in boons, vouchsafe to visit first,
And linger last long o'er our realm of Peace,
Where freedom calmly sits, and beckons on the Years!

THE TWO BRIDES.

I saw two maidens at the kirk,
And both were fair and sweet:
One in her wedding robe,
And one in her winding sheet.

The choristers sang the hymn,
The sacred rites were read,
And one for life to Life,
And one to Death was wed.

They were borne to their bridal beds,
In loveliness and bloom;
One in a merry castle,
The other a solemn tomb.

One on the morrow woke
In a world of sin and pain;
But the other was happier far,
And never woke again!

## WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER

Is the son of the eminent lawyer and politician Benjamin F. Butler, a member of the cabinet of Jackson and Van Buren, to whom, in 1824, in connexion with John Duer and the late John C. Spencer, was intrusted the important work of revising the statutes of the state of New York, and author of several addresses and a few poetical contributions to the Democratic Review, and other periodicals.

William Allen Butler was born in Albany in 1825. After completing his course at the University of the City of New York, and his law studies in the office of his father, he passed a year and a half abroad. Since his return he has been actively engaged in the practice of his profession.

Mr. Butler is the author of a number of poems, and is also a spirited prose writer. He has contributed to the Democratic Review several translations from Uhland; to the Art-Union Bulletin, *The Cities of Art and the Early Artists*, a series of biographical and critical sketches of the Old Masters; and to the Literary World a few pleasant sketches of travel, with the title *Out-of-the-Way Places in Europe*, and several humorous papers in prose and verse, entitled *The Colonel's Club*.

In 1850 he was the author of *Barnum's Parnassus: being Confidential Disclosures of the Prize Committee on the Jenny Lind Song, with Specimens of leading American Poets in the happiest effulgence of their genius*; a poetical squib, which passed rapidly through several editions.

UHLAND.

It is the Poet Uhland from whose wreathings
Of rarest harmony, I here have drawn,
To lower tones and less melodious breathings,
Some simple strains of truth and passion born.

His is the poetry of sweet expression,
Of clear unfaltering tune, serene and strong;
Where gentlest thoughts and words in soft procession,
Move to the even measures of his song.

Delighting ever in his own calm fancies,
He sees much beauty where most men see naught,
Looking at Nature with familiar glances,
And weaving garlands in the groves of Thought.

He sings of Youth, and Hope, and high Endeavor,
He sings of Love, (oh, crown of Poesie!)
Of Fate, and Sorrow, and the Grave, forever
The end of strife, the goal of Destiny.

He sings of Fatherland, the minstrel's glory,
High theme of memory and hope divine,
Twining its fame with gems of antique story,
In Suabian songs and legends of the Rhine;

In Ballads breathing many a dim tradition,
Nourished in long belief or Minstrel rhymes,
Fruit of the old Romance, whose gentle mission
Passed from the earth before our wiser times.

Well do they know his name amongst the mountains,
And plains and valleys of his native Land;
Part of their nature are the sparkling fountains
Of his clear thought, with rainbow fancies spanned.

His simple lays oft sings the mother cheerful
Beside the cradle in the dim twilight;
His plaintive notes low breathes the maiden tearful
With tender murmurs in the ear of Night.

The hill-side swain, the reaper in the meadows,
Carol his ditties through the toilsome day;
And the lone hunter in the Alpine shadows,
Recalls his ballads by some ruin gray.

Digitized by Google

Oh precious gift! oh wondrous inspiration!
Of all high deeds, of all harmonious things,
To be the Oracle, while a whole Nation
Catches the echo from the sounding strings.

Out of the depths of feeling and emotion
Rises the orb of Song, serenely bright,
As who beholds across the tracts of ocean,
The golden sunrise bursting into light.

Wide is its magic World—divided neither
By continent, nor sea, nor narrow zone;
Who would not wish sometimes to travel thither,
In fancied fortunes to forget his own!

### JOHN L. McCONNEL.

Mr. McConnel was born in Illinois, November 11, 1826. After studying law with his father, Murray McConnel, a distinguished lawyer and politician of the West, he entered and was graduated at the Transylvania Law School, Lexington, Ky.

On the sixth of June, 1846, he entered the regiment of Col. Harding, as a volunteer in the ranks. Before leaving the rendezvous at Alton, he was made first lieutenant of his company, and promoted to a captaincy at the battle of Buena Vista, where he was twice wounded. After serving out his term he returned home, and commenced the practice of the law at Jacksonville, Illinois, where he has since resided.

In the spring of 1850 Mr. McConnel published *Talbot and Vernon;* in the autumn of the same year *Graham, or Youth and Manhood;* and in 1851 *The Glenns.* The scene of these novels is laid in the West; and the author has drawn on his experiences of the Mexican War and his skill as a lawyer in the construction of his plots.

These were followed in 1853 by *Western Characters*, a collection of sketches of the prominent classes in the formative period of western society. It is one of the author's most successful volumes.

Mr. McConnel is at present engaged upon a continuation of this work, and also upon a *History of Early Explorations in America*, having especial reference to the labors of the early Roman Catholic missionaries.

#### A WESTERN POLITICIAN OF THE FIRST GROWTH.

A description of his personal appearance, like that of any other man, will convey no indistinct impression of his internal character.

Such a description probably combined more characteristic adjectives than that of any other personage of his time—adjectives, some of which were applicable to many of his neighbors, respectively, but *all* of which might be bestowed upon him *only*. He was tall, gaunt, angular, swarthy, active, and athletic. His hair was, invariably, black as the wing of the raven; even in that small portion which the cap of racoon-skin left exposed to the action of sun and rain, the gray was but thinly scattered; imparting to the monotonous darkness only a more iron character. As late as the present day, though we have changed in many things, light-haired men seldom attain eminence among the western people: many of our legislators are *young* enough, but none of them are *beardless*. They have a bilious look, as if, in case of illness, their only hope would lie in calomel and jalap. One might understand, at the first glance, that they are men of *talent*, not of *genius;* and that physical energy, the enduring vitality of the body, has no inconsiderable share in the power of the mind.

Corresponding to the sable of the hair, the politician's eye was usually small, and intensely black—not the dead, inexpressive jet, which gives the idea of a hole through white paper, or of a cavernous socket in a death's head; but the keen, midnight darkness, in whose depths you can see a twinkle of starlight—where you feel that there is meaning as well as color. There might be an expression of cunning along with that of penetration—but, in a much higher degree, the blaze of irascibility. There could be no doubt, from its glance, that its possessor was an excellent hater; you might be assured that he would never forget an injury or betray a friend.

A stoop in the shoulders indicated that, in times past, he had been in the habit of carrying a heavy rifle, and of closely examining the ground over which he walked; but what the chest thus lost in depth it gained in breadth. His lungs had ample space in which to play—there was nothing pulmonary even in the drooping shoulders. Few of his class have ever lived to a very advanced age, but it was not for want of iron constitutions, that they went early to the grave. The same services to his country, which gave the politician his prominence, also shortened his life.

From shoulders thus bowed, hung long, muscular arms—sometimes, perhaps, dangling a little ungracefully, but always under the command of their owner, and ready for any effort, however violent. These were terminated by broad, bony hands, which looked like grapnels—their grasp, indeed, bore no faint resemblance to the hold of those symmetrical instruments. Large feet, whose toes were usually turned in, like those of the Indian, were wielded by limbs whose vigor and activity were in keeping with the figure they supported. Imagine, with these peculiarities, a free, bold, rather swaggering gait, a swarthy complexion, and conformable features and tones of voice: and—excepting his costume—you have before your fancy a complete picture of the early western politician.

#### ICHABOD CRANE BEYOND THE ALLEGHANIES.

A genuine specimen of the class to which most of the early schoolmasters belonged, never felt any misgivings about his own success, and never hesitated to assume any position in life. Neither pride nor modesty was ever suffered to interfere with his action. He would take charge of a numerous school, when he could do little more than write his own name, just as he would have undertaken to run a steamboat, or command an army, when he had never studied engineering or heard of strategy. Nor would he have failed in either capacity: a week's application would make him master of a steam-engine, or a proficient (after the *present manner* of proficiency) in tactics; and as for his school, he could himself learn at night what he was to teach others on the following day! Nor was this mere "conceit"—though, in some other respects, that word, in its limited sense, was not inapplicable—neither was it altogether ignorant presumption; for one of these men was seldom known to fail in anything he undertook: or, if he did fail, he was never found to be cast down by defeat, and the resiliency of his nature justified his confidence.

* * * * * * * *

Properly to represent his lineage, therefore, the schoolmaster could be neither dandy nor dancing-master; and, as if to hold him to his integrity, nature had omitted to give him any temptation, in his own person, to assume either of these respectable

Digitized by Google

characters. The tailor that could shape a coat to fit *his* shoulders, never yet handled shears; and he would have been as ill at ease in a pair of fashionable pantaloons, as if they had been lined with chestnut-burrs. He was generally above the medium height, with a very decided stoop, as if in the habit of carrying burthens: and a long, high nose, with light blue eyes, and coarse, uneven hair, of a faded weather-stain color, gave his face the expression answering to this lathy outline. Though never very slender, he was always thin: as if he had been flattened out in a rolling-mill; and rotundity of corporation was a mode of development not at all characteristic. His complexion was seldom florid, and not often decidedly pale; a sort of sallow discoloration was its prevailing hue, like that which marks the countenance of a consumer of "coarse" whiskey and strong tobacco. But these failings were not the cause of his cadaverous look—for a faithful representative of the class held them both in commendable abhorrence—*they were not the vices of his nature.*

There was a subdivision of the class, a secondary type, not so often observed, but common enough to entitle it to a brief notice. *He* was, generally, short, squat, and thick—the latitude bearing a better proportion to the longitude than in his lank brother—but never approaching anything like roundness. With this attractive figure he had a complexion of decidedly bilious darkness, and what is commonly called a "dish-face." His nose was depressed between the eyes, an arrangement which dragged the point upward in the most cruel manner, but gave it an expression equally ludicrous and impertinent. A pair of small, round, black eyes, encompassed—like two little feudal fortresses, each by its moat—with a circle of yellowish white, peered out from under brows like battlements. Coarse, black hair, always cut short, and standing erect, so as to present something the appearance of a *chevaux de frise*, protected a hard, round head—a shape most appropriate to his lineage—while, with equal propriety, ears of corresponding magnitude stood boldly forth to assert their claim to notice.

Both these types were distinguished for large feet, which no boot could enclose, and hands broad beyond the compass of any glove. Neither was ever known to get drunk, to grow fat, to engage in a game of chance, or to lose his appetite: it became the teacher of "ingenuous youth" to preserve an exemplary bearing before those whom he was endeavoring to benefit; while respectable "appearances," and proper appreciation of the good things of life, were the *alpha* and *omega* of his system of morality.

### J. M. LEGARÉ.

A POET of South Carolina, and a resident, we believe, of Charleston, and a relative of the late Hugh S. Legaré, is the author of a volume, *Orta-Undis and Other Poems*, published in 1848. They are marked by their delicacy of sentiment and a certain scholastic refinement.

#### AMY.

This is the pathway where she walked,
The tender grass pressed by her feet.
The laurel boughs laced overhead,
Shut out the noonday heat.

The sunshine gladly stole between
The softly undulating limbs.
From every blade and leaf arose
The myriad insect hymns.

A brook ran murmuring beneath
The grateful twilight of the trees,
Where from the dripping pebbles swelled
A beech's mossy knees.

And there her robe of spotless white,
(Pure white such purity beseemed!)
Her angel face and tresses bright
Within the basin gleamed.

The coy sweetbriers half detained
Her light hem as we moved along!
To hear the music of her voice
The mockbird hushed his song.

But now her little feet are still,
Her lips the EVERLASTING seal;
The hideous secrets of the grave
The weeping eyes reveal.

The path still winds, the brook descends,
The skies are bright as then they were.
My Amy is the only leaf
In all that forest sear.

### AUGUSTUS JULIAN REQUIER

WAS born at Charleston, South Carolina, May 27, 1825. He was educated in that city, and having selected the law as his profession, was called to

the bar in 1844. From a very early age Mr. Requier was a regular contributor to the newspapers and periodicals, and in his seventeenth year published *The Spanish Exile*, a play in blank verse, which was acted with success. A year or two after he published *The Old Sanctuary*, a romance, the scene of which is laid in Carolina before the Revolution. He soon after removed to Marion, South Carolina, where, during the leisure intervals which occur in the life of a country barrister, many of his more mature and elaborate pieces in prose and verse were composed. These have never been collected in book form. The most prominent of them are "The Phantasmagoria," "Marco Bozzaris," a tragedy; "The Dial Plate," "Treasure Trove," "To Mary on Earth," "The Thornless Rose," "The Charm," "The Image," "The Blackbeard," "The three Misses Grimball," a sketch; the Farewell Address to the Palmetto Regiment, delivered at the Charleston Theatre by Mrs. Mowatt, and mentioned in her "Autobiography;" the "Welcome" to the same regiment on its return from Mexico, and an "Ode to Shakespeare."

Mr. Requier subsequently removed to Mobile, Alabama, where he now resides. Since 1850 he has ceased to write, being altogether engrossed by his professional pursuits, to which he is entirely devoted, and in which he has attained distinction. He is at present Attorney of the United States for the southern district of Alabama, having been appointed to that office by Mr. Pierce in 1853.

#### ODE TO SHAKESPEARE.

He went forth into Nature and he sung,
Her first-born of imperial sway—the lord

Digitized by Google

Of sea and continent and clime and tongue;
Striking the Harp with whose sublime accord
The whole creation rung!

He went forth into Nature and he sung,
Her grandest terrors and her simplest themes,
The torrent by the beetling crag o'erhung,
And the wild daisy on its brink that gleams
Unharmed, and lifts a dew drop to the sun!
The mutt'ring of the tempest in its halls
Of darkness turreted; beheld alone
By an o'erwhelming brilliance which appals—
The turbulence of Ocean—the soft calm
Of the sequestered vale—the bride-like day,
Or sainted eve, dispensing holy balm
From her lone lamp of silver thro' the grey
That leads the star-crowned Night adown the mountain way:

These were his themes and more—no little bird
Lit in the April forest but he drew
From its wild notes a meditative word—
A gospel that no other mortal knew:
Bard, priest, evangelist! from nature's cells
Of riches inexhaustible he took
The potent ring of her profoundest spells,
And wrote great Nature's Book!

They people earth and sea and air,
The dim, tumultuous band,
Called into being everywhere
By his creative wand;
In kingly court and savage lair,
Prince, Peasant, Priest, and Sage and Peer,
And midnight hag and ladye fair,
Pure as the white rose in her hair,
And warriors that, on barbed steed,
Burn to do the crested deed,
And lovers that delighted rove
When moonlight marries with the grove,
Glide forth—appear!
To breathe or love or hate or fear;
And with most unexampled wile,
To win a soul-enraptured smile,
Or blot it in a tear.

Hark! a horn,
That with repeated winding shakes,
O'er hill and glen and far responsive lakes,
The mantle of the morn!
Now, on the mimic scene,
The simplest of all simple pairs
That ever drew from laughter tears,
Touchstone and Audrey, hand in hand,
Come hobbling o'er the green;
While Rosalind, in strange disguise,
With manly dress but maiden eyes,
Which, spite herself, will look sidewise,
E'en in this savage land;
And her companion like the flower,
That beaten by the morning shower
Still in resplendent beauty stoops,
Looking loveliest whilst it droops,
Step faintly forth from weariness,
All snowy in their maidenhood;
Twin-lilies of the wilderness—
A shepherd and his shepherdess,
In Ardeu's gloomy wood!

But comes anon, with halting step and pause,
A miserable man!
Revolving in each lengthened breath he draws,
The deep, dark problem of material laws,
That life is but a span.
Secluded, silent, solitary, still,
Lone in the vale and last upon the hill,
Companionless beside the haunted stream,
Walking the stars in the meridian beam,
Himself the shade of an o'ershadowing dream;
Blighting the rose
With his imaginary woes,
And weaving bird and tree and fruit and flower
Into a charm of such mysterious power,
Such plaintive tale
The beauteous skies grow pale,
And the rejoicing earth looks wan,
Like Jacques—her lonely, melancholy man!

Ring silver-sprinkling, gushing bells—
Blow clamorous pipes replying,
In tipsy merriment that swells
For ever multiplying!
He comes! with great sunshiny face
And chuckle deep and glances warm,
Sly nods and strange attempts at grace,
A matron on each arm;
He comes! of wit the soul and pith,
Custodian and lessor.
Room for him! Sir John Falstaff with
The merry Wives of Windsor.

Lo! on a blasted heath,
Lit by a flashing storm,
The threatening darkness underneath,
Three of the weird form!
Chanting, dancing all together,
For a charm upon the heather,
Filthy hags in the foul weather!

The spell works, and behold;
A castle in the midnight hour,
Muffled 'mid battlement and tower,
Whereon the crystal moon doth lower
Antarctically cold!
A blackbird's note hath drilled the air
And left the stillness still more drear;
Twice hath the horned owl around
The Chapel flown, nor uttered sound;
The night-breeze now doth scarcely blow.
And now, 'tis past and gone;
But the pale moon that like the snow
Erewhile descending shone.
Encrimsoned as the torch of Mars,
While cloud on cloud obscure the stars
And rolls above the trees,
Cleaves the dark billows of the Night
Like a shot-smitten sail on flight
Over the howling seas—
God! what a piercing shriek was there,
So deep and loud and wild and drear
It bristles up the moistened hair
And bids the blood to freeze!
Again—again—
Athwart the brain,
That lengthened shriek of life-extorted pain!
And now, 'tis given o'er:
But from that pile despairingly doth soar
A voice which cries like the uplifted main,
"Glamis hath murdered sleep—Macbeth shall sleep no more!"

Thick and faster now they come,
In procession moving on,
Neath the world-embracing dome
Of the unexhausted one;
Mark them, while the cauldron bubbles,
Throwing spells upon the sight,
And the wizard flame redoubles
In intensity of light:
Here is one—a rustic maiden
Of the witching age;
Cheeks with beauty overladen,
Blushing like a sunset Aidenn,
Mistress Anne Page!
Here another that doth follow,



Digitized by Google

Full of starch decorum:
A wise man this Cousin Shallow,
Justice of the Quorum;
A third is timid, slight, and tender,
Showing harmless Master Slender;
A fourth, doth frowningly reveal,
His princely mantle jewelled o'er,
By knightly spurs upon his heel
And clanging sound of martial steel,
The dark, Venetian Moor!
The fifth advances with a start,
His eye transfixing like a dart,
Black Richard of the lion-heart!
And now they rush along the scene,
In crowds with scarce a pause between,
Prelates high, in church and state,
Speakers dexterous in debate,
Courtiers gay in satin hose,
Clowns fantastic and jocose,
Soldiers brave and virgins fair,
Nymphs with golden flowing hair
And spirits of the azure air,
Pass, with solemn step and slow,
Pass, but linger as they go,
Like images that haunt the shade,
Or visions of the white cascade,
Or sunset on the snow.
Then, then, at length, the crowning glory comes,
Loud trumpets speak unto the sky, and drums
Unroll the military chain!
From pole to pole,
Greet wide the wonder of the poet's soul:
With raven plume,
And posture rapt in high, prophetic gloom—
Hamlet, the Dane!
Bright shall thine altars be,
First of the holy minstrel band,
Green as the vine-encircled land
And vocal as the sea!
Thy name is writ
Where stars are lit,
And thine immortal shade,
'Mid archangelic clouds displayed
On Fame's imperial seat,
Sees the inseparable Nine
In its reflected glory shine,
And Nature at its feet.

### PAUL H. HAYNE

Is a son of Lieut. Hayne of the United States Navy, and nephew of Robert G. Hayne of senatorial celebrity. He was born in Charleston, South Carolina, in 1831, and has been a frequent contributor to many of the southern magazines, more particularly the Southern Literary Messenger. He was editor of the Charleston Literary Gazette, and is now connected with the editorial department of the Evening News, a daily journal also published in Charleston. His poems, collected in a volume in 1855, are spirited, and he has cultivated the music of verse with effect. His longest poem is entitled *The Temptation of Venus, a Monkish Legend.*

#### SONNET.

The passionate Summer's dead; the sky's aglow
With roseate flushes of matured desire,
The winds at eve are musical and low,
As sweeping chords of a lamenting lyre,
Far up among the pillared clouds of fire,
Whose pomp of grand procession upward rolls
With gorgeous blazonry of pictured folds,
To celebrate the Summer's past renown;
Ah me! how regally the heavens look down,
O'ershadowing beautiful, autumnal woods,
And harvest-fields with hoarded increase brown,
And deep-toned majesty of golden floods,
That lift their solemn dirges to the sky,
To swell the purple pomp that floateth by.

#### A PORTRAIT.

I.

The laughing Hours before her feet,
Are strewing vernal roses,
And the voices in her soul are sweet,
As music's mellowed closes,
All hopes and passions heavenly-born,
In her have met together,
And Joy diffuses round her morn
A mist of golden weather.

II.

As o'er her cheek of delicate dyes,
The blooms of childhood hover,
So do the tranced and sinless eyes,
All childhood's heart discover,
Full of a dreamy happiness,
With rainbow fancies laden,
Whose arch of promise glows to bless
Her spirit's beauteous Adenn.

III.

She is a being born to raise
Those undefiled emotions,
That link us with our sunniest days,
And most sincere devotions;
In her, we see renewed, and bright,
That phase of earthly story,
Which glimmers in the morning light
Of God's exceeding glory.

IV.

Why in a life of mortal cares,
Appear these heavenly faces,
Why on the verge of darkened years,
These amaranthine graces?
'Tis but to cheer the soul that faints,
With pure and blest evangels,
To prove if Heaven is rich with Saints,
That earth may have her Angels.

V.

Enough! 'tis not for me to pray
That on her life's sweet river,
The calmness of a virgin day,
May rest, and rest for ever;
I know a guardian Genius stands,
Beside those waters lowly,
And labors with immortal hands,
To keep them pure and holy.

### HAMILTON COLLEGE, NEW YORK.

The founding of Hamilton College is due to the far-seeing generosity of the Rev. Samuel Kirkland, who labored more than forty years as a missionary among the Oneida Indians. Mr. Kirkland was born in Norwich, Connecticut, December 1, 1744, and was graduated from Nassau Hall in 1765. He was the father of three sons and three daughters. The eldest daughter, who was married to John H. Lothrop, Esq., of Utica, is the mother of the Rev. Samuel Kirkland Lothrop, D.D., of Boston, whose recently published life of his grandfather is embraced in Sparks's Library of American Biography. The youngest daughter, Eliza, was married in 1818 to

the Rev. Edward Robinson, D.D., now a professor in the Union Theological Seminary of New York. One of his sons, Dr. John Thornton Kirkland, was elected in 1810 to the Presidency of Harvard College. He and his brother, George Whitfield, were twins, and were born at General Herkimer's, on the Mohawk, while their mother was journeying on horseback from Oneida to Connecticut. Her return to Oneida was greeted by the Indians with great rejoicing. They adopted the boys into their tribe, calling George La-go-ne-o-ka, and John Ali-gan-o-wis-ka, which means fair-face.

Mr. Kirkland died of pleurisy, February 28, 1808. He was buried in Clinton, in a private inclosure, near his house. Here on one side rest the remains of his second wife and youngest daughter; on the other side, those of the celebrated Skenandoa. The ownership of the Kirkland mansion has passed out of the family. At the last Annual Meeting of the trustees of the institution which he founded, they voted to remove the coffins from these grounds to the College Cemetery, and to erect over them an appropriate monument.

It was through the influence of Mr. Kirkland that the "Hamilton Oneida Academy" was incorporated in 1793. In the same year he conveyed to its trustees several hundred acres of land. In the preamble to the title-deed, he states that the gift is made "for the support of an Academy in the town of Whitestown, county of Herkimer, contiguous to the Oneida Nation of Indians, for the mutual benefit of the young and flourishing settlements in said county, and the various tribes of confederated Indians, earnestly wishing that the institution may grow and flourish; that the advantages of it may be extensive and lasting; and that, under the smiles of the Lord of wisdom and goodness, it may prove an eminent means of diffusing useful knowledge, enlarging the bounds of human happiness, aiding the reign of virtue, and the kingdom of the blessed Redeemer."

Among the teachers of the academy was Dr. James Murdock, now a resident of New Haven, and translator of Mosheim's "Historical Commentaries on the State of Christianity."

The academy lived eighteen years, and was largely patronized. At length its guardians were pressed with a demand from the surrounding community for a higher institution. The charter for Hamilton College was obtained in 1812, and Dr. Azel Backus of Bethlem, Connecticut, was elected its first President. He was born near Norwich, Connecticut, October 13, 1765. In early life his companions were rude, if not dissolute; and his youth was marked with great looseness of opinion on matters of religion. He was graduated from Yale College in 1787. After leaving college he was associated for a time with his class-mate, John H. Lothrop, Esq., in the management of a grammar-school at Weathersfield, Connecticut. He was licensed to preach in 1789, and soon after succeeded Dr. Bellamy as pastor of the church in Bethlem, Connecticut. Dr. Backus died December 9, 1816, of typhus fever. One of his children, Mary Ann, was the first wife of the Hon. Gerrit Smith of Peterton; another, the Hon. F. F. Backus, is a distinguished physician in Rochester, New York.

A volume of Dr. Backus's sermons was published after his death, with a brief sketch of his life. His biography yet remains to be written in a manner worthy of the part which he sustained in caring for the first wants of a college which has since identified itself with the educational interests of Central New York. A careful memoir, written somewhat after the manner of Xenophon's Memorabilia or Boswell's Johnson, would be welcomed by many readers. In his intercourse with students, Dr. Backus combined affectionate severity with a seasoning of manly eccentricity. The proverb, "who makes a jest makes an enemy," was reversed in his experience. He was out-spoken and fond of a joke. When speaking of that which he disapproved, his thoughts naturally clothed themselves in the language of ridicule. He was quick and pungent at repartee, as is shown by the following anecdote, which is only one out of many which might be given.

During the administration of Jefferson, Dr. Backus preached a Thanksgiving Sermon at Bethlem, in which his abhorrence of the political views of the day was expressed with characteristic freedom and severity. For thus daring to speak the truth, he incurred a civil prosecution, and was summoned by the sheriff to go with him to Hartford, there to await his trial. As a matter of grace, the reverend prisoner was allowed to ride in his own conveyance, while the officer followed behind. The parson's horse happened to be one of the fastest. He picked over the miles with a rapidity that astonished the sheriff, while it kept him at a respectable distance in the rear. At length, with much ado, the latter managed to bring himself within tongue-shot; and leaning forward, exclaimed, "Why, Doctor Backus, you ride as if the very devil were after you!"

"And so he is!" replied the doctor, without turning his head.

The second President of Hamilton College was Dr. Henry Davis, an alumnus of Yale College, who had been a tutor at Williams and Yale, a Professor of Greek at Union, and President of Middlebury. His administration covered a period of sixteen years, during which the College fluctuated between the extremes of prosperity and depression.

In the years 1829 and 1830, no students were graduated. This was owing to a long and bitter quarrel between Dr. Davis and a portion of the trustees, growing out of a case of discipline. After his resignation of the presidency in 1833, Dr. Davis published a thick pamphlet entitled, "A Narrative of the Embarrassments and Decline of Hamilton College." This, with one or two occasional discourses, is all that went from his hand to the printer's. Dr. Davis was distinguished for his strength of humor, his gravity of manners, unyielding integrity, and strong attachment to the pupils whom he had instructed. He died March 7, 1852, at the age of eighty-two.

The third President was Dr. Sereno Edwards Dwight, a son of Timothy Dwight. He was elected in 1833 and resigned in 1835. The great historical fact of his presidency was a successful effort to raise by subscription fifty thousand dollars, for increasing the productive funds of the college. Dr. Dwight was fitted by nature and

Digitized by Google

Hamilton College.

acquired gifts for the triumphs of pulpit oratory. The failure of his health at first made him fitful in the happy use of his talents, and finally forced him to give up addressing public bodies or discharging public duties. He died recently, November 30, 1850. The last fifteen years of his life were saddened by his infirmity, and passed in close retirement.

The fourth president was Dr. Joseph Penney, a native of Ireland, and educated at one of its higher institutions. The reputation for learning, piety, and executive talent which he had won by his labors in the ministry at Rochester, New York, and Northampton, Massachusetts, led the friends of Hamilton to think that he was the man to preside successfully over its affairs. The fact that he was unacquainted with the internal peculiarities of an American College caused him to make some mistakes, disquieting to himself and the institution. He chose to resign in 1839. Dr. Penney still lives; broken in health, yet enjoying the unabated esteem of his friends. His publications are somewhat numerous, yet mostly of a transient form and character.

The fifth President, Dr. Simeon North, is a native of Berlin, Connecticut, and a graduate of Yale College, of the class of 1825. He served his Alma Mater two years as a tutor, and in 1829 was elected to the chair of Ancient Languages in Hamilton College. When he went to Clinton, the embarrassments of the institution were such as to threaten its life. The war between Dr. Davis and the trustees was raging fiercely. There were but nine students in all the classes. The treasury was empty. Debt and dissension covered the future with gloomy clouds. The Faculty now consisted of the President, Prof. James Hadley, Prof. John H. Lothrop, Prof. North, and Tutor E. D. Maltbie. They engaged zealously and unitedly in efforts to revive the institution, and to regain for it the public confidence. They were successful.

In 1833, when Dr. Davis resigned, the graduating class numbered twenty.

In 1839, Dr. North was elected to the Presidency, as the successor of Dr. Penney, an office which he still holds. The friends and pupils of President North have frequently expressed their appreciation of his public efforts, by requesting permission to publish them. If his published discourses and addresses were collected, they would form a large volume. The most important of these are a series of Baccalaureate Sermons; discourses preached at the funerals of Professor Catlin, Treasurer Dwight, and President Davis; an Inaugural Discourse, a sermon before the Oneida County Bible Society, and an oration before the Phi Beta Kappa of Yale College.

To Hamilton College is conceded a high rank in the culture of natural and effective elocution. Much credit is due, in this respect, to the teachings of the Rev. Dr. Mandeville, who filled the chair of Rhetoric and Oratory eight years, commencing in 1841. His class-book entitled "The Elements of Reading and Oratory," first published in 1845, is now widely used in colleges, academies, and high-schools. Dr. Mandeville's system of speaking is still taught at Hamilton, with some decided improvements by Professor A. J. Upson.

Hamilton College has not been forgotten by men of liberality and large means. The Hon. Wm. Hale Maynard, a graduate of Williams College, and a gifted lawyer, who died of the cholera in 1832, bequeathed to the college the bulk of his estate, amounting to twenty thousand dollars, for the founding of a Law Department.

Prof. John H. Lothrop, now Chancellor of the University of Wisconsin, was the first occupant of this chair. It is now worthily filled by Prof. Theodore W. Dwight, whose able instructions in legal science attract students from remote sections of the country. The college confers the degree

Digitized by Google

of LL.B. upon those who complete the regular course of legal studies.

Another of the benefactors of the college, the Hon. S. Newton Dexter, resides at Whitesboro, and enjoys the satisfaction of seeing a centre of learning made more thrifty and efficient through his liberality. What Mr. Maynard did by testament, Mr. Dexter chose to do by an immediate donation. In 1836, when the college was severely crippled by debt, he came forward with a gift of fifteen thousand dollars for endowing the chair of Classical Literature. This department is supposed to have been chosen as the object of his munificence, not more from its acknowledged importance in a collegiate institution, than on account of his esteem for the character and scholarly attainments of its then incumbent, the Rev. Dr. North, who was afterwards promoted to the Presidency.

The department of Classical Literature is now occupied by Professor Edward North, a highly accomplished scholar and man of letters, to whom we are indebted for this spirited notice of his college. He succeeded Professor John Finley Smith in 1844. Professor Smith was a musical artist of rare gifts and attainments.

The grounds about the college have been recently enlarged and improved. They now embrace twenty acres, which have been thoroughly drained, hedged, planted with trees and flowering shrubs, and put into lawn, with winding drives and gravelled walks. These improvements have been made under the conviction that no seat of generous culture can be called complete, unless it provides facilities for the study of vegetable growths. Plato's College was a grove of platans and olives,—philosophy and trees have always been fond of each other's company. The location of the college, on the brow of a hill that slopes to the West, and commands a wide view of the Oriskany Valley, is healthful and inviting. In this valley lies the village of Clinton, with a population of twelve hundred. In the distance, to the left, the city of Utica, the valley of the Mohawk, and the Trenton hills are distinctly visible.

The rural quiet of the place, its elevation, and extended, unbroken horizon, render it most favorable for astronomical observations. An Observatory has been erected, and furnished with a telescope, the longest in this country next to the one at Cambridge. It was made by Messrs. Spencer and Eaton of Canastota, who are alumni of the institution. A large Laboratory has been built, with the new apparatus which the French and German chemists have recently invented. A stone building, originally used as a boarding-hall, has been fitted up for a Cabinet, and now contains ten thousand specimens in Geology, Mineralogy, and Natural History. A Gymnasium has also been built and attractively furnished.

### THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.*

THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA is situated in the County of Albemarle, Virginia, about one mile and a half west of the village of Charlottesville, and four miles in nearly the same direction from Monticello, which was the residence, and contains the tomb of Thomas Jefferson. It is built on moderately elevated ground, and forms a striking feature in a beautiful landscape. On the south-west it is shut in by little mountains, beyond which, a few miles distant, rise the broken and occasionally steep and rugged, but not elevated ridges, the characteristic feature of which is expressed by their name of Ragged Mountains. To the north-west the Blue Ridge, some twenty miles off, presents its deep-colored outline, stretching to the north-east, and looking down upon the mountain-like hills that here and there rise from the plain without its eastern base. To the east the eye rests upon the low range of mountains that bounds the view as far as the vision can extend north-eastward and south-westward along its slopes, except where it is interrupted directly to the east by a hilly but fertile plain through which the Rivanna, with its discolored stream, flows by the base of Monticello. To the south the view reaches far away until the horizon meets the plain, embracing a region lying between mountains on either hand, and covered with forests interspersed with spots of cultivated land.

This University is a State institution, endowed, and built, and under the control of the state. It owes its origin, its organization, and the plan of its buildings to Mr. Jefferson, who made it the care of his last years to bring it into being, and counted it among his chief claims to the memory of posterity that he was its founder.*

The Act of Assembly establishing the University of Virginia and incorporating the Rector and Board of Visitors, is dated January 25, 1819; and the University was opened for the admission of students March 25, 1825.

It is under the government of the Rector and Board of Visitors, by whom are enacted its laws, and to whom is committed the control of its finances, the appointment and removal of its officers, and the general supervision of its interests. The Visitors, seven in number at first, but afterwards increased to nine, are appointed every fourth year by the governor of the state, and the Rector is chosen by the Visitors from among their own number. The first Rector was Mr. Jefferson, followed in succession by Mr. Madison, Chapman Johnson, Esq., and Joseph C. Cabell, Esq.

The University of Virginia comprises nine schools, viz. I. Ancient Languages, in which are taught the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages, with ancient history and literature. II. Modern Languages, in which are taught the French, Italian, Spanish, and German languages, and the Anglo-Saxon form of the English language, with modern history and literature. III. Mathematics, comprising pure and mixed Mathematics. IV. Natural Philosophy, comprising, besides the usual subjects, Mineralogy and Geology. V. Chemistry and Pharmacy. VI. Medicine, comprising Medi-

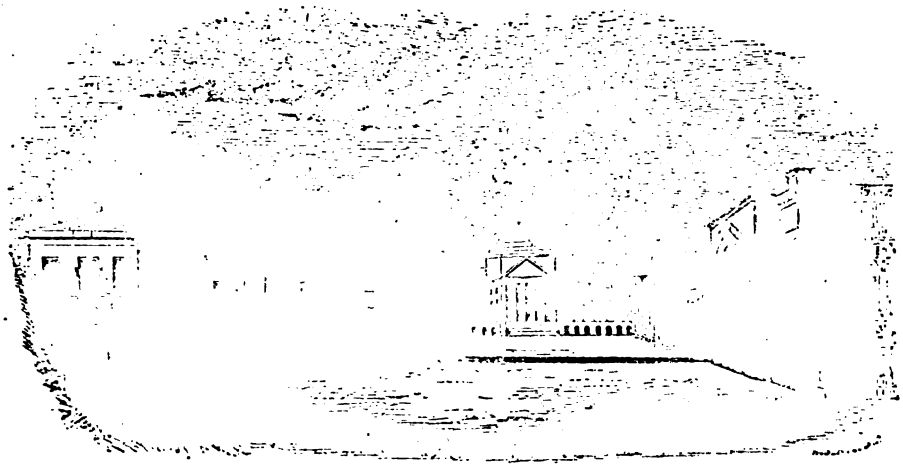
* We have pleasure in presenting this view, from the competent pen of the former chairman of the Faculty, Dr. Gessner Harrison, of an institution the peculiar organization of which has been little understood.

* Among Mr. Jefferson's papers was found, after his death, the following epitaph :—

HERE LIES BURIED
THOMAS JEFFERSON,
AUTHOR OF THE DECLARATION OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE,
OF THE STATUTE OF VIRGINIA FOR RELIGIOUS FREEDOM,
AND FATHER OF THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.

*See Tucker's Life of Jefferson, II. 487.*

Digitized by Google



The University of Virginia.

cal Jurisprudence, Obstetrics, and the Principles and Practice of Medicine. VII. Comparative Anatomy, Physiology, and Surgery. VIII. Moral Philosophy, comprising Rhetoric and Belles Lettres, Ethics, Mental Philosophy, and Political Economy. IX. Law, comprising also Government and International Law.

To each school is assigned one professor, except the school of Law, which has two. In the school of Ancient Languages, the professor is aided by two assistant instructors, and in Modern Languages and Mathematics by one each. In the Medical department there is a lecturer on Anatomy and Materia Medica, and a demonstrator of Anatomy.

The administration of the laws of the University, and their interpretation, is committed to the Faculty, consisting of the professors of the several schools and the chairman of the Faculty. The professors are appointed by the Board of Visitors. The chairman, who has little power beyond the general supervision of the execution of the laws, none over the schools, is chosen annually by the Board of Visitors from among the members of the Faculty, and receives as such a salary of five hundred dollars. The professors are responsible to the Board of Visitors alone for the proper discharge of their duties, and have intrusted to them, each in his own school, the conduct of its studies, subject only to the laws prescribing the subjects to be taught, the hours of lecture, and the method of instruction generally by lectures, examinations, and exercises, according to the nature of the subject.

The income of the University is derived chiefly from an annuity from the state of fifteen thousand dollars, subject of late years to a charge of about four thousand five hundred dollars for the benefit of thirty-two state students, who receive gratuitous instruction, together with board and room rent free; from rents of dormitories and hotels; from matriculation fees; and from surplus fees of tuition in the several schools, accruing to the University after the professor shall have received a maximum of two thousand dollars.

Each professor is paid a fixed salary of one thousand dollars a year, and receives the tuition fees paid by students for attending his lectures up to the maximum of two thousand dollars. Any excess of fees above this sum is paid into the treasury of the University. The fee paid by students for tuition is ordinarily twenty-five dollars to each professor attended. This mode of compensation, making the income of the professor to depend so largely upon tuition fees, was designed to act as an incentive to activity and faithfulness on the part of the professor, his own and the prosperity of the school being identified in the matter of emolument as well as of reputation. The maximum limit of income from fees received by the professor is a thing of late adoption, introduced since the number of students attending some of the schools has become very large. It remains to be seen whether this invasion of the principle is the wisest mode of disposing of the question of excessive fees; especially when no provision is made for a minimum income, and none, for the most part, for excess of labor from large numbers frequenting a school.

The method of instruction is by lectures and examinations, with the use of text-books selected by the professor. The professor is expected, so far as the nature of the subject allows it, to deliver lectures on the subjects of instruction, setting forth and explaining the doctrines to be taught, so that by the help of the lectures and of the text-book, the student may not only have the opportunity of understanding these doctrines but of having them more vividly impressed on his attention and memory. The examination of the class at each meeting upon the preceding lecture, embraces both the text and the teaching of the professor, and is aimed at once to secure the student's attention to both, and to afford the advantage of a review, and, when needed, of a further clearing up of the subject.

For the purpose of accommodating the lectures to the wants and previous attainments of the students, and of giving a larger course of instruction,

Digitized by Google

most of the schools are divided into classes called junior and senior. In the school of Mathematics there is also an intermediate class, and a class of mixed Mathematics. In the school of Law also there is an intermediate class. The lectures to each class occupy an entire session of nine months. A student is generally allowed, except in law, to attend, without additional fee, all the classes in a school the same session, so as to receive instruction, if he choose and be able, in the whole course in one year.

Two public examinations of all the members of each school are held every session, one about its middle, the other at its close. These examinations are conducted chiefly in writing. A set of questions, with numerical values attached, is proposed to the whole class, and its members are distributed into four divisions, according to the value of their answers. To insure fairness at these examinations, every student is required to attach to his answers a declaration in writing, that he has neither given nor received aid during the examination. This same certificate is attached also to all examination papers written for degrees.

Students are admitted at and above the age of sixteen, and are free to attend the schools of their choice; but they are ordinarily required to attend three schools.

The session is of nine months' duration continuously, and without any holidays except Christmas-day. Lectures are delivered during six days of the week, and a weekly report is made to the chairman of the Faculty by each professor of the subjects of the lectures and examinations in his school, and of the time occupied in each.

Degrees are conferred in each of the schools of the University upon those students who give evidence of having a competent knowledge of the subjects taught in the school. Certificates of proficiency also are bestowed for like knowledge of certain subjects that may be attended separately, as Medical Jurisprudence, Mineralogy, Geology, &c. Examinations are held with a view to these honors towards the end of each session, and are conducted mostly in writing. The extent and difficulty of these examinations, and the strictness used in judging of the value of the answers, secure a standard of attainment much higher than usual, and render the degrees in individual schools objects of ambition to all, and strong incentives to diligence and accuracy in study. A register of each student's answers at the daily examinations, and of his written exercises, is kept by the professor; and, in deciding on his fitness to receive a degree, regard is had to his average standing in his class. The time of his residence as a student is not counted among his qualifications for this distinction. He may obtain a degree, whenever he shall have proved that he is worthy of it by standing satisfactorily the examinations proposed as a test equally for all.

Besides the degrees conferred in individual schools, and certificates of proficiency in certain subjects, the degree of Bachelor of Arts is bestowed on such students as have obtained degrees in any two of the literary schools (viz. Ancient Languages, Modern Languages, and Moral Philosophy), and in any two of the scientific schools (viz. Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, and Chemistry); besides giving evidence of a certain proficiency in the remaining two academical schools, and furnishing an essay or oration to be approved by the Faculty.

The degree of Master of Arts is conferred upon such students as have obtained degrees in all the six academical schools, besides furnishing an essay or oration to be approved by the Faculty, and standing a satisfactory examination in review on all the studies of the course, except those in which he has been admitted to degrees in the current session.

No honorary degrees are conferred by this University.

The University of Virginia has been in operation thirty years, and although it has had to contend with some prejudices, has had a good degree of success, as well in regard to the numbers frequenting it as to the character for scholarship accorded to its alumni. The number of matriculates entered for the session of 1854–5 was five hundred and fourteen; of these three hundred and twenty were exclusively academical, one hundred and fifty-six exclusively professional, and thirty-eight partly academical and partly professional.

The University of Virginia has introduced into its constitution and into its practical working some marked peculiarities; and as its apparent success has called attention to these, it may be well to notice some of them briefly, and to state summarily the chief grounds upon which they are approved and justified.

1. The first and most striking peculiarity is the allowing every student to attend the schools or studies of his choice, only requiring ordinarily that he shall attend three; the conferring degrees in individual schools; the suffering candidates to stand the examinations held for degrees without regard to the time of residence; and the bestowing no degrees as honorary distinctions, but only upon adequate proof made by strict examination, that they are deserved.

This at once sets aside the usual college curriculum, with the attendant division into Freshmen, Sophomore, &c., classes, and, in the opinion of some, is followed as a necessary consequence by the loss to the student of a regular and complete course of study and of mental discipline, which they assume to be given by the usual plan of our colleges. It is taken for granted by such that the student, being free to choose, will attend such studies alone as may suit his spirit of self-indulgence, avoiding those which are difficult; and that the voluntary system does not admit of a regular course. It is said in answer, that the records of the University of Virginia show that the fact contradicts the assumption that the more difficult studies will be avoided, the schools of Ancient Languages and of Mathematics, for example, having always had a fair proportion of students. And that, although no student is compelled by law to follow a certain defined course, yet in practice, and by the influences of causes easily seen, a very large proportion do pursue a regular course; and that the University of Virginia holds out inducements to accomplish a complete course by establishing for its higher degrees a standard which makes them objects of very great desire. Further, as to the matter of a complete course of study and of mental discipline, it is said that it is too much to assume that the best way of securing

Digitized by Google

these is by the usual college curriculum and the division into freshmen, &c., classes, this being the very question in issue, and the system of independent schools and free choice of studies having been adopted with the very view of giving what the common plan does not; that the alleged evil effects of the voluntary system do not and ought not to follow; and that, on the contrary, it has decided advantages.

It is not pretended that every one entering the University of Virginia obtains a complete education. For some it is not necessary, however desirable, that they should become conversant with all the branches of a liberal education. And yet it is of great advantage to them and to society if they can be well trained in even a few departments of knowledge—those most suited to their wants or to their tastes. They should not be excluded from partial benefits of education because they cannot derive the highest.

And then, if an examination be made of the names of those who, in our Colleges and Universities generally, enter the Freshman or Sophomore classes, and of those who graduate, or pass through the senior class, it will be found that but few of the former are found among the latter, not more than about a fourth. And this, though it results inevitably from the very practice of admitting to degrees by classes, that of those who obtain the degree, much too large a proportion have really very moderate attainments, and could not possibly stand a strict examination on the whole or any considerable part of the course. So in the University of Virginia, a very small proportion obtain the highest degree, or fully accomplish the regular academic course, and beyond comparison a smaller proportion than on the usually adopted plan; and this because the standard is purposely made high. Admitting that this very small number is properly educated, the question to be answered is, Whether it be true, as alleged by some, that all those who come short of this complete course fail of obtaining an amount of knowledge, and especially a mental discipline, equal to that supplied by the common course?

To reach a satisfactory answer to this question it is to be observed, say the advocates of the voluntary system, first, that for the practical purposes of life, and for a right mental discipline, a small field of knowledge, thoroughly cultivated with a hearty energy, and by methods which set the student to thinking and inquiring for himself, is of incomparably more value than a large field cultivated in a negligent and superficial way. A man may study many things and have little sound knowledge and less vigorous training of the mind. A man may so learn a few things as to be able to direct his faculties with their utmost power to the accomplishment of any task.

Secondly, That to secure this energetic, self-propelling activity of the student, which is indispensably necessary to the best discipline of mind, and to the acquisition of habits of thorough and accurate investigation, two things mainly contribute. First, the waking up to an earnest spirit of inquiry and of thoroughness of investigation on the part of the student, by exciting and keeping erect his attention, and variously subjecting his powers to the proof by the lectures and by searching oral examinations; and, secondly, a high standard of examinations for honors, these being bestowed only upon satisfactory evidence of good attainments and capacity. Without the former condition the latter would be impossible; without the latter the former would be insufficient.

Thirdly, That the voluntary system offers peculiar advantages for fulfilling these conditions, which, however able the professors, the common system does not. The several schools being wholly independent, the standard of examinations for degrees may be placed as high as the means and mode of instruction, and what is fairly demanded by the true interest of the student, may allow. A person standing his examination for a degree in Latin and Greek will not be passed, though undeserving, for fear he may not secure his degree in the Mathematics, and so on. The honor being conferred upon reaching a comparatively high standard, and without the question of giving or refusing it being complicated by a regard to the regular progression of classes, it is comparatively easy to maintain the standard. It is one thing for a student to fail and be rejected upon the studies of a single school, the effect ceasing here, and quite another to be cast down in all his classes for failure on one study, with the result of postponing the period of his graduation for a whole year. But the common system allows no good alternative. No College, upon this system, can refuse to pass men who ought to be rejected; for then it consents, under multiplied difficulties, to reduce the ranks of the senior class to something like the proportion of those who obtain the Master's degree under the system adopted at the University of Virginia.

To answer, then, the question above proposed, it is alleged by its friends, that in the system adopted at the University of Virginia, the conditions for obtaining a good mental discipline and accurate knowledge are in some good degree, although imperfectly, fulfilled by the means of lectures, rigid examinations conducted chiefly in writing where degrees are concerned, and a comparatively high standard in conferring degrees. That, putting out of view the idle and those wanting capacity, and those who attend a single course of lectures, there remains a class of students, considerable in number, and respectable for talent and industry, who from lack of time and means, or for other cause, succeed in accomplishing only a partial course, obtaining degrees in some two or three schools, and attending lectures profitably in some one or two more in which they do not stand for degrees. And thus the number that go through such a course of study as, with the mode of instruction employed, involves a useful extent of knowledge and a sound discipline of mind, would seem to be in fair proportion to those who succeed in completing the usual College curriculum.

Again, there is a considerable class of students who aim at completing the entire course of literary and scientific studies, according to the scheme of the University of Virginia, but fail of entire success. But it does not follow, because they fail of obtaining the highest degree under a system with a higher standard for degrees, that they do not obtain as much of knowledge and of sound mental discipline as the same persons would have done if they had succeeded under a system

Digitized by Google

with a lower standard. Under the one system they fail because the standard is high, under the other they would succeed because the standard is low. This on the supposition that the grade of instruction is the same. But it may be assumed that where the standard of examinations for degrees is higher, the grade of instruction also will be higher, and the training more vigorous. There must be some just relation between the teaching and the requirements for degrees. And so it may very well occur that a man shall be a better trained scholar failing under the one system than succeeding under the other.

The advocates of the system introduced at the University of Virginia not only deny that it is followed by the evil effects alleged, but urge, on the other hand, that it avoids, as it was designed to avoid, the obvious and acknowledged evils inherent in the usual course adopted of conferring degrees upon those who complete the curriculum, well nigh as a matter of course, and with but slight examination. They allege that when the standard is reasonably high, and maintained by rigid examinations, without regard to the time of residence, only a few, and those the most diligent and capable, can measure up to it. That to accommodate the standard to the measure of the whole, or nearly the whole of a class, it must be made much too low. That by admitting to the higher degrees those alone who can stand rigid examinations, and show good ability and accurate attainments, real value is given to the degrees, and the best exertions secured of those who seek them. That the use of lectures and oral examinations, in the ordinary course of instruction, affords a better means of disciplining the mind, of begetting habits of active and sustained attention, as well as of thorough investigation. That, as a result, there is obtained, under this system, a better training and a more thorough knowledge on the part of many who fail of success, than the other system ordinarily secures to those who succeed. And that the fact that only a very few obtain the Master's degree at the University of Virginia—some seven in the session of 1854–5 out of 350 exclusively academical students—only shows the extent and rigor of the examinations for this degree, there required by law and enforced in practice.

2. A second peculiarity of the University of Virginia is found in its method of instruction, more especially in the freer use of lectures, followed by oral examinations. Text-books are by no means discarded; but the professor is expected to go before and set in order the truths to be taught, marking their relations, stating their grounds, enlarging upon, explaining, confirming, correcting, and supplementing the text, as the case may require. Every lecture is preceded by an oral examination of the class on the preceding lecture and the corresponding text. And this examination is on the subject itself, whether discussed in the lecture or the text-book, and is conducted with reference to what ought to be held in regard to it, and not simply to what may have been said about it either in the lecture or in the text-book. This method, it is affirmed, is attended by two most beneficial results. First, it stimulates the professor to greater efforts to make himself wholly master of his subject, and to be qualified to view it on every side. It can hardly do less, seeing he is conscious that it is expected of him to exhibit himself as capable of presenting the doctrines belonging to his subject with clearness and force, and not merely of propounding questions on a text-book. He must needs give himself to his work with zeal and assiduity if he would meet the responsibility which his position imposes, or gain the reputation which it places within his reach. Secondly, it excites and maintains the interest and attention of the student a hundred fold. He not only shares the interest of the lecturer, which is one advantage of oral discourse, but finds it a necessity from which he cannot escape, if he would acquit himself well at the examination to follow, as his own self-respect and a regard for the good opinion of his teacher and fellows oblige him to wish to do, that he should give earnest heed to the words of the professor. Above all he learns to enter, with the professor for his guide, upon the serious and earnest investigation of the subject in hand in all its relations, if not from the simple love of truth, yet still because he knows that he may be required to render answers not furnished by the text, nor yet perhaps directly by the lecture, but involved in the principles set forth in either. Thus he is aroused to a spirit of active and manly inquiry, is kept awake to all that he hears and reads, and is led to consider the proper knowledge of a subject to be bounded, not by the partial, perhaps false teachings of a text-book, but by the limits of the true and real. Under the strong impulse of such a spirit, and of the ambition to meet the demands of a standard of examinations for degrees which more fail than succeed in reaching, it is no wonder that he works, and works with an energy, with a sharpness of attention, and with a perseverance of industry, which bring a double reward in stores of solid knowledge and in invaluable habits of mind.

3. A third peculiarity of the University of Virginia is the system of written examinations for honors. This is claimed to have the advantage of securing greater accuracy and fairness, and is regarded as indispensable for maintaining a high standard for degrees. It was introduced by the first professors from the practice of Cambridge University, England; and when supplemented by some oral examination, as the subject may demand, seems liable only to the objection of its great laboriousness to both student and professor.

In a word, whatever success the University of Virginia has had in giving intellectual culture, whether in the academical or professional departments, is mainly referred by its friends to the laborious industry and zeal in the immediate work of the lecture-room, displayed by professors and students alike. These, again, are very largely owing to the use of lectures, and of strict oral and written examinations, both having reference to a reasonably high standard for degrees. And for the introduction of these, the independent position of the several schools, and the free choice of studies, if not absolutely necessary, as they can hardly be said to be, are at least most favorable.

4. A fourth peculiarity is the absence of sectarian influence and control in the University. Much prejudice did arise on this point. Al-

Digitized by Google

though the importance of man's religious duties was acknowledged in a report of the Rector and Board of Visitors, written by Mr. Jefferson, and although the invitation was given by the Board to the various religious denominations in the state, to establish schools of theology on the grounds of the University, yet because, in the anxiety to shut out the control of any particular sect, no provision was made for religious instruction by the University itself, very many believed that it was designed altogether to exclude religious influence from the institution. A plan, however, was adopted early in the history of the University, whereby the services of religion are regularly performed in a chapel furnished by the Board of Visitors, yet without invading the principle of religious equality. By this plan it was provided that a Chaplain should be appointed by the Faculty every year, from the prevailing religious denominations of the state, taken in rotation. Subsequently the appointment was made for two years. The salary of the Chaplain is provided by the voluntary contributions of the professors, students, and other residents. He holds divine service twice every Sabbath, and daily morning prayers in the chapel. These services all the students are invited to attend; but they are not compelled to be present. As many as attend deport themselves with invariable order and reverence. Besides these services, the students have their own public prayer-meeting, and a society for missionary inquiry, and conduct the Sunday school connected with the chapel, and others in the neighborhood. Nowhere, it is said, is more respect paid to the solemn services of the Christian religion, and in no community is more effectually extinguished the spirit of sectarian bigotry.

5. A fifth peculiarity relates to the discipline. Only one point can be noticed, namely the permitting of students to answer or not, as they may choose, in their own case; the not compelling them to testify against themselves or against each other; and, generally, the assuming that they are incapable of falsehood, and treating them accordingly. The result is, that, as a rule, hardly admitting an exception, no student can venture to speak falsely. He may decline to answer, when charged with an offence against the laws, although he very rarely does; but if he answer, the public sentiment, if not his own sense of moral obligation, will oblige him to speak truly.

For carrying into execution the plan of a University which he had projected, Mr. Jefferson considered it wisest to rely upon men as little as possible wedded to the prevalent system, and not likely to be cramped by its routine. A reform in regard to the extent as well as the mode of instruction, could be had only by seeking men of marked ability in their several departments, and who had either enjoyed the advantages of the foreign universities of most repute, or won distinction by their talent and attainments. To this view was owing the selection from abroad of a majority of the original corps of professors. This policy, naturally enough, excited some prejudice; and although justified by the necessities of the case, as far at least as a reform in the course of instruction was concerned, was attended by its own difficulties touching the important point of discipline. It was not intended to be continued beyond the present exigency, and has not, in fact, been followed in the subsequent appointments to chairs in the University, although it is admitted to be consistent with the interests of the institution to employ the best talents and attainments, wherever found conjoined with the other necessary qualifications. Of the eight original professors, five were from abroad, one from New York, and two from Virginia. Of the present fifteen professors and other instructors, ten are Virginians and alumni of the University of Virginia, and only two from abroad.

The first professor of the school of Ancient Languages was Mr. George Long, of England, a Master of Arts and Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. A man of marked ability and attainments, thoroughly trained in the system of his college, having a mind far more than most men's scrupulously demanding accuracy in the results of inquiry, and scouting mere pretension, he aimed and was fitted to introduce something better than what then passed current as classical learning. Although he had as yet little knowledge of comparative philology, and could hardly be said to have cultivated the science of language with the enlarged spirit of philosophy which pervades his writings; his uncompromising exactness, and his masterly knowledge of his subject, inspired his pupils with the highest conceptions of a true scholarship. After three years' service he resigned, in order to accept the professorship of Greek in the London University. His contributions to philology, Roman law, criticism, biography, &c., have been large and valuable, and have obtained for him a place among the most eminent scholars of his country.

He was succeeded by the present incumbent of the chair, Gessner Harrison, M.D., one of his pupils, who has published an "Exposition of some of the Laws of the Latin Language."

The first professor of the School of Modern Languages was George Blaettermann, LL.D., a German, at the time of his appointment residing in London, and who came recommended for his extensive knowledge of modern languages, and for his ability. He occupied the chair until 1840, and gave proof of extensive acquirements, and of a mind of uncommon natural vigor and penetration. In connexion more especially with the lessons on German and Anglo-Saxon, he gave to his students much that was interesting and valuable in comparative philology also, a subject in which he found peculiar pleasure. His successors have been Charles Kraitsir, M.D., who has published some curious and learned works on philology, and M. Schele de Vere, LL.D., the author of a work on Comparative Philology, and of a Spanish Grammar and Exercises.

The first professor of Mathematics was Mr. Thomas Hewett Key, of England, a Master of Arts of Trinity College, Cambridge. Besides his ability as a mathematician, he had the advantage of good classical and general attainments; and by his earnest manner, his clearness of illustration, and his rare power of anticipating and removing the learner's difficulties, succeeded to a remarkable degree in gaining the attention and exciting the interest of his hearers. He resigned at

the same time with Mr. Long, in order to accept the professorship of Latin in the London University, and has since gained distinction by his labors as a philologist.

He was succeeded by Mr. Charles Bonnycastle, of England, who, upon Mr. Key's resignation, was transferred from the chair of Natural Philosophy to that of Mathematics, which he continued to fill until his death in 1841. He was educated at the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, of which his father was a professor, and was distinguished by the force and originality of his mind, no less than by his profound knowledge of mathematics. His fine taste, cultivated by much reading, his general knowledge, and his abundant store of anecdote, made him a most agreeable and instructive companion to all; and this, though his really kind feelings were partly hidden by a cold exterior. His only published work bore the title of *Inductive Geometry*, and this did not meet with success. Among his pupils, he left behind him a reputation for ability as high as it was universal.

His successor, Mr. Sylvester, of England also, who remained only part of one year, was followed by Mr. Edward H. Courtenay, LL.D., a native of Maryland, a graduate at West Point, and who had held a professorship in West Point Military Academy, and again in the University of Pennsylvania. He discharged the duties of the chair with eminent ability and faithfulness until his death in 1853. He left behind him a work on the *Differential and Integral Calculus*, which has lately been published, and been adopted as a text-book in the University of Virginia. Mr. Courtenay's clear and sagacious mind, his large and thorough knowledge of his subject, and clearness in communicating it, his laborious devotion to his duties, and not less his unswerving integrity, his retiring modesty, and his amiable condescension, won for him the unbounded confidence and regard of his colleagues and of his pupils.

The chair is now filled by Albert T. Bledsoe, LL.D., a graduate of West Point, formerly a professor in the University of Mississippi, and the author of a work on the *Will*, and of one entitled *A Theodicy*.

Upon the transfer of Mr. Charles Bonnycastle from the chair of Natural Philosophy to that of Mathematics, he was succeeded by Robert M. Patterson, M.D., of Philadelphia, formerly a professor in the University of Pennsylvania, and subsequently director of the U. S. Mint. He filled the chair of Natural Philosophy for several years, and had the reputation of a clear, elegant, and able lecturer, while his refined manners, cultivated tastes, and amiable disposition, won for him the warm regard of all that had the pleasure of knowing him.

He was succeeded by Mr. William B. Rogers, LL.D., who filled the chair until 1853; a gentleman deservedly eminent for his ability, varied learning and science, for his eloquence as a lecturer, and for his contributions to his favorite science of Geology. He resigned in 1853; and was succeeded by the present incumbent, Mr. Francis H. Smith, A.M., a Virginian, and an alumnus of the University.

The first professor of Chemistry was John P. Emmet, M.D., who was educated at the West Point Military Academy, and took his degree in medicine in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York city. He was born in Dublin, Ireland, and was the son of Thomas Addis Emmet, Esq. His striking native genius, his varied science, his brilliant wit, his eloquence, his cultivated and refined taste for art, his modesty, his warm-hearted and cheerful social virtues, won for him the admiration and lasting regard of his colleagues and of his pupils. He occupied the chair of Chemistry and Materia Medica until sickness and death closed prematurely, in 1842, a career not less useful than honorable.

He was succeeded by Robert E. Rogers, M.D., of Philadelphia, now professor of chemistry in the University of Pennsylvania, and by J. Lawrence Smith, M.D., of South Carolina, now professor in the Medical School at Louisville, Kentucky. The present incumbent of the chair is Socrates Maupin, M.D., of Virginia, formerly a professor in Hampden Sydney College, Virginia, and in Richmond Medical College, and an alumnus of the University of Virginia.

The first professor of Medicine was Robley Dunglison, M.D., of England, who as a writer, and by his learning in his profession and generally, as well as by his ability, was pointed out as well fitted to take charge of this school, when it was designed rather to afford the opportunity of cultivation in medical science to the general student than to give a preparation for the practice of the profession. After eight years he resigned, and has gained a wide celebrity by his distinguished ability as a lecturer, and by his varied and valuable contributions to medical literature.

His successors have been A. T. Magill, M.D., of Virginia, Robert E. Griffith, M.D., of Philadelphia, and the present incumbent, Henry Howard, M.D., of Maryland, formerly a professor in the medical department of the University of Maryland, all men of learning and ability in their profession.

The chair of Anatomy, Physiology, and Surgery (now of Comparative Anatomy, etc.) has been added to the original schools of the university, and is now filled by James L. Cabell, M.D., a Virginian, and an alumnus of the university. He was preceded by Augustus L. Warner, M.D., of Maryland, afterwards a professor in the Richmond Medical College.

Special Anatomy and Materia Medica are taught by John S. Davis, M.D., an alumnus of the University.

The chair of Moral Philosophy was first filled by Mr. George Tucker, a native of Bermuda, but educated at William and Mary College, Virginia. He was for many years a member of the legal profession, and for some time a member of Congress from Virginia. Before receiving his appointment to the chair by Mr. Jefferson, he had published, among other writings, a volume of essays, characterized by the purity and elegance of style, and by the force and clearness of thought, which have marked all his writings. During his residence at the university he published the *Life of Jefferson*, an essay on *Money and Banks*, one on *Rents, Wages, and Profits*, and another on the *Progress of the United States in Population and Wealth during a Period of Fifty Years, as Exhibited by the Decennial Census*, besides contri-

Digitized by Google

buting to the periodicals of the day, as he has done since his retirement, important articles on questions of political economy, etc. To moral philosophy and the other subjects originally assigned to the chair, he caused rhetoric, belles-lettres, and political economy to be added, and gave them their proper value in the course of study in the school. Bringing to the discharge of his duties a mind remarkable for clearness and accuracy, great industry and thoroughness of research, and an extensive knowledge of men, and of books in almost every department of learning, he allowed no topic to pass under review without investing it with the interest of original and searching investigation. Hence his pupils derived not only profit directly from his instructions, but an impulse in the direction of self-culture of the utmost value.

He was succeeded, upon his resignation in 1845, after a service of twenty years, by the present incumbent, the Rev. William H. McGuffey, D.D., LL.D., a native of Pennsylvania, but for many years a popular professor in different colleges of Ohio.

The first professor of Law, that entered upon the duties of the chair, was John Tayloe Lomax, Esq., of Virginia, who, after some five years, resigned the chair to accept the office of judge of the Circuit Court of Virginia. He is the author of works of much labor and value, entitled a *Digest of the Law of Real Property* and the *Law of Executors and Administrators*.

He was succeeded by John A. G. Davis, Esq., of Virginia, who met an untimely end by the hands of a murderer, in the person of a student, in the year 1840. He was the author of a work on the criminal law, and was distinguished alike by his legal attainments and ability as a lecturer and by his virtues as a man.

The chair of Law was next filled by Judge Henry St. George Tucker of Virginia, who had long occupied with distinguished ability the place of president of the Court of Appeals of the state, and was as remarkable for the elegant graces of his well stored mind as for his learning and acumen in his peculiar province of the law, and for the polish and charm of his life and manners. He was the author of two volumes of *Commentaries on Blackstone*, etc.

The present incumbents of the two chairs of Law, into which the original school has been divided, are John B. Minor, LL.D., and J. P. Holcombe, Esq., both of Virginia, and both alumni of the university. The latter is the author of a work on Equity.

### TRINITY COLLEGE.

The charter of Washington (now Trinity) College, in Connecticut, was obtained in 1823. It was given at the request of members of the Protestant Episcopal Church. At several intervals in the earlier history of the state, application had been made to the Legislature for a charter without success. It was requisite that thirty thousand dollars should be subscribed as an endowment. Fifty thousand were readily obtained, "by offering to the larger towns the privilege of fair and laudable competition for its location, when Hartford, never wanting in public spirit and generous outlays, gained the victory over her sister cities." The college buildings were commenced at Hartford in June, 1824, and recitations were held in the autumn of the same year. The first president of the institution was the Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Connecticut, Dr. Thomas C. Brownell, who held the station for seven years, till 1831. On his retirement he was succeeded by the Rev. Dr. N. S. Wheaton, who presided over its fortunes for five years, till 1837. The Hobart Professorship of Belles-Lettres and Oratory was endowed at this time in the sum of twenty thousand dollars, subscribed by members of the Episcopal Church in New York. In 1835 more than one hundred thousand dollars had been raised for this institution, ninety thousand of which had been given by individuals. The state made a grant of eleven thousand dollars. The next incumbent of the presidency was the Rev. Dr. Silas Totten (now professor of William and Mary), who at the time of his choice was professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in the college. His administration lasted twelve years, during which the endowment of the Seabury Professorship of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy was completed and Brownell Hall erected. In 1845 the title of the college was changed, by an act of the legislature, to Trinity College. In this period statutes were enacted by the trustees, modelled after a feature in the English universities, "committing the superintendence of the course of study and discipline to a Board of Fellows, and empowering specified members of the *Senatus Academicus*, as the House of Convocation, to assemble under their own rules, and to consult and advise for the interests and benefit of the college."* The object of this general external organization was to secure the co-operation and counsel of the alumni of the institution, all of whom are members of the House of Convocation, which includes the president, fellows, and professors. The Board of Fellows is composed of leading men in the church specially interested in the welfare of the college. They are the official examiners, report on degrees, and propose amendments of the statutes to the trustees. There are also a chancellor and visiter, who superintend the religious interests: an office which has been thus far filled by the bishop of the diocese.

Dr. Totten, on his retirement, was succeeded in 1849 by the Rev. John Williams, a descendant of the family which gave the Rev. Elisha Williams as a president to Yale. Two years after Dr. Williams was elected assistant bishop of the diocese of Connecticut.

In 1854 the Rev. Dr. Daniel Rogers Goodwin, formerly professor of modern languages at Bowdoin, succeeded to the presidency.

Many eminent men have been connected with the institution as professors and lecturers. The Rev. Dr. S. F. Jarvis held a professorship of Oriental Literature; Horatio Potter, now bishop of the diocese of New York, of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy—a professorship held also by Mr. Charles Davies, author of the extensive series of mathematical text-books generally in use throughout the country. The Rev. Dr. Thomas W. Coit, the learned author of *Puritanism, or a*

* Beardsley's Historical Address, p. 21.

Digitized by Google

*Churchman's Defence against its Aspersions by an Appeal to its Own History*, has been professor of Ecclesiastical History; and the Hon. W. W. Ellsworth, professor of Law.*

### THE UNIVERSITY OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

This institution owes its origin to the exertions of a few gentlemen of the city of New York, among whom were the Rev. J. M. Mathews, afterwards Chancellor of the University, and the Rev. Jonathan M. Wainwright, of whom we have already spoken. A pamphlet was prepared after several conversational discussions of the plan, which was printed with the title, "Considerations upon the Expediency and the Means of Establishing a University in the City of New York." This was read at a meeting of the friends of education, held on the sixth of January, 1830, in the building since known as the New City Hall, and adopted as an expression of the views of the assembly. A charter of incorporation was obtained in 1831, by which the government of the University was confided to a Council of thirty-two members, chosen by the stockholders of the institution, with the addition of the Mayor and four members of the Common Council of the city. The University commenced its instructions in October, 1832, with seven professors and forty-two students, in rooms hired for the purpose in Clinton Hall. The first class, consisting of three students, was graduated in 1833, and the first public commencement held in 1834 in the Middle Dutch Church in Nassau street.

Steps were immediately taken for the erection of a suitable edifice, and the edifice was commenced in July, 1833, and so far completed as to be occupied in 1836. It was formally dedicated "to the purposes of Science, Literature, and Religion," on the twentieth of May, 1837. The building occupies the front of an entire block of ground, facing the Washington Parade Ground, and was the first introduction, on any considerable scale, of the English collegiate style of architecture. It contains, in addition to a large and elaborately decorated chapel, and spacious lecture halls, a number of apartments not at present required for the purposes of education, a portion of which are now occupied by the valuable library of the New York Historical Society and the American Geographical Society. The erection of this building, and the period of commercial depression which followed its commencement, weighed heavily on the fortunes of the young institution. By the devotion of its professors, however, who continued to occupy their respective chairs at reduced salaries, its instructions have been steadily maintained. Various appeals to the public for pecuniary aid have been liberally responded to, and by a vigorous effort on the part of the present Chancellor, the Rev. Isaac Ferris, the long pressing incubus of debt has been entirely removed.

The University of the City of New York.

The foundations of the institution were laid on a broad and liberal basis, contemplating instruction in every department of learning, with the exception of a school of theology, this omission being made to avoid any charge of sectarianism. A large number of professors were appointed, among whom the institution has the honor of numbering S. F. B. Morse, whose early experiments in the departments of science which have since given him a fame as enduring and extended as the elements he has subjected to the service of his fellow men, were made during his connexion with the University. The course of instruction has, however, thus far, with the exception of a Medical School, been confined to the usual undergraduate collegiate course.

The first Chancellor of the University was the Rev. James M. Mathews, D.D., who, for many years preceding his appointment, had occupied a prominent position among the clergy of the Dutch Reformed Church in the city of New York. He rendered good service to the institution by his unwearying labors in the presentation of its claims to public attention, and bore his full share of the difficulties attending its early years. He was succeeded by the Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen, now president of Rutgers College, in which connexion he has already been spoken of in these pages. After his removal from the University to Rutgers in 1850, the office he had filled remained vacant until 1853, when the present efficient and respected incumbent, the Rev. Isaac Ferris, a clergyman of the Dutch Reformed Church, and at the head of the Rutgers Female Institute, was appointed.

In the list of the first professors we meet the names of the Rev. Charles P. McIlvaine, at present Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Ohio, Henry Vethake, and the Rev. Henry P. Tappan, both of whom are now at the head of important seats of learning, and the Rev. George Bush, all of whom have received notices at an earlier period of our work. With these were associated for a short time, the distinguished mathematician, David B. Douglas, LL.D., and Dr. John Torrey, one of the most eminent botanists of the country, and a leading member of the Lyceum of Natural History of New York, the American Association of Science, and other similar Institutions.

* We are indebted for the materials of this notice of Trinity College to the excellent Historical Address pronounced before the House of Convocation of Trinity College, in Christ Church, Hartford, in 1851, by the Rev. E. E. Beardsley, rector of St. Thomas's Church, New Haven, and from time to time in the Churchman's Almanac.

Digitized by Google

Lorenzo L. Da Ponte was at the same time appointed Professor of the Italian Language and Literature, and retained the office until his death in 1840. He was the son of Lorenzo Da Ponte, an Italian scholar, forced from his native country on account of his liberal political opinions, and author of an agreeable autobiography, *Memorie di Lorenzo Da Ponte Da Ceneda*, published in New York in three small volumes in 1823. Professor Da Ponte was a man of liberal culture and great amiability of character, and author of a history of Florence and of several elementary works of instruction on the Italian language.

In 1836, Isaac Nordheimer was appointed Professor of the Hebrew and German languages. He was a man of great learning, and author of a History of Florence and of a Hebrew Grammar, in use as a text-book in our theological Seminaries. He continued his connexion with the institution until his death in 1842.

The Rev. Cyrus Mason was appointed Professor of the Evidences of Christianity in 1836, and occupied a prominent position in the Faculty and business relations of the Institution until his retirement in 1850.

In 1838 Tayler Lewis was appointed Professor of the Greek Language and Literature, and the Rev. C. S. Henry of Moral Philosophy. The first of these gentlemen has already been noticed in relation to his present sphere of labor at Union College.

Caleb Sprague Henry was born at Rutland, Massachusetts, and graduated at Dartmouth College, in 1825. After a course of theological study at Andover, he was settled as a Congregational minister at Greenfield, Mass., and subsequently at Hartford, Conn., until 1835, when he took orders in the Protestant Episcopal Church. He was appointed in the same year Professor of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy in Bristol College, Pa., and remained in that Institution until 1837, when he removed to New York, and established the New York Review, the first number of which appeared in March, 1837. He conducted this periodical until 1840, when it passed into the hands of Dr. J. G. Cogswell, who had been associated in its conduct during the previous twelvemonth.

Professor Henry remained at the University until 1852. During this period, in addition to the active discharge of the duties of his chair, he published in 1845 an *Epitome of the History of Philosophy, being the work adopted by the University of France for instruction in the colleges and high schools. Translated from the French, with additions, and a continuation of the history from the time of Reid to the present day.**

The original portion of this work is equal in extent to one fourth of the whole, and consists, on the plan of the previous portions, of concise biographies of the leading philosophical writers of modern Europe, with a brief exposition of their doctrines. Professor Henry has executed this difficult task with research and exactness. His work is a standard authority on the subject, and has received the commendation of Sir William Hamilton and other leading philosophers.

Professor Henry is also the author of *The Elements of Psychology*, a translation of Cousin's examination of Locke's Essay on the Understanding, with an introduction, notes, and appendix, published at Hartford in 1834, and New York in 1839; of a *Compendium of Christian Antiquities*;* and of a volume of *Moral and Philosophical Essays*.† He has also published a number of college addresses,‡ mostly devoted to the discussion of his favorite subject of university education. The style of these writings, like that of his instructions, is distinguished by energy, directness, and familiar illustration.

During the years 1847–1850 Dr. Henry officiated as rector of St. Clement's Church, New York. Since his retirement from the University, he has resided in the vicinity of the city, and has been a frequent contributor to the Church Review and other periodicals of the day.

Benjamin F. Joslin, M.D., was appointed in 1838 Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy. He resigned his appointment in 1844. He is the author of several valuable papers on philosophical subjects, which have appeared in Silliman's Journal. He has also written frequently on medical topics, and is a prominent advocate of the system of Hahnemann.

In 1839 Dr. John W. Draper was appointed Professor of Chemistry. Dr. Draper is a native of England. He came to the United States in early life, and was graduated as a physician at the University of Pennsylvania in 1836. His inaugural thesis on that occasion was published by the Faculty of the institution, a distinction conferred in very few cases. Dr. Draper soon after became Professor in Hampden Sidney College, Virginia. He still remains connected with the University, and has contributed in an eminent degree to its honor and usefulness, by his distinguished scientific position, and the thoroughness of his instructions. Dr. Draper has devoted much attention to the study of the action of light, and was the inventor of the application of the dagnerreotype process to the taking of portraits. He is the author of text-books on Chemistry and Natural Philosophy, of a large quarto work on the Influence of Light on the Growth and Development of Plants, of a large number of addresses delivered in the course of his academic career, and of numerous articles on physiological, medical, optical, and chemical subjects, which have appeared in the medical journals of this country and in the London and Edinburgh Philosophical Magazine. These papers, it is estimated, would, if collected, fill an octavo volume of one thousand pages. Several have been trans-

* 2 vols. 12mo.

* Phila. 1837. † New York, 1839.

‡ Principles and Prospects of the Friends of Peace, a discourse delivered in Hartford in 1834.

The Advocate of Peace. A Quarterly Journal, vol. i., 1834-5.

Importance of Exalting the Intellectual Spirit of the Nation; and the Need of a Learned Class. 2d Edition. New York: 1787. Delivered before the Phi Sigma Nu Society of the University of Vermont, August, 1836.

Position and Duties of the Educated Men of the Country. New York: 1840.

The Gospel a Formal and Sacramental Religion. A Sermon. 2d Edition. New York: 1846.

The True Idea of the University, and its Relation to a Complete System of Public Instruction. New York: 1850.

Digitized by Google

lated in France, Germany, and Italy. He is entitled from these productions to high literary as well as scientific rank, from the purity of style which characterizes their composition, and the frequent passages of eloquence and of genuine humor to be found at no long intervals in their pages.

Dr. Draper has been a member of the Medical Faculty of the University since its formation, and was appointed by the unanimous voice of his associates president of that body in 1851.

Mr. Elias Loomis, the author of several important scientific text-books, was in 1844 appointed Professor of Mathematics.

Professor Loomis is a graduate of Yale College, and was appointed Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in the University in 1844, having previously filled the same professorship in Western Reserve College, Ohio. He is the author of several volumes and papers on mathematics and astronomy.*

In 1846 Mr. George J. Adler was appointed Professor of the German language. Professor Adler was born in Germany in 1821, came to the United States in 1833, and was graduated at the University in 1844. He is the author of a German Grammar published in 1846, a German Reader in 1847, and a German and English Dictionary, in a volume of large size, in 1848. He has since, in 1851, published an abridgment of this work, and in 1853, a *Manual of German Literature*, with elaborate critical prefaces on the authors from whom the specimens contained in the volume have been taken.

In 1850 Professor Adler published an able metrical translation of the Iphigenia of Goethe. He is also the author of several articles on German and classical literature in the Literary World. He resigned his professorship in 1854, and has since been occupied in private tuition and literary pursuits.

In 1852 Mr. Howard Crosby was appointed Professor of Greek. Mr. Crosby was born in the city of New York and was graduated at the University in 1844. Visiting Europe a few years after, he made an extensive tour in the Levant, the results of which were given to the public in a pleasant and scholarly volume, in 1851.† In the following year he published an edition of the Œdipus Tyrannus of Sophocles.

The alumni of the literary departments of the University now number over five hundred.

### THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN owes its foundation to an act of Congress of 1826, which appropriated two entire townships, including more than forty-six thousand acres of land, within what was then a territory, "for the use and support of a university, and for no other use or purpose whatever." When Michigan became a state the subject engaged the earnest attention of its legislators. An organization was recommended in 1837 in the report of the Rev. J. D. Pierce, the first superintendent of public instruction, and the first law under the state legislation establishing "The University of Michigan" was approved March 18th of that year. In this act the objects were stated to be "to provide the inhabitants of the state with the means of acquiring a thorough knowledge of the various branches of literature, science, and the arts." A body of regents was to be appointed by the governor of the state, with the advice and consent of the Senate. The governor, lieutenant-governor, judges of the Supreme Court, and chancellor of the state, were ex-officio members. Three departments were provided: of literature, science, and the arts; of law, and of medicine. Fifteen professorships were liberally mapped out in the first of these; three in the second, and six in the third. The institution was to be presided over by a chancellor. An additional act located the University in or near the village of Ann Arbor, on a site to be conveyed to the regents free of cost, and to include not less than forty acres.

An important question soon arose with the legislature in determining the policy of granting charters for private colleges in the state. Opinions on the subject were obtained from Dr. Wayland, Edward Everett, and others, who agreed in stating the advantage of forming one well endowed institution, in preference to the division of means and influence among many. The legislature did not adopt any exclusive system, though the obvious policy of concentrating the state support upon the University has been virtually embraced.

A system of branches or subsidiary schools in the state, intermediate between the primary school and the college, was early organized. They were to supply pupils to the University.

The first professor chosen, in 1838, was Dr. Asa Gray, now of Cambridge, in the department of botany and zoology. Five thousand dollars were placed at his disposal for the purchase of books in Europe as the commencement of the University library. This secured a collection of nearly four thousand volumes.

Dr. Houghton was also appointed professor of geology and mineralogy. The mineralogical collection of Baron Lederer of Austria was purchased, and added to the collections in geology, mineralogy, botany, and zoology, made within the geographical area of Michigan by the state geologist and his corps.

The income of the University, partaking of the embarrassments of the times, scanty and uncertain, and mainly absorbed in the erection of the buildings and the support of the branches, was not in 1840 sufficient for the full organization of the main institution. There were two hundred and forty-seven students in that year in the branches. In 1842 a portion of the money expended on these schools was withdrawn, and devoted to the faculty of the still unformed univer-

* Elements of Algebra, 12mo., pp. 260. A Treatise on Algebra, 8vo., pp. 336. Elements of Geometry and Conic Sections, 8vo., pp. 226. Trigonometry and Tables, 8vo., pp. 344. Elements of Analytical Geometry, and of the Differential and Integral Calculus, 8vo., pp. 278. An Introduction to Practical Astronomy, with a Collection of Astronomical Tables, 8vo., pp. 497. Recent Progress of Astronomy, especially in the United States.—He has contributed to the Transactions of the American Philosophical Society, nine memoirs relating to Astronomy, Magnetism, and Meteorology; and to the American Journal of Science and Arts from twenty to thirty papers on various questions of science. The Proceedings of the American Association for the Advancement of Science also contain a number of his papers, and several have appeared in other periodicals.

† Land of the Moslem, a Narrative of Oriental Travel, by El Mukattom.

Digitized by Google

sity. Professors of Mathematics and of Latin and Greek were appointed.

In the report of the regents of 1849 it appears that there were thirty-eight students in the department of literature and sciences, under the charge of seven professors. No chancellor had been as yet appointed. Each of the professors presided, on a system of rotation, as president of the faculty.

It was not till December, 1852, that Dr. Henry P. Tappan, eminent as a writer on metaphysical subjects, the author of two treatises on the *Will* and a work on the *Elements of Logic*, and formerly professor of intellectual and moral philosophy in the University of the City of New York, was inaugurated the first chancellor. The subject of university education had long employed his attention, and he studied its practical working in England and Prussia during a foreign tour, of which he gave to the public a record in his volumes entitled *A Step from the New World to the Old*. His inaugural address contained an able programme of the objects to be pursued in a true university course. He has since again visited Europe, further studied the workings of education in Prussia, and secured valuable acquisitions for the literary and scientific resources of the University. Among these were the instruments for a first class observatory, now established at the university by the liberality of the citizens of Detroit, over which an eminent foreign astronomer, Dr. Francis Brunnow, the associate of Encke at the Royal Observatory at Berlin, is now presiding.

The revision of the course of studies engaged Dr. Tappan's attention. It is now symmetrically arranged to include every object of a liberal education, with provision for expansion as the growing needs and resources of the institution may demand. The liberally endowed primary schools of the state, a system of associated or union schools in districts, the introduction of normal schools lead to the ordinary under-graduate course of the university, which it is proposed to extend by the introduction of lectures for those students who may wish to proceed further. A scientific course may be pursued separately, and the plan embraces instruction on agricultural subjects.

The following passages from Chancellor Tappan's Report to the Board of Regents at the close of 1853 will exhibit the liberal spirit of the scholar which he brings to his work:—

The ideal character of the Prussian system must belong to every genuine system of education. We must always begin with assuming that man is to be educated because he is man, and that the development of his powers is the great end of education, and one which really embraces every other end. Especially is it important to hold this forth among a people like that of the United States, where the industrial arts and commerce are such general and commanding objects. In the immense reach of our material prosperity, we are in danger of forgetting our higher spiritual nature, or, at least, of preserving only a dim and feeble consciousness of it. We are in danger of becoming mere creatures of the earth—earthy, and of reducing all values to the standard of material utility. And yet man is good and happy only as his moral and intellectual nature is developed. He does not fill up the measure of his being by merely building houses for his comfortable accommodation, and by providing for himself abundance of wholesome food. He has capacities for knowledge, truth, beauty, and virtue also: and these, too, must be satisfied.

Besides philosophy, science, poetry, and the fine arts, in general, are no less essential to national existence and character than agriculture, manufactures, and commerce. In the first place, the latter could never exist in a perfect form without the former, since all improvement must be dependent upon knowledge and taste: and, in the second place, great principles widely diffused, and great men for the offices of the state and of society at large, and great deeds to signalize a nation's existence, and works of literature and art to convey the spirit of a people to other nations, and to the following generations, all depend upon the spiritual cultivation of the human being. Nay, farther, there is no country in which national existence and character will so depend upon this higher cultivation as in ours. Here are vast multitudes collected from other nations, as well as of native growth, thrown together in a breadth of territory whose resources dazzle the imagination, and, for the present, defy calculation. And these multitudes constantly increasing, and with so wide a field to act in, are in a state of freedom such as no people has ever before possessed. We are in a state approximating to absolute self-government. It is not the mere force of laws, and the executive authority of the officers of government, which can control and regulate such a people. We ourselves make and alter our constitution and laws. And laws when made become, in effect, null and void unless sustained by popular opinion.

It is the noblest form of government when a people are prepared for it, and a form which implies that they are prepared for it. It is a form which shows less of the outward form of government, because it supposes a people so enlightened and moral that they do not require it. Rational thought, the principles of truth and virtue, and an incorruptible patriotism, supersede a police, standing armies, and courts of justice. In such a state, it is at least demanded that the enlightened and the good shall predominate. As all this is implied in our constitution and laws, so, as wise men and true patriots, we must try to make it good. And to this end we require a higher education of the people than obtains in any other country. And on the same principle, we ought to have more philosophers, men of science, artists, and authors, and eminent statesmen—in fine, more great men than any other people. We want the highest forms of culture multiplied not merely for embellishment, but to preserve our very existence as a nation.

If we ever fall to pieces it will be through a people ignorant and besotted by material prosperity, and because cunning demagogues and boastful sciolists shall abound more than men of high intelligence and real worth.

The University is supported by the sale of the lands appropriated by the general government and by grants from the state. Students are admitted from all portions of the country on paying an initiation fee of only ten dollars for permanent membership. Room rent and the services of a janitor are secured by paying annually a sum varying from five to seven dollars and fifty cents—so that the instruction is virtually free.

A medical department is in successful operation.*

* Full information on the entire school system of the state will be found in an octavo volume, entitled System of Public

Digitized by Google

The number of under-graduate students in 1855 was two hundred and eighty-eight, including fourteen in the partial course, and one hundred and thirty-three in the medical department. Of these one hundred and forty-two were from Michigan; sixteen other states of the Union were represented; there were five students from Canada West, one from England, and one from the Sandwich Islands.

### THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE.

The National Institute, at the seat of government at Washington, was organized in May, 1840, for the promotion of science and the useful arts, and to establish a National Museum of Natural History. The first directors were the late Joel R. Poinsett, then Secretary of War, the Hon. James K. Paulding, Secretary of the Navy, with whom were associated, as "Councillors," the Hon. John Q. Adams, Col. J. J. Abert, Col. Joseph G. Totten, Dr. Alexander McWilliams, and A. O. Dayton. Francis Markoe, Jr., was the early and efficient Corresponding Secretary. Sections were planned of geology and mineralogy, of chemistry, of the application of science to the arts, of literature and the fine arts, of natural history, of agriculture, of astronomy, of American history and antiquities, of geography and natural philosophy, of natural and political sciences.

Ex-President John Quincy Adams and Peter S. Duponceau, among others, took an active interest in its proceedings. An address was delivered by Mr. Poinsett in 1841, on its object and importance. The Association was incorporated in 1842 by the name of "The National Institute for the Promotion of Science."

Mr. Levi Woodbury, then a member of the Senate, was chosen to succeed Mr. Poinsett as President in 1845.

The first Vice-President of the Society was Mr. Peter Force, whose valuable services to the country, in the preparation of the Documentary History of the Origin and Progress of the United States, will secure him the gratitude of future ages. He now holds the office of President. The present Corresponding Secretary is Mr. Joseph C. G. Kennedy. Mr. William W. Turner, formerly Instructor in Hebrew in the Union Theological Seminary, New York, the associate of Dr. E. A. Andrews in the American adaptation of Freund's Latin-German Lexicon, and at present Librarian of the Patent Office at Washington, is the Recording Secretary of the Institute.

One of the objects of the Society, as the nucleus of a National Museum, was soon attained. The Secretary of War deposited a valuable collection of Indian portraits and curiosities. The Society fell heir to the effects, books, and papers, of a local "Columbian Institute for the Promotion of Arts and Sciences," the charter of which had run out. The collections were placed in the Patent Office, together with the objects of science sent home by the United States Exploring Expedition under Capt. Wilkes. The Institute also received many valuable additions to its library and Museum from France, through the agency of M. Vattemare; and numerous choice contributions from various distant parts of the world. Donations from all sides were numerous.

A special meeting or congress was held in April, 1844, to which scientific men were generally invited. An address was delivered by the Hon. R. J. Walker of Mississippi. Ten daily meetings were held, at which papers were read by men distinguished in science.

In 1845, an annual address was delivered before the Institute by the Hon. Levi Woodbury.

The publications of the Institute have been limited, for the want of pecuniary endowment. It has depended on the precarious subscriptions of members, and has languished with funds inadequate for its ordinary business purposes. Four Bulletins have been issued in 1841, 1842, 1845, and 1846. These contain many interesting notices of the growing activity of the country in the departments of science. The meetings of the Society, however, called forth many elaborate papers, which were read in public from time to time, and printed in the National Intelligencer.

The activity of the Institute has lately revived, chiefly through the exertions of a few of its members. The publication of a new series of Proceedings was commenced in 1855, and valuable papers have been recently read at the meetings, which are held once a fortnight, from October to May, in the Agricultural Room of the Patent Office. The Library, which contains between three and four thousand volumes, with a considerable collection of maps, charts, and engravings, occupies a room in the same building. To these have been added a large and valuable collection of the crude and manufactured products of British Guiana, embracing all the woods of that country, in specimens of longitudinal and cross sections, numbering several hundred; all the fruits, seeds, medicinal roots, barks, models of houses, boats, furniture, manufactures of every kind, Indian curiosities, and implements, fibrous and textile fabrics, the birds (beautifully preserved), and a few of the quadrupeds. This collection was prepared, at very great expense, by a large number of the British residents of the colony, chiefly, it is believed, through the exertions of the late Consul of the United States, Mr. W. E. Dennison, and were designed first for exhibition at the New York Crystal Palace and afterwards to be deposited in the Federal Capitol.

Besides this, there has been added a large and valuable collection of British crude and manufactured products made by order of Her Majesty's Government, being a full duplicate of that exhibited at the London Crystal Palace in 1851, and subsequently at the New York Crystal Palace.

### THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION.

The liberal founder of this institution was James Smithson, whose will making the bequest for its support, dated October 23, 1826, commences with the following paragraph:—"I, James Smithson, son of Hugh, first Duke of Northumberland, and Elizabeth, heiress of the Hungerfords of Audley, and niece of Charles the Proud, Duke of Somer-

Instruction and Primary School Law of Michigan, with Explanatory Notes, Forms, Regulations, and Instructions; a Digest of Decisions; a Detailed History of Public Instruction, etc. Prepared by Francis W. Shearman. Published by the state in 1858.



Digitized by Google

set, now residing in Bentinck street, Cavendish square, do, &c." Mr. Smithson was the illegitimate son of a Duke of Northumberland. His mother was a Mrs. Macie, of an old family in Wiltshire, of the name of Hungerford. He was educated at Oxford, where he bore his mother's name. He distinguished himself by his proficiency in chemistry, and received an honorary degree at the university in 1786. He subsequently contributed a number of papers to the Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society, of which he was a member, and to the Annals of Philosophy.* Provided with a liberal fortune by his father, he passed life as a bachelor, living in lodgings in London, and in the chief cities of the Continent. He was of feeble health and reserved manners.† At the time of his death in 1829 he resided at Genoa. His will provided that the bulk of his estate, in case of a failure of heirs to a nephew, should be given "to the United States of America, to found at Washington, under the name of the Smithsonian Institution, an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men."

By the death of the nephew without heirs in 1835, the property devolved upon the United States. The testator's executors communicated the fact to the United States Chargé d'Affaires at London, by whom it was brought to the knowledge of the State Department at Washington. A message on the subject was sent to Congress by President Jackson, December 17, 1835. A Committee of the House of Representatives, of which John Quincy Adams was chairman, was appointed to examine the subject. In accordance with their report, Congress passed an act, July 1, 1836, authorizing the President to assert and prosecute with effect the right of the United States to the legacy, making provision for the reception of the fund by the Treasury, and pledging the national credit for its faithful application, "in such manner as Congress may hereafter direct." Mr. Richard Rush, the American Minister to Great Britain from 1817 to 1825, of which service he published a narrative, "A Residence at the Court of London," often referred to for its faithful and animated contemporary picture of the Court and Parliament, was appointed the agent to procure the fund. He discharged his duties with such ability that by the close of the year 1838, the American Secretary of the Treasury was in possession of a sum resulting from the bequest, of five hundred and fifteen thousand, one hundred and sixty-nine dollars.

For seven years the fund was suffered to accumulate without the object of the bequest having been fairly undertaken. In August, 1846, after considerable agitation of the subject in various forms, an act was passed by Congress constituting the President, Vice-President, the Secretaries of State, the Treasury, War, and the Navy; the Postmaster-General; the Attorney-General; the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, the Commissioner of the Patent Office, and Mayor of Washington, and such persons as they might elect honorary members, an "establishment" under the name of "the Smithsonian Institution for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men." The members and honorary members hold stated and special meetings for the supervision of the affairs of the Institution, and for advice and instruction of the actual managers, a Board of Regents, to whom the financial and other affairs are intrusted. The Board of Regents consists of three members *ex officio* of the establishment, namely, the Vice-President of the United States, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and the Mayor of Washington, together with twelve other members, three of whom are appointed by the Senate from its own body, three by the House of Representatives from its members, and six citizens appointed by a joint resolution of both houses, of whom two are to be members of the National Institute, and resident in Washington; the remainder from the states, but not more than one from a single state. The terms of service of the members vary with the periods of office which give them the position. The citizens are chosen for six years. The Regents elect one of their number as Chancellor, and an Executive Committee of three.* This board elects a Secretary and other officers for conducting the active operations of the Institution.

The Act of Congress directs the formation of a library, a museum (for which it grants the collections belonging to the United States), and a gallery of art, together with provisions for physical research and popular lectures, while it leaves to the Regents the power of adopting such other parts of an organization as they may deem best suited to promote the objects of the bequest. The Regents, at a meeting in December, 1847, resolved to divide the annual income, which had become thirty thousand nine hundred and fifty dollars, into two equal parts, to be apportioned one part to the increase and diffusion of knowledge, by means of original research and publications; the other to be applied in accordance with the requirements of the Act of Congress, to the gradual formation of a Library, a Museum, and a Gallery of Art. In the details of the first, it was proposed "to stimulate research, by offering rewards, consisting of money, medals, &c., for original memoirs on all subjects of investigation;" the memoirs to be published in quarto, under the title of "Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge," after having been approved of by a commission of persons of reputation in the particular branch of knowledge. No memoir on a subject of physical science is to be published, "which does not furnish a positive addition to human knowledge resting on original research;" and all unverified speculations to be rejected. It was also proposed "to appropriate a portion of the income annually to special objects of research, under the direction of suitable persons." Observations and experiments in the natural sciences, investigations in statistics, history, and ethnology, were to come under this head. The results

* An anecdote of Smithson's chemical pursuits has been preserved by Mr. Davies Gilbert, President of the Royal Society, in an address to that body in 1880.—"Mr. Smithson declared, that happening to observe a tear gliding down a lady's cheek he endeavored to catch it on a crystal vessel, that one-half of the drop escaped, but having preserved the other half, he submitted it to re-agents, and detected what was then called microcosmic salt, with muriate of soda, and, I think, three or four more saline substances, held in solution."

† Letter from the Hon. Richard Rush to the Hon. John Forsyth, London, May 12, 1838. Eighth Annual Report, Smithsonian Institution, p. 342.

* The body is thus arranged in 1858.

Digitized by Google

The Smithsonian Institution.

were to be published in quarto. For the diffusion of knowledge, it was proposed "to publish a series of reports, giving an account of the new discoveries in science, and of the changes made from year to year in all branches of knowledge not strictly professional," and also to publish occasionally separate treatises on subjects of general interest.

For the library it was proposed first, to form a complete collection of the transactions and proceedings of all the learned societies of the world, the more important current periodical publications, and a stock of all important works in bibliography.

The first of the series of original memoirs was the quarto volume of Messrs. Squier and Davis, on "The Ancient Monuments of the Mississippi Valley," published in 1848. This has since been followed by six others, composed of papers from various eminent scholars of the country, on special topics of astronomy, paleontology, physical geography, botany, philology, and other branches of science. Among the contributors are Mr. Sears C. Walker, astronomical assistant of the United States Coast Survey, of Researches relative to the Planet Neptune; Dr. Robert W. Gibbes, of South Carolina, of a paper on the Mososaurus; Dr. Robert Hare, on the Explosiveness of Nitre; several papers on Paleontology, by Dr. Joseph Leidy, Professor of Anatomy in the University of Pennsylvania; botanical articles, by Drs. Torrey and Gray; a Grammar and Dictionary of the Dakota language, collected by the members of the Dakota Mission, and edited by the Rev. S. R. Riggs of the American Board; and a paper by Mr. S. F. Haven, Librarian of the Antiquarian Society, Worcester, reviewing, for bibliographical and historical purposes, the literature and deductions respecting the subject of American antiquities. It should be mentioned, that though from their form the books are in the first instance expensive, yet as no copyright is taken, they may be freely reprinted, and disseminated in various ways.

Fifteen hundred copies of each of the "Memoirs" forming the Contributions are printed, which are distributed to learned societies and public libraries abroad and at home; states and territories, colleges, and other institutions of the United States. The publications of these several bodies are received in return. A system of the distribution of scientific works published by the government has become an important part of the useful agency of the institution in "diffusing knowledge among men" throughout the world.

An extensive system of meteorological observations, embracing the whole country, has been carried out by the institution. Several reports of the results have been published in a series of Temperature Tables, Tables of Precipitation, and Charts of Temperature, and a manual of directions and observations prepared by Mr. Arnold Guyot, author of a volume of lectures on comparative physical geography, entitled "Earth and Man," and Professor of Geology and Physical Geography in the College of New Jersey. The reduction of the observations collected by the Smithsonian system was performed from 1851 to 1854, by Mr. Lorin Blodget. Since his retirement from the duty, the materials have been sent for reduction to Professor James H. Coffin, of Lafayette College, Easton, Pa. Public lectures, of a popular character, are delivered in a room for the purpose in the Smithsonian building, during the winter. A small sum is paid to the lecturers, who have been among the chief professional and literary men of the country.

An extensive system of scientific correspondence is carried on by the officers of the society, who receive and communicate much valuable information in this way. The annual reports of

Digitized by Google

the Regents, in their interest and variety, exhibit fully this development of the Institution.*

The building occupied by the Institution was completed in the spring of 1855. It is four hundred and twenty-six feet in length, and of irregular width and height. It was erected from the designs of Mr. James Renwick, of New York, and is in the Lombard style of architecture. Its cost, including furniture, is estimated at about three hundred thousand dollars.

The chief acting officer of the Institution is the Secretary, who has the general superintendence of its literary and scientific operations. He is aided by "an Assistant Secretary, acting as Librarian." The former office has been held from the commencement by Joseph Henry, late Professor of Natural Philosophy at the College of New Jersey, and author of a valuable series of Contributions to Electricity and Magnetism, published in the American Philosophical Transactions, Silliman's Journal, the Journal of the Franklin Institute, and other similar publications. He was the first to apply the principle of magnetism as a motor, and has made many other valuable contributions to science.

The first Assistant Secretary was Mr. Charles C. Jewett, former Professor of Modern Languages and Literature at Brown University. In his capacity of librarian, he prepared a valuable report on the Public Libraries of the United States of America, which was printed by order of Congress in 1850, as an appendix to the fourth annual report of the Board of Regents of the Institution. He also perfected a system of cataloguing public or other important libraries, by stereotyping separately the title of each work, so that in printing or reprinting, these plates may be used as type, securing both accuracy and economy.

Professor Spencer F. Baird, editor of the Iconographic Encyclopædia, is now Assistant Secretary, and has been actively engaged in the adjustment of the museum. The exchange of publications and specimens with foreign and domestic institutions, a work involving an immense amount of correspondence and other labor, are also under his care; besides which, he has aided in fitting out the natural history department of nearly all the government exploring expeditions for several years. A report from his pen, "On the Fishes observed on the coasts of New Jersey and Long Island during the summer of 1854," is appended to the Ninth Annual Report of the Institution.

Considerable agitation has arisen in the councils of the Institution and before the public, with respect to the disposition of the funds in the matter of the formation of a large public library. Congress, by the act of 1846, led by the eloquent speech of Rufus Choate the previous year on the subject in the Senate, and the advocacy of George P. Marsh in the House of Representatives, allowed an annual sum for this purpose of twenty-five thousand dollars.† The arrangement of the fund, however, and the views of the managers which have leaned rather to scientific than literary purposes, and promoted expensive schemes of publication, have thus far defeated this object. A struggle in the body of the Regents on the library question, and the exercise of discretion in the interpretation of the original act of Congress, has ended in the resignation of the Hon. Rufus Choate, member as citizen of Massachusetts, and the withdrawal of Mr. Charles C. Jewett, the assistant secretary, acting as librarian.*

The whole question is one of much intricacy of detail, involving the method of appropriation of the fund for building and the practical available resources on hand, as well as the theoretical adjustment of the respective claims of literature and science; and the relative advantages of a grand national library, and a system of learned publications.†

### THE ASTOR LIBRARY, NEW YORK.

This institution was founded by the late John Jacob Astor of the city of New York, by a bequest which is thus introduced in a portion of his will, dated August 22, 1839: "Desiring to render a public benefit to the city of New York, and to contribute to the advancement of useful knowledge, and the general good of society, I do, by this codicil, appropriate four hundred thousand dollars out of my residuary estate, to the establishment of a public library in the city of New York." To carry out his intentions, he named as trustees the Mayor of the City and Chancellor of the State *ex officio;* Washington Irving, William B. Astor, Daniel Lord, jr., James G. King, Joseph G. Cogswell, Fitz Greene Halleck, Henry Brevoort, jr., Samuel B. Ruggles, Samuel Ward, jr., and Charles A. Bristed.

The trustees were incorporated by the state legislature in January, 1849. Mr. Washington Irving was immediately after elected President, and Mr. Joseph G. Cogswell, who had been long engaged in the work, having entered upon it previously to the death of Mr. Astor, was confirmed as superintendent. In the words of the Annual Report to the Legislature for 1853, signed by Mr. Washington Irving: "Mr Astor himself, during his life, had virtually selected Mr. Cogswell for that important post; and it is but due alike to both to add, that the success of the library must be mainly attributed to the wisdom of that selection."

---

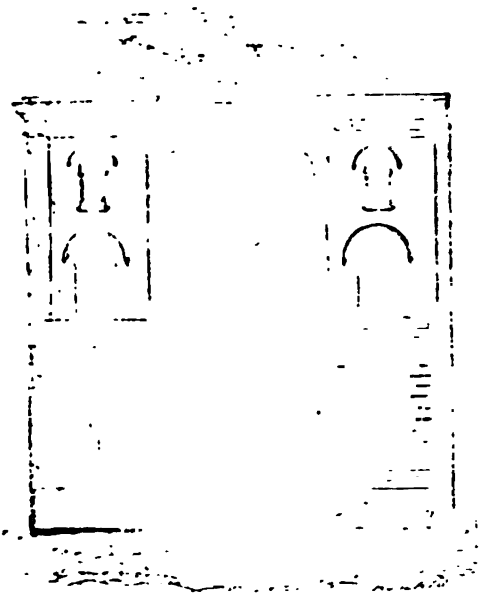
* We would particularly refer to the Ninth Annual Report for the year 1854, for a highly interesting exhibition of the practical working of the Institution.

† When the Institution was set in motion in 1846, an additional sum of two hundred and forty-two thousand dollars had accrued from interest, which was allowed in the act of Congress for building purposes, leaving the income of the original sum, about thirty thousand dollars a year, for the support of the establishment. To increase this fund, a portion of the accumulated interest has been added to the principal, and gradual appropriations made for the buildings. Under this plan the objects of the Institution are somewhat delayed, but its income will hereafter be increased, it is calculated, by some ten thousand dollars per annum.

* Since the retirement of Mr. Jewett, the library has been placed temporarily under the charge of Mr. Charles Girard, a former pupil of Professor Agassiz, who is engaged on a catalogue of the publications of learned societies and periodicals in the library, the first part of which is published in Vol. vii. of the Contributions.

† We may refer for the arguments on this subject to the majority and minority reports in 1854, of the Hon. James A. Pearce and the Hon. James Meacham of the Special Committee of the Board of Regents on the Distribution of the Income. An article in the North American Review for October, 1854, by Mr. Charles Hale, gives the views of the "library" party.

Digitized by Google



The Astor Library.

By the terms of the bequest, seventy-five thousand dollars were allowed for the erection of the library building; one hundred and twenty thousand for purchasing books and furniture; while the remaining two hundred and five thousand dollars were to be invested "as a fund for paying the value of the site of the building, and for maintaining and gradually increasing the said library, and to defray the necessary expenses of taking care of the same, and of the accommodation of persons consulting the library." A site for the building was to be chosen from property of the testator on Astor or Lafayette Place. The selection was made from the latter, a plot of ground, sixty-five feet in front and rear, and one hundred and twenty feet in depth. Twenty-five thousand dollars were paid for this ground. The corner-stone of the building was laid in March, 1850; the whole was completed for the prescribed sum in the summer of 1853. The following extract from the Report for that year exhibits some interesting details of the excellent financial management which has attended this undertaking.

An additional expenditure of $1590, for groined arches, which became desirable to render the building more secure from fire, was liberally borne by Mr. William B. Astor. It was not practicable to include in this $75,000, sundry items of expense for equipping the building, including apparatus for warming, ventilating, and lighting, and the shelves needed for the books. The running length of the shelves is between twelve and thirteen thousand feet, and they have cost $11,000. The aggregate of these various items of equipment is $17,141.99. It has been paid mainly by surplus interest accruing from the funds while the building was in progress, amounting to 16,000.53, and the residue by a premium of $3672.67, which was realized from the advance in value of U. S. stocks, in which a part of the funds was temporarily invested; so that, after paying in full for the building and its equipments, the fund of $180,000 not only remains undiminished, but has been increased $2530.88. It is wholly invested in mortgages, except $3500 in U. S. stock, charged at par, but with 122 per cent. in market. There is no interest in arrear on any of the mortgages.

The statement with regard to the library fund is equally satisfactory.

Of the fund of $120,000, especially devoted to the purchase of books, the trustees cannot state with entire precision the amount expended up to December 31, 1853, for the reason given in the treasurer's report, that several of the bills and accounts yet remain unliquidated. He states, however, the amount actually advanced by him to be $91,513.83, and he estimates the unsettled bills at $4500, making $96,113.83 in all. This will leave an unexpended balance of $23,886.17 applicable to the further purchases of books, in addition to that part of the income of the $180,000 to be annually devoted to the gradual increase of the library. The number of volumes now purchased and on the shelves is about 80,000. The superintendent states that the expenditure of the remaining $23,886.17 will probably increase the number to one hundred thousand.

It is seldom that the collection of books of a public library is made with equal opportunities, and with equal ability and fidelity. From the outset the work has been systematically undertaken. The superintendent began his labors with the collection of an extensive series of bibliographical works provided at his own cost, and which he has generously presented to the library. While the building was in progress, Mr. Cogswell was employed in making the best purchases at home and abroad, visiting the chief book marts of Europe personally for this object. When the building, admirably adapted for its purpose, by its light, convenience, elegance, and stability, was ready, a symmetrical collection of books had been prepared for its shelves. The arrangement follows the classification of Brunet, in his "Manuel du Libraire." Theology, Jurisprudence, the Sciences and Arts (including Medicine, the Natural Sciences, Chemistry and Physics, Metaphysics and Ethics, the Mathematics, and the Fine Arts, separately arranged); Literature, embracing a valuable linguistic collection, and a distinct grouping of the books of the ancient and modern tongues; History, with its various accessories of Biography, Memoirs, its Civil and Ecclesiastical divisions and relations to various countries—follow each other in sequence.

To these divisions is to be added "a special technological department, to embrace every branch of practical industry and the mechanic arts," generously provided for at an expense of more than twelve thousand dollars, by a gift from Mr. William B. Astor.

With respect to the extent of the use of the library, we find the following interesting statement in the Annual Report of the Superintendent, dated Jan. 1855.

One hundred volumes a day is a low average of the daily use, making the whole number which have been in the hands of readers since it was opened about 30,000, and as these were often single volumes of a set of from two to fifty volumes, it may

Digitized by Google

be considered certain that more than half of our whole collection has been wanted during the first year. But this is a matter in which numerical statistics do not afford much satisfaction; nothing short of a specification of the books read or consulted would show the importance which the library is to the public, as a source of information and knowledge, and as this cannot be given, a more general account must serve as a substitute. On observing the classes and kinds of books which have been called for, I have been particularly struck with the evidence thus afforded of the wide range which the American mind is now taking in thought and research; scholastic theology, transcendental metaphysics, abstruse mathematics, and oriental philology have found many more readers than Addison and Johnson; while on the other hand, I am happy to be able to say, that works of practical science and of knowledge for every-day use, have been in great demand. Very few have come to the library without some manifestly distinct aim; that is, it has been little used for mere desultory reading, but for the most part with a specific view. It would not be easy to say which department is most consulted, but there is naturally less dependence upon the library for books of theology, law, and medicine, than in the others, the three faculties being better provided for in the libraries of the institutions especially intended for them. Still, in each of these departments, the library has many works not elsewhere to be found. It is now no longer merely a matter of opinion; it is shown by experience that the collection is not too learned for the wants of the public. No one fact will better illustrate this position than the following: in the linguistic department it possesses dictionaries and grammars, and other means of instruction in more than a hundred languages and dialects, four-fifths of which have been called for during the first year of its operation. Our mathematical, mechanical and engineering departments are used by great numbers, and they are generally known to be so well furnished, that students from a distance have found it a sufficient object to induce them to spend several weeks in New York to have the use of them. The same remark applies to natural history, all branches of which are studied here. In entomology we are said to have the best and fullest collection in this country to which naturalists have free access. Passing to the historical side of the library we come to a department in which a very general interest has been taken—far more general than could have been anticipated in our country—it is that of heraldry and genealogy. Among the early purchases for the library there were but few books of this class, as it was supposed but few would be wanted; a year or two's experience proved the contrary, and the collection has been greatly enlarged; it is now sufficiently ample to enable any one to establish his armorial bearings, and trace his pedigree at least as far back as the downfall of the Western empire. From this rapid glance at the library, it has been seen that there are students and readers in all departments of it, and that no one greatly preponderates over the rest; still I think it may be stated, that on the whole that of the fine arts, taken collectively, is the one which has been most extensively used; practical architects and other artists have had free access to it, many of whom have often had occasion to consult it.

The arrangements of the library afford every requisite facility for the consultation of these books. It is open to visitors from all parts of the country or the world, without fee or special introduction. All may receive the benefit of its liberal endowment. It is simply to open the door, ascend the cheerful stairway to the main room, and write on a printed form provided the title of a desired volume. As every day finds the library richer in books, and a system of special catalogues by departments is in preparation, creating new facilities in the use of them, the visitor will soon, if he may not already, realize the prediction of Mr. George Bancroft, "of what should and must become the great library of the Western Continent." We could, at the close of our long journey in these volumes, wish for no more cheerful omen of the bountiful literary future.

THE END.

Digitized by Google

# INDEX.

[The capitals indicate the longer biographical articles, which may be consulted for the detailed account of the persons referred to. The names in italics indicate the selections.]


Abbot, Abiel, ii. 165.
Abbot, Benjamin, ii. 29, 165.
Abbot, John, first professor of Bowdoin, ii. 193.
ABBOTT, JACOB, ii. 354.
ABBOTT, JOHN S. C., ii. 355.
Abbly, Mathew, i. 126.
Abernethy, John, his reception of an American reprint of his writings, ii. 122.
Absent father, the. *How Ainslie*, ii. 161.
Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, ii. 575.
Acadians, treatment of. *George R. Minot*, i. 481.
Accidence for Seamen, by Captain John Smith, i. 6.
Accounts, G. Washington with the United States, reprint of, i. 180.
Acherley, Roger, i. 162.
Adams and Jefferson, eulogy on. *H. M. Brackenridge*, i. 672.
Adams and Jefferson, eulogy on, by Wm. Wirt, i. 619.
"Adams and Liberty," song. *R. T. Paine, Jr.*, i. 633.
Adams, Miss Abigail, correspondence of, i. 185.
Adams, Mrs. Abigail, letters by, i. 188.
  Remarks on execution of Marie Antoinette, i. 189.
Adams, Charles Francis, edition of John Adams's Diary, i. 184.
  Edition of letters of John Adams to his wife, i. 185.
  Memoir of Mrs. Abigail Adams, i. 185.
ADAMS, HANNAH, i. 408.
ADAMS, JOHN, i. 184.
  Admires the French ladies, i. 188.
  Choice of Hercules, the, i. 186.
  Compliment by, to Mercy Warren, i. 163.
  Correspondence with Cunningham, i. 625.
  Correspondence with Jefferson, i. 241.
  Description of the morning, i. 187.
  Disputes between military officers, i. 188.
  Letter on John Quincy Adams to Benjamin Waterhouse, i. 556.
  Letter to, on his election to the Presidency, by Mrs. Adams, i. 189.
  Notice of Aaron Bancroft, i. 407.
  Notice of Berkeley's lines on America, i. 169.
  Notice of the College of New Jersey, i. 273.
  Notice of Common Sense, i. 198.
  Notice of John Dickinson, i. 183.
  Notice of Duché's prayer in the Continental Congress, i. 220.
  Notice of P. Du Simitière, i. 178.
  Notice of J. Galloway, i. 172.
  Notice of Francis Hopkinson, i. 211.
  Notice of T. Paine's claims in the American Revolution, i. 196.
  Notice of Benjamin Rush, i. 266.
  Notice of Charles Thomson, i. 170.
  Reception of the Stamp Act in America, i. 186.
  Satirical verses on. *Philip Freneau*, i. 330.
  Satirized by T. Paine, i. 200.
Adams, J. G., Hymns for Christian Devotion, i. 599.
ADAMS, JOHN QUINCY, i. 556.
  Parody of Barlow's song on the discoveries of Captain Lewis, i. 395.
ADAMS, REV. JOHN, i. 132.
  Lines on Cotton Mather's literary industry, i. 62.
Adams, William, discourse on Prof. Stuart, ii. 20.
Address of the New York Convention. *John Jay*, i. 263.
Addresses and Speeches by R. C. Winthrop, ii. 501.
ADLER, GEORGE J., ii. 735.
Adulator, the, by Mercy Warren, i. 163.
Advent, Church of the, ii. 394.
Advice to Authors. *Philip Freneau*, i. 326.
Advice to a Raven in Russia. *Joel Barlow*, i. 397.
Affection, a poem. *Susanna Rowson*, i. 503.
Agathangelus, passage from. *Increase Mather*, i. 59.
Age, intellectual delight of. *James Logan*, i. 78.
Age of Reason by Thomas Paine, i. 199.
Agriculture, Washington's letters on, i. 180.
AINSLIE, HEW, ii. 160.
Ainsworth, Henry, notice of, i. 16.
Airs of Palestine, specimens of. *John Pierpont*, ii. 72.
Aitken, Robert, account of, i. 198.
Al Aaraaf, by Edgar A. Poe, ii. 537.
Alciphron, G. Berkeley's, written at Newport, i. 167.
ALDRICH, JAMES, ii. 498.
Alethia, the Tragedy of, by M. M. Davidson, ii. 483.
Alexander, A., History of the Log College, i. 272.
Alexander, A. (of Phila.), i. 128.
ALEXANDER, ARCHIBALD, i. 614.
  Account of S. S. Smith, i. 274.
  Lines on J. Beveridge, i. 129.
  Notice of Samuel Miller, i. 569.
Alexander, Caleb, i. 306.
Alexander, James W., i. 615.
  Description of Jonathan Edwards's preaching, i. 95.
  On J. Witherspoon, i. 276.
  Projects a Commentary on the Scriptures, ii. 268.
Alexander, Joseph A., i. 615.
Alexander, Stephen, i. 274.
Alexander, William, i. 614.
Alexander meets Darius, poem. *Anne Bradstreet*, i. 51.
"Alexander the Deliverer," a toast, by R. G. Harper, i. 638.
Alfieri and Dante. *George H. Calvert*, ii. 374.


Digitized by Google

Algerine Captive, by Royal Tyler, i. 416.
Passages from. *Royal Tyler*, i. 418.
Algerine Captives, treatment of, i. 609.
Algic Researches, by Henry R. Schoolcraft, ii. 152.
Alhambra, by Washington Irving, ii. 49.
Ali Bey, Travels of, by S. L. Knapp, ii. 62.
Alison, A., Abridgment of his History of Europe, by E. S. Gould, ii. 468.
Allison, Francis, i. 389.
School in Maryland, i. 170.
Allan, John, a friend of Edgar A. Poe, ii. 536.
Allen, Ethan, i. 206.
Lines on. *Lemuel Hopkins*, i. 319.
Noticed in Graydon's Memoirs, i. 353.
Allen, Ira, i. 208.
Donation of land to University of Vermont, ii. 129.
Allen, James, i. 235.
Allen, Paul, i. 643, ii. 80, 162.
Allen, William, President of Bowdoin, ii. 193.
Anecdote of Lemuel Hopkins, i. 321.
Character of Samuel Hopkins, i. 150.
Alice, by J. V. Huntington, ii. 611.
Allston, Washington, ii. 12.
Belshazzar's Feast. *Cyrus A. Bartol*, ii. 616.
Lectures on, by William Ware, ii. 175.
Almanac, American, i. 665, ii. 166.
Almanac Maker, The. *Philip Freneau*, i. 343.
Almanac, New England, by Isaiah Thomas, i. 302.
Almanac, Poor Richard's, i. 108.
Alpine Sheep, the. *Maria Lowell*, ii. 660.
Alsop, John, i. 497.
Alsop, Richard, i. 495.
Notice of, by E. H. Smith, i. 601.
America, benefits to, of our National Literature. *Edward Everett*, ii. 171.
Berkeley's verses on Arts and Learning in, i. 169.
Dissected, by James McSparran, i. 144.
Early dramatic and poetical notices of, i. 6.
Early European friends of, by G. C. Verplanck, ii. 68.
Farewell to. *Phillis Wheatley*, i. 371.
Has no grudge against England. *Rufus Choate*, ii. 286.
Independence of, foreseen, by Ezra Stiles, i. 159.
Prophecy of the greatness of. *H. H. Brackenridge*, i. 298.
Prophecy of, by Sir Thomas Browne, i. 169.
Prophecy of religion in, by George Herbert, i. 169.
Prophecy of, by Bp. Shipley, i. 169.
Relations of, to France and Great Britain in 1808. *J. S. J. Gardiner*, i. 535.
Rising glory of, by H. H. Brackenridge and P. Freneau, i. 289, 327.
To Great Britain. *Washington Allston*, ii. 16.
American Academy of Arts, i. 664.
Annals, by Abiel Holmes, i. 513.
Antiquarian Society, i. 302.
Mather alcove in the library of the, i. 62.
Bards, a satire, by Robert Waln, ii. 257.
Biography, by S. L. Knapp, ii. 62.
Biography, by Jared Sparks, ii. 166.
Colonies, isolation of, a promotion of democracy, *G. W. Burnap*, ii. 351.
Democrat, by J. F. Cooper, ii. 110.
Farmer's Pleasures. *Hector St. John*, i. 174.
Flag, the. *J. R. Drake*, ii. 207.
Governors, memoirs of, by J. B. Moore, ii. 326.
Independence, verses on, i. 198.
In England, by A. S. Mackenzie, ii. 361.
Life, round of. *Timothy Dwight*, i. 368.
Literature, history of, proposed by John Neal, ii. 163.
Literature, lectures on, by S. L. Knapp, ii. 62.
Literature, sketches of, by T. Flint, ii. 25.
Mechanic and Workingman, essays by J. W. Alexander, i, 615.
Medical and Philosophical Register, ii. 123.
Monthly Magazine, ii. 450.
The New York, i. 384, ii. 476.
People, the—their moral and intellectual development, ii. 327.
Philosophical Society, i. 575.
Philosophical Society address to Dr. Franklin, i. 216.
Philosophical Society, proposed by Franklin, i. 105.
Poems, collection of, 1793, i. 319, 600.
Principles of civil freedom. *J. H. Hobart*, i. 646.
Quarterly Register, ii. 342.
Review, by Robert Walsh, ii. 38.
Revolution, history of, by D. Ramsay, i. 304.
Revolution, influence of its military and political events on the human body. *Benjamin Rush*, i. 266.
Taxation. *Samuel St. John*, i. 461.
Theatre, history of, by Dunlap, i. 539.
Themes for poetry. *Edward Everett*, ii. 169.
Times, a satire, 1781, specimens of, i. 461.
Ames, Fisher, i. 469.
Funeral poem on. *J. S. J. Gardiner*, i. 536.
Ames, Nathaniel, i. 469.
Ames, Seth, works of Fisher Ames, i. 470.
Amherst College, ii. 155.
Amir Khan, by L. M. Davidson, ii. 481.
Amy. *J. M. Legaré*, ii. 720.
Anacreon, odes of, translations. *David French*, i. 116.
Analectic Magazine, ii. 48.
Anarchiad, the, i. 309, 319, 321, 375.
Anastasis, by George Bush, ii. 226.
Anderson, Alexander, notice of, i. 334.
Anderson, Henry J., i. 386.
Andover Theological Seminary, i. 636.
André, Major, the fate of. *Alexander Hamilton*, i. 423.
Andrew, Samuel, i. 87.
Andrews, John, i. 390.
Anglo-Saxon Influences of Home. *George P. Marsh*, ii. 318.
Annoyer, the. *N. P. Willis*, ii. 441.
Anthology Club, ii. 268.
Anthon, Charles, i. 385.
Anthon, John, ii. 355.
Anti-Lucretius, of Cardinal de Polignac, i. 110.
Antioch College, ii. 224.
Antiquity, close of. *Samuel Eliot*, ii. 692.
Anti-rent novels, by J. F. Cooper, ii. 112.
Ape, the travelled. *Timothy Dwight*, i. 362.
Aphorisms. *Joseph Bartlett*, i. 506.
Apology, the. *R. W. Emerson*, ii. 368.
Appeal, by R. Walsh, ii. 38.
Appleton, the Rev. Jesse, President of Bowdoin, ii. 193.
Application of Redemption, passage from. *Thomas Hooker*, i. 25.
Approach of Age, the. *James Lawson*, ii. 281.
Apthorpe, East, i. 144.
Archæologia Americana, i. 303.
Archdale, John, New Description of Carolina, 1707, i. 131.
Arctic Incidents. *E. K. Kane*, ii. 698.
Arcturus, ii. 640, 646.
Ariadne. *Sara J. Lippincott*, ii. 686.
Armstrong, John, i. 490.
Army assembled at New Amsterdam. *Washington Irving*, ii. 57.

Digitized by Google

Arnold, Benedict, at Danbury, i. 188.
Treatment of his effigy in Philadelphia, i. 282.
Arnold, Josias Lyndon, i. 529.
Arnold, Oliver, verses at the expense of Benedict Arnold, i. 392.
Art, an Ode. *Charles Sprague*, ii. 132.
Art of being Happy. *A. H. Everett*, ii. 322.
Art of Making Poetry, the. *J. H. L. M'Cracken*, ii. 592.
Art, Scenery, and Philosophy in Europe, by H. B. Wallace, ii. 639.
Arts of Design, history of, by Dunlap, i. 539.
Arthur, T. S., ii. 601.
Arthur Carryl, by Laughton Osborne, ii. 466.
Arthur Mervyn, passage from. *C. B. Brown*, i. 392.
Artist Life, by H. T. Tuckerman, ii. 583.
Ashe, Thomas, Description of Carolina, 1681, i. 131.
Asten, Abraham, a friend of James Nack, ii. 578.
Astor House. *McDonald Clarke*, ii. 262.
Astor Library, ii. 740.
Astor, William B., donation to the Astor Library, ii. 741.
Atalantis, by W. G. Simms, ii. 427.
Athenæum, Boston, books of Cotton Mather, i. 62.
Athenæum, the, at Yale, i. 92.
Athenia of Damascus, by Rufus Dawes, ii. 353.
Atlantic Journal and Friend of Knowledge, ii. 78.
Atlantic Magazine, ii. 272.
Attack, an, from Tales for the Marines. *H. A. Wise*, ii. 670.
Atwater, Jeremiah, first President of Middlebury College, ii. 130.
Auchmuty, Samuel, letter of Dr. S. Peters to, i. 191.
Auchtertool. *Alexander Wilson*, i. 552.
Audubon, J. J., i. 650.
Intercourse of C. W. Webber with, ii. 666.
Remark on A. Wilson, i. 547.
August *Wm. D. Gallagher*, ii. 472.
Augustine, Age of St. *S. Osgood*, ii. 574.
Aunt Dinah. *J. O. Terry*, ii. 694.
Aunt Kitty's Tales, by Maria J. McIntosh, ii. 385.
Aurelian, by Wm. Ware, ii. 175.
Austin, James T., ii. 61.
Austin, Samuel, President of University of Vermont, ii. 130.
Austin, William, i. 658.
Authorship, by John Neal, ii. 163.
Autobiography of Franklin, i. 106.
Autobiographical Sketch. *Caroline Gilman*, ii. 179.
Autographs, collections of W. B. Sprague and B. F. Tefft, ii. 219.
Autumn. *R. H. Stoddard*, ii. 717.
Autumn Landscape, an. *A. B. Street*, ii. 556.
Autumnal Reflections. *S. Woodworth*, ii. 71.
A Year's Life, by J. R. Lowell, ii. 660.
Aylmere, by R. T. Conrad, ii. 547.

Bacchanalian Dialogue. *Philip Freneau*, i. 347.
Bache, A. D., i. 579.
Bache, Franklin, i. 578.
Backus, Azel, president of Hamilton College, ii. 722.
Backwoodsman, the, by J. K. Paulding, ii. 3.
Bacon, David Francis, i. 92.
Bacon, Sir Francis, allusion to America, i. 6.
Bacon, Francis, passage on Death, ii. 31.
Baconian Philosophy, discourse of the, by Samuel Tyler, ii. 519.
Bailey, Jacob, i. 117.
Notice of Mather Byles, i. 113.
Bailey, John, ii. 488.
Baird, Spencer F., ii. 740.
Baldwin, Abraham, i. 87, 398.
Ballad Literature of the Indian, French, and Revolutionary Wars, i. 427.

Ballads:
Belles of Williamsburg. *James M'Clurg*, i. 284.
Brides, the two. *R. H. Stoddard*, ii. 718.
Bunker Hill. *S. F. Cozzens*, ii. 705.
Cheerful Parson. *Wm. Biglow*, i. 632.
Country Lovers. *T. G. Fessenden*, i. 597.
Death of Jasper. *R. M. Charlton*, ii. 435.
Death of General Pike. *Laughton Osborne*, ii. 467.
Gathered Rose, the, and the Stolen Heart. *Emma C. Embury*, ii. 485.
Golden Days of Harry Cruger, i. 223.
Lovewell's Fight, i. 427.
Rio Bravo. *C. F. Hoffman*, ii. 478.
Royal Apprentice, the. *Philip Freneau*, i. 344.
Wreck of the Two Pollies. *Nath. Deering*, ii. 336.
Ballads of the old French and Revolutionary Wars:
American Hero, the. *Nathaniel Niles*, 1775, i. 440.
American Taxation. *Samuel St. John*, i. 461.
Battle of the Kegs. *Francis Hopkinson*, i. 218.
Battle of Stonington, the. *Philip Freneau*, i. 347.
Battle of Trenton, the, i. 448.
Bold Burton's capture of General Prescott, i. 451.
Another version of, i. 452.
Bold Hawthorne, i. 442.
Bombardment of Bristol, the, 1775, i. 441.
Bon Homme Richard, the, and the Serapis. *Philip Freneau*, i. 346.
Braddock's Expedition, i. 430.
Brave Paulding and the Spy, i. 459.
Burgoyne, the fate of. *Wheeler Case*, i. 455.
Burgoyne, John, the fate of, i. 449.
Camp Ballad, a. *Francis Hopkinson*, i. 28.
Columbia. *Timothy Dwight*, i. 362.
Come, cheer up my lads, 1769, i. 436.
"Come join hand in hand brave Americans all," i. 435.
Congratulation, the. *Rivington's Gazette*, i. 456.
Cow Chase, the. *Major André*, i. 457.
Eutaw Springs. *Philip Freneau*, i. 346.
Farce, the, of Independence. *Rivington's Gazette*, i. 455.
Free America. *Joseph Warren*, i. 442.
Hark, 'tis Freedom that calls. *Pennsylvania Journal*, i. 440.
Hearts of Oak, 1766, i. 434.
Liberty Pole, song of the, New York, 1770, i. 437.
Massachusetts song of Liberty, i. 436.
Military song by the army on General Washington's entry into the town of Boston. *H. H. Brackenridge*, i. 290.
Mount Vernon, an ode. *D. Humphreys*, i. 377.
New song called the Gaspee, 1772, i. 437.
North Campaign, the, i. 449.
Ode on the Battle of Bunker's Hill. *H. H. Brackenridge*, i. 289.
Ode to the inhabitants of Pennsylvania, 1756, i. 431.
On hearing that the poor man was tarred and feathered, 1774, i. 439.
On Independence, 1776, i. 447.
Parody to welcome attorney general Cortland Skinner, 1776, i. 445.
Poem, a, containing some remarks on the present war, i. 443.
Progress of Sir Jack Brag, the, i. 450.
Review of Burgoyne's expedition. *Robert Dinsmoor*, i. 468.
"Rise, rise, bright Genius rise," i. 447.
Rivington's Last Will and Testament. *Philip Freneau*, i. 283.
St. Tammany, song of, i. 446.
Siege of Savannah, the, 1778. *Rivington's Gazette*, i. 456.

Digitized by Google

Stanzas written on the evening of the tenth of May, 1776, by an exile from America. *Myles Cooper*, i. 381.
Tea, verses on, 438.
Tea Table, a Lady's adieu to the, i. 438.
Vermonters, song of the, 1779, i. 460.
War and Washington. *J. M. Sewall*, i. 288.
Washington, the Hero of the West, i. 457.
Wyoming Massacre, i. 453.
Yankee Doodle, version of, i. 463.
Yankee Doodle's expedition to Rhode Island, 1778, i. 452.
Ballou, Adin, i. 599.
Ballou, Hosea, i. 599.
Ballou, Hosea, 2d, i. 599.
Ballou, Moses, i. 599.
Bancroft, Aaron, i. 407.
Bancroft, Edward, i. 228.
Bancroft, George, ii. 304.
Contrast of Franklin and Wedderburn, i. 106.
Account of the Gaspee affair, i. 437.
Notice of the Astor Library, ii. 740.
Obligations in his History to the Colden papers, i. 81.
On Salem Witchcraft, i. 61.
Tribute to Franklin, i. 109.
Barbadoes Gazette, edited by S. Keimer, i. 100.
Barber, Francis, i. 421.
Barber, the, and the Dandy. *William Irving*, ii. 52.
Bard, Samuel, receives a song from Franklin, i. 114.
Life by M'Vickar, i. 385.
Bard, the. *W. G. Simms*, ii. 430.
Barnwell, John, ii. 100.
Barker, E. L., History of Londonderry, i. 465.
Barlow, Joel, i. 391.
Comments on, in Inchiquin's Letters, ii. 41.
Consults J. C. Osborn and R. Alsop about his Vision of Columbus, i. 132.
Tribute to Thomas Godfrey, Sen., i. 195.
Barnard, John, version of the Psalms, i. 18.
Barnes, Albert, ii. 268.
Barnes, Daniel H., tribute to, by G. C. Verplanck, ii. 70.
Barnum, H. L., the Spy Unmasked, by, ii. 108.
Baron's Last Banquet, the. *Albert G. Greene*, ii. 337.
Barry, Edmund D., ii. 290.
Bartlet, Wm. S., Journal of Rev. Jacob Bailey, i. 117.
Bartlett, John R., ii. 418.
Bartlett, J. R., anecdote of Albert Gallatin, i. 495.
Notice of Edmundstone the Quaker, i. 36.
Bartlett, Joseph, i. 506.
Bartol, Cyrus A., ii. 616.
Barton, B. S., i. 225, 579.
Barton, William, i. 576.
Life of Rittenhouse, i. 577.
Bartow, Thomas, i. 537.
Bartram, John, i. 224.
Bartram, William, i. 223.
Bastinado at Cairo. *John L. Stephens*, ii. 420.
Batchelors' Hall, a poem. *George Webb*, i. 101.
Bates, Joshua, president of Middlebury College, ii. 130.
Bates, Miss, account of J. C. Calhoun, ii. 36.
Battle field, the. *Wm. C. Bryant*, ii. 188.
Battle of Ants, a. *H. D. Thoreau*, ii. 655.
Battle of Niagara, by John Neal, ii. 162.
Baudouin, Pierre, i. 157.
Baxter, A., defends Witchcraft in England, i. 60.
Call, translated in the Indian language by John Eliot, i. 40.
Bay Psalm Book, Eliot a contributor to, i. 40.
Bay Psalm Book, i. 16.
Bayard, Elise J., ii. 688.
Bayly, Lewis, his Practice of Piety, translated in the Indian language by John Eliot, i. 41.
Bear, description of the, in Virginia. *William Byrd*, i. 76.
Bear, the Last on the Hills of Warwick. *H. W. Herbert*, ii. 451.
Beasley, Frederick, i. 391.
Beattie, W., Life of T. Campbell, ii. 48.
Beaumez, M., i. 161.
Beauty, from Nature. *R. W. Emerson*, ii. 368.
Beccone, story out of, by Cotton Mather, i. 63.
Bedouin Song. *Bayard Taylor*, ii. 716.
Bee-Hunter, the, by T. B. Thorpe, ii. 613.
Bee-Hunter, Tom Owen, the. *T. B. Thorpe*, ii. 613.
Beech-Tree, the. *R. M. Bird*, ii. 378.
Beecher family, the, i. 645.
Beecher, Catharine, i. 644.
Beecher, Charles, i. 644.
Beecher, Henry Ward, i. 644.
Beecher, Lyman, i. 644.
Behemoth, by Cornelius Mathews, ii. 645.
Beleher, Jonathan, i. 271.
Belfry Pigeon. *N. P. Willis*, ii. 440.
Bell Bird, the. *W. H. Simmons*, ii. 557.
Bell, Robert, account of, i. 198.
Bellamy, Joseph, i. 248.
Belles, the, of Williamsburg. *James M'Clurg*, i. 284.
Belknap, Jeremy, i. 253.
Belles Lettres Repository, by S. Woodworth, ii. 71.
Benedetta, ii. 684.
Benedicite. *John R. Thompson*, ii. 714.
Benezet, Anthony, biographical anecdotes of. *Benjamin Rush*, i. 269.
Benjamin, Park, ii. 499.
Benson, Egbert, i. 509.
Note to Edwards's Freedom of the Will, i. 94.
Bentham, Jeremy, description of Franklin before the Privy Council, i. 106.
His friendship for John Neal, ii. 163.
Benton, Thomas H., ii. 43.
Notice of John Marshall, i. 404.
Berber, the, by Wm. S. Mayo, ii. 567.
Berkeley, George, i. 165.
Gifts to Yale College, i. 87.
Interest in Columbia College, i. 379.
Intimate with J. McSparran, i. 143.
Tribute to. *Wm. Croswell*, ii. 395.
Berkeley, Mass., i. 166.
Berkeley, Sir William, on Free Schools and Printing, i. 82.
Bermuda, G., Berkeley's College scheme, i. 165.
Bernard, Francis, a contributor to *Pietas et Gratulatio*, i. 13.
Bernon, Gabriel, i. 167.
Berrian, William, i. 645.
Bertrand, General, defence of the United States, ii. 110.
Bethune, George W., ii. 403.
Beveridge, John, i. 128.
Account of his school, by Alexander Graydon, i. 353.
William White at the school of, i. 299.
Bible, Eliot's Indian Translation of, i. 40.
Bible in the Public Schools. *Rufus Choate*, ii. 286.
Bible, the English. *R. H. Dana, Jun.*, ii. 622.
Bible, the English, speech on, by R. H. Dana, Jun., ii. 620.
Biblical Repertory and Princeton Review, i. 615.
Biblical Repository, ii. 168.
Biblical Researches in Palestine, by Edward Robinson, ii. 168.
Bibliotheca Sacra, ii. 168.
Biddle, Charles, ii. 79.
Biddle, Edward, ii. 79.
Biddle, Nicholas, ii. 79.
Big Abel and Little Manhattan, by Cornelius Mathews, ii. 646.

Digitized by Google

Bigelow, Jacob, eulogy on Count Rumford, i. 372.
Bigelow, John, ii. 185, 628.
Biglow Papers, the, by J. R. Lowell, ii. 660.
Bigelow, William, i. 631.
Bill of Rights of Massachusetts, remark on, by Rufus Choate, ii. 287.
Bingham, Caleb, i. 568.
Binney, Horace, ii. 283.
Bird, Robert M., ii. 378.
Birds and Fishes of New England, poetically described. *Francis Knapp*, i. 73.
Birth, the, of a Poet. *John Neal*, ii. 164.
Bishop, George, i. 54.
Bissell, Clark, i. 90.
Black Frost, the. *Caroline Chesebro'*, ii. 690.
Black Fox, the, of Salmon River. *J. G. C. Brainard*, ii. 229.
Black Hawk, address to. *Edward Sanford*, ii. 407.
Blacklock, T., lines to, by J. Beveridge, i. 128
Blackmore, Sir Richard, eulogy on, by Jane Turell, i. 125.
Noticed by Cotton Mather, i. 68.
Blaettermann, George, ii. 73 i.
Blair, James, i. 82.
Blair, Samuel, i 272.
Passage from Rev. S. Davies's elegy on, i. 272.
Bland, Richard, i. 237.
Bland, Theodoric, i. 236.
Bleakly, John, i. 179.
Bleecker, Ann Eliza, i. 365.
Blessings on Children. *W. G. Simms*, ii. 431.
Blind Girl, the. *Caroline M. Sawyer*, ii. 676.
Blind Preacher, the. *Wm. Wirt*, i. 619.
Blithedale Romance, by N. Hawthorne, ii. 506.
Bloody Tenent, by John Cotton, i. 21.
Bloody Tenent Discussed, by Roger Williams, i. 33.
Bluebird, the. *Alexander Wilson*, i. 553.
Bockett, Elias, elegy on Aquila Rose, i. 99.
Body of Liberties, by Nathaniel Ward, i. 19.
Boker, George H., ii. 714.
Bonaparte, Charles L., i. 650.
Bonaparte, Joseph, and F. Lieber, ii. 301.
Bonaparte, Napoleon. *G. H. Calvert*, ii. 376.
Essay on, by W. E. Channing, ii. 22.
History of, by J. S. C. Abbott, ii. 355.
Life of, by Henry Lee, i. 667.
Lines on, by Joel Barlow, i. 397.
Noticed by Pinkney, i. 675.
Bonifacius, by Cotton Mather, i. 63.
Bonneville, Captain, Adventures of, by Washington Irving, ii. 50.
Book-Making in America. *C. J. Ingersoll*, ii. 42.
Book of Home Beauty, by Caroline M. Kirkland, ii. 563.
Books, Favorite, poem. *William Livingston*, i. 153.
Books, humorous binding of, by Thomas Hollis, i. 10.
Boston Athenæum, ii. 269.
Boston Atlas, the, ii. 633.
Boston Bard, the, ii. 255.
Fortification begun by Women, verses. *Benjamin Tompson*, i. 67.
In 1663, described by John Josselyn, i. 70.
In New England, poem. *William Bradford*, i. 31
Massacre, the. *George Bancroft*, ii. 309.
Massacre, the, J. Quincy Jr.'s course in reference to, i. 252.
Massacre, poem, passages from. *James Allen*, i. 235.
Miscellany, ii. 668.
Quarterly Review, ii. 338.
Recorder, ii 438.
Tea Party, incidents relating to, ii. 672.
Boswell, James, anecdote of, by Thomas Cooper, ii. 333.
Boswell's Johnson, mention of the Chevalier Taylor, i. 128.
Botanical writings of James Logan, i. 77.
Botany, introduction of Linnæan system into America, by Colden, i. 81.
Of South Carolina and Georgia, by Stephen Elliott, i. 602.
Botetourt, Lord, administration of Virginia, i. 82.
Botta, Anne C., ii. 627.
Botta, the Historian. *G. W. Greene*, ii. 617.
Boudinot, Elias, i. 236.
Benefactor of the College of New Jersey, i. 275.
Boulanger. *Christianisme Devoilée*, i. 585.
Bouquet, the. *C. P. Cranch*, ii. 582.
Bourbons, the, Restoration of. *Gouverneur Morris*, i. 351.
Bourville Castle, by John Blair Linn, i. 652.
Bowden, John, i. 385.
Bowditch, Nathaniel, i. 626.
Bowdoin College, ii. 192.
Donation to, by the Bowdoins, i. 158.
Bowdoin, James, i. 157.
Contributor to *Pietas et Gratulatio*, i. 13.
Bowdoin, James, Jr., founder of Bowdoin College, ii. 192.
Bowen, Francis, ii. 579.
Boyce, Ker, legacy to College of Charleston, ii. 329.
Boyle, Robert, letters from John Eliot, i. 41.
Bequests for the advancement of the Christian Religion, expended for Indian scholars at Harvard and William and Mary, i. 82.
Reflections parodied by Swift, i. 63.
Boylston, Zabdiel, defends inoculation, i. 61.
Bracebridge Hall, by Washington Irving, ii. 49.
Bracken, John, president of William and Mary, i. 84.
Brackenridge, Hugh Henry, i. 288.
And Knickerbocker, i. 48.
Compliment to Weems's Washington, i. 486.
Notices of, by H. M. Brackenridge, i. 671.
Brackenridge, Henry M., i 668.
Braddock's Defeat. *George Bancroft*, ii. 307.
Defeat, history of, by Winthrop Sargent, ii. 283.
Expedition, ballad on, i. 430.
Fate, a ballad, i. 430.
Bradford, Alden, memoir of J. Mayhew, i. 145.
Bradford, William, Gov., i. 30.
Verses on. *Josiah Winslow*, i. 45.
Bradford, William, prints D. Leeds's almanac, 1687, i. 101.
His Weekly Mercury, i. 102.
Bradstreet, Anne, i. 47.
An ancestor of R. H. Dana, ii. 89.
Complimentary verses on. *J. Rogers*, i. 9.
Prefatory lines to her poems, by Nathaniel Ward, i. 20.
Brainard, John G. C., ii. 226.
Lines on the death of. *McDonald Clarke*, ii. 262.
Remains, edited by J. G. Whittier, ii. 473.
Suggests Halleck's Connecticut, ii. 209.
Brainerd, David, i. 140.
Bramston, Rev. Mr., versification of Col. Titus's speech, i. 181.
Brant, Joseph, Memoirs of, by William L. Stone, ii. 151.
Bravo, the, by J. F. Cooper, ii. 110.
Breck, Samuel, Recollections of Hector St. John, i. 174.
Breckenridge, John, discussion with John Hughes, ii. 264.
Breeden-raet, the, i. 80.
Bremer, Frederika, intercourse with A. J. Downing, ii. 618.

Digitized by Google

Brevoort, Henry, anecdote of Sir Walter Scott, i. 335.
Bridal of Pennacook, by J. G. Whittier, ii. 473.
Bridal, the. *Grenville Mellen*, ii. 278.
Brides, the two. *R. H. Stoddard*, ii. 718.
Bridge, Horatio, ii. 503.
Brief Remarker, by Ezra Sampson, ii. 393.
Brientnall, Joseph, i. 102.
Minutes of the Philadelphia Library Company, i. 177.
Briggs, Charles F., ii. 581.
Brillon, Madame, i. 107.
Bristed, Charles A., ii. 692.
Bristed, John, i. 657.
Bristol, bombardment of, a ballad, i. 441.
British officers in Philadelphia before the Revolution. *Alexander Graydon*, i. 354.
British Spy, letters of, by Wm Wirt, i. 618.
Brockden, Charles, i. 177, 586.
Brodhead, J. R., ii. 594.
His History of New Amsterdam, ii. 48.
Broken Harp, the, by H. C. Knight, ii. 158.
Broken Heart, the. *Washington Irving*, ii. 56.
Brontologia Sacra, by Cotton Mather, i. 64.
Bronx. *J. R. Drake*, ii. 205.
Brook Farm, ii. 503, 706.
Brooks, Charles T., ii. 586.
Brooks, Erastus, controversy with John Hughes, ii. 265.
Brooks, James G., ii. 323.
Brooks, Maria, ii. 198.
Brooks, Mary E., ii. 323.
Brooks, Peter C., ii. 171.
Brothers, the. *L. M. Child*, ii. 389.
Brothers, the. *Charles Sprague*, ii. 134.
Brougham, Lord, remarks on religious toleration of men of science, i. 135.
Brown, Charles Brockden, i. 586.
Brown, Francis, i. 532.
Brown, John, ii. 77.
Brown, John W., ii. 642.
Brown, Nicholas, i. 525.
Brown, Robert, i. 587.
Brown University, i. 524.
Browne, H. K., Statue of Clinton, i. 572.
Browne, J. Ross, ii. 651.
Browne, Sir Thomas, prophecy of America, i. 169.
Passage from, i. 92.
Brownell, S., ii. 195.
Brownfield, R., i. 585.
Brownlee, W. C., i. 581.
Brownson, Orestes A., ii. 335.
His Quarterly Review, ii. 335.
Brutus, by J. H. Payne, ii. 142.
Bryant, John H., ii. 190.
Bryant, Wm. Cullen, ii. 183.
Address on J. F. Cooper, ii. 112.
Eulogy on Thomas Cole, ii. 319.
In Memory of Wm. Leggett, ii. 344.
Interview of C. W. Webber with, ii. 666.
Sonnet to Thomas Cole, ii. 319.
Buccaneer, the. *Richard H. Dana*, ii. 91.
Buckingham, Joseph T., ii. 19.
Notice of Dennie, i. 564.
Buckminster, Joseph S., ii. 63.
Review of Logan's translation from Cicero, i. 77.
Buckwheat cake, the. *Henry Pickering*, ii. 26.
Buell, Rev. Dr., i. 324.
Buffon, admires C. Colden's pamphlet on Attraction and Impulsion, i. 81.
Bugle, the. *Grenville Mellen*, ii. 278.
Building, and the Birds, the. *Catharine Luders*, ii. 677.
Bulfinch, S. G., ii. 500.
Bulkley, Edward, i. 46.
Bulkley, Peter, i. 45.
Bulkley, Rev. Mr., of Colchester, preface to Wolcot's Meditations, i. 79.
Bulwer, E. L., Last Days of Pompeii, ii. 377
Bunker Hill. *F. S. Cozzens*, ii. 705
Bunker's Hill, battle of, described by Mrs. Adams, i. 188.
A Drama, by H. H. Brackenridge, i. 289.
Monument, founded by Wm. Tudor, ii. 269.
Burder, George, abridges Mather's Essays to do Good, i. 63.
Burgess, George, ii. 520
Burgoyne, General, ballads on, i. 449.
Comedies of, i. 451.
Entrance into Cambridge, i. 164.
The Fall of, a Ballad, i. 455.
Burial among the Mountains, a. *F. W. Shelton*, ii. 631.
Burke, Edmund, i. 240.
Anecdotes of, by Thomas Cooper, ii. 333.
Present at the scene with Franklin before the Privy Council, i. 106.
Sketch of Love of Freedom in America, i. 184.
Story of "ditto to," i. 221.
Burnaby, Andrew, account of G Berkeley's house at Newport, i. 167.
Burnap, George W., ii. 351.
Burnet, Governor, i. 105.
Burning of Schenectady, by A. B. Street, ii. 555.
Burns, a pilgrimage to the land of, ii. 161.
Burr, Rev. Aaron, i. 271
Eulogium on, by Livingston, i. 152.
Burr, Aaron, speech of William Wirt on the trial of, i. 617.
Burritt, Elihu, ii. 552.
Burroughs, George, victim of the Salem Witchcraft i. 61.
Burton, Wm. E., first appearance in New York, ii. 71.
Bush, George, ii. 226.
Bushnell, Horace, ii. 397.
Butler, Benj. F., ii. 718.
Butler, Samuel, lines on Montaigne's Cat, i. 122.
Passage in Hudibras founded on a story told by Thomas Morton, i. 29.
Butler, Wm. Allen, ii. 718.
Butterfly, the, a type of the Resurrection. *Mather Byles*, i. 120.
Byles, Mather, i. 116.
Wit combat with Joseph Green, i. 121.
Byrd, William, i. 74.
Notice of the Indian school at William and Mary, i. 83.
Byron, characteristics of. *H. S. Legaré*, ii. 248.

Caius Gracchus, a tragedy, by Louisa S. M'Cord, ii. 251.
Calaynos, passage from. *George H. Boker*, ii. 714.
Caldwell, Wm. W., ii. 712.
Caldwell, Charles, i. 602.
Notice of Fisher Ames, i. 470.
Caldwell, Joseph, President of the University, North Carolina, ii. 104.
Caleb Williams, i. 590.
Calef, Robert, notice of his Wonders of the Invisible World displayed, i. 61.
Calhoun, John C., ii. 34.
Californian, the, edited by Walter Colton, ii. 246.
Callender, John, i. 123.
Calliopean Society of New York, ii. 2.
Calvert, George H., ii. 372.
Calvin, John, noticed by Berkeley, i. 167.
Cambridge, University of, poetical address to. *Phillis Wheatley*, i. 270.
Camel, introduction of the, into the South-West, ii. 667.

Digitized by Google

Jacob, eulogy on Count Rumford, i. 372.
Jordan, ii. 185, 628.
..., the, by J. R. Lowell, ii. 660.
...ELLIN, i. 631.
...ts of Massachusetts, remark on, by
...e Choate, ii. 287.
...Caleb, i. 568.
...erance, ii. 283.
...T M., ii. 378.
...ches of New England, poetically de-
...L. Francis Knapp, i. 72.
...of a Poet John Neal, ii. 164.
...orge, i. 34.
...i. 91.
...ble. Caroline Chesebro', ii. 690
...ver, of Salmon River. J. G. C. Brainard,
...ddress to Edward Sanford, ii. 407.
...ines to, by J. Beveridge, i. 128
...r Richard, eulogy on, by Jane Turell,
...y Cotton Mather, i. 62.
...George, ii. 73 i.
...ii. 82.
...i. 272.
...n Rev. S. Davies's elegy on, i. 272.
...i. i. 237.
...ic, i. 236
...i. 172.
...Plain, i. 383.
...ael Jean W. G. Simms, ii. 431.
...Caroline M. Sawyer, ii. 676.
...the Hon. W..., i. 619.
...e, by N. Hawthorne, ii. 506.
...by John Cotton, i. 21.
...ssel, by Roger Williams, i. 33.
...Alexander Wilson, i. 533.
...ge on Aquila Rose, i. 99.
...by Nathaniel Ward, i. 19.
...i. a 714.
...i. i. 650
...ar: F. Lieber, ii. 301.
...a C. H. Colbert, ii. 376.
...B. E. Channing, ii. 22.
...J. S. C. Abbott, ii. 355.
...r Lee, i. 607.
...el Barlow, i. 397.
...Freer, i. 673.
...on Mather, i. 62.
...n Adventures of, by Washing-
...54.
...rrison. C. J. Ingersoll, ii. 42.
...ers, by Caroline M. Kirkland.
...poem. William Livingston.
...hooting of, by Thomas Hollis
...i. 369.
...a. 683.
...a. 383.
...poem by Women, verses.
...i. 68.
...ed by John Josselyn, i. 70.
...poem. William ...
...Poem. Joseph ... ii. 300.
...George de Lancey, ii. 700.
...Boswell, James, anecdote of,
333.
Boswell's Johnson, mention
i. 128.
Botanical writings of Jar
Botany, introduction of
rica, by Colden,
Of South Caroli
Elliott, i. 602.
Botetourt, Lord, ad
Botta, Anne C., ii.
Botta, the Histor
Boudinot, Elias,
Benefactor
Boulanger. C
Bouquet, the
Bourbons, th
i. 351
Bourville C
Bowden, J
Bowman
Bowdoin
Dea
Bowdoin
C
Bowdo
Bow
Boy
Boy
...Nora Warner,
...in reference to Frank-
...ies, i. 643.
...elle Anna Lewis, ii. 680.
...Story, ii. 663.
...the G. W. Peck, ii. 650.
...ems from, H. H. Bracken-
...i. i. 68.
...an Institution,
...i. i. 92.
...i. 88.
...Thomas Bulfinch, ii. 388.
...Jun. i. 66.
...i. 88.
...Robert ... i. 68.
...Robert ... i. 68.
...Poem for Samuel ... i. 4.
...i. 88.
...poem by Bryant, by E. W.
...i. 88.
...i. i. 388.
...by ... ii. 388.
...i. 88.
...i. 88.

Digitized by Google

Nath. Ward, i.

, ii. 266.

05.

tor Library, ii. 740.

B. M. D. Lafoy, ii. 71.

).

mes Logan, i. 78.

ingston, i. 152.

næus, in honor of Colden,

Wm. C. Bryant, ii. 185.

L. Noble, ii. 596.

or of the Evening Post, ii. 184.

I. Payne, ii. 141.

Halleck's "Twilight," ii. 208.

on Female Influence, ii. 494.

ce to Edgar A. Poe, ii. 538.

n, ii. 491.

s and Anecdotes, i. 15.

rst, ii. 155.

h, ii. 224.

doin, ii. 192.

own University, i. 524.

lumbia, i. 379.

artmouth, i. 530.

Dickinson, ii. 59.

Emory, Ga., ii. 77.

Franklin, Ga., ii. 76.

Hamilton, ii. 722.

Harvard, i. 8.

Marshall, ii. 659.

Mercer University, Ga., ii. 77.

Michigan University, ii. 735.

Middlebury, ii. 130.

New Jersey, i. 270.

New York, University of the City of, ii. 733.

North Carolina, University of, ii. 104.

Oglethorpe University, ii. 77.

Pennsylvania, University of, i. 388.

Rutgers, i. 580.

St. John's, Md., ii. 77.

Trinity College, Hartford, ii. 732.

Union, ii. 194.

Vermont, University of, ii. 129.

Virginia, University of, ii. 725.

William and Mary, i. 82.

Williams, ii. 154

Collegian, the, ii. 511, 633.

Colles, Christopher, i. 577, ii. 123.

Colles, Christopher. *J. W. Francis*, ii. 124.

Collins' New Jersey Gazette, i. 152.

Collins, Charles, president of Dickinson College, ii. 61.

Collins, Henry, gift of site to the Redwood Library, i. 286.

Collins's Ode quoted by Mrs. Adams, i. 188.

Colman, Benjamin, life of, by E. Turell, i. 125.

Colman, Benjamin, i. 73.

Colman, Henry, i. 666.

Colonization Society, American, R. G. Harper a benefactor of, i. 639.

Colton, Calvin, ii. 245.

Colton, George H., ii. 658.

Colton, Walter, ii. 245.

Columbia College, i. 379.

Lectures of E. D. Griffin at, ii. 301.

Columbian Institute, Washington, D. C., ii. 737.

Columbiad, T. Paine omitted from, i. 200.

Passages from. *Joel Barlow*, i. 395.

ation, i.

by S. Mil-

well

ii. 548.

ii. 68.

, ii. 69.

Life and Death of

I, ii. 703.

*Philip Freneau*, i. 332.

k on the city of Washing-

ndi, ii. 47.

of, in Salmagundi, ii. 51.

ather, i. 59.

*otton Mather*, i. 66.


Digitized by Google

Camm, John, president of William and Mary, i. 84.
Campbell, Archibald, ii. 48.
Campbell, Jacob, i. 484.
Campbell, Lord, notice of Franklin at the Privy Council, i. 106.
Campbell, Thomas, borrows a couplet from Benjamin Church, i. 229.
Borrows a couplet from Philip Freneau, i. 335.
Life of, by Washington Irving, ii. 48.
Campbell, W. W., Life of Clinton, i. 571.
Canaan, Conquest of, by Timothy Dwight, i. 357.
Passages from. *Timothy Dwight*, i. 359.
Canada, conquest of, by George Cockings, i. 432.
Canot, Capt., by Brantz Mayer, ii. 517.
Capen, Joseph, epitaph on John Foster, i. 105.
Capture of a Whale *J. F. Cooper*, ii. 113.
Carey, Alice, ii. 687.
Carey, Henry C., ii. 157.
Carey, Mathew, i. 640.
Carey, Phebe, ii. 687.
Carey's Museum, contributed to by Hugh Williamson, i. 189.
Caribbeana, i. 100.
Carnahan, James, president of College of New Jersey, i. 274.
Carolina Literature, Early, i. 131.
Carolina Sports, by Wm. Elliott, ii. 101.
Carpenter, Stephen Cullen, i. 657.
Carriers' Address, 1720, by Aquila Rose, i. 99.
Carrington, E., ii. 99.
Carroll, B. R., Hist. Collections of South Carolina, i. 131.
Carruthers, Wm. A., ii. 436.
Cartaphilus, the Wandering Jew, by D. Hoffman, ii. 66.
Carter, Nathaniel H., ii. 100.
Cary, Henry, ii. 297.
Case, Wheeler, i. 454.
Cases of Conscience concerning Witchcraft, by Increase Mather, i. 59.
Caspipina's Letters, passage from. *Jacob Duché*, i. 220.
Cass, Lewis, ii. 42.
Writes notes to "Ontwa," ii. 280.
Castile, the Ladies of, passage from. *Mercy Warren*, i. 164.
Cat, Poet's (Byles) Lamentation for the loss of. *Joseph Green*, i. 122.
Catacombs of Rome, the, by W I. Kip, ii. 552.
Catesby, Mark, i. 132.
Catherwood, Francis, ii. 420.
Caunonicus, Speech of, a poem by John Lathrop, i. 612.
Cavaliers of Virginia, by Wm. A. Carruthers, ii. 436.
Centennarians of Harvard, i. 59.
Centralia Exploring Expedition, ii. 667.
Chalkley, Thomas, i. 96.
Chalmers, Lionel, i. 131.
Chalmers, Thomas, tribute to Jonathan Edwards, i. 95.
Champe, Sergeant, Expedition of. *Henry Lee*, i. 410.
Champions of Freedom, the, by S. Woodworth, ii. 71.
Chandler, Abiel, i. 533.
Chandler, Elizabeth M., ii. 465.
Chandler, T. B., notice of, i. 380.
Channing, Edward T. and Francis D., ii. 90.
Channing, William Ellery, ii. 21.
Eulogy of President Stiles, i. 160.
Letters to, by Moses Stuart, ii. 21.
Memoir of, by William H. Channing, ii. 570.
Notice of S. Hopkins's theology, i. 150.
Notice of the Redwood Library, i. 286.
Channing, William E., Jr., ii. 570.
Channing, William Henry, ii. 569.
Memoirs of J. H. Perkins, ii. 528.
Chapin, E. H., ii. 599.
Chapman, Nathaniel, i. 578.
Character, a, from Walden. *H. D. Thoreau*, ii. 655.
Character of Mr. Hunt, from Thomas Singularity. *H. J. Nott*, ii. 254.
Characteristics of Literature, by H. T. Tuckerman, ii. 583.
Charcoal Sketches, by Joseph C. Neal, ii. 456.
Charles Elwood, by O. A. Brownson, ii. 335.
Charleston City Gazette, ii. 427.
Charleston Library, i. 387.
Charleston, South Carolina, College of, ii. 329.
Charlton, Robert M., ii. 435.
Charms of Fancy, passages from. *Richard Alsop*, i. 496.
Chase, Philander, i. 646.
Chase, Samuel, trial of, i. 638.
Chastellux, notice of Jonathan Trumbull, i. 308.
Translates Humphreys' Address to the Armies of the United States, i. 374.
Chatham, Lord, eulogist of Franklin, i. 110.
Chauncy, Charles, second president of Harvard, i. 8.
Chauncy, Charles, i. 95.
Chaunt of Life, by Ralph Hoyt, ii. 531.
Cheerful Parson, the. *William Biglow*, i. 682.
Cheeshahteamuck, Caleb, only Indian graduate of Harvard, i. 42.
Cheetham, James, account of, i. 200.
Cheever, Ezekiel, account of, i. 60.
Cheever, George B., ii. 453.
Cheever, Henry T., ii. 455.
Chesebro', Caroline, ii. 690.
Chestnut Gathering, from Queechy. *Susan Warner*, ii. 625.
Cheves, Langdon, ii. 251.
Chevy Chase, ballad of, quoted in reference to Franklin, i. 106.
Child Japhet, the. *Paul Allen*, i. 643.
Child, Lydia M., ii. 388.
Child of the Sea, the, by Estelle Anna Lewis, ii. 680.
Childhood. *William W. Story*, ii. 663.
Chinchas, the Governor of the. *G. W. Peck*, ii. 650.
Chittenden, W. B., i. 516.
Chivalry, Modern, extracts from, H. H. Brackenridge, i. 293.
Choate, Rufus, ii. 286.
Letter on R. H. Dana, Jr., ii. 620.
Withdrawal from the Smithsonian Institution, ii. 740.
Choice, the. *Benjamin Church*, i. 231.
*Elijah Fitch*, i. 258.
*Susanna Rowson*, i. 503.
Choules, John O., ii. 317.
Christ in Theology, by Horace Bushnell, ii. 397.
Christian Ballads, by A. C. Coxe, ii. 656.
Disciple, the, i. 479.
Examiner, ii. 615.
Philosopher, by Cotton Mather, i. 63.
Passage from. *Cotton Mather*, i. 65.
Society and the Church, New Views of. *O. A. Brownson*, ii. 335.
Christianity, its Essence and Evidence, by G. W. Burnap, ii. 351.
Christmas Bells, the. *John W. Brown*, ii. 643.
Chronicles of the Pilgrim Fathers and of First Planters of Massachusetts, by Alexander Young, ii. 316.
Church, the. *Alice B. Neal*, ii. 683.
Church, Alonzo, historical discourse, ii. 76.
Church, Benjamin, i. 229.
A contributor to *Pietas et Gratulatio*, i. 12.
Church, Captain Benjamin, i. 138.
Church, Thomas, King Philip's War, i. 136.

Digitized by Google

Church History, by S. F. Jarvis, ii. 85.
History, the, by Philip Schaff, ii. 659.
History of England, Witherspoon's Apologue on, i. 276.
Militant, passage from. *William Vaughan*, i. 2.
Poetry, selected by Wm. A. Muhlenberg, ii. 258.
Record, the, ii. 266, 640.
Without a bishop, ii. 139.
Churchman, the, ii. 597.
Churchman's Magazine, the, i. 645.
Churchyard at Cambridge, the. *O. W. Holmes*, ii. 513.
Cicero de Senectute, translated by James Logan, i. 77.
Cicero, visit of, to the grave of Archimedes. *R. C. Winthrop*, ii. 502.
Cincinnati Mirror, ii. 471.
Circle of Financiers, the, from Peter Schlemihl. *George Wood*, ii. 295.
City of my Love, the. *Julia Ward Howe*, ii. 682.
City of the Dead, the. *Henry W. Parker*, ii. 693.
Civil Liberty and Self-Government, by F. Lieber, ii. 301.
Clam, sonnet to a. *J. G. Saxe*, ii. 630.
Clap, Roger, i. 44.
Clap, Thomas, i. 87.
Clark, Lewis G. and Willis G., ii. 534.
Clarke, Rev. John, i. 95.
Clarke, John, i. 38.
Plea for. *Roger Williams*, i. 37.
Clarke, M'Donald, ii. 261.
Clason, Isaac Starr, ii. 263.
Classical Studies, by Edwards, Sears, and Felton, ii. 342.
Classics, first vivid impressions in the. *A. P. Peabody*, ii. 550.
Classology, a poem by Wm. Biglow, i. 631.
Clavers, Mrs. a New Home, by Caroline M. Kirkland, ii. 562.
Clay, Henry, i. 654.
Duel with John Randolph, i. 628.
Life of, by Calvin Colton, ii. 246.
Claypoole, first printer of Washington's Farewell Address, i. 180.
Cleanliness, essay on. *Joseph Dennie*, i 567.
Cleaveland, Parker, ii. 193.
Clemm, Maria, ii. 538.
Clergy, influence of, in the cause of education, i. 404.
Clerical Manners and Habits, Letters on, by S. Miller, i. 570.
Cleveland, Aaron, ii. 656.
Clifton, William, i. 604.
Clinton Bradshaw, by F. W. Thomas, ii. 548.
Clinton, De Witt, i. 570.
Account of Abimelech Coody, ii. 68.
Tribute to, by G. C. Verplanck, ii. 69.
Clinton, George, i. 570.
Clio, by J. G. Percival, ii. 212.
Clive, Lord, reflections on the Life and Death of. *Thomas Paine*, i. 201.
Closing scene, the. *T. B. Read*, ii. 703.
Club, the Tuesday, i. 564.
Cobbett, William, lines on. *Philip Freneau*, i. 332.
Rush Light, i. 266.
Cockburn, Admiral, attack on the city of Washington, ii. 2.
Cockings, George, i. 432.
Cockloft Hall, in Salmagundi, ii. 47.
Cockloft, Pindar, verses of, in Salmagundi, ii. 51.
Cœlestinus, by Cotton Mather, i. 59.
Passages from. *Cotton Mather*, i. 66.
Coffin, old riddle on a, i. 610.
Coffin, Robert S., ii. 255.
Cogswell, Joseph G., Article on Nath. Ward, i. 20.
Edits the New York Review, ii. 266.
Librarian at Harvard, i. 15.
At Round Hill school, ii. 305.
Superintendent of the Astor Library, ii. 740.
Coiffeur, the complete, by J. B. M. D. Lafoy, ii. 71.
Coit, Thomas W., ii. 732.
Colden, Cadwallader, i. 80.
A correspondent of James Logan, i. 78.
Pamphlet on, by Livingston, i. 152.
Coldenia, named by Linnæus, in honor of Colden, i. 81.
Cole, Thomas, ii. 318.
Eulogy of, by Wm. C. Bryant, ii. 185.
Life of, by L. L. Noble, ii. 596.
Coleman, Wm., editor of the Evening Post, ii. 184.
Notice of J. H. Payne, ii. 141.
Remarks on Halleck's "Twilight," ii. 208.
Coleridge, S. T., on Female Influence, ii. 494.
Resemblance to Edgar A. Poe, ii. 538.
Coleridge, Sara, ii. 491.
College Usages and Anecdotes, i. 15.
Colleges:
Amherst, ii. 155.
Antioch, ii. 224.
Bowdoin, ii. 192.
Brown University, i. 524.
Columbia, i. 379.
Dartmouth, i. 530.
Dickinson, ii. 59.
Emory, Ga., ii. 77.
Franklin, Ga., ii. 76.
Hamilton, ii. 722.
Harvard, i. 8.
Marshall, ii. 659.
Mercer University, Ga., ii. 77.
Michigan University, ii. 735.
Middlebury, ii. 130.
New Jersey, i. 270.
New York, University of the City of, ii. 733.
North Carolina, University of, ii. 104.
Oglethorpe University, ii. 77.
Pennsylvania, University of, i. 388.
Rutgers, i. 580.
St. John's, Md., ii. 77.
Trinity College, Hartford, ii. 732.
Union, ii. 194.
Vermont, University of, ii. 129.
Virginia, University of, ii. 725.
William and Mary, i. 82.
Williams, ii. 154
Collegian, the, ii. 511, 633.
Colles, Christopher, i. 577, ii. 122.
Colles, Christopher. *J. W. Francis*, ii. 124.
Collins' New Jersey Gazette, i. 152.
Collins, Charles, president of Dickinson College, ii. 61.
Collins, Henry, gift of site to the Redwood Library, i. 286.
Collins's Ode quoted by Mrs. Adams, i. 188.
Colman, Benjamin, life of, by E. Turell, i. 125.
Colman, Benjamin, i. 73.
Colman, Henry, i. 666.
Colonization Society, American, R. G. Harper a benefactor of, i. 639.
Colton, Calvin, ii. 245.
Colton, George H., ii 658.
Colton, Walter, ii. 245.
Columbia College, i. 379.
Lectures of E. D. Griffin at, ii. 301.
Columbian Institute, Washington, D. C., ii. 737.
Columbiad, T. Paine omitted from, i. 200.
Passages from. *Joel Barlow*, i. 395.

Digitized by Google

Columbian Orator, by Caleb Bingham, i. 568.
Columbus, life of, by Washington Irving, ii. 49.
Return of, after his first voyage. *Wm. H. Prescott*, ii. 237.
Come in the Moonlight. *J. S. Kidney*, ii. 658.
Come to me, love. *Emma C. Embury*, ii. 486.
Comets, essay on, by Andrew Oliver, i. 136.
Lecture on, passages from. *Prof. John Winthrop*, i. 135
Comic Annual, by H. J. Finn, ii 28.
Coming Home. *Phebe Carey*, ii. 688
Coming of the Mammoth, by H. B. Hirst, ii. 591.
Commencement Day at Harvard, i. 15.
Common Sense, by T. Paine, i. 198.
Common Sense, Essay on. *H. H. Brackenridge*, i. 297.
In Deshabille, by David Everett, i. 569.
Companionship of the Sexes in the study of literature, ii. 493.
Comparison of John Locke and William Penn. *George Bancroft*, ii. 306.
Condorcet, Life of Voltaire, i. 187.
Congress Declaration of July 6, 1775, by John Dickinson, i. 182.
Connecticut. *F. G. Halleck*, ii. 211.
Connecticut Academy of Arts and Sciences, ii. 289.
"Connecticut Farmer's Boy," verses by F. G. Halleck, ii. 207.
Connecticut, General History of, by Dr. S. Peters, i. 191.
History of, by Benjamin Trumbull, i. 308.
River. *J. G. C. Brainard*, ii. 227.
Account of. *Samuel Peters*, i. 192.
Ode to. *J. L. Arnold*, i. 530.
Conflagration, the, poem. *Mather Byles*, i. 120.
Conquest of Grenada, by Washington Irving, ii. 49.
CONRAD, R. T., ii. 547.
Conservatism and Reform. *F. H. Hedge*, ii. 422.
Conspiracy of Kings. *Joel Barlow*, i. 398.
Constitution Making. *John Randolph*, i. 629.
Contemplations. *Anne Bradstreet*, i. 49.
Continuity of the Church of England, by S. Seabury, ii. 317.
Contracts, essay on the doctrine of, by G. C. Verplanck, ii. 68.
Contrast, the, by Royal Tyler, i. 415.
Conversations on the Old Poets, by J. R. Lowell, ii. 660.
Coody, Abimelech, an account of, ii. 68.
Cook, Captain, journal of his last voyage, by John Ledyard, i. 325.
Cooke, Geo. Frederick, acts with J. H. Payne, ii. 142.
Story of, by Charles Mathews. *William Dunlap*, i. 541.
And Cooper at Cato's. *William Dunlap*, i. 543.
COOKE, JOHN ESTEN, ii. 636.
Notice of James M'Clurg, i. 285.
COOKE, PHILIP P., ii. 635.
COOMBE, THOMAS, i. 130.
COOPER, JAMES FENIMORE, ii. 108.
Services to H. Greenough, ii. 417.
COOPER, MYLES, i. 379.
Cooper, Samuel, a contributor to *Pietas et Gratulatio*, i. 13.
Cooper, Dr. S., quotes proverbs to John Adams, i. 187.
COOPER, SUSAN FENIMORE, ii. 113.
COOPER, THOMAS, President of South Carolina College, ii. 331.
Cooper, William, father of J. Fenimore, ii 108.
Copyright Club, address of, by C. Mathews, ii. 646.
Corn Shucking in South Carolina, Wm. C. Bryant, ii. 190.
Cornelia and Gracchus, from Caius Gracchus, Louisa S. M'Cord, ii. 252.
Corrector, the, i. 382, ii. 52.
Correspondence of the American Revolution, ii. 166.
Cosas de Espana, by J. M. Mackie, ii. 580.
COTTON, JOHN, i. 20.
Life of, by John Norton, i. 23.
"Singing of Psalms a Gospel Ordinance," i. 17.
Countess Ida, by Theo. S. Fay, ii. 412.
Country, An Invitation into the. *Jane Turell*, i. 125.
Country Lovers, a ballad. *T. G. Fessenden*, i. 597.
Country Oven, the. *H. C. Knight*, ii. 158.
Country School-Keeping. *Royal Tyler*, ii. 74.
Courier and Enquirer, the, i. 418.
Court of Fancy, by Thomas Godfrey, i. 195.
Passage from, i. 196.
Courtin, the. *J. R. Lowell*, ii. 662.
Courtship in Connecticut. *Samuel Peters*, i. 193.
"Cousin Alice," ii. 682.
Cowper, William, and his female friends, ii. 493.
COX, WILLIAM, ii. 415.
COXE, ARTHUR CLEVELAND, ii. 656.
Coxe, Samuel H., ii. 656.
COZZENS, FREDERICK S., ii. 703.
Cradock, Samuel and Walter, Gospel Liberty, i. 55.
CRAFTS, WILLIAM, ii. 86.
Cralle, Richard K., edits J. C. Calhoun's works, ii. 35.
CRANCH, C. P., ii. 582.
Crania Americana, by S. G. Morton, ii. 577.
Crayon Miscellany, by Washington Irving, ii. 49.
Sketches, by William Cox, ii. 415.
Cresap, Michael, and Logan the Indian, by Brantz Mayer, ii. 517.
CREVECŒUR, H. ST. JOHN, i. 173.
Crisis, the, by Thomas Paine, i. 198, 202.
Critic, the, by William Leggett, ii. 344.
Critical and Miscellaneous Essays, by A. H. Everett, ii. 322.
Croaker & Co., ii. 208.
Croaker, Jr., To, from the Croakers. *J. R. Drake*, ii. 206.
Croakers, the, ii. 202
Crocodiles of the St. John's river. *William Bartram*, i. 226
Cromwell, Oliver, letter to John Cotton, i. 23.
Crosby, Enoch, the original of Cooper's Spy, ii. 108.
Crosby, Howard, ii. 735.
Crossley, James, i. 108.
Croswell, A., remarks on Harvard Commencement, 1771, i. 15.
Reply to, by Simon the Tanner, i. 15.
Croswell, Harry, ii. 393.
CROSWELL, WILLIAM, ii. 393.
Article on, by R. H. Dana, Jr., ii. 620.
Croton Ode, the. *G. P. Morris*, ii. 350.
CRUGER, HENRY, i. 221.
Cruger, John, notice of, i 221.
Cruger, Nicholas, the early friend of Alexander Hamilton, i. 420.
Crystalline, by F. W. Shelton, ii. 631.
Culprit Fay, the, by J. R. Drake, ii. 203.
Cultivation of Taste, the. *William Hague*, ii 570.
Cumming, John, eulogy on, by R. M. Charlton, ii. 436.
Cummings, Dr., present to Harvard College, i. 187.
Curiosity, by Charles Sprague, ii. 133.
Curtis, G. T., notice of the Newburgh Addresses, i. 480.
CURTIS, GEORGE W., ii. 706.
Life of A. J. Downing, ii. 618.
CURWEN, SAMUEL, i. 136.
Journal and Letters of, passages from, i. 137.
CUSHING, CALEB, ii. 291.
Cushing, Caroline, ii. 291
Cutler, Manasseh, i. 161.
Cutler, Timothy, i. 86.
C. Wilkins Eimi, ii. 666.
Cypress, Jr., ii. 355.

Digitized by Google

Cypriad, the, by H. C Knight, ii. 158.

Da Ponte, Lorenzo L., ii. 734.
Dabney, Richard, ii. 98.
Daggett, Napthali, i. 87, 88.
Dagobert, Father. *C. E. Gayarré*, ii. 402.
Dalcho, Frederic, i. 575.
D'Alembert at the French Academy, i. 187.
Daly, C. P., Judicial Tribunals of New York, i. 660.
Dama Duende, la, of Calderon. *George Ticknor*, ii. 234.
Dana, Francis, ii. 89.
Dana, James D., i. 91.
Dana, Richard, ii. 89.
Dana, Richard Henry, ii. 89.
Notice of the Allston Gallery, ii. 13.
Dana, R. H., Jr., ii. 619.
Dante, Giotto's portrait of, ii. 107.
Inferno, translated by T. W. Parsons, ii. 641.
Life of, commenced by R. H. Wilde, ii. 107.
On a bust of. *T. W. Parsons*, ii. 642.
Daranzel, by David Everett, i. 569.
Darby's Return, by William Dunlap, i. 539.
Darley, F. O. C., illustrations of Margaret, ii. 589.
Dartmouth College, i. 530.
Darwin, E., Epistle to. *E. H. Smith*, i. 600.
Daubenton's Advice to Shepherds, translated by Bowdoin, i. 158.
Daughter of Herodias, the. *Lucy Hooper*, ii. 679.
Davenport, John, i. 31.
Davezac, Auguste, i. 660.
Davidson, L. P., ii. 485.
Davidson, Lucretia M., ii. 480.
Davidson, Margaret M., ii. 483.
Davidson, Mrs. M. M., ii. 485.
Davies, Charles, ii. 732.
Davies, Samuel, i. 271.
Davila, discourses on, by John Adams, i. 185.
Davis, Henry, president of Middlebury College, ii. 130. Of Hamilton College, ii. 723.
Davis, H L, ii. 78.
Davis, John, finds a Latin original of Franklin's Epitaph, i. 105.
Notice of the Port Folio, i. 563.
Visit to the Loganian Library in 1798, i. 78.
Visit to Weems's church at Pohick, i. 487.
Davis, M. L., editor with P. Freneau of the Time-Piece, i. 332.
Davis, Richard B., ii. 2.
Davy, Sir Humphrey, tribute to Franklin, i. 108.
Dawes, Rufus, ii. 353.
Dawes, Thomas, ii. 353.
Dawson, Thomas and William, presidents of William and Mary, i. 84.
Day, Jeremiah, i. 88.
Day. *Jones Very*, ii. 523.
Day of Doom, passages from. *M. Wigglesworth*, i. 58.
Deacon Giles's Distillery, by G B. Cheever, ii. 453.
Dead of 1832, the. *R. C. Sands*, ii. 277.
Dean's Bounty, the, at Yale College, i. 87.
Deane, Samuel, authorship of *Pictas et Gratulatio*, i. 12.
Contributor to *Pictas et Gratulatio*, i. 13.
Dear Little Truant, to a. *Frances S. Osgood*, ii. 561.
Dearborn, Henry A. S., ii. 45.
Death, curious incident relating to a, ii. 64.
Death of a Mountain Hunter. *John Esten Cooke*, ii. 638.
Death of a Young Child. *J. H. Perkins*, ii. 529.
Death of General Pike, the. *Laughton Osborne*, ii. 467.
Death of Probus. *William Ware*, ii. 175.
Death of the Flowers, the. *William C. Bryant*, ii. 187.
Deathbed, a. *James Aldrich*, ii. 490.
Decalogue of canons for observation in private life. *Thomas Jefferson*, i. 246.
Decius, Essays of, by S. J. Gardner, ii. 102.
Deck and Port, by Walter Colton, ii. 246.
Deering, Nathaniel, ii. 336.
Deerslayer, the, by J. F. Cooper, ii. 111.
Extract from. *J. F. Cooper*, ii. 116.
De Kay, Dr., ii. 201.
De Lara, or the Moorish Bride, by Caroline L. Hentz, ii. 486.
De Liancourt, notice of Mercy Warren, i. 164.
Delirium. *L. M. Davidson*, ii. 482.
Della Crusca, lines to. *Royal Tyler*, i. 47.
Democracy Unveiled, by T. G. Fessenden, i. 596.
Dennie, Joseph, i. 562.
Departed, the. *Park Benjamin*, ii. 499.
De Profundis. *Wm. Croswell*, ii. 396.
Depuy, H. W., life of Ethan Allen, i. 207, 208.
Dermot MacMorrogh, by J. Q. Adams, i. 557.
Descent into the Mäelstrom. *Edgar A. Poe*, ii. 542.
Desecration, the, of the Flag. *H. Greenough*, ii. 418.
Deserted Bride, by G. P. Morris, ii. 348.
Despotism in America, by Richard Hildreth, ii. 460.
Devil Fishing. *William Elliott*, ii. 101.
Dew, Thomas R., president of William and Mary, i. 85.
Dewey, Joseph, appendix to Wolcott's Meditations, i. 79.
Dewey, Orville, ii. 164.
De Wint, Mrs. J. P., edits Miss Adams's Journal, i. 185.
Dewitt, John, i. 581.
Dexter, S. N., gift to Hamilton College, ii. 725.
Dial, the, ii. 365, 526.
Dialogue between Franklin and the Gout. *B. Franklin*, i. 112.
Dialogue between Head and Heart. *Thomas Jefferson*, i. 242.
Dialogue on the address of the Philosophical Society to Dr. Franklin. *Francis Hopkinson*, i. 216.
Diary of Ezra Stiles, notice of, and passages from, i. 160.
Diary of John Adams, i. 184.
Passages from, i. 186.
Dickinson College, ii. 59
Dickinson, John, i. 181.
Dickinson, John, ii. 59.
Dickinson, Jonathan, president of the College of New Jersey, i. 271.
Dickson, Samuel H., ii. 259.
Dictionary of Poetical Quotations, by Mrs. S. J. Hale, ii. 127.
Didactica, by Robert Walsh, ii. 38.
Passages from. *Robert Walsh*, ii. 38.
Dietetic Charlatanry. *Cornelius Mathews*, ii 647.
Dinsmoor, Robert, i. 465.
Diplomatic Correspondence of the American Revolution, edited by Jared Sparks, ii. 166.
Directions for Courtship. *Philip Freneau*, i. 338.
Dirge for a Young Girl. *James T. Fields*, ii. 700.
Discourses and Addresses, by G. C. Verplanck, ii. 69.
Dismantled Cabinet, the. *H. Pickering*, ii. 26.
Divine Grace Displayed, by David Brainerd, i. 142.
Do not strain your punch. *Henry Cary*, ii. 297.
Doane, George W., ii. 289.
Dod, Albert B., i. 615.
Dodington, Bubb, notice of James Ralph, i. 103.
Dodsley, R., Economy of Human Life, i. 158.
Additions to, by Z. M. Pike, i. 661.
Doggett, John, jr., notice of, i. 108.
Domestic Happiness, from the Croakers. *F. G. Halleck*, ii. 209.
*Dominum collaudamus*, poem, by Paleg Folger, i 182.
Don Juan, cantos xvii., xviii., by Isaac S. Clason, ii. 262.

Digitized by Google

Don Quixote. *George Tickner*, ii. 223.
Double Witness of the church, the, by W. L. Kip, ii 552.
Doubting Christian drawn to Christ, passage from. *Thomas Hooker*, i. 25.
Douglass, Dr., opposes inoculation, i. 61.
Dove, David James, i. 128.
Downing, A. J., ii. 618.
Drake, Benjamin, ii 79.
Drake, Charles D., ii 79.
Drake, Daniel, ii. 78.
Drake, Joseph Rodman, ii. 201.
Drake, J. R., on the death of *F. G. Halleck*, ii. 210.
Drake, Nathan, notice of James Ralph, i. 103.
Drake, Samuel G., i. 667.
Indian Captivities, i. 71.
King Philip's War, i. 138.
Dramatic performances, the first, at Boston, i. 633.
Dramatic productions of the Revolution, i. 445.
Drayton, John, i. 239.
Drayton, William Henry, i. 238.
Dream, a, of Summer. *J. G. Whittier*, ii. 472.
Dreams and Reveries of a Quiet Man, by Theo. S. Fay, ii. 412.
Drisler, Henry, i. 386.
Drone papers, New York Magazine, ii. 2.
Drought. *Wm. C. Bryant*, ii 184.
Drunkenness, passage on, by Samuel Ward of Ipswich, i. 18.
Duane, William, i. 483.
Ducié, Jacon, i. 219.
Duckworth, Dodimus, by Asa Greene, ii. 470.
Dudley, Paul, foundation of lectures at Harvard, i. 11.
Dudley, Thomas, notice of, i. 47.
Duel, the, Captain Farrago's instructions on, from Modern Chivalry. *H. H. Brackenridge*, i. 296
Duer, William Alexander, i. 382.
Dugué, Charles O., ii. 694.
Dummer, Jeremiah, donor of books to Yale College, i. 86.
Dunbar, William, i. 549.
Dunlap, William, i. 537.
Account of William Bartram, i. 224.
Letter to. *M. M. Noah*, ii. 74.
Life of Cooke, passage from, i. 536.
Notice of John E. Harwood, i. 554.
Dunster, Henry, first president of Harvard, i. 8.
Revises Psalms, i. 17.
Dunton, John, i. 56.
Du Ponceau, Peter S., i. 577.
Translates two of Schoolcraft's lectures for the French Institute, ii. 152.
Du Pradt, Abbé, i. 669.
Durbin, John P., president of Dickinson College, ii. 61.
Durfee, Job, ii. 127.
Du Simitière, Pierre, i. 178.
Manuscripts quoted, i. 432, 436.
Dutchman's Fireside, by J. K. Paulding, ii. 4.
Dutton, Henry, i. 90.
Dutton, Warren, i. 498.
Dwight, Henry E., i. 361.
Dwight, Sereno E., i. 362.
Life of Edwards, i. 92.
Memoirs of Brainerd, i. 142.
President of Hamilton College, ii. 728.
Dwight, Theodore, i. 361.
Dwight, Theodore, Jr., i. 361.
Dwight, Theodore W., ii. 724.
Dwight, Timothy, i. 357.
Companion of John Trumbull, i. 309.
Death-bed of, ii. 31.
Notice of Ethan Allen's Oracle of Man, i. 207.
Notice of Samson Occom, i. 151.
Dwight, William, i. 362.

Eames, Charles, ii. 499.
Early Blue Bird, the. *L. H. Sigourney*, ii. 158.
Earthquakes, lecture on, by Prof. John Winthrop, i. 135.
Earthquake, shock of, Nov. 18, 1755, John Adams's Diary, i. 184.
East Hampton, sketch of, by J. H. Payne, ii. 144.
Eastburn, James W., ii. 271.
Eastburn, Manton, controversy with the Church of the Advent, ii. 394.
Notice of J. W. Eastburn, ii. 271.
Eastman, Charles G., ii. 694.
Eaton, Nathaniel, first teacher at Harvard, i. 8.
Ebeling collection of American books at Harvard, i. 15.
Ecclesiastical Characteristics, by John Witherspoon, i. 275, 276.
Ecclesiastical History of Virginia and Maryland, by F. L. Hawks, ii. 266.
Echo, the, i. 495, 498.
Passages from, i. 320.
Economy of human life, paraphrase of, by Bowdoin, i. 157.
Eddy, Thomas, i. 575.
Edmundstone, an opponent of Roger Williams, i. 36.
Education, Cotton Mather's view of, i. 62.
Education of Men of Leisure. *J. A. Hillhouse*, ii. 121.
Educational Tour and Reports, by Horace Mann, ii. 224.
Edwards, Benjamin, i. 617.
Edwards, B. B., ii. 341.
Edwards, Jerusha, her character described by her father, i. 141.
Edwards, Jonathan, i. 92.
Description of Brainerd's Journal, i. 142.
Presidency of Princeton, i. 94, 271.
Soul of a Christian compared to a flower, by, ii. 455.
Edwards, Jonathan, Jun., president of Union, ii. 194.
Edwards, Ogden, i. 95.
Edwards, Pierrepont, i. 94.
Edwards, Timothy, i. 92.
Egla sleeping in the grove of Acacias, from Zophiel. *Maria Brooks*, ii. 200.
Egypt and its Monuments, by F. L. Hawks, ii. 266.
Election Scene, from Modern Chivalry. *H. H. Brackenridge*, i. 293.
Electricity, Franklin's writings on, i. 108.
Elegy. *John Alsop*, i. 497.
On a shell. *S. L. Mitchill*, i. 520.
On Aquila Rose. *S. Keimer*, i. 100.
On Prof. John Winthrop. *Andrew Oliver*, i. 136.
Eliot, Charles, writings of, ii. 82.
Eliot, John, i. 39.
Account of his teaching the Indians. *D. Gookin*, i. 42.
(Author of Biog. Dict.) authorship of *Pietas et Gratulatio*, i. 12.
Eliot, Samuel, founds Greek Professorship at Harvard, i. 14.
Eliot, Samuel, Jun., ii. 698.
Ellery, William, ii 89.
Elliet, Elizabeth F., ii. 608.
Ellicott, Andrew, i. 579.
Ellis, by John Esten Cooke, ii. 637.
Elliot, S. A., gift of books to Harvard, i. 18.
Elliott, Stephen, i. 601.



Digitized by Google

Elliott, Wm., ii. 101.
Elliott, William, Jun., ii. 100.
Ellis, George E., ii. 615.
Ellsworth, Erastus W., ii. 710.
Elton, Romeo, i. 529.
  Edits J. Callender's Centennial Discourse, i. 124.
  Life of Roger Williams, i. 34, 36.
Elysian Fields, from Gebel Teir. *William Tudor*, ii. 270.
Embargo, the, by William C. Bryant, ii. 184.
Embargo, speech on, by Josiah Quincy, i. 610.
Emery, Emma C., ii. 485.
Emerson, Charles Chauncey, ii. 366.
Emerson, R. W., ii. 365.
  Account of Margaret Fuller, ii. 525.
Emerson, William, founds the Anthology Club, ii. 268.
Emmet, Thomas Addis. *Isaac S. Clason*, ii. 264.
Emmons, Ebenezer, ii. 156.
Emmons, Nathanael, i. 246.
  Anecdote of John Trumbull, i. 309.
  Sermon on Franklin's gift of books, i. 110.
Emory College, Georgia, ii. 77.
Empie, Adam, president of William and Mary, i. 84.
Empty House, the. *Charles J. Sprague*, ii. 135.
Encyclopædia Americana, edited by F. Lieber, ii. 301.
  John D. Godman, a contributor to, ii. 192.
Endymion, by H. B. Hirst, ii. 591.
England, John, ii. 83.
English, George B., ii. 170.
English of Queen Anne's day a dead language, ii. 163.
Ennui, to, from the Croakers. *J. R. Drake*, ii. 206.
Ephemera. *William Bartram*, i. 225.
  The. *B. Franklin*, i. 111.
Epigram imitated from Archias. *Richard Dabney*, ii. 100.
  On Wedderburn, i. 106
Epilogue to Cato. *J. M. Sewall*, i. 286.
Epistle from Yarico to Inkle, by Isaac Story, i. 635.
Epistle to * * *. *John Beveridge*, i. 129.
Epistle to the author of the Botanic Garden. *E. H. Smith*, i. 600.
*Epistolæ Familiares*, by J. Beveridge, i. 128.
Epitaph by Benjamin Franklin on himself, i. 105.
  Latin, on Rev. Aaron Burr, i. 271.
  Of Elihu Yale, i. 86.
Epithalamium. *John Trumbull*, i. 312.
Erasmus, Colloquies quoted, i. 675.
Errata, by John Neal, ii. 162.
  Preface to, passage from. *John Neal*, ii. 162.
Errato, by William D Gallagher, ii. 471.
Erskine, John, publishes Thomas Prince's sermons, i. 82.
Essays, by R. W. Emerson, ii. 366.
  By D. Hoffman, ii. 66.
Essays on Labor and Property, by F. Lieber, ii. 301.
Essays and Reviews, by E. P. Whipple, ii. 665.
Essays to do Good, by Cotton Mather, noticed by Franklin, i. 61.
Ethnological Researches, by H. R. Schoolcraft ii. 153.
  Society, American, ii. 418.
Evans, Nathaniel, i. 237.
Evening, by a Tailor. *O. W. Holmes*, ii. 515.
  Mirror, ii. 439.
  Post, ii. 184, 344.
  Star, the, ii. 74.
  Walk by the Bay. *Samuel Longfellow*, ii. 450.
  Walk in Virginia. *J. K. Paulding*, ii. 6.
Eventide. *James T. Fields*, ii. 700.
Everett, Alexander H., ii. 320.
  Authorship of *Pietas et Gratulatio*, i. 12.
  Suggests a visit to Spain to W. Irving, ii. 49.
Everett, David, i. 568.
Everett, Edward, ii. 169.
  A pupil of William Biglow, i. 631.
  Arranges Webster's writings, ii. 32.
  Recites the Little Orator, i. 561.
Everett, John, ii. 323.
Everett, Oliver, ii. 169.
Evidences of the Christian Religion, by Archibald Alexander, i. 614.
  Of Christianity, by C. P. M'Ilvaine, ii. 316.
  Of Christianity, by J. G. Palfrey, ii. 223.
  Of Revealed Religion, by G. C. Verplanck, ii. 68.
Europe, by A. H. Everett, ii. 321.
Europe and America compared. *Lewis Cass*, ii. 43.
Ewell, Benjamin S., president of William and Mary, i. 84.
Ewing, John, i. 390.
Excelsior. *H. W. Longfellow*, ii. 446.
Exiles, the, by Mrs. E. Robinson, ii. 169.

Fabius, letters on public affairs and the Federal Constitution, 1797, by John Dickinson, i. 182.
Fable for Critics, the, by J. R. Lowell, ii. 660.
Fairfield, S. L., ii. 376.
Faith. *Frederick Knight*, ii. 160.
Fall of Empire. *Timothy Dwight*, i. 362.
Fame and Authorship. *D. Hoffman*, ii. 67.
Fame. *William M. Johnson*, i. 586.
Familiar Letters on Public Men of the Revolution, by William Sullivan, i. 637.
Fancy, a Flight of. *William Clifton*, i. 608.
Fancy, to. *William Clifton*, i. 607.
Faneuil Hall, funeral oration on its founder, by John Lovell, i. 12.
Fanny, by F. G. Halleck, ii. 208.
Fanny Forester, ii. 626.
Farewell Address of Washington, i. 180.
Farewell to New England. *Albert Pike*, ii. 521.
Farley, Harriet, ii. 609.
Farmer, Henry T., ii. 24.
Farmer, John, ii. 326.
Farmer, Letters from an American, i. 173.
Farmer's Letters, by John Dickinson, i. 181.
  French translation of, i. 181.
Farmers' Museum, i. 562, 634.
Farmers' Weekly Museum, i. 415.
Farrar, Ephraim, i. 568.
Fashion and Famine, by Ann S. Stephens, ii. 530.
Fashion, in the, and above the Fashion. *M. J. McIntosh*, ii. 385.
Father Abbey's Will and Courtship. *John Seccomb*, i. 126.
Father of an only child, scene from. *William Dunlap*, i. 537.
Father, to my. *William Crowell*, ii. 396.
Faugeres, Margaretta V., i. 366.
Fay, Theodore S., ii. 412.
  Article on J. H. Payne, ii 144.
Federal Constitution. *Jeremy Belknap*, i. 256.
  Letters of Fabius on, 1778, by J. Dickinson, i. 182.
Federal Orrery, William Biglow a contributor to, i. 630.
  Edited by R. T. Paine, Jr., i. 632.
Federalist, the, Hamilton's contributions to, i. 422.
  Madison's contributions to, i. 323.
Felton, C. C., ii. 463.
  Account of Daniel Webster, ii. 31.
Female Quixotism, passages from. *Tabitha Tenney*, i. 504.
Fenelon, passage from essay on. *W. E. Channing*, ii. 22.
Fenelon in America, by R. Greenhow, ii. 311.
Ferdinand and Isabella, History of the Reign of, by W. H. Prescott, ii. 286.

Digitized by Google

Ferguson, Elizabeth, i. 232.
Acquaintance with Nathaniel Evans, i. 227.
Ferguson, Hugh Henry, i. 233.
Ferris, Isaac, Chancellor of the University of the City of New York, ii. 733.
Fessenden, Thomas Green, i. 595.
Remarks on opponents of J. Adams, i. 185.
Field Book of the Revolution, by B. J. Lossing, ii. 550.
Field Sports of the United States, by H. W. Herbert, ii. 450.
Fields, James T., ii. 700.
Fiesco, a tragedy, by William Elliott, ii. 101.
Filmer, Sir Robert, i. 162.
Finley, Rev. Samuel, president of the College of New Jersey, i. 272.
Finley, Robert, ii. 77.
Finn, Henry J., ii. 28.
Fire Island Ana, by William P. Hawes, ii. 355.
First Snow Fall, the. *J. R. Lowell*, ii. 662.
Fisher, Alexander M., i. 88.
Fisher, J. F., early poets of Pennsylvania, i. 101, 116, 128.
Fishes of New England, poetical description of. *William Wood*, i. 3.
Fish-hawk, the. *Alexander Wilson*, i. 554.
Fitch, Ebenezer, first president of Williams College, ii. 155.
Fitch, Eleazar T., i. 90.
Fitch, Elijah, i. 258.
Fitch, John, his steam-engine mentioned in Ezra Stiles's Diary, i. 161.
MSS of, deposited in the Philadelphia Library, i. 178.
Five Indian Nations, history of, by C. Colden, i. 81.
Five Years in an English University, by C. A. Bristed, ii. 693.
Flagg, Edmund, ii. 618.
Flight of Years, the. *George D. Prentice*, ii. 400.
Flint, Timothy, ii. 24.
Flesh, the, and the Spirit. *Anne Bradstreet*, i. 52.
Fletcher, Phineas, Purple Island, i. 48.
Florence Vane. *P. P. Cooke*, ii. 636.
Florida, Conquest of, by Theodore Irving, ii. 53.
Florida, East and West, by Bernard Romans, i. 303.
Florida, evening scene in. *William Bartram*, i. 228.
Florio, Poems by, ii. 324.
Folger, Abiah, i. 104.
Folger, Peleg, i. 182.
Folger, Peter, i. 52.
Folio, first, of divinity published in America, i. 10.
Follen, Charles, ii. 242.
Follen, Mrs. Charles, ii. 245.
Folsom, Charles, edits Select Journal of Foreign Periodical Literature, ii. 82.
Librarian of the Boston Athenæum, ii. 270.
Fontaine, James, i. 75.
Footsteps of Angels. *H. W. Longfellow*, ii. 445.
Forbes, P. J., i. 388.
Force, Peter, ii. 737.
Forecastle Yarns, by John W. Gould, ii. 469.
Forefathers' Song, our, i. 68.
Forest Rose, the, by S. Woodworth, ii. 71.
Forest, the, by J. V. Huntington, ii. 611.
Foresters, the, passages from. *Jeremy Belknap*, i. 255
Passages from. *Alexander Wilson*, i. 550.
Form of Prayer, use of a *J. S. J. Gardiner*, i. 536.
Forrest, Edwin, first notice of, ii. 280.
Forsaken, the. *Estelle A. Lewis*, ii. 681.
Foster, John, sets up the first printing-press in Boston, i. 105.
Fountain, Peter, i. 75.
Fourth of July, celebration of, by John Adams, i. 185.
Fourth of July. *G. W. Bethune*, ii. 404.
Fourth of July Ode. *J. H. Payne*, ii 144.
Fox, Charles J., personal description of. *William Austin*, i. 658.
Seen going to the hustings, by Sam. Curwen, i. 138.
Fox, George, digg'd out of his Burrows, by Roger Williams, i. 36.
New England Firebrand Quenched, by Roger Williams, i. 36.
Foxcroft, Rev. Mr., i. 95.
France, its King, Court, and Government, by Lewis Cass, ii. 43.
Francis Berrian, by T. Flint, ii. 25.
Francis, Convers, life of Eliot, i. 41.
Francis, John W., ii. 121.
Account of Jarvis's bust of T. Paine, i. 200.
Account of Perkins, i. 596.
Death scene of Gouverneur Morris, i. 350.
Dedication to, by H. T. Farmer, ii. 24.
Notice of James M'Clurg, i. 285.
Notice of Henry Stuber, i. 107.
Remarks on Daniel Webster, ii. 32.
Reminiscences of Philip Freneau, i. 332.
Francis, John W., Jun., ii. 124.
Franklin, Benjamin, i. 104.
Attentions from French ladies, i. 188.
Catalogue of Philadelphia Library Company, i. 177.
Communicates Winthrop's *Cogitata de Comatis*, to the Royal Society, i. 136.
Horatian ode to. *John Parke*, i. 306.
Intercourse with S. Keimer, i. 97–99.
Journey with. *Hector St. John*, i. 178.
Letter from Mather Byles, i. 117.
Life by M. L. Weems, i. 486.
Meeting of, and Voltaire, at the French Academy, account of *John Adams*, i. 187.
Notice of Joseph Brientnall, i. 102.
Notice of Peter Folger, i. 53.
Notices of Cotton Mather, i. 61.
Poem sent to his nephew Benjamin, i. 104.
Preface to J. Dickinson's Farmers' Letters, i. 181.
Preface to his edition of Logan's translation from Cicero, i. 77.
President of American Society of Useful Knowledge, i. 575.
Saying of, on Liberty, i. 200.
Suit of Manchester velvet, i. 229.
Visit to. *Royal Tyler*, i. 419.
Works of, edited by Jared Sparks, ii. 166.
Franklin College, Ga., ii. 76.
Franklin, James, i. 107.
Remark of John Witherspoon on, i. 277.
Franklin, Josias, i. 104.
Franklin, Mass., town named after Benjamin Franklin, i. 110.
Franklin, State of, i. 110.
Fraser's Magazine, analysis of the plot of Zophiel, in, ii. 199.
Fredonia, name proposed by Samuel L. Mitchill for the United States, i. 518.
Freedom. *Jas. G. Brooks*, ii. 324.
*R. T. Conrad*, ii. 547.
Frelinghuysen, Theo., ii 581.
Frelinghuysen, Theodore, ii. 732.
Fremont, John C., ii. 577.
French, Benj. F., ii. 315.
French, David, i. 116.
Freneau, Peter, i. 324.
Freneau, Philip, i. 327.
Lines to, on his poems. *Robert Wain*, i. 336
Poem of the Indian Student, quoted, i. 33.
Rivington's Last Will and Testament, i. 333.
Verses on James Rivington, i. 333.
Writes a commencement poem with H. H Brackenridge, i. 329.

Digitized by Google

Fresh Gleanings, by Ik Marvel, ii. 701.
Friendly Club, the, i. 570, 587.
Frisbie, Levi, ii. 62.
Memoir of, by Andrews Norton, ii. 82.
Verses on Dartmouth College, i. 531.
Froissart Ballads, by P. P. Cooke, ii. 635.
Frontenac, by A. B. Street, ii. 555.
Frost, the. *Hannah F. Gould*, ii. 497.
Frothingham, Nathaniel, ii. 256.
Frothingham, Richard, Jun., ii. 257.
Fry, William, ii. 38.
Fuller, S. Margaret, remark on Wm. Hague, ii. 570.
The original of N. Hawthorne's Zenobia, ii. 506.
Fuller, Thomas, compliment to John Norton, i. 23.
Funeral Chant for the Old Year. *Elise J. Bayard*, ii. 688.
Furness, Wm. H., ii. 328.

Gaine, Hugh, i. 335.
Gale, Theophilus, i. 8.
Gallagher, William D., ii. 471.
Gallatin, Albert, i. 492.
Commented upon, by R. G. Harper, i. 639.
Galloway, Joseph, i. 172.
Galt, John, edition of A. Graydon's Memoirs, i. 353.
Gammell, William, i. 529.
Life of Roger Williams, i. 34.
Gansevoort, Peter, ii. 672.
Garden, Alexander, i. 131.
Gardenia, named by Linnæus after Alexander Garden, i. 132.
Gardiner, John, i. 535.
Gardiner, John S. J., i. 534.
Gardner, Augustus K., ii. 103.
Gardner, Samuel Jackson, ii. 102.
Garland, Hugh A., Life of John Randolph, i. 628.
Gathered Leaves, by Hannah F. Gould, ii. 497.
Gathered Rose, the, and the Stolen Heart, a ballad. *Emma C. Embury*, ii. 485.
Gayarré, Charles E. A., ii. 401.
Gebel Teir, by William Tudor, ii. 269.
Gebelin, Count de, i. 578.
Genius, the Tomb of. *J. H. Payne*, ii. 145.
Gentius, George, on the Jewish Calamities, i. 110.
Gentle Hand, the. *T. S. Arthur*, ii. 601.
Gentleman's Magazine, quoted, i. 106.
Gentlemanly Character in Politics and Institutions. *F. Lieber*, ii. 302
George Balcombe, by Beverley Tucker, i. 666.
Georgia Lawyer, Leaves from the Portfolio of a, by R. M. Charlton, ii. 435.
Georgia Scenes, by A. B. Longstreet, ii. 314.
Georgia Theatrics. *A. B. Longstreet*, ii. 314
Geraldine, by Rufus Dawes, ii. 353.
German Lyrics, by C. T. Brooks, ii. 587.
Germany, Prose Writers of, by F. H. Hedge, ii. 422.
Gerry, Elbridge, Life of, by James T. Austin, ii. 61.
Gibbons, Rev. Dr. Thomas, collection of hymns, i. 272.
Gibbs, Josiah W., i. 90.
Gifford, William, epistle to. *Wm. Clifton*, i. 106.
Gillespie, William M., ii. 19.
Gilliams, Jacob, founder of Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia, ii. 575.
Gilman, Caroline, ii. 179.
Gilman, Samuel, ii. 180.
Giordano, by James Lawson, ii. 280.
Giotto, discovery, by R. H. Wilde, of the portrait of Dante by, ii. 107.
Giovanni Sbogarro, by Peter Irving, ii. 52.
Gladiator, the, by R. M. Bird, ii. 378.
Glasgow, Dr. S. Cooper's negro, i. 187.
Glass, Francis, i. 673.
Gleanings in Europe, France, and Italy, by J. F. Cooper, ii 111.
Gliddon, George R., ii. 377.
Glossary of Americanisms, by J. R Bartlett, ii. 419.
Glover, Caroline H., ii. 181.
God bless the Mariner. *Mary E. Hewitt*, ii. 624.
God in Christ, by Horace Bushnell, ii. 397.
God's Acre. *H. W. Longfellow*, ii. 445.
Goddard, W. G., i. 528.
Godfrey, Thomas, invents the quadrant, i. 195.
Godfrey, Thomas, Jr., i. 195.
Godman, John D., ii. 191.
Godwin, Daniel R., president of Trinity College, Conn., ii. 732.
Godwin, Parke, ii. 628.
Godwin, William, i. 659.
Compared with C. B. Brown, i. 590.
Goeller, citation of Knickerbocker in notes on Thucydides, ii. 48.
Goethe, the Angel's Song of, translated. *F. H. Hedge*, ii. 421.
Gold Mines of the Gila, by C. W. Webber, ii. 666.
Golden Age, from Ovid. *George Sandys*, i. 1.
Golden Fleece, passage from. *William Vaughan*, i. 2.
Goldsmith, Oliver, alluded to, i. 104.
Continuation of his Deserted Village, by Thomas Coombe, i. 130.
Life of, by Washington Irving, ii. 50.
Visited by Bishop White, i. 300.
Gone. *J. G. Whittier*, ii. 473.
Good bye proud World. *R. W. Emerson*, ii. 367.
Good Newes from New England, i. 4.
Good Night. *S. G. Goodrich*, ii. 312.
Goodrich, Chauncey A., i. 89.
Goodrich, S. G., ii. 311.
Publishes Trumbull's Poems, i. 309.
Goodwin, Thomas, notice of Thomas Hooker, i. 24.
Gookin, Daniel, i. 42.
Gore, Christopher, bequest to Harvard, i. 15.
Gorton, Samuel, i. 38.
Goths in New England, by George P. Marsh, ii. 318.
Gottingen. *John L. Motley*, 643.
Gould, Edward S., ii. 467.
Radicalism in orthography, i. 477.
Gould, Hannah F., ii. 497.
Epitaph on Caleb Cushing, ii. 291.
Gould, James, ii. 467.
Gould, John W., ii. 469.
Gout, dialogue between Franklin and the, i. 112.
Government, disquisition on, by J. C. Calhoun, ii. 35.
Government patronage, passage from speech on influence of. *Josiah Quincy*, i. 610.
Grace Greenwood, ii. 685.
Graeme, Thomas, i. 233.
Graham, William, i. 614.
Grahame, James, notice of American progress, i. 169.
Notice of Governor Winthrop's Definition of Liberty, i. 27.
Grant, Mrs., Memoirs of an American lady, i. 356, ii. 4.
Gratitude to God. *Herman Hooker*, 425.
Graves of the Patriots, the. *J. G. Percival*, ii. 215.
Gray Champion, the. *N. Hawthorne*, ii. 507.
Gray, Francis C., remarks on Early Laws of Massachusetts Bay, i. 19.
Gray, Thomas, elegy quoted by Webster on his death-bed, ii. 81.
Memoir of, by Henry Reed, ii. 492.
Graydon, Alexander, i. 352.
Anecdotes of J. Beveridge, i. 128.
Of D. J. Dove, i. 128.
Notice of Ethan Allen, i. 207.
Of James Rivington, i. 283.
Story of J. Witherspoon, i. 277.
Grayson, William J., ii 108.
Greece. *Estelle A. Lewis*, ii. 680.
Greek Girl, the, by J. W. Simmons, ii. 558.
Greek Revolution, speech on. *Henry Clay*, i. 654.
Greek type, first used in the United States, ii. 65.

Digitized by Google

Greeley, Horace, ii. 549.
Green, Ashbel, i. 274.
Funeral address on Rittenhouse, i. 577.
Notice of Charles Thomson, i. 170.
James Rivington, i. 283.
Witherspoon, i. 276
Notices the success of Paine's Common Sense, i. 198.
Green, Joseph, i. 120.
Green Mountain Boys, by D. P. Thompson, ii. 216.
Greene, Albert G., ii. 336.
Greene, Asa, ii. 470.
Greene, Charles G., ii. 255.
Greene, George W., ii. 616.
Greene, Nathaniel, ii. 255.
Greene, Nathaniel, eulogium on. *Alexander Hamilton*, i. 426.
Life and writings of, by G. W. Greene, ii. 617.
Life of, by C. Caldwell, i. 603.
Greenfield Hill, by Timothy Dwight, i. 358.
Passages from. *Timothy Dwight*, i. 362.
Grelsnow, Robert, ii. 311.
Greenleaf, Simon, i. 664.
Greenough, Horatio, ii. 417.
Greenough, H., Memorial of, by H. T. Tuckerman, ii. 583.
Greenwood, F. W. P., ii. 284.
Gridley, Jeremiah, i. 12, 155.
Griffin, Edmund D., ii. 391.
Griffin, Edmund Dorr, president of Williams College, ii. 185.
Griffin, George, ii. 391.
Griffiths, Dr., i. 658.
Grimke, Thomas Smith, ii. 84.
Grimm and Diderot's correspondence, quoted, i. 110.
Gringos, los, by H. A. Wise, ii. 670.
Grinnell Expedition, by E. K. Kane, ii. 698.
Griswold, R. W., ii. 611.
Account of John Sanderson, ii. 45.
Group, the, by Mercy Warren, i. 163.
Group, the, passage from. *William Clifton*, i. 605.
Guiana, Natural History of, by Edward Bancroft, i. 228.
Guild, R. A., librarian of Brown University, i. 529.
Guillotine Song, attributed to Joel Barlow, i. 393.
Guthrie's Geography, ii. 165
Guyot, A., Earth and Man, ii. 464.

Hadad and Tamar, interview of. *J. A. Hillhouse*, ii. 119.
Hadad, by J. A. Hillhouse, ii. 118.
Hague, William, ii. 570
Hail Columbia, song, history of, i. 584.
Hale, Sarah J., ii 126.
Hall, James, ii. 145.
Hall, Rev. James, sketch of. *C. Caldwell*, i. 603.
Hall, John E., ii. 147.
Hall, Joseph, occasional meditations, i. 60.
Hall, Louisa J., ii. 382.
Hall, Robert, tribute to Jonathan Edwards, i. 95.
Hall, Sarah, ii. 147.
Hall, T. M., ii. 147.
Halleck, Fitz Greene, ii. 207
First acquaintance with J. R. Drake, ii. 204.
Lines on Wm. C. Bryant, ii. 185.
Lines to James A. Hillhouse, ii. 118.
Lines to the Memory of J. R. Drake, ii. 201.
Poetical allusion to J. F. Cooper, ii. 110.
Poetical character of Cotton Mather, i. 63.
Halley, the astronomer, reads a paper by C. Colden before the Royal Society, i. 80.
Hamilton, Alexander, i. 420.
At Columbia College, i. 381.
Character of. *R. Hildreth*, ii. 461.
Connexion with Washington's farewell address, i. 180.
Duel with Aaron Burr. *R. Hildreth*, ii. 461.
Funeral oration on. *Gouverneur Morris*, i. 550.
Funeral sermon on, by Eliphalet Nott, ii. 194.
Oration on, by J. M. Mason, i. 582.
Reception of the news of his death, by Fisher Ames, i. 469.
Remark on Jonathan Edwards, i. 94.
Sketch of. *William Sullivan*, i. 637.
Sketch of the character of. *Fisher Ames*, i. 471.
Volume of his papers edited by F. L. Hawks, ii. 266.
Hamilton, John C., life of A. Hamilton, i. 423.
Hamilton College, ii. 723.
Hamilton Oneida Academy, ii. 723.
Hammett, Samuel A., ii. 644.
Hammond, James H., ii. 433.
Hammond, M. C. M., ii 434.
Hancock, Governor, message on stage plays. *The Echo*, i. 493.
Happy Release. *Frances S. Osgood*, ii. 559.
Harbinger, the, ii. 511.
Harby, Isaac, ii. 100.
Hard Cider Melody, a. *Edward Sanford*, ii. 407.
Hardenbergh, J. R., i. 580.
Hardy, Sir Charles, i. 379.
Harlakenden, Roger, i. 42.
Harper, Robert Goodloe, i. 638.
Correspondence with Robert Walsh, ii. 38.
Harrington, Mrs. E. D., ii. 559.
Harriott, Thomas, i. 7.
Harris, Charles W., professor at University of North Carolina, ii. 134.
Harris, Thaddeus Mason, i. 561.
Authorship of *Pietas et Gratulatio*, i. 12.
Harris, William, i. 382.
Harris, William Thaddeus, i. 561.
Harrison, Gessner, ii. 730.
Account of the University of Virginia, ii. 725.
Harrison, Joseph, architect of the Redwood Library, i. 286.
Harry Bluff, scraps from the Lucky Bag of, by M. F. Maury, ii. 423.
Harry Franco, by C. F. Briggs, ii. 581.
Harvard College, i. 8.
Harvard, John, bequest of, i. 8.
Harvey, Peter. Daniel Webster's gift to, ii. 31.
Harwood, John Edmund, i. 544.
Hasbrouck, A. B., i. 581.
Haskell, Daniel, president of University of Vermont, ii. 130.
Haskins, Elizabeth, edits Remains of J. B. Ladd, i. 516.
Hasty Pudding, method of preparing. *Count Rumford*, i. 373.
Hasty Pudding, the. *Joel Barlow*, i. 400.
Haunted Palace, the. *Edgar A. Poe*, ii. 539.
Haven, Alice B., ii. 682.
Haven, Nathaniel A., ii. 231.
Haven, S. F., account of the Mather library, i. 303.
Account of the origin of the Massachusetts Company, i. 303.
Communication on Phillis Wheatley, i. 368.
Paper on American Antiquities, published by the Smithsonian Institution, ii. 739.
Hawes, William Post, ii. 355.
Hawes, Frances L., ii. 265.
Hawthorne, Nathaniel, ii. 503.
Notice of T. G. Fessenden, i. 596.
Original of Maypole of Merry Mount, i. 28.
Tales in the Token, ii. 312.

Digitized by Google

Hayne, Robert Y., ii. 30.
Passage from Webster's reply to, ii. 33.
Hays, Jacob, biography of. *William Cox*, ii. 415.
Hayne, Paul H., ii. 722.
Hazlitt, William. *W. A. Jones*, ii. 640.
Notices of St. John's American Farmer, i. 174.
Tribute to Jonathan Edwards, i. 94.
He standeth at the door and knocketh. *A. C. Coxe*, ii. 657.
Headley, J. T., ii. 603.
Health, a. *E. C. Pinkney*, ii. 341.
Health and Temperance. *Horace Mann*, ii. 225.
Heber, Reginald, notice of Franklin's Parable, i. 110.
Hebrew Grammar, by George Bush, ii. 226.
By M. Stuart, ii. 20.
Lexicon, by C. C. Moore, i. 662.
Melody, Jer. x. 17. *Mary E. Brooks*, ii 324.
Hedge, Frederic H., ii. 421.
Notice of Margaret Fuller, ii. 525.
Hedge, Levi, ii. 421
Heloise, by Mrs. E Robinson, ii. 169.
Helvetius, Madame, i. 107.
Account of, by John Adams, i. 187.
Hemans, Felicia, poems edited by Andrews Norton, ii. 82.
Hembel, William, ii 576.
Henry, C. S., ii. 734.
Edits the New York Review, ii. 266.
Henry, Joseph, i. 274, ii. 740.
Henry, Patrick, eulogy of Archibald Alexander on, i. 614.
Life of, by William Wirt, i. 618.
Reply to, by John Randolph, i. 627.
*William Wirt*, i. 623.
Henry, Robert, Pres. of S. Carolina College, ii. 333.
Hentz, Caroline Lee, ii. 486.
Hentz, N. M., ii. 486.
Herbert, George, couplet on jesting, i. 23.
Prophecy of America quoted by Duché, i. 221.
Prophecy of religion in America, i. 169.
Herbert, Henry W., ii. 450.
Hercules, choice of. *John Adams*, i. 186.
Herhan, stereotyping in Paris, i. 81.
Hermit in America, by Robert Waln, ii 257
Herrick, Edward C., i. 91.
Passages from Stiles' Diary, i. 160.
Herschel, Sir John, tribute to E. P. Mason, i. 90.
Hesperia, by R. H Wilde, ii. 107.
Hewitt, Mary E., ii 624.
Hewson, Mrs., Franklin's landlady, i. 105, 110.
Hibernicus, Letters of, by De Witt Clinton, i. 571
Hickok, Laurens P., Vice-President of Union, ii. 195.
Hierophant, the, by George Bush, ii. 226.
Higginson, John, notice of, i. 24.
Hildreth, Richard, ii. 459.
Hill, George, ii. 313.
Hill, Isaac, ii. 325.
Hillard, George S., ii. 494.
Hillhouse, James A., ii. 117.
Hireling, the, and the Slave, a poem, by William J. Grayson, ii. 103.
Hirst, Henry B., ii. 591.
Historical Romances, by W. G Simms, ii. 428.
Historical Society (N. Y.) Address, 1852, passage from. *Daniel Webster*, ii. 34.
Historical Studies, by G. W. Greene, ii. 616.
History of Liberty, by Samuel Eliot, ii. 699.
History of the United States, by Richard Hildreth, ii. 460.
Hitchcock, David, i. 629.
Hitchcock, Edward, ii. 156.
President of Amherst College, ii. 155.
Hoar, Leonard, Presidency of Harvard, i. 8.
Hobart, John Henry, i. 645.
Last letter written by, ii. 392.
Hoboken, by Theo. S. Fay, ii. 412.
Hoboken. *R. C. Sands*, ii. 273.
Hobomok, by Lydia M. Child, ii. 388.
Hoffman, C. F., ii. 476.
Hoffman, David, ii. 65.
Hoffman, Ogden, ii. 476.
Holbrook, John E., ii. 197.
Holcroft, Thomas, i. 659.
Holidays Abroad, by Caroline M. Kirkland, ii. 563.
Holidays at Barcelona. *J M. Mackie*, ii. 580.
Holland, Edwin C., ii. 139.
Holland, Elihu G., ii. 640.
Holley, Horace, ii. 323.
Hollis family, gifts to Harvard, i. 10.
Hollis professorships, at Harvard, foundation of, i. 10.
Hollis, Thomas, i. 10.
Holmes, Abiel, i. 512.
Holmes, O. W., ii. 511.
Notices of A. Holmes, i. 513.
Tribute to Charles C. Emerson, ii. 366.
Holofernes, quoted, i. 63.
Holyoke, Edward, contributor to *Pietas et Gratulatio*, i. 12.
Presidency at Harvard, i. 11.
Holyoke, Edward A., the centenarian, account of, i. 11.
Home, influence of. *R. H. Dana*, ii. 98.
Home, John, performance of his Douglas suggests Witherspoon's work on the Stage, i. 276.
Home Journal, the, ii. 348, 439.
Homer's Iliad, translated by Munford, passage from, i. 642.
Homeward Bound. *R. H. Dana, Jun.*, ii. 620.
Homeward Bound, and Home as Found, by J. F. Cooper, ii. 111.
Honeyman, James, i. 166.
Honeysuckle, the Wild. *Philip Freneau*, i. 341.
Honeywood, St. John, i. 513.
Hood, George, History of Music in New England, i. 18, 64.
Hooker, Herman, ii. 424.
Hooker, Thomas, i. 24.
Elegy on. *Peter Bulkley*, i. 45.
*John Cotton*, i. 21.
Verses on. *Edward Johnson*, i. 39.
Hooper, Lucy, ii. 678.
Hope Leslie, by C. M. Sedgwick, ii. 292.
Hopkins, John H., ii. 392.
Controversy with F. P Kenrick, ii. 315.
Hopkins, Mark, President of Williams College, ii. 155.
Hopkins, Lemuel, i. 319.
Hopkins, Samuel, i. 150.
Hopkinson, Francis, i. 209.
Letter to Galloway, i. 173.
Advertisement extraordinary, by James Rivington, quoted, i. 281.
Hopkinson, Joseph, i. 583.
Hopkinson, Thomas, i. 209. 575.
Horace in New York, by Isaac S. Clason, ii. 263.
Horace, Lyric Works of, translated by John Parke, i. 305.
Horace, ode (III. 30) of, translated in the style of Sternhold and Hopkins. *J L. Arnold*, i. 530.
Horace, to Mæcenas, translated by *John Adams*, i. 134.
Horrocks, James, president of William and Mary, i. 84.
Horry, Elias, founds professorship in college of Charleston, ii. 329.
Horse Shoe Robinson, by J. P. Kennedy, ii. 219.
Hortensius, essays by Livingston, i. 152.

Digitized by Google

Horace, David, i. 574.
Gifts to the College of New Jersey, i. 275.
Inauguration as Pres. N. Y. Hist. Soc., *Precis verbal* of, ii. 68.
Medical Instructor of J. W. Francis, ii. 122.
Hosmer, Titus, i. 391.
Howar, W. H. C., ii. 602.
Hospitality. *Caroline M. Kirkland*, ii. 565.
Hottinguer, Baron, gift to the Redwood Library, i. 286.
Hours of Life, by Sarah H. Whitman, ii. 487.
House of the Seven Gables, by N. Hawthorne, ii. 504.
How I caught a Cat. *R. A. Hammett*, ii. 644.
How, Samuel B., President of Dickinson College, ii. 60.
Howadji, the, 707.
Howe, Julia Ward, ii. 681.
Howell, Richard, complimented in a paraphrase of Horace. *John Parke*, i. 307.
Hoyt, Ralph, ii. 531.
Hubbard, William, i. 56.
Hubert and Ellen, by L. M. Sargent, ii. 283.
Huddesford, George, poems of, i. 262.
Hudibras, a Continuation of, on the American Revolution, i. 447.
Compared with M'Fingal, i. 311.
Hudson, Henry N., ii. 597.
Huggins, the barber, i. 501.
And Hugh Gaine, i. 333.
Hughes, John, ii. 264.
Letters to, by Kirwan, ii. 352.
Human Species, Essay on Variety of Complexion and Figure in, by Samuel Stanhope Smith, i. 274.
Humble Bee, the. *R. W. Emerson*, ii. 367.
Hume, David, remark on humor, ii. 50.
Humming Bird, the. *Hector St. John*, i. 175.
Humorous Poems:
Byles, Mather, Voyage. *Joseph Green*, i. 121.
Clock, the Old. *James Nack*, ii. 578.
Evening, by a Tailor. *O. W. Holmes*, ii. 515.
Father Abbey's Courtship and Will. *John Seccomb*, i. 126.
Full and true account of how the lamentable wicked French and Indian pirates were taken by the valiant Englishmen. *M. Byles*, i. 118.
Hard Cider Melody, a. *Edward Sanford*, ii. 407.
Independence Day. *Royal Tyler*, i. 417.
Last Leaf, the. *O. W. Holmes*, ii. 514.
My Aunt. *O. W. Holmes*, ii. 514.
Old Grimes. *Albert G. Greene*, ii. 338.
Poet's (Byles), the, lamentation for the loss of his Cat. *Joseph Green*, i. 122.
Punch Bowl, on lending a. *O. W. Holmes*, ii. 515.
Rhyme of the Rail. *J. G. Saxe*, ii. 629.
Sonnet to a Clam. *J. G. Saxe*, ii. 630.
Humphrey, Heman, President of Amherst College, ii. 155.
Humphreys, David, i. 373.
Humphreys, Hector, ii. 78.
Hunt, James, teacher of William Wirt, i. 617.
Hunter, Colonel, i. 78.
Huntington, J. V., ii. 610.
Hurricane, the. *Philip Freneau*, i. 342.
Hutchinson, Rev. John, edition of his grandfather's history, i. 131.
Hutchinson, Thomas, i. 130.
Letters of, sent from London, i. 189.
Hyde, Ann Maria, ii. 135.
Hymn for Advent. *Wm. Croswell*, ii. 396.
Of the Reapers. *Hannah F. Gould*, ii. 498.
On the Ascension, from the Spanish of Luis de Leon. *George Ticknor*, ii. 232.
To Ceres. *Albert Pike*, ii. 521.
To Peace. *Joel Barlow*, i. 398.
Tunes and Graveyards. *Wm. P. Hawes*, ii. 356.
Hymns to the Gods, by Albert Pike, ii. 520.
Hymns. *Wm. H. Furness*, ii. 328.
Hyperion, by H. W. Longfellow, ii. 444.
Hypocrites' Hope, the. *Lemuel Hopkins*, i. 322.

"I walk in Dreams of Poetry." *Caroline Warfield and Eleanor Lee*, ii. 683.
"I would not live alway." *Wm. A. Muhlenberg*, ii. 259.
Ianthe, poems by, ii. 485.
Iceland, rambles in, by Pliny Miles, ii. 677.
Ichabod Crane beyond the Alleghanies. *J. L. M'Connel*, ii. 719.
Ide, Jacob, edits works of Nathanael Emmons, i. 246.
Idle Man, the, by R. H. Dana, ii. 90.
Idomen, or the Vale of Yumuri, by Maria Brooks, ii. 200.
Ik Marvel, ii. 701.
Ill News from New England, by John Clarke, i. 38.
Illinois, the. *Francis Parkman*, ii. 709.
Illinois Gazette, the, ii. 145.
Intelligencer, ii. 146.
Monthly Magazine, ii. 146.
Immortality. *R. H. Dana*, ii. 91.
"I'm with you once again." *G. P. Morris*, ii. 349.
Inchiquin's Letters, by C. J. Ingersoll, ii. 41.
Quarterly Review of, ii. 2.
Answered by Timothy Dwight, i. 361.
Incident in a Railroad Car. *J. R. Lowell*, ii. 661.
Incidents of Travel, by John L. Stephens, ii. 419.
Indecision, by J. K. Mitchell, ii. 381.
Incomprehensibility of God. *Eliza Townsend*, ii. 125.
Independence Day. *Royal Tyler*, i. 417.
Independence, Declaration of, its authorship, i. 240.
Independent Reflector, the, by Wm. Livingston, i. 152.
Indian Biography, by B. B. Thatcher, ii. 496.
Burying ground, lines occasioned by a visit to. *Philip Freneau*, i. 339.
Death song of a Cherokee, by Mrs. Hunter, i. 341.
Education, i. 151.
Education at William and Mary described by Hugh Jones, by William Byrd, i. 83.
Journal of David Brainerd, i. 142.
Languages, by John Pickering, i. 626.
Languages, structure of, by Peter S. Du Ponceau, i. 587.
Missions of John Eliot, i. 40.
Names. *L. H. Sigourney*, ii. 137.
Student, the. *Philip Freneau*, i. 340.
The Dying. *Philip Freneau*, i. 340.
Travels and Researches of Henry R. Schoolcraft, ii. 152.
Tribes, Synopsis of, by Albert Gallatin, i. 494.
Indian's Bride, the. *R. C. Pinkney*, ii. 340
Indians, education of, at Harvard, i. 42.
Of New England described. *Wm. Wood*, i. 4.
Of North America, history and biography of, by James Hall and T. L. McKenney, ii. 147.
Provisions for education at Harvard and William and Mary, i. 82.
Indolence. *Park Benjamin*, ii. 500.
Infidelity, Triumph of, poem, passage from. *Timothy Dwight*, i. 360.
Infinite, study of the. *George Bancroft*, ii. 310.
Ingersoll, Charles J., ii. 40.
Remarks on J. C. Calhoun, ii. 35.
Ingersoll, Edward, ii. 42.

Digitized by Google

Ingersoll, Jared, i. 87; ii. 40.
Ingersoll, Joseph R., ii. 42.
Ingle side, the. *Hew Ainslie*, ii. 161.
Inman, John, ii. 416.
Intellectual power. *James H. Hammond*, ii. 434.
International law, elements of, by Henry Wheaton, ii. 40.
International Magazine, ii. 611.
Interrupted banquet, an. *C. F. Briggs*, ii. 581.
Invention in Art in Ostade and Raphael. *Washington Allston*, ii. 18.
Iron Grays, the. *F. G. Halleck*, ii. 207.
Iroquois, notes on the, by H. R. Schoolcraft, ii. 152.
Iroquois, the, discourse on, by Dewitt Clinton, i. 571.
Irving, Ebenezer, ii. 52.
Irving, John T., ii. 52.
Memoir of R. B. Davis, ii. 2.
Irving, John T., jun., ii. 53.
Irving, Peter, ii. 52.
His share in Knickerbocker's New York, ii. 47.
Irving, Theodore, ii. 53.
Irving, Washington, ii. 47.
Life of M. M. Davidson, ii. 483.
Reminiscences of Washington Allston, ii. 14.
Irving, William, jun., ii. 51.
His acquaintance with J. K. Paulding, ii. 1.
Writes the poetry in Salmagundi, ii. 47.
Irving, William, father of Washington Irving, ii. 47.
Isabella, Queen. *William H. Prescott*, ii. 283
Israel Potter, by Herman Melville, ii. 674.
It snows. *Hannah F. Gould*, ii. 498.
*Sarah J. Hale*, ii. 127.
Italian Sketch Book, by H. T. Tuckerman, ii. 583.
Italy. *E. C. Pinkney*, ii. 340.

Jack Downing, by Seba Smith, ii. 561.
Jackson, Andrew, letter to H. M. Brackenridge, i. 670.
Sonnet to. *James Lawson*, ii. 281.
Jackson, Henry R., ii. 693.
Jackson, Isaac W., ii. 197.
Jacobiniad, Remarks on the, a Satire, by J. S. J. Gardiner, i. 535.
Jacobs, Sarah S., ii. 684.
Jakob, Ludwig von, ii. 168.
Jakob, Therese A. L. Von, ii. 168.
Jam Jehan Nima, by J. H. Payne, ii. 144.
Jamestown Church. *L. H. Sigourney*, ii. 137.
Jarvis, Charles, i. 535.
Jarvis, Samuel Farmar, ii. 85.
Jarvis, S. F., professor of Trinity College, Conn., ii. 732.
Jasper, the death of. *R. M. Charlton*, ii. 435.
Jay, John, i 263.
Jay, John, Jun., ii. 106.
Jay, John, and the Jay treaty. *R. G. Harper*, i. 639.
Letter to Noah Webster on his orthography, i. 477.
Life of William Jay, ii. 106.
Revision of Washington's farewell address, i. 180.
Jay, Sir James, i. 279.
Jay, William, ii. 106.
Jefferson, Thomas, i. 239.
At Monticello. *William Wirt*, i. 622.
Connexion with Philip Freneau, i. 329.
Epitaph of, ii. 725.
Inaugural parodied. *The Echo*, i. 500.
Letter to Peter Freneau, i. 334.
Memoir of Meriwether Lewis, ii. 80.
Notice of Ledyard, i. 325.
Notice of the death of Benjamin Rush, i. 265.
Observations on the writings of, by Henry Lee, i. 667.
Passage on. *The Echo*, i. 320.
President of the American Philosophical Society, i. 577.
Satirized by Nathanael Emmons, i. 247.
Supports Godfrey's invention of the quadrant, i. 195.
Jeffrey, Francis, in New York, i. 667.
Jerdan, W., reprints a portion of the Sketch Book in the Literary Gazette, ii. 48.
Jeremy Levis, by Laughton Osborne, ii. 466.
Jeroboam sermon by Nathanael Emmons, i. 247.
Jersey Chronicle, the, by Philip Freneau, i. 330.
Jewett, Charles C., ii. 740.
Jingle, Bob, Association of the Colonies, passages from, i. 439.
John Bull and Brother Jonathan, by Paulding, ii. 2.
John Bull in America, by J. K. Paulding, ii. 3.
John Tabor's ride. *J. Ross Browne*, ii. 615.
John Waters, ii. 297.
Johns, John, President of William and Mary, i. 84.
Johnson, Edward, i. 39.
Johnson, Eleanor A., ii. 145.
Johnson, Joseph, account of Peter Freneau, i. 334.
Johnson, Samuel, President of Columbia College, i. 379.
At New Haven, i. 86.
His acquaintance with G. Berkeley, i. 166.
Johnson, Samuel, notice of Sir Thomas Browne's prophecy of America, i. 169.
Remarks on, by Thomas Cooper, ii. 333.
Visit to, by Bishop White, i. 300.
Johnson, W., life of Greene, i. 667
Johnson, William Martin, i. 585.
Johnson, William Samuel, i. 382.
Jomini on the Art of War, translation of, by M. C. M. Hammond, ii. 434.
Jones, Hugh, account of Indian school at William and Mary, i. 83.
Jones, Paul, names his ship after Poor Richard, i. 108.
Jones, William A., ii. 640.
Joslin, Benj. F., ii. 740.
Josselyn, John, i. 69.
Journal of foreign periodical literature, ii. 82.
Journalist, the. *Cornelius Mathews*, ii. 647.
Judd, Bethel, ii. 78.
Judd, Sylvester, ii. 588.
Judges of King Charles I., Lives of Three of the, by Ezra Stiles, i. 160.
Judgment, the, by James A. Hillhouse, ii. 118.
Judson, A., i. 626.
Judson, Emily C., ii. 626.
Julian, by Wm. Ware, ii. 175.
June. *Wm. C. Bryant*, ii. 187.

Kalm, Peter, intimacy with C. Colden, i. 81.
Kaloolah, by Wm. S. Mayo, ii 567.
Kames, Lord, publishes Franklin's Parable on Persecution, i. 110.
Kane, Elisha K., ii. 697.
Kean's acting. *R. H. Dana*, ii. 97.
Keating, John, ii. 582.
Keble, John, first American edition of his Christian Year, ii. 394.
Keep Cool, by John Neal, ii. 161.
Keimer, Samuel, i. 98.
Franklin's notices of, i. 107.
Attempt at a new religion. *M. L. Weems' Life of Franklin*, i. 490.
Keith, Governor of Pennsylvania, i. 105.
Kemp, John, i. 284.
Kennedy, John P., ii. 219.
Memoirs of Wm. Wirt, i. 619.
Acquaintance with Edgar A. Poe, ii. 538.
Kenrick, Francis P., ii. 315.

Digitized by Google

Kent, James, i. 508.
Notice of Stiles's History of the Judges, i. 160.
Tribute to President Stiles, i. 159.
Kent, Moss, the friend of Lucretia M. Davidson, ii. 481.
Kent, William, i. 510.
Kenyon College, i. 649.
Kett, David, ii. 104.
Kettell, S. P., Specimens of American Poetry, quoted, i. 119.
Notice of Lemuel Hopkins, i. 321.
Key, Francis Scott, i. 663.
Key into the Language of America, by Roger Williams, i. 32.
Keys of Kingdom of Heaven, by John Cotton, i. 21.
Kinsley, John S., ii. 658.
Kilimandjaro. *Bayard Taylor*, ii. 716.
Kimball, Richard B., ii. 677.
Kindar Burial Service, versified. *L. M. Davidson*, ii. 482.
King Philip's War, history of, passages from. *Benjamin Church*, i. 138.
King, Charles, i. 383.
King, Mitchell, ii. 247.
King's Chapel, Boston, history of, by F. W. P. Greenwood, ii. 285.
Kings, on. *Ezra Stiles*, i. 161.
Kingsley, James L., i. 88.
Kinnersley, Ebenezer, i. 389.
Kinney, Elizabeth C., ii. 685.
Kip, Wm. Ingraham, ii. 551.
Kirkland, Caroline M., ii. 562.
Kirkland, John T., president of Harvard, i. 14; ii. 165.
Kirkland, Samuel, the founder of Hamilton College, ii. 722.
Kirkland, William, ii. 562.
Kirwan, Letters to Bishop Hughes, ii. 352.
Kitchen fireside, a, in the Old Dominion. *William A. Carruthers*, ii. 436.
Knapp, Francis, i. 72.
Epistle to Mr. B., i. 72.
Poetical address to Mr. Pope on his Windsor Forest, i. 72.
Knapp, Samuel L., ii. 61.
Account of John Lathrop, i. 612.
Anecdote of Joseph Bartlett, i. 506.
Lectures on American Literature, i. 169.
Knickerbocker, "Apology," ii. 48.
Popularity of the name, ii. 48.
Knickerbocker's History of New York, ii. 47.
Knickerbocker Magazine, ii. 476, 535.
Knight, F., reprint of Washington's letters to Sinclair, i. 180.
Knight, Frederick, ii. 159.
Knight, Henry Cogswell, ii. 158.
Knights of the Horse Shoe, by William A. Carruthers, ii. 436.
Knowles, James D., Memoir of Roger Williams, i. 36.
Kollock, Dr. Henry, i. 274.
Konigsmark, by J. K. Paulding, ii. 2.
Krout Club, address of Dr. Mitchill before the, i. 519.
Kunze, John C., i. 107, 384.
Kype, Henry, ii. 551.
Kype, Ruloff de, ii. 551.

Labaree, Benjamin, president of Middlebury College, ii. 130.
Labor. *Frances S. Osgood*, ii. 560.
Laborer, the. *William D. Gallagher*, ii. 472.
Ladd, Joseph Brown, i. 515.
La Fayette. *J. T. Headley*, ii. 604.
Address to. *Henry Clay*, i. 655.
Intercourse with J. F. Cooper, ii. 110.
Lafoy, J. B., M.D. The Complete Coiffeur, ii. 71.
Lamb, Charles, notice of John Woolman, i. 146.
Lamentation of S. Keimer, i. 100.
Land of Dreams, the. *William C. Bryant*, ii. 189.
Landor, W. S., epistle to. *T. W. Parsons*, ii. 641.
Landscape Gardening, by A. J. Downing, ii. 618.
Lang, John, epigram on, by McDonald Clarke, ii. 261.
Langdon, Samuel, presidency of Harvard, i. 14.
Langhorn, W., Travels, i. 325.
Langtree, S. D., i. 323.
La Place, Mechanique Celeste, translated by Nath. Bowditch, i. 626.
Lapraik, John, i. 262.
Last Evening of the World. *J. A. Hillhouse*, ii. 119.
Last Leaf, the. *O. W. Holmes*, ii. 514.
Last of the Mohicans, by J. F. Cooper, ii. 109.
Last Night of Pompeii, by S. L. Fairfield, ii. 377.
Last Request, the. *B. B. Thatcher*, ii. 497.
Latrobe, John, i. 611.
Lathrop, John, jun., i. 611.
Lathrop, Joseph, i. 611.
Lathrop, Mrs. Daniel, ii. 135.
Latin Poems. Ad Gulielmum Lauderum. *Nathaniel Evans*, i. 237.
Epilogue to *Pietas et Gratulatio*, by Francis Bernard, i. 13.
In Laudes Pennsylvaniæ, Poema. *Thomas Makin*, i. 68.
Morell's Nova Anglia, i. 3.
Latter Rain, the. *Jones Very*, ii. 524.
Lauder, William, verses to. *Nathaniel Evans*, i. 237.
Laughing, Eulogy on, poem. *J. M. Sewall*, i. 287.
Law of Compensation in the Atmosphere. *M. F. Maury*, ii. 424.
Law of Human Progress, by Charles Sumner, ii. 546.
Law of Nations, History of the, by Henry Wheaton, ii. 40.
Lawrence, Capt. James, resolutions of Josiah Quincy in reference to, i. 610.
Lawrence, Jonathan, Jr, ii. 462.
Lawrence, Professor, i. 637.
Laws of Massachusetts Bay, i. 19.
Lawson, Alexander, i. 546.
Lawson, James, ii. 280.
Personal anecdotes of J. R. Drake, ii. 204.
Lawson, John, New Voyage to Carolina, 1708, i. 131.
Lay, Benjamin, biographical anecdotes of. *Benjamin Rush*, i. 269.
Lay of the Scottish Fiddle, by J. K. Paulding, ii. 2.
Lay Preacher, by Joseph Dennie, i. 562.
Layard, A H, presents Nineveh slabs to Williams College, ii. 156.
Lea, Isaac C, i. 580.
Learned Blacksmith, the, ii. 552.
Leather Stocking and Silk, by John Esten Cooke, ii. 636.
Leather Stocking Tales, passage from preface to. *J. F. Cooper*, ii. 109.
Leaves from Margaret Smith's Journal, by J. G. Whittier, ii. 473.
Leaves from the Diary of a Dreamer, by H. T. Tuckerman, ii. 583.
Lectures, by R. W. Emerson, ii. 366.
On English Literature, by Henry Read, ii. 491.
On the English Poets, by O. W. Holmes, ii. 513.
Lederer, John, i. 71.
Ledyard, John, i. 324.
Life of, by Jared Sparks, ii. 166.
Lee, Charles, interview with H. H. Brackenridge, i. 290.
Lee, C. C., i. 667.
Lee, Eleanor, ii. 682.
Lee, Hannah F., ii. 295.
Lee, Henry, i. 409, 666.

Digitized by Google

Lee, H., tribute to M. L. Weems, i. 486.
Lee, Mrs. E. B., notice of Timothy Dwight, i. 359.
Lee, Richard Henry, i. 667.
Leeds, Daniel, i. 101.
Legal Hermeneutics, by F. Lieber, ii. 301.
Legal Hints, by D. Hoffman, ii. 66.
Legal Outlines, by D. Hoffman, ii. 66.
Legal Study, Course of, by D. Hoffman, ii. 65.
Legaré, J. M., ii. 720.
Legaré, Hugh Swinton, ii. 247.
Legend, a, of the Mohawk. *G. P. Morris*, ii. 350.
Legend of Brittany, by J. R. Lowell, ii. 660.
Legendary, the, ii. 439.
Leggett, William, ii. 348.
Edits the Evening Post, ii. 185.
Notice of E. C. Pinkney, ii. 338.
Leigh, Watkins, epitaph on James M'Clurg, i. 284.
Leisure Hours at Sea, by William Leggett, ii. 343.
Lenore. *Edgar A. Poe*, ii. 540.
Lenox, James, edition of Washington's Farewell Address, i. 180.
Edition of Van der Donck's New Netherland, i. 80.
Leonard, Daniel, Massachusettensis, by, i. 184.
Leslie, Charles R., ii. 87.
Notice of Allston, ii. 16.
Leslie, Eliza, ii. 87.
Leslie, T. J., ii. 87.
Letter to my Countrymen, by J. F. Cooper, ii. 110.
To the purchaser of Glenmary. *N. P. Willis*, ii. 442.
Letters from Abroad, by C. M. Sedgwick, ii. 292.
From New York, by L. M. Child, ii. 388.
From Palmyra, by William Ware, ii. 175.
From the South, by J. K. Paulding, ii. 3.
From Under a Bridge. *N. P. Willis*, ii. 439.
Invention of, poem, by R. T. Paine, Jr., i. 633.
Of a Traveller, by William C. Bryant, ii. 185.
On the Eastern States, by William Tudor, ii. 269.
*Donald G. Mitchell*, ii. 701.
Lettsom, Dr., life of Fothergill, i. 110.
Leverett, John, presidency of Harvard, i. 10.
Lewis, Estelle Anna, ii. 680.
Lewis and Clarke, American exploration, ii. 80.
Lewis, Tayler, ii. 196, 734.
Lewis, Zachariah, ii. 150.
Lexington, by P. M. Wetmore, ii. 279.
Libel Suits of J. F. Cooper, ii. 111.
Liberty, a poem. *Jacob Campbell*, i. 484.
Liberty, a sonnet. *George Hill*, ii. 314.
Liberty and Law. *Gov. Winthrop*, 1645, i. 27.
Liberty and Necessity, Franklin's Dissertation on, i. 107.
Liberty and Peace. *Phillis Wheatley*, i. 369.
Liberty Pole at New York, i. 436.
Libraries—Astor, ii. 740.
Charleston, i. 387.
Harvard College, i. 15, 16.
Library Company of Philadelphia, i. 177.
New York Society Library, i. 387.
Redwood, i. 285.
Yale, i. 91.
Lieber, Francis, ii. 299.
Lieber, Oscar M., ii. 302.
Life and Errors of John Dunton, i. 56.
Life on the Ocean Wave, a. *Epes Sargent*, ii. 634.
Life's Evening. *L. H. Sigourney*, ii. 138.
Lincoln, C. R., ii. 266.
Lincoln, J. L., i. 522.
L'Inconnue. *O. W. Holmes*, ii. 514.
Lines on finding a Fountain in a secluded part of a Forest. *John H. Bryant*, ii. 191.
On hearing Mendelssohn's Midsummer Night's Dream. *C. T. Brooks*, ii. 587.
On leaving Italy. *E. D. Griffin*, ii. 392.
On visiting Tallulah Falls, Georgia. *S. G. Bulfinch*, ii 500.
*Samuel H. Dickson*, ii. 260.
To ——. *E. F. Ellet*, ii. 610.
To Harry. *W. H. Timrod*, ii. 140.
Written at Laurel Hill Cemetery. *Willis G. Clark*, ii 536.
Lining, John, History of Yellow Fever, i. 131.
Linn, John Blair, i. 652.
Linn, William, i. 326.
On Paine's Age of Reason, i. 201.
Linnæus, a correspondent of James Logan, i. 78.
Names *Gardenia* after Dr. Alexander Garden, i. 132.
Lion, a, in the Path. *William S. Mayo*, ii. 567.
Lionel Lincoln, by J. F. Cooper, ii. 109.
Lippincott, Sarah J., ii. 685.
List, Harriet Winslow, ii. 689.
Literary and Historical Miscellanies, by George Bancroft, ii. 306.
And Philosophical Society, Discourse before, by Dewitt Clinton, i. 571.
Cabinet, i. 92.
Coronal, ii. 280.
Gazette and American Athenæum, ii. 280.
Influences in America. *Brantz Mayer*, ii. 518.
Magazine, the, i. 589.
Miscellany, the, ii. 82.
Property, law of, by G. C. Verplanck, ii. 69.
Remains, by J. G. C. Brainard, ii. 227.
Taste. *Dewitt Clinton*, i. 573.
World, ii. 517, 646.
Literati, the, by Edgar A. Poe, ii. 538.
Literature, Advice in the Pursuits of, by S. L. Knapp, ii. 62.
Circumstances favorable to progress of, in America, by Edward Everett, ii. 171.
Sketches of the History of, by Wilkins Tannehill, ii. 665.
The Consolations of. *Rufus Choate*, ii. 288.
Littell, E., ii. 38.
Littell, J. S., edits Graydon's Memoirs, i. 353.
Little Beach Bird. *R. H. Dana*, ii. 91.
Florence Gray. *N. P. Willis*, ii. 442.
Frock, the. *Catharine Luders*, ii. 679.
Trappan. *Cornelius Mathews*, ii. 648.
Live Oak, the. *Henry R. Jackson*, ii. 693.
Lives of the Signers, by John Sanderson, ii. 45.
Livingston, Edward, i. 659.
Pamphlet on his Code, by C. E. Gayarré, ii. 401.
Livingston, John H., i. 580.
Livingston, Philip, i. 87.
Livingston, R. R., i. 578.
Livingston, William, i. 151.
Epithets applied to, by James Rivington, i. 279.
Remarks on J. Rivington, i. 279
Eulogy on the Rev. A. Burr, i. 271.
Locke, A. A., ii. 559.
Locke Amsden, by D. P. Thompson, ii. 216.
Locke, John, i. 92.
Locke, Samuel, presidency of Harvard, i. 14.
Lockhart, J. G., review of N. P. Willis, ii. 439.
Log College, the, i. 270.
Logan, by Brantz Mayer, ii. 517.
Named after James Logan, i. 77.
Logan, by John Neal, ii. 162.
Logan, James, i. 177.
Consulted in the formation of the Philadelphia Library, i. 177.
Logan, William, bequest to the Loganian Library, i. 78.
Loganian Library, at Philadelphia, i. 78.
London Coffee Room at Dinner Time. *A. Slidell Mackenzie*, ii. 364.
London, Letters from, by William Austin, i. 656.

Digitized by Google

Long, George, ii. 122.
Long, George, professor of the University of Virginia, ii. 730.
Long, R. Cary, ii. 617.
Long Sentence, by Rufus Choate, ii. 287.
Longevity of New England Clergymen, i. 59, 248.
Of Scottish clergy, ii. 672.
Longfellow, Henry W., ii. 443.
Poets and Poetry of Europe, contributions of C. C. Felton to, ii. 464.
Professor at Bowdoin, ii. 194.
Remark on one of F. Lieber's Poems, ii. 302.
The Two Angels, ii. 661.
Longfellow, Samuel, ii. 450.
Longstreet, A. B., ii. 314.
Longworth, David, ii. 2.
Looking Glass for the Times. *Peter Folger*, i. 53.
Loomis, Elias, ii 735.
Loomis, Hubbel, ii. 165.
Lord, Daniel, i. 92.
Lorgnette, the, ii. 701.
Loring, commissary of prisoners at New York, account of. *Ethan Allen*, i. 207.
Loring, James G., Anecdote of Rufus Choate, ii. 287.
Boston Orators, quoted, i. 508.
Remark on Autograph of Rufus Choate, ii. 286.
Charles Sprague, ii. 132.
Sketch of Horace Mann, ii. 225.
Lossing, B. J., ii. 529.
Field Book of the Revolution, quoted, i. 208, 485.
Lothrop, Isaac, i. 166.
Lothrop, John H., ii. 724.
Louis XVI., execution of, remark on, by Thomas Cooper, ii. 332.
Louisbourg, conquest of, by John Maylem, i. 432.
Louisiana, History of, by C. E. Gayarré, ii. 401.
Historical Collections of, by B. F. French, ii. 315.
Penal code of, i. 660.
Louisville Journal, ii. 400.
Lounger, the, ii. 150.
Love, from Essays. *R. W. Emerson*, ii. 369.
Love in a Cottage. *N. P. Willis*, ii. 441.
Lovell, John, i. 12.
Loves, the, of the Shell Fishes. *Edward Sanford*, ii. 406.
Low, Samuel, i. 533.
Lowell, James Russell, ii. 659.
Lowell, John, a contributor to *Pietas et Gratulatio*, i. 13
Lowell, Maria, ii. 660.
Lowell Offering, the, ii. 609.
Lubin, Friar, paper by, on the Sparks and Reed controversy in New York Evening Post, i 180.
Lucretius, quoted, i. 110.
Luders, Catharine, ii. 679.
Ludwick, Christopher, baker general of the Revolutionary army, i. 266.
Lunt, George, ii. 438.
Lyman, Theodore, ii. 170.
Lynch, Anne C., ii. 627.
Lyon, Richard, i. 17.
Lyons's Infallibility of Human Judgment, i. 108.

Macaulay, Catharine, corresponds with Mercy Warren, i. 164.
Macaulay, Zachary, his opinion of J. A. Hillhouse, ii. 118.
M'Bride, James, i. 602.
M'Clung, James, i. 283.
McConnel, John L., ii. 719.
M'Cord, David J., ii. 249.
Memoranda of the Table Talk of Thomas Cooper, ii. 332.
M'Coun, Louisa S., ii. 251.
McCracken, J. L. H., ii. 592.
McDowell, John, ii. 77, 390.
M'Fingal, analysis of, i. 310.
Canto III., The Liberty Pole. *John Trumbull*, i. 314.
Mention of Samuel Peters in, i. 191.
Trumbull's editions of, i. 309.
M'Ilvaine, Charles P., ii. 316.
McIntosh, John More, ii. 334.
McIntosh, Lachlan, ii. 334.
McIntosh, Maria J., ii. 334.
McIntosh, William, ii. 334.
McKeen, Joseph, first president of Bowdoin, ii. 193.
Mackellar, Thomas, ii. 566.
M'Kenney, T. L., ii. 147.
Mackenzie, A. Slidell, ii. 360.
Cooper's review of his Somers proceedings, ii. 112.
His life of Paul Jones quoted, i. 108.
Mackenzie, William, Bequest to the Loganian Library, i. 78, 172.
Mackie, John M., ii. 580.
Life of Samuel Gorton, i. 33.
Mackintosh, James, i. 108.
Eulogy of Edmund Burke, ii. 333.
Tribute to Jonathan Edwards, i. 95.
Maclean, Professor John, i. 275.
Maclean, John, president of College of New Jersey, i. 274.
Macleod, N. Donald, ii. 695.
Maclure, William, ii. 576.
Macon, Nathaniel, character of. *Thomas H. Benton*, ii. 44.
Macready, William C., recommends reprint of Miss M. J. McIntosh's Tales, ii. 335.
McSparran, James, i 143.
Educates President Clap, i. 87.
Visits the Narragansett Indians with G. Berkeley, i. 167.
M'Vickar, John, i. 385.
Life of Bard, quoted, i. 114.
Memoir of E. D. Griffin, ii. 392.
Mad Poet, the, M'Donald Clarke, ii. 261.
Madison, James, i. 322.
College companion of Philip Freneau, i. 337.
Connexion with Washington's Farewell Address, i. 180.
Opinion on the Erie Canal, i. 573.
Passage from the eulogy on. *J. Q. Adams*, i. 560.
Madison, James (Bp.), President of William and Mary, i. 85.
Magazine, Receipt to make a; poem. *William Biglow*, i. 631.
Magnalia Christi Americana, i. 63.
Passage from. *Cotton Mather*, i. 65.
Magnolia Magazine, ii. 422.
Mahon, Lord, remarks on Jared Sparks in his History of England, i 180.
Main Truck, the. *William Leggett*, ii. 344.
Makin, Thomas, i. 68.
Malibran, Madame, sings in choir of Grace Church, New York, ii. 139.
Man giveth up the ghost, and where is he? *W. B. O. Peabody*, ii. 282.
Man in the Claret-colored Coat, ii. 467.
Man in the Reservoir. *C. F. Hoffman*, ii. 478.
Man of Ninety, the. *Philip Freneau*, i. 342.
Man overboard. *John W. Gould*, ii. 469.
Manchester velvet, Franklin's suit of, i. 229.
E. Bancroft's account of the incident, i. 106.
Mandeville, Dr., ii. 724.
Mandeville, club in Cheapside, i. 107.
Manhood. *Sarah Pelfrey*, ii. 224.
Manilius, line of, applied to Franklin, i. 110.

Digitized by Google

Mann, Horace, ii. 224.
Manning, James, i. 524.
Marbois, M., suggests Jefferson's Notes, i. 241.
Marco Bozzaris. *F. G. Halleck*, ii. 210.
Mardi, by Hermann Melville, ii. 683.
Margaret, by Sylvester Judd, ii. 589.
Margaret. *J. R. Lowell*, ii. 661.
Maria del Occidente, ii. 198.
Marie Antoinette, remarks on the execution of. *Mrs. Adams*, i. 189.
Marion, Francis, life by W. G. Simms, ii. 429.
Life by Weems, i. 486.
Maritime Captures and Prizes, law of, by H. Wheaton, ii. 39.
Markoe, Francis, Jun., ii. 737.
Marryatt, Francis, duel with N. P. Willis, ii. 439.
Marsh, George P., ii. 317.
Marsh, James, President of University of Vermont, ii. 130.
Prepares John Adams for Cambridge, i. 184.
Marshall College, ii. 659.
Marshall, Humphrey, i. 225.
Marshall, John, i. 404.
Martha's Vineyard, account of English ministers at, by Thomas Prince, i. 82.
Martin, Alexander, tribute to General Francis Nash, i. 452.
Martin Faber, by W. G. Simms, ii. 427.
Martyr's Triumph and other poems, by Grenville Mellen, ii. 278.
Mary. *E. C. Pinkney*, ii. 341.
*H. T. Tuckerman*, ii. 584.
Mary Dow. *Hannah F. Gould*, ii. 497.
Maryland Historical Society, ii. 517.
Mason, Cyrus, ii. 734.
Mason, Ebenezer P., i. 89.
Mason, John M., i. 581.
President of Dickinson College, ii. 60.
Massachusettenses by Daniel Leonard, i. 184.
Massachusetts Bay, history of, by Thomas Hutchinson, i. 131.
Magazine, i. 302, 633.
Mather, Cotton, i. 59.
Anecdotes of, by B. Franklin, i. 61.
Books in the American Antiquarian Society Library, i. 303.
Complimented in verse by Benjamin Tompson, i. 67.
Elegy on Ezekiel Cheever, quoted, i. 60.
Epitaph on Michael Wigglesworth, i. 57.
Eulogy of Anne Bradstreet, i. 47.
Humorous story of, by Dr. S. Peters, i. 194.
Notice of John Cotton, i. 22.
Thomas Hooker, i. 24.
Ward's Simple Cobler, i. 19.
Paraphrase of a sermon of John Eliot, i. 41.
Puns on Uriah Oakes, i. 9.
Translation of epitaph on Dudley, i. 47.
Mather, Increase, i. 59.
Presidency of Harvard, i. 9.
Mather, Increase, son of Cotton Mather, i. 62.
Mather, Richard, i. 59.
Mather, Samuel, life of Cotton Mather, i. 62.
Notice of Robert Calef, i. 61.
Mathews, Cornelius, ii. 645.
Mathews, James M., Chancellor of the University of the City of New York, ii. 735.
Mathias and his Impostures, by Wm. L. Stone, ii. 151.
Maturin, Edward, ii. 691.
Maury, Anne, Memoirs of a Huguenot Family, i. 75; ii. 422.
Maury, Matthew F., ii. 422.
Maury, Walker, instructor of John Randolph, i. 637.
Maxey, Jonathan, i. 525.
Maxcy, Jonathan, first president of South Carolina College, ii. 330.
President of Union, ii. 194.
May, a song of. *Willis G. Clark*, ii. 535.
May, Caroline, ii. 688.
May to April. *Philip Freneau*, i. 341.
May-Day in New York, H. J. Finn, ii. 38.
May-Flower, the, by H. B. Stowe, ii. 605.
May Martin, or the Money Diggers, by D. P. Thompson, ii. 216.
Mayer, Brantz, ii. 517.
Mayhew, Jonathan, i. 144.
Eclogue, sacred to the memory of. *Joseph Green*, i. 123.
Passage from a poetical translation by, i. 129.
Mayhew, Thomas, assisted at Martha's Vineyard by Peter Folger, i. 52.
Maylem, John, i. 432.
Maynard, W. H., gift to Hamilton College, ii. 724.
Mayo, Wm. Starbuck, ii. 567.
Meadville College, Pa., i. 136.
Means and Motives in American Education. *Levi Woodbury*, ii. 128.
Meat out of the Eater, by Michael Wigglesworth, i. 57.
Mecklenburg Resolutions of Independence, i. 240.
Medical Repository, the, i. 517.
Meditation at Athens. *George Hill*, ii. 313.
Meditation, essay on. *Joseph Dennie*, 565.
Meeting of the Female Beneficent Society. *Caroline M. Kirkland*, ii. 563.
Megapolensis, Johannes, tract on the Maquaas Indians, i. 80.
Meigs, Josiah, ii. 77.
Melbourne and the Chincha Islands, by George W. Peck, ii. 650.
Mellen, Grenville, ii. 277.
Melville, Allan, ii. 672.
Melville, Herman, ii. 672.
Melville, Robert, ii. 672.
Melville, Thomas, ii. 672.
Melville, Thomas, Jun., ii. 672.
Memoirs of a Water-Drinker, by Dunlap, i. 539.
Memorial to Mrs. Osgood, ii. 560.
Memory and Hope. *George Lunt*, ii. 438.
Men and Deeds of the Revolution. *Edward Everett*, ii. 173.
Mennons, John, his reprints of American Poems, ii. 280.
Mental Portraits, by H. T. Tuckerman, ii. 583.
Mental Progress. *Mark Hopkins*, ii. 156.
Mental Training. *Mark Hopkins*, ii. 155.
Mercer University, Ga., ii. 77.
Mercurius Anti-Mechanicus, or the Simple Cobler's Boy, i. 20.
Mercury, American, the, i. 392.
Merry Mount, by John L. Motley, ii. 643.
Messer, Asa, president of Brown University, i. 525.
Metamora, by J. A. Stone, ii. 280.
Metcalf, Theron, i. 529.
Mexican Boundary Survey, ii. 419.
Mexico, History of the Conquest of, by Wm. H. Prescott, ii. 236.
Notes on, by J. R. Poinsett, i. 661.
Recollections of, by Waddy Thompson, i. 662.
Midnight. *Wm. W. Story*, ii. 663.
Midsummer. *Elizabeth Oakes Smith*, ii. 561.
Miles, J. W., ii. 329.
Miles, Pliny, ii. 676.
Military Genius. *W. E. Channing*, ii. 22.
Militia Muster, by Albert G. Greene, ii. 337.
Milledoler, Philip, i. 580.
Millennium, treatise on the, by George Bush, ii. 226.

Digitized by Google

Miller, Edward, i. 570.
Miller, Samuel, i. 569.
Memoir of C. Nisbet, ii. 59.
Notice of G. Berkeley, i. 165.
Retrospect, quoted, i. 528.
Milton, John, allusion to America, i. 6.
Thomas Hollis's admiration of, i. 10.
Visited by Roger Williams, i. 36.
Ministers, behavior of. *John Witherspoon*, i. 278.
Ministry of angels. *Cotton Mather*, i. 66.
Minot, George R., i. 481.
Mint Julep, the. *C. F. Hoffman*, ii. 477.
Minto, Walter, i. 275.
Miriam, by Louisa J. Hall, ii. 382.
Concluding scene of. *Louisa J. Hall*, ii. 383.
Mirror, New York, ii. 347, 439.
Mirror of Taste, i. 657.
Miscellanies, by Wm. H. Prescott, ii. 237.
By Wm. Tudor, ii. 269.
Missionaries to China, instructions to. *Bp. White*, i. 301.
Missionary enterprise, Moral Dignity of. *Francis Wayland*, i. 526.
Mississippi, expedition to, by Z. M. Pike, i. 661.
Scenery of the, from Evangeline. *H. W. Longfellow*, ii. 448.
Valley, geography and history of, by T. Flint, ii. 25.
Mitchell, Donald G., ii. 701.
Mitchell, John, i 264.
Mitchell, John K., ii. 381.
Mitchell, Jonathan, i. 46.
Mitchill, Samuel L., i. 517.
Moby Dick, by Herman Melville, ii. 673.
Mocking Bird, the. *John J. Audubon*, i. 651.
*J. R. Drake*, ii. 205.
Modern Chivalry, by H. H. Brackenridge, i. 291.
Modern learning: exemplified by a specimen of a collegiate examination. *Francis Hopkinson*, i. 213.
Mogg Megone, by J. G. Whittier, ii. 473.
Molière and Rachel. *George H. Calvert*, ii. 376.
Molina, Abbé, history of Chili, i. 497.
Monadnock. *W. B. O. Peabody*, ii. 283.
Monaldi, by W. Allston, ii. 14.
Money, Essay on, by J. Witherspoon, i. 276.
Monkey, the. *D. Humphreys*, i. 378.
Monody made on the late Mr. Samuel Patch. *R. C. Sands*, ii. 276.
Monody on the death of Decatur. *W. Crafts*, ii. 86.
Monstrous relations in newspapers. *Fisher Ames*, i. 470.
Montague, Lady Mary Wortley, introduces inoculation into England, i. 61.
Montagues in America, the. *Eliza Leslie*, ii. 88.
Montaigne. *R. W. Emerson*, ii. 371.
Montauk Indians, account of, by S. Occom, i. 151.
Montezuma, death of. *Wm. H. Prescott*, ii. 239.
Montezuma's Way of Life. *Wm. H. Prescott*, ii. 240.
Montgomery, or the Falls of Montmorenci, by H. J. Finn, ii. 28.
Montgomery, widow of General, letter of Mercy Warren to, i. 164.
Month, a, in England, by H. T. Tuckerman, ii. 582.
Monthly Anthology, ii. 64, 90, 268.
Monuments, Ancient, of the Mississippi Valley, by E. G. Squier, ii. 695.
Moody, James, i. 249.
Moonlight on the Grave. *Jane T. Worthington*, ii. 678.
Moor, Joshua, i. 530.
Moore, Clement C., i. 662.
Moore, Henry E., ii. 326.
Moore, Hugh, ii. 496.
Moore, Jacob B., ii. 325.
Moore, Jacob B., Jun., ii. 325.
Moore, John W., ii. 326.
Moore, Nathaniel F., i. 383.
Sketch of Columbia College, i. 380.
Moore, Thomas, conversation of, narrated by N. P. Willis, ii. 439.
Moore, Zephaniah S., president of Williams College, ii. 155.
Moorhead, Scipio, i. 368.
Moral Pieces, by Lydia H. Sigourney, ii. 135.
Moralities. *Thomas Jefferson*, i. 245.
Moravian burial ground at Bethelem, lines on. *Emma C. Embury*, ii. 486.
Morell, William, i. 2.
Morellet, translation of Jefferson's Notes on Virginia, i. 241.
Morning, letter on the. *Daniel Webster*, ii. 34.
Morning Chronicle, edited by Peter Irving, ii. 47, 52.
Morning sunlight, from Zophiel. *Maria Brooks*, ii. 201.
Morris, George P., ii. 347.
Commences the Mirror with S. Woodworth, ii. 71.
Morris, Gouverneur, i. 348.
Life by Jared Sparks, ii. 166.
Poetical satire on, i. 461.
Morris, Robert, poetical satire on, i. 461.
Morse, Jedidiah, i. 492.
Donation to Yale College Library, i. 91.
Mention of, in Ezra Stiles's Diary, i. 161.
Morse, S. F. B., ii. 733.
Editor of the Panoplist, i. 636.
Life of L. M. Davidson, ii. 485.
Morton, Nathaniel, i. 45.
Morton, Percy, i. 483.
Morton, Samuel George, ii. 576.
Morton, Sarah Wentworth, i. 483.
Poetical correspondence with R. T. Paine, Jun., i. 633.
Morton, Thomas, i. 28.
Morton's Hope, by John L. Motley, ii. 643.
Mosquito, to a. *Edward Sanford*, ii. 408.
Mosses from an Old Manse, by N. Hawthorne, ii. 503.
Mother, the, and the Schoolmaster. *G. C. Verplanck*, ii. 70.
Motley, John Lothrop, ii. 643.
Motley Book, by Cornelius Mathews, ii. 645.
Mourner of the Last Hope. *Wm. B. Walter*, ii. 284.
Mowatt, Anna Cora, ii. 623.
Muhlenberg, H. E., i. 579.
Muhlenberg, Wm. A., ii. 258.
Mulberry Hill. *Alice Carey*, ii. 681.
Munford, Robert, i. 642.
Munford, William, i. 642.
Murder, the Secret of. *Daniel Webster*, ii. 33.
Murdock, James, ii. 723.
Murphy, Henry E., translates Vander Donck's New Netherland, i. 80.
Murray, Hannah L., memoirs by Dr. Spring, ii. 80.
Murray, John, publication of W. Irving's works, ii. 48.
Murray, Lindley, i. 259.
Murray, Nicholas, ii. 352.
Muse, the Tenth, by Anne Bradstreet, i. 48.
Museum, a national, of the United States, ii. 737.
My Aunt. *O. W. Holmes*, ii. 514.
My Boyhood. *J. G. Saxe*, ii. 630.
My Mother's Bible. *G. P. Morris*, ii. 350.
My Study. *Estelle A. Lewis*, ii. 680.
My Uncle John, in Salmagundi, ii. 47.
Myers, P. Hamilton, ii. 566.

Nack, James, ii. 578.
Napoleon. *Isaac S. Clason*, ii. 263.
Narrative of James Moody, passages of, i. 249.
Nash, General Francis, tribute to, i. 462.

Digitized by Google

Nassau Hall, i. 271.
Natick, Mass., history of, by William Biglow, i. 631.
National Advocate, the, ii. 74.
National Characteristics, by George W. Bethune, ii. 405.
National Gazette, by P. Freneau, i. 329.
National Gazette, by R. Walsh, ii. 88.
National Institute, the, Washington, D. C., ii. 737.
Natural History, American, by John D. Godman, ii. 191.
Natural Scenery, seen by the youth and the man. *Archibald Alexander*, i. 615.
Nature. *Jones Very*, ii. 524.
Nature and Revelation. *William Croswell*, ii. 396.
Naval History of the United States, by J. F. Cooper, ii. 111.
Naval Observatory of the United States, ii. 423.
Neal, John, ii. 161.
Revises Paul Allen's Noah, i. 643.
Neal, Joseph C., ii. 456.
Neal's Gazette, ii. 693.
Near the Lake. *G. P. Morris*, ii. 350
Neill, William, President of Dickinson College, ii. 60.
Neilson, Samuel, ii. 259.
Nelson, Joseph, the blind Teacher, ii. 391.
Professor at Rutgers, i. 581.
Neven, Dr., ii. 659.
Neversink. *Philip Freneau*, i. 342.
New, the, and the Old Song. *J. K. Mitchell*, ii. 382.
New Birth, the. *Jones Very*, ii. 523.
New England Birds and Fishes. *Francis Knapp*, i. 73.
Annals of, by Thomas Prince, i. 81.
Poem, specimen of. *William Morell*, i. 3.
Poem. *Sellick Osborn*, ii. 47.
Climate. *Rufus Choate*, ii. 286.
A description of, and other tracts, by Captain John Smith, i. 5.
Divines, library of, by Thomas Prince, i. 81.
Early Laws of, i. 19, 21.
Farmer, edited by T. G. Fessenden, i. 596.
Fishes, described. *William Wood*, i. 3.
Fragmentary poem. *William Bradford*, i. 31.
Galaxy and Masonic Magazine, ii. 19.
Historical and Genealogical Register, i. 668.
Historical Collections of the Indians, by D. Gookin, i. 42.
History of, by William Bradford, i. 30.
History of, by Gov. John Winthrop, i. 27.
Hymn. *Mather Byles*, i. 120.
Impressions of. *Thomas Morton*, i. 30.
Ill News from, by John Clarke, i. 38.
Indians, described. *William Wood*, i. 4.
Magazine, ii. 19.
And New York. *Philip Freneau*, i. 344.
Pond, a. *Francis Knapp*, i. 72.
Preachers, poetical description of, i. 4.
Retrospect. *Roger Clap*, i. 44.
Sabbath, John Cotton's observance of, i. 22.
Sabbath-day Close. *Philip Freneau*, i. 344.
Snow Storm. *Sylvester Judd*, ii. 590.
Tale, a, by C. M. Sedgwick, ii. 292.
Trees Described. *William Wood*, i. 3.
Trials, by Capt. John Smith, i. 5.
Two voyages to, by John Josselyn, i. 70.
Weekly Review, ii. 450.
New England's Crisis, passages of. *Benjamin Tompson*, i. 67.
Decline. *Joshua Scottow*, i. 47.
Lamentation for Old England's Errors, passage from. *Thomas Shepard*, i. 44.
Memorial, by Nath. Morton, i. 45.
Prospect, specimens of. *William Wood*, i. 3.
Rarities Discovered, passage from. *John Josselyn*, i. 69.
New English Canaan, passages from. *Thomas Morton*, i. 28.
New Hampshire, history of, by J. Belknap, i. 254
Historical Collections, by J. B. Moore, ii. 325.
Patriot, ii. 325.
New Jersey, College of, i. 270.
New Netherlands, historical literature of, i. 80.
History of, by William Dunlap, i. 540.
New Orleans, to the defenders of. *J. R. Drake*, ii. 206.
New Pilgrim's Progress, by J. K. Paulding, ii. 3.
New Roof, an allegory, by Francis Hopkinson, i. 210.
Song for federal mechanics. *Francis Hopkinson*, i. 219.
New Wife, the, and the Old. *J. G. Whittier*, ii. 473.
New World, the, ii. 499.
New York Convention, for the adoption of the Federal Constitution. *James Kent*, i. 510.
History of the State of, by J. R. Brodhead, ii. 595.
History of, by William Dunlap, i. 540.
Historical Society, address before, by G. C. Verplanck, ii. 68.
Gazetteer, by James Rivington, i. 278, 279.
Notes on, by W. H. Seward, ii. 327.
A Picture of, parodied in Knickerbocker, ii. 47.
Review, the, ii. 266.
Society Library, i. 387.
Review and Athenæum Magazine, ii. 184.
Tribune, ii. 549.
University of the City of, ii. 733.
New Yorker, the, ii. 549.
Newburgh Letters, the, i. 480.
Newport. *C. T. Brooks*, ii. 587.
Residence of Berkeley, i. 166.
Ezra Stiles, notices of, i. 159.
Newspaper, a poetical description of a. *Robert Walsh*, ii. 257.
Literature, J. T. Buckingham's, ii. 19.
Thunder-storm, a. *The Echo*, i. 498.
Newton, Sir Isaac, i. 86.
Newton, Stuart, lines on his "Dull Lecture," by Washington Irving, ii. 50.
Nicaragua, by E. G. Squier, ii. 696.
Nick of the Woods, by R. M. Bird, ii. 378.
Niebuhr, his acquaintance with F. Lieber, ii. 300.
Reminiscences of, by F. Lieber, ii. 301.
Night. *Jones Very*, ii. 524.
Night, a, on the Hudson River with Charles Mathews. *William Dunlap*, i. 540.
Night Hunt in Kentucky, a. *C. W. Webber*, ii. 667.
Niles, Nathaniel, i. 440.
Niles, Samuel, i. 440.
Niles's Register, ii. 162.
Nineveh, original sculptures from, at Yale College, i. 91.
Nisbet, Charles, president of Dickinson College, ii. 59.
Noah, M. M., ii. 73.
Nobility. *Alice Carey*, ii. 687.
Noble, L. L., ii. 595.
Life of Thomas Cole, ii. 319.
Nook, the. *A. Rouquette*, ii. 522.
Nordheimer, Isaac, ii. 734.
Norman Leslie, by Theodore S. Fay, ii. 412.
Norman Maurice, by W. G. Simms, ii. 428.
North America, account of, by R. Rogers, i. 171.
North American Review, i. 184; ii. 165, 269, 546, 572.
North Carolina, History of, by Hugh Williamson, i. 189.
North Carolina, University of, ii. 104.
North, Edward, ii. 725.
North, Simeon, president of Hamilton College, ii. 724.

Digitized by Google

Northmen, History of the, by Henry Wheaton, ii. 40.
Norton, John, i. 23.
Norton, William A., i. 91.
Norton, John P., i. 91.
Norton, Andrews, ii. 81.
Edits writings of Levi Frisbie. ii. 62.
Nor' West, the brilliant. *J. K. Mitchell*, ii. 381.
Notes of a Desultory Reader, by A. Graydon, i. 353.
On New York, by William H. Seward, ii. 327.
On the Scriptures, by Albert Barnes, ii. 268.
And Queries, quoted, i. 106, 108, 110.
Notions of the Americans, by J. F. Cooper, ii. 110.
Nott, Eliphalet, president of Union, ii. 194.
Epigram on, by Josiah Quincy, i. 611.
Nott, Henry Junius, ii. 253.
Nott, Josiah C., ii. 577.
Nottoway Foundation of William and Mary, i. 82.
Nova Anglia, poem, specimens of. *William Morell*, i. 3.
Novanglus, by John Adams, i. 184.
Novelist, the responsibilities of the. *E. S. Gould*, ii. 468.
Novellettes of a Traveller, by H. J. Nott, ii. 253.
Novels. *Alexander Graydon*, i. 357.
Noyes, Nicholas, notice of, i. 24.
Nun, the. *George H. Calvert*, ii. 375.

O ye keen breezes. *Epes Sargent*, ii. 635.
Oakes, Urian, president of Harvard, i. 8.
O'Callaghan, John C., ii. 48.
O'Cataract, Jehu, *nom de plume* of John Neal, ii. 162.
Ocom, Sampson, i. 151.
Ocean Steam Navigation, services of John L. Stephens to, ii. 420.
October. *W. H. C. Hosmer*, ii. 603.
Ode for Anniversary of Massachusetts Charitable Fire Society. *John Lathrop*, i. 613.
Ode on the Death of General Wolfe. *Thomas Paine*, i. 201.
Ode to Fortune, from the Croakers. *J. R. Drake*, ii. 206.
Ode to Indolence. *J. E. Harwood*, i. 555.
Of thine own country sing. *W. R. Wallace*, ii. 692.
Ogeechee, To the River. *R. M. Charlton*, ii. 435.
Ogilby, John D., i. 385.
Professor at Rutgers, i 581.
Oglethorpe University, ii. 77.
Oh, fairest of the Rural Maids. *William C. Bryant*, ii. 187
Oh, tell me not of lofty fate. *Emma C. Embury*, ii. 486.
Oh, the Spring has come again, love. *J. Lawrence, Jr.*, ii. 462.
Ohio, shores of the. *T. Flint*, ii. 25.
Old Age *L. M. Child*, ii. 389.
*Theodore Parker*, ii. 557.
And Death. *Samuel H. Dickson*, ii. 260.
Recounts the History of the Puritan Period. *Anne Bradstreet*, i. 51.
Old Bachelor, by William Wirt and others, i. 618.
Clock, the. *James Nack*, ii. 578.
Clock on the stairs, the. *H. W. Longfellow*, ii. 447.
Grimes. *Albert G. Greene*, ii. 338.
Hicks the Guide, by C. W. Webber, ii. 666.
Ironsides, by O. W. Holmes, ii. 511.
Ironsides. *O. W. Holmes*, ii. 513.
Maid, the. *Amelia B. Welby*, ii. 678.
Oaken Bucket, the. *S. Woodworth*, ii. 72.
Portraits and Modern Sketches, ii. 478.
Songs. *Willis G. Clark*, ii. 536.
Trinity. *A. C. Coxe*, ii. 657.
Winter is coming. *Hugh Moore*, ii. 496.
Oldstyle, Jonathan, letters of, by Washington Irving, ii. 47.
Ole Bul. *L. M. Child*, ii. 389.
Olin, Stephen, ii. 254.
Olive Branch, by Mathew Carey, i. 641.
Olive Branch, the, ii. 99.
Oliver, Andrew, i. 136.
Oliver, Peter, a contributor to *Pietas et Gratulatio*, i. 14.
Oliver, Thomas, a contributor to *Pietas et Gratulatio*, i. 14.
Ollapodiana, by W. G. Clark, ii. 537
Olmstead, Denison, i. 89.
Olmstead, L. G., i. 394.
"Omnium Gatherum," essays, by William Biglow, i. 631.
Omoo, by Herman Melville, ii. 673.
On leading a Punch Bowl. *O. W. Holmes*, ii. 513.
On listening to a Cricket. *Andrews Norton*, ii. 82.
On seeing a Young Girl look very wishfully into the street from a window of Miss ——'s boarding school. *McDonald Clarke*, ii. 262.
Ontwa, the Son of the Forest, ii. 280.
Optimist, the, by H. T. Tuckerman, ii. 583.
Orations and Speeches, by Charles Sumner, ii. 546.
Oratory. *Alexander Graydon*, i. 356.
Ord, George, i. 549.
Ordeal, the, ii. 19.
Ordinal, the. *William Croswell*, ii. 394.
Oregon and California, history of, by R. Greenhow ii. 311.
Oregon question, by Albert Gallatin, i. 494.
Organ Melodies. *George E. Ellis*, ii. 615.
Presented by G. Berkeley to church at Newport i. 167.
Oriental Books, presented by T. Hollis to Harvard College, i. 10.
Oriental Harp, by Robert S. Coffin, ii. 255.
Ornithology, American, by J. J. Audubon, i. 650.
Ornithology, pursuit of. *A. Wilson*, i. 548.
Orthography, Noah Webster's, i. 475, 477.
Views of T. S. Grimke on, ii. 84.
Osborn, John, i. 132.
Osborn, John, Jr., i. 132.
Osborn, John C, i. 132.
Osborn, Sellick, ii. 46.
Osborne, Laughton, ii. 466.
Osgood, David, ii. 571.
Osgood, Frances Sargent, ii. 559.
Osgood, John, ii. 571.
Osgood, S. S., ii. 559.
Osgood, Samuel, ii. 571.
Ossoli, Margaret Fuller, ii. 524.
O'Sullivan, John L., ii. 666.
Oswald, Eleazer, lines to. *John Parke*, i. 206.
Otey, James H., services to M. F. Maury, ii. 423.
Otis, James, i. 155.
"A flame of fire," i. 186.
Conversation with John Adams, i. 187.
Life of, by William Tudor, ii. 269.
Speech of, by L. M. Child, ii. 388.
Our Countrymen, by B. J Lossing, ii. 530.
Yankee Girls. *O. W. Holmes*, ii. 513.
Outline Sketch of a Novel, an. *Theodore S. Fay* 413.
Outre Mer, by H. W. Longfellow, ii. 442.
Ovid, passage from translation of, *Geo. Sandys*.
Owen, R., settlement at New Harmony, its science at, ii. 161, 576.
Hew Aimlie's trial of, ii. 161.

Paine, Robert Treat, Jr., i. 632.
Paine, Thomas, i. 197.
Not a Christian name, i. 632.
Publication of Age of Reason rebuked by Franklin, i. 109.

Digitized by Google

Rights of Man, John Dickinson's anticipation of, i. 182.
ped Columbine, To the. *Jones Very*, ii. 523.
ting. *P. M. Wetmore*, ii. 279.
stine. *J. G. Whittier*, ii. 475.
REY, JOHN G., ii. 223.
REY, SARAH, ii. 224.
ot de Beauvais, i. 579.
ima Railroad, services of John L. Stephens to the, ii. 420.
llea, by Job Durfee, ii. 127.
ther, the. *J. F. Cooper*, ii. 115.
er, a poem. *B. Franklin*, i. 114.
dise Lost, in prose, i. 95.
entator, by Cotton Mather, i. 59.
sian "Pension," the. *John Sanderson*, ii. 45.
k, E., anecdotes of Nathaniel Emmons, i. 248.
ER, JOHN, i. 305.
Notice of David French, i. 116.
KER, HENRY W., ii. 693
KER, THEODORE, ii. 556.
ker, Nathan, letter on George Bancroft, ii. 304.
KMAN, FRANCIS, ii. 709.
rks, Edwards A., life of. *B. B. Edwards*, ii. 341.
rmassian Shop, a signboard to. *Isaac Story*, i. 634.
rody on Pope's ode to Solitude. *John Wilcocks*, i. 308.
rr, Samuel, educates J. S. J. Gardiner, i. 535.
rsons, Theophilus, ii. 184.
SONS, THOMAS W., ii. 641.
rties. *De Witt Clinton*, i. 573.
rtisan Leader, by Beverley Tucker, i. 666.
rton, J., Life of Horace Greeley, ii. 549.
rtridge, Ralph, life of. *Cotton Mather*, i. 65.
ssaic, a group of Poems, by Flaccus, ii. 455.
ssaic, to. *Thomas Ward*, ii. 455.
ssion, an age of. *W. R. Williams*, ii. 426.
sport scene at Calais in the days of the Empire. *Lt. Col. Pinkney*, i. 675.
st, the, a fragment. *W. H. Timrod*, ii. 140.
stime, the, edited by J. H. Payne, ii. 141.
storal, the new, by T. B. Read, ii. 703.
thfinder, the, ii. 628.
The, by J. F. Cooper, ii. 111
triot Muse, by Benjamin Young Prime, i. 433.
TRIOTIC POEMS. Death of General Pike. *Laughton Osborne*, ii. 467.
Death of Warren. *Epes Sargent*, ii. 634
Old Ironsides. *O. W. Holmes*, ii. 513.
tterson, Robert, i. 577.
ul, Moses, sermon on the execution of, by Sampson Occom, i. 151.
ULDING, JAMES K., ii. 1.
Anecdote of H. H. Breckenridge, i. 293.
ulding, W. J., ii. 4.
YNE, JOHN HOWARD, ii. 140.
Articles on Neglected Poets, i 585.
ABODY, ANDREW P., ii. 549.
ABODY, O. W. B., ii. 282.
ABODY, W. B. O., ii. 282.
Life of Cotton Mather, quoted, i. 61.
ace between England and America *R. C. Winthrop*, ii. 501.
acocks, the two. *John Wilcocks*, i. 308.
arson, Eliphalet, ii. 20.
asant of Auburn, the, passage from. *Thomas Coombe*, i. 130.
CK, GEORGE W., ii. 649.
ck, Joseph, ii. 649.
destrianism in Switzerland. *G. B. Cheever*, ii. 454.
eps from a Belfry, by F. M. Shelton, ii. 681.
irce, Benjamin, history of Harvard, i. 16.
issner, Elias, ii. 197.
n and Ink Panorama of New York, by Cornelius Mathews, ii. 646.
Penance of Roland, by H. B. Hirst, ii. 591.
Pencillings by the Way, by N. P. Willis, ii. 439.
Penn, Thomas, Epistle to, by J. Beveridge, i. 129.
Penn, William, life of, by M. L. Weems, i. 486.
Penney, Joseph, president of Hamilton College, ii. 724.
Pennsylvania. *T. B. Read*, ii. 703.
By J. Taylor, i. 101.
First book printed in, i. 101.
Gazette, i. 105.
Herald, i. 640.
Historical Review of, 1759, i. 105.
Magazine, the, i. 198.
Poetical description of, Latin and English, by Thomas Makin, i. 68.
Travels in, by H. St. John Crevecœur, i. 174.
PENNSYLVANIA, UNIVERSITY OF, i. 388.
Penseroso. *William Clifton*, i. 608.
Perception, on. *Henry Cary*, ii. 298.
PERCIVAL, JAMES G., ii. 212.
Imitation of an Inscription on Governor Yale, i. 86.
Percival, John, ii. 669.
Père la Chaise. *S. L. Fairfield*, ii. 377.
Perils of Pearl Street, by Asa Greene, ii. 470.
PERIODICALS.
American Law Journal, ii. 147.
Medical and Philosophical Register, ii. 123.
Monthly Magazine, ii. 450.
Museum, i. 641.
Quarterly Register, ii. 342.
Review, by Robert Walsh, ii. 38.
Analectic Magazine, ii. 48.
Arcturus, ii. 640, 646.
Athenæum, at Yale, i. 92.
Atlantic Magazine, ii. 272.
Belles Lettres Repository, ii. 71.
Biblical Repository, ii. 168.
Repository, American, ii. 342.
Repository and Princeton Review, i. 615.
Bibliotheca Sacra, ii. 168, 342.
Boston Atlas, ii 633.
Miscellany, ii. 663
Quarterly Review, ii. 335.
Recorder, the first religious newspaper, ii. 438.
Christian Disciple, i. 479.
Examiner, ii. 615.
Church Record, ii. 266, 640.
Churchman, ii. 597.
Churchman's Magazine, i. 645.
Cincinnati Mirror, ii. 471.
Collegian, ii. 511, 633.
Corsair, ii. 439.
Critic, ii. 344.
Dial, ii. 365, 526.
Evening Post, ii. 344.
Friend of Peace, i. 479.
General Magazine, B. Franklin's, i. 105.
Repository, ii. 81.
Hierophant, ii. 226.
Home Journal, ii. 347.
Idle Man, ii. 90.
Illinois Monthly Magazine, ii. 146.
International Magazine, ii. 611.
Knickerbocker Magazine, ii. 476, 535.
Literary Cabinet, at Yale, i. 92.
Gazette and American Athenæum, ii. 280.
Magazine and American Register, i. 589.
Miscellany, ii. 82.
World, ii. 517, 646.
Lorgnette, the, ii. 701.
Louisville Journal, ii. 400.
Lowell Offering, ii. 609.
Massachusetts Magazine, i. 302, 632.

Digitized by Google

Medical Repository, i. 517.
Mirror of Taste, i. 657.
Monthly Anthology, ii. 268.
Magazine and American Review, i. 589.
National Press, ii. 347.
New England Historical and Genealogical Register, i. 668.
Magazine, ii. 19.
Weekly Review, ii. 400.
New Hampshire Patriot, ii 325.
New World, ii. 499.
New York American, ii. 476.
Mirror, ii. 347, 459.
Review, ii. 266.
Review and Athenæum Magazine, ii. 184.
New Yorker, the, ii. 549.
North American Review, ii. 269, 549, 579.
Pathfinder, ii. 628.
Pioneer, ii. 660.
Plaindealer, ii. 344.
Polyanthus, ii. 19.
Port-Folio, i. 553.
Portico, ii. 161.
Putnam's Monthly, ii. 628.
Recorder, i. 539.
Republic, ii. 633.
Sartain's Magazine, ii. 563.
Silliman's Journal, ii. 289.
Southern Literary Gazette, ii. 429.
Literary Messenger, ii 533.
Review, ii. 248.
Student's Companion, i. 92
Thespian Mirror, ii. 141.
To-Day, ii. 462.
Tribune, ii. 549.
Union Magazine, ii. 563.
United States Catholic Miscellany, ii. 83.
Magazine, by H. H. Brackenridge, i. 290.
Review and Literary Gazette, ii 184.
Weekly Inspector, i. 596.
Western Monthly Magazine, ii. 146.
Whig Review, ii. 658, 666.
Yale Literary Magazine, i. 92.
Yankee, ii. 163.
Youth's Companion, the, ii. 438.
Perkins, Alfred E., i. 91.
Perkins, James H., ii. 528.
Perkins, Tractors, i. 596.
Persecution, a parable against. *B. Franklin*, i. 110.
Personal Memoirs of H. R. Schoolcraft, ii. 153.
Personal Narrative, by J. R. Bartlett, ii. 419
Peru, history of the Conquest of, by William H. Prescott, ii. 236.
Peter Funk. *Asa Greene*, ii. 470.
Peter Parley, ii. 312.
Peter Pilgrim, by R. M. Bird, ii. 378.
Peter Schlemihl in America, by George Wood, ii. 295.
Peters, Hugh, i. 190.
A fellow passenger of the Folgers to America, i. 52.
History of, by Samuel Peters, i. 193.
Peters, Samuel, i. 190.
At Lincoln's Inn Chapel, i. 137.
Peterson, R. M., i. 578.
Phelps, Elizabeth, ii. 21.
Phi Beta Kappa Society at Harvard, i. 15.
At Yale, i. 91.
Origin and history of, at William and Mary, i. 85.
Philadelphia, Library Company of, i. 177.
Yellow fever in, 1793. *C. B. Brown*, i. 592.
Philanthropist, the, by M. L. Weems, i. 486.
Philip II., history of, by William H. Prescott, ii. 287.
Phillips Academy, Exeter, ii. 29.
Phillips, Edward. Mention of Anne Bradstreet in his *Theatrum Poetarum*, i. 49.
Philo, by Sylvester Judd, ii. 589.
Philosophic Solitude, passage from. *William Livingston*, i. 153.
Philosophic Theology, by J. W. Miles, ii. 329.
Philosophical Society, Teague a member of, from Modern Chivalry. *H. H. Breckenridge*, i. 296.
Philothea, by Lydia M. Child, ii. 388.
Phips, Governor, his wife suspected of witchcraft, i. 61.
Phrenology, first publication on, in the United States, ii. 373.
Physical Geography of the Sea, by M. F. Maury, ii. 423
Physiognomy, passages from. *Joseph Bartlett*, i. 501.
Pickering, Henry, ii. 25.
Pickering, John, i. 625.
Article on Indian languages, translated by Mrs. Edward Robinson, ii. 169.
Eulogy of Bowditch, i. 627.
Pickering, Timothy, i. 625.
Pienic at Roaring Brook, from Kavanagh. *H. W. Longfellow*, ii. 449.
Picture, a. *Charles G. Eastman*, ii. 694.
A. *John R. Thompson*, ii. 713.
Song, a. *E. C. Pinkney*, ii. 341.
Pictures of Memory. *Alice Carey*, ii. 687.
Picturesque, the, in Rome. *George S. Hillard*, ii. 495.
Pierce, Franklin, appoints Nathaniel Hawthorne Consul at Liverpool, ii. 506.
Pierpont, John, ii. 72.
Pierre, by Herman Melville, ii. 673.
Pierre the Barber's Indian Adventure. *James Hall*, ii. 148.
Pierrepont, Sarah, i. 93.
Pierson, Abraham, i. 85.
*Pietas et Gratulatio*, account of, i. 11.
Pike, Albert, ii. 520.
Pike, Zebulon Montgomery, i 660.
Pilgrims, Journal of the, by G. B. Cheever, ii. 454.
Progress, Lectures on, by G. B. Cheever, ii. 454.
Vision, the. *O. W. Holmes*, ii. 516.
Pillar of Glory. *Edwin C. Holland*, ii. 139.
Pilot, the, by J. F. Cooper, ii. 109.
Pinckney, C. C., residence of. *William Elliott*, ii. 19.
Pinckney, Thomas, ii. 83.
Pinckney, William, challenges John Neal, ii. 162.
Pine forest, the. *John D. Godman*, ii. 192.
Pinkney, Edward C., ii. 338.
Pinkney, Lt. Col., Travels in France, i. 674.
Pinkney, William, life of, by Henry Wheaton, ii.
Pintard, John, account of P. Freneau, i. 327.
Pioneer, the, edited by J. R. Lowell, ii. 660.
Pioneers, the, by J. F. Cooper, ii. 109.
Piozzi, Mrs., original anecdote of J. Ralph, i. 168.
Pitman, J., notice of Jonathan Maxcy, i. 525.
Pitt, William, anecdotes of, by Thomas Campbell, 332.
Plaindealer, the, by William Leggett, ii. 344.
Plantation, the. *Caroline Gilman*, ii. 180.
Planting in Rain. *Catharine Lucas*, ii. 672.
Platonic Bacchanal Song. *J. G. Percival*, ii. 21
Plautus, quoted by Wedderburn, i. 106.
Play, a Life of Freedom. *Horace Bushnell*, ii.
Pleasures of Study, the. *Joseph Dennie*, i. 388.
Pocahontas, by L. H. Sigourney, ii. 136.
Intercession of, described by John Smith,
Poe, Edgar A., ii. 536.
Poems, by J. G. C. Brainard, ii. 227.
By Washington Irving, ii. 50.
By Sellick Osborn, ii. 46.
Collection of, by several hands, 1744, ii.
On Man, by Cornelius Mathews, ii. 648.



Digitized by Google

Poet, a, and his Song. *T. Mackellar*, ii. 566.
And Critic, a dialogue. *S. Margaret Fuller*, ii. 527.
The. *William E. Channing, Jun.*, ii. 570.
The. *Rufus Dawes*, ii. 354.
The. *Elizabeth Oakes Smith*, ii. 562.
Poetasters, an act of parliament to restrain. *Francis Knapp*, i. 72.
Poetical and Prose Reading. *Henry Reed*, ii. 492.
Literature of the West, selections from, by William D. Gallagher, ii. 471.
Meditations, by Roger Wolcot, i. 79.
Poets and Poetry of America, by R. W. Griswold, ii. 612.
Poet's Daughter, a. *F. G. Halleck*, ii. 211.
Farewell to the Muses *Robert Dinsmore*, i. 466.
Poetry, by O. W. Holmes, ii. 511.
*G. P. Morris*, ii. 350.
*L. H. Sigourney*, ii. 137.
Of Travelling, by Mrs. Caroline Gilman, ii. 180.
Poissett, Joel R., i. 661.
Polhemus, A., notice of Joseph Nelson, i. 581.
Polignac, Cardinal de, lines applied to Franklin from the Anti-Lucretius of, i. 110.
Political Catechism, by Francis Hopkinson, i. 210.
Economy, lectures on, by Thomas Cooper, ii. 332.
Economy, Principles of, by H. C. Carey, ii. 158.
Ethics, by F. Lieber, ii. 301.
Revery, a passage from. *Mercy Warren*, i. 165.
Writings, by William Leggett, ii. 344.
Politicians, the, by Cornelius Mathews, ii. 645.
Polyanthus, the, ii. 19.
Pontiac, History of the Conspiracy of, by Francis Parkman, ii. 709.
Ponteach, a tragedy, passages from. *Robert Rogers*, i. 171.
Poole, William Frederic, i. 92.
Poor Man, the. *Cornelius Mathews*, ii. 647.
Rich Man and Rich Poor Man, by C. M. Sedgwick, ii. 292.
Richard, Common Sense and the Doctor, ii. 122.
Richard, Jr., ii. 395.
Richard's Almanac, specimens of, i. 108, 109.
Pope, Alexander, couplet on James Ralph, i. 103.
Lines to. *Francis Knapp*, i. 72.
Parody on lines from Eloise to Abelard. *Elizabeth Ferguson*, i. 234.
Sends Mather Byles his Odyssey, i. 118.
Translation of Homer, lines on a Lady desiring to borrow. *M. Byles*, i. 118.
Tribute to Berkeley, i. 168.
Porter, John S., i. 14.
Population, new ideas on, by A. H. Everett, ii. 321.
Port Folio, the, i. 563, 603; ii. 80, 147.
Porter, John A., i. 91.
Portico, the, ii. 161.
Pot Pie Palmer, a Charcoal Sketch of. *Edward Sanford*, ii. 409.
Potiphar Papers. *G. W. Curtis*, ii. 707.
Potter, Alonzo, ii. 195.
Potter, Horatio, ii. 732.
Potter, Israel, life of, by Henry Trumbull, ii. 674.
Poverty and Knowledge. *J. H. Perkins*, ii. 528.
Poverty, Ode to. *Isaac Story*, i. 635.
Power of Solitude, by Joseph Story, ii. 10.
Powers of Genius, passage from. *John Blair Linn*, i. 653.
Prairie, the, by J. F. Cooper, ii. 109.
Prayer, set forms of. *John Cotton*, i. 21.
The. *Jones Very*, ii. 524.
Preacher, a popular. *Gardner Spring*, ii. 81.
Preachers of New England in 1648, poetical description of, i. 4.
-uction, by J. F. Cooper, ii. 108.
Prelections, on Moral and Physical Science, by J. A. Smith, i. 85.
Premices, by Sarah Palfrey, ii. 224.
Prentice, George D., ii. 400.
*Prenticeiana*, ii. 400.
Prentiss, Charles, i. 611.
Edits R. T. Paine's works, i. 633.
Prescott, William H., ii. 235.
Notice of George Ticknor's Lectures at Harvard, ii. 230.
Present, the, by William H. Channing, ii. 570.
Preston, Samuel, i. 179.
Preston, William C., president of South Carolina College, ii. 334.
Notice of D. J. M'Cord, ii. 250.
Pretty Story, by Francis Hopkinson, i. 210.
Price, Richard, observations on American Revolution, i. 185.
Pride, the, of the Valley. *S. Woodworth*, ii. 71.
Priestess, the, by Epes Sargent, ii. 634.
Priestley, Joseph, ii. 331.
Controversy with Prof. John Maclean, i. 275.
Death-bed of, ii. 31.
Present at the scene with Franklin before the Privy Council, i. 106.
Priestly, James, i. 614.
Prime, Benjamin Young, poems of, i. 433.
Prince, Thomas, i. 81.
Revises Bay Psalm Book, i. 17.
Prince of Parthia, passages from. *Thomas Godfrey*, i. 195.
Princeton, battle of, effects at Nassau Hall, i. 273.
Principles of Action in Matter, by C. Colden, i. 81.
Printers, Authors, and Booksellers of New York, by J. W. Francis, ii. 123.
Printing, history of, by Isaiah Thomas, i. 302.
Press, first, in New England, i. 8.
Public curiosity in regard to, on its first introduction into Philadelphia, i. 98.
Prioleau, P. G., ii. 259.
Prior, John, i. 508.
Prison Ship of New York, i. 327.
Prisoner of war, a, and exile at Flatbush. *Alexander Graydon*, i. 355.
Prize Prologue at the opening of the Park Theatre. *Charles Sprague*, ii. 133.
Problem, the. *R. W. Emerson*, ii. 366.
Probus, by William Ware, ii. 175.
Poem to Yamoyden. *R. C. Sands*, ii. 275.
Progress of Dulness. *John Trumbull*, i. 309.
Prompter, by Noah Webster, i. 476.
Protestant Episcopal Church, Genius and Mission of, by Calvin Colton, ii. 246.
Protestant Jesuitism, by Calvin Colton, ii. 246.
Provincial Congress, private life of members of. *James T. Austin*, ii. 61.
Provincial Influences on Literature. *De Witt Clinton*, i. 572.
Psalm xlvii. *George Burgess*, ii. 520.
c. *Cotton Mather*, i. 64.
cxxxvii. *William Cromwell*, ii. 396.
Psalm of Life. *H. W. Longfellow*, ii. 445.
Psalms, book of, translated by George Burgess, ii. 520.
Psalterium Americanum, by Cotton Mather, i. 63.
Psychology, Rational and Empirical, by L. P. Hitchcock, ii. 195.
Public and Private Economy, by Theodore Sedgwick, ii. 292.
Public Opinion, moral force of. *Daniel Webster*, ii. 32.
Puffer Hopkins, by Cornelius Mathews, ii. 645.
Pulpit, eloquence of the. *William Wirt*, i. 621.
Pulsifer, David, edits N. Ward's Simple Cobler, i. 20.
Purse, the. *St. John Honeywood*, i. 514.

Digitized by Google

Pursuits of a Philosopher, from Swallow Barn. *J. P. Kennedy*, ii. 221.
Putnam, Israel, adventure with the wolf. *David Humphreys*, i. 376.
Indian story, by, i. 187.
S. Peters's version of the wolf story, i. 192.
Life of, by Humphreys, i. 373.
Putnam, Mrs., ii. 659.
Putnam, Samuel, John Adams studies law with, i. 184.
Pym, Arthur Gordon, narrative of, by Edgar A. Poe, ii. 538.
Pythagorus and Sappho. *Samuel L. Mitchill*, i. 520.

Quail, some observations concerning. *William P. Hawes*, ii. 355.
Quaker worship. *John Woolman*, i. 149.
Quarles, Francis, translations of Psalms, i. 69.
Quarterly Review, London, article on Inchiquin's Letters, ii. 2.
Queechy, by Susan Warner, ii. 625.
Quest of the Soul, the. *Sarah H. Whitman*, ii. 487.
Quince, Peter, i. 634.
Quince's, Peter, adieu to the city. *Isaac Story*, i. 636.
Quincy, Josiah, Jr., i. 251.
Bequest to his son, i. 609.
Quincy, Josiah, i. 609.
And Judge Story, bon-mots of, i. 611.
Influence of the Mathers at Harvard, i. 9.
Quod, John, ii. 53.

Rab and Ringan, a tale. *Alexander Wilson*, i. 557.
Rachel Dyer, by John Neal, ii. 162.
Raciad, the, by W. Crafts, ii. 86.
Rafferty, W., ii. 78.
Rafinesque, C. S., ii. 78.
Rain in Summer. *H. W. Longfellow*, ii. 446.
Rainbow, the. *Eliza Townsend*, ii. 125.
The, essays, by William Wirt, i. 618.
Ralph, James, i. 102.
Dedication to, of a tract, by B. Franklin, i. 108.
Translation of a psalm, i. 109.
Rambles of a Naturalist, by John D. Godman, ii. 192.
Ramsay, Dr., ii. 259.
Ramsay, David, i. 304.
Ramsay, James, i. 276.
Ramsay, Martha Laurens, i. 305.
Randolph, by John Neal, ii. 162.
Randolph, John, i. 627.
Rangers, the, or the Tory's Daughter, by D. P. Thompson, ii. 216.
Rattlesnake, the, from the Yemassee. *W. G. Simms*, ii. 431.
Raven, the, by Edgar A. Poe, ii. 538.
The. *Edgar A. Poe*, ii. 540.
Rawle, William, i. 177.
Ray, William, i. 609.
Raynal, Abbé, letter to, by Thomas Paine, i. 199.
Read, T. B., ii. 702.
Reardon, a schoolmaster of Virginia, i. 614.
Reason, the only Oracle of Man, by Ethan Allen, i. 207.
Recollections of a New England Housekeeper and of a Southern Matron, by Caroline Gilman, ii. 180.
Recollections of the West, by H. M. Brackenridge, i. 670.
Recorder, the, i. 539.
Rector of St. Bardolph's, by F. W. Shelton, ii. 631.
Red Book, the, by J. P. Kennedy, ii. 219.
Red Rover, the, by J. F. Cooper, ii. 110.
Redburn, by Herman Melville, ii. 673.
Redburn's visit to the Captain. *Herman Melville*, ii. 674.
Redeemed Captive, the, passages from. *John Williams*, i. 70.
Redwood, Abraham, i. 285.
Redwood Library, i. 285.
W. E. Channing's obligations to, ii. 21.
Reed, Deborah, i. 105.
Reed, Esther, ii. 490.
Reed, Henry, ii. 490.
Reed, Joseph, ii. 490.
Reed, William B., ii. 492.
Reprint of letters of Washington, i. 180.
Rees, James, anecdote of Richard Penn Smith, ii. 382.
Rehearsal, newspaper, by J. Gridley, i. 12.
Reign of Terror, remark on, by Thomas Cooper, ii. 332.
Religion and Literature. *W. E. Channing*, ii. 22.
Religious Affections, treatise on, by J. Edwards, i. 93.
Opportunities of Age. *J. G. Palfrey*, ii. 223.
Repertory, the, ii. 83.
Reminiscences of Boyhood. *S. Osgood*, ii. 573.
Renwick, James, i. 386.
Address on De Witt Clinton, ii. 69.
Repose. *William Ware*, ii. 178.
Repository, the General, ii. 81.
Representation, advantages of. *James Otis*, i. 156.
Representative Men, by R. W. Emerson, ii. 366.
Reproach, the, of Venus. *Laughton Osborne*, ii. 466.
Reptiles of North America, by John C. Holbrook, ii. 198.
Republic, the, ii. 633.
Republican Court, the, by R. W. Griswold, ii. 612.
Republics, Ingratitude of. *Joseph Dennie*, i. 567.
Requier, Augustus J., ii. 720.
Rescue, a, from Nick of the Woods. *R. M. Bird*, ii. 379.
The, of Everell, by Magawisca, from Hope Leslie. *C. M. Sedgwick*, ii. 293.
Resignation. *H. W. Longfellow*, ii. 447.
Resurrection, the, from a sermon. *Mather Byles*, i. 119.
Retirement, Ode to. *J. B. Ladd*, i. 516.
Retreat, the. *William Livingston*, i. 153.
Retribution, by Emma D. E. N. Southworth, ii. 625.
Retrospect of the Eighteenth Century, i. 569.
Reveries of a Bachelor, by Ik Marvel, ii. 701.
Revivals, at Yale, i. 91.
Revolution in Italy, by Margaret Fuller Ossoli, ii. 527.
Revolutionary Romances, by W. G. Sims, ii. 428.
Reynolds, John, God's Revenge against Murther, i. 63.
Reynolds, J. N., i. 673.
Rhett, R. B., on Webster's religious views, ii. 31.
Rhine, the. *Theodore S. Fay*, ii. 412.
Rhode Island, Callender's Historical Discourse, i. 124.
Principles of the Colony of. *John Callender*, i. 124.
Whigs, Resolutions on James Rivington, i. 279.
Rhododaphne, a poem, ii. 99.
Rhyme of the Rail. *J. G. Saxe*, ii. 629.
Ricardo, refutation of, by Henry C. Carey, ii. 158.
Richard Edney, by Sylvester Judd, ii. 589.
Richards, W., gift to Brown University, i. 529.
Richardson, Joseph, commendation of his Sir Charles Grandison, by Jonathan Edwards, i. 96.
Richter, Jean Paul, correspondence with F. Lieber, ii. 300.
Rickman, T. C., life of Paine, quoted, i. 200.
Rights of Man, by Thomas Paine, i. 199.
Rights of the British Colonies asserted and proved, by James Otis, i. 156.
Rio Bravo, a Mexican Lament. *C. F. Hoffman*, ii. 478.
Ripley, George, ii. 586.
"Rise Columbia," song by R. T. Paine, Jr., i. 633

Digitized by Google

Rittenhouse, David, i. 576.
Rivington, James, i. 278.
Advertisement Extraordinary. *Francis Hopkinson*, i. 281.
Interview with Ethan Allen, i. 207.
Rivington's Gazette, poetical extracts from, i. 439, 455, 461.
Last Will and Testament. *Philip Freneau*, i. 283.
Rob of the Bowl, by J. P. Kennedy, ii. 220.
Robbins, Asher, i. 528.
Robbins, Chandler, defence of Cotton Mather, i. 61.
Robert of Lincoln. *William C. Bryant*, ii. 189.
Roberts, John, i. 334.
Robertson, David Steuart, ii. 641.
Robertson, William, History of Charles V., ii. 235.
America, ii. 236.
Satirized by John Witherspoon, i. 275.
Robespierre, interview with Thomas Cooper, ii. 332.
Robin, Lines to a. *William Clifton*, i. 607.
The. *H. B. Hirst*, ii. 592.
Robin, Abbé, notice of Charles Thomson, i. 170.
Robin Day, by R. M. Bird, ii. 378.
Robin's Come. *William W. Caldwell*, ii. 712.
Robinson, Edward, ii. 167.
Robinson, Therese, ii. 168.
Rockwell, James O., ii. 437.
Rodgers, John, eulogy on John Witherspoon, i. 277.
Rodolph, by E. C. Pinkney, ii. 338.
Passages from. *E. C. Pinkney*, ii. 338.
Roger Williams in the Forest. *Job Durfee*, ii. 128.
Rogers, John, i. 570.
Rogers, Robert, i. 170.
Rogers, Robert, the preceptor of W. E. Channing, ii. 12.
Rogers, Samuel, Home of. *H. T. Tuckerman*, ii. 585.
Romance Dust, by William S. Mayo, ii. 567.
Romans, Bernard, i. 303.
Rome. *S. Margaret Fuller*, ii. 524.
*H. T. Tuckerman*, ii. 584.
And Greece in America. *C. C. Felton*, ii. 464.
Romilly, Sir Samuel, practical joke on James Boswell, ii. 333.
Room, boys, room. *C. F. Hoffman*, ii. 477.
Roorbach, O. A. *Bibliotheca Americana*, ii. 312.
Rosalie. *Washington Allston*, ii. 18.
Rose, Aquila, i. 97.
S. Keimer's elegy on, i. 99, 100.
Rose, Joseph, prints his father's poems, with a preface, i. 97.
Roquette, Adrian, ii. 521.
Roquette, Francois D., ii 523.
Rousseau, J. J., anecdote of, ii. 473.
Rowson, Susanna, i. 502.
Royal, Isaac, present to Representatives' room, Massachusetts, i. 187.
Royal Gazette, by James Rivington, i. 278.
Rubeta, the Vision of, by Laughton Osborne, ii. 466.
Ruins in Rome. *George S. Hillard*, ii. 494.
Of Athens, by George Hill, ii. 313.
Ruling Passion, passage from. *R. T. Paine, Jun.*, i. 633.
Rumford, Count (Benjamin Thompson), i. 371.
Rural Life in England. *George Bancroft*, ii. 306.
Ruschenberger, W. S. W., ii. 462.
Rush, Benjamin, i. 264.
Address on David Rittenhouse, i. 577.
Eulogium of, by David Ramsay, i. 305.
Induces Charles Nisbet to remove to America, ii. 59.
Invites John Witherspoon to America, i. 275.
Suggests T. Paine's Common Sense, i. 198.
Rush, Richard, ii. 738.
Russell, Benjamin, S. Woodworth apprenticed to, ii. 71.
Russell, Jonathan, educates James Otis, i. 155.
And Mercy Warren, i. 163.
Rutgers, Henry, benefactor of the College of New Jersey, i. 275.
Rutgers College, i. 580.
Medical College, New York, ii. 122.

Sabbath of the Year, the. *Caroline May*, ii. 689.
The, from Krummacher. *C. T. Brooks*, ii. 587.
Sacred Poems.
Advent, hymn for. *William Croswell*, ii. 396.
Alpine Sheep, the. *Maria Lowell*, ii. 660.
Babylonian Captivity, the. *Joel Barlow*, i 392.
Blessings of Christ's Universal Reign. *H. Ballou*, i. 599.
Blind Girl, the. *Caroline M. Sawyer*, ii. 676.
Childhood. *William W. Story*, ii. 663.
Christian Lady, to an aged and very cheerful. *F. L. Hawks*, ii. 268.
Paradoxes. *M. Wigglesworth*, i. 57.
Soldier, the. *M. Wigglesworth*, i 57.
Church, the. *Alice B. Neal*, ii. 683.
Description of a. *Francis Hopkinson*, i. 217.
Militant, the, passage from. *Wm. Vaughan*, i. 2.
Conflagration, the. *Mather Byles*, i. 120.
Contemplations. *Anne Bradstreet*, i. 49.
Daughter, the, of Herodias. *Lucy Hooper*, ii. 679.
Death of a young child. *J. H. Perkins*, ii. 529.
To Urania, on the, of her first and only child. *Benjamin Colman*, i. 74.
On the, of his daughter. *Cotton Mather*, i. 66.
On the, of his son. *Cotton Mather*, i. 66.
On the, of Rev. Dr Sewall, 1769. *Phillis Wheatley*, i. 370.
On the, of the Rev. Mr. George Whitefield. *Phillis Wheatley*, i. 371.
Dedication Hymn. *John Pierpont*, ii. 73.
*Dominum collaudamus. Peleg Folger*, i. 183.
Elijah's Ascension. *Benjamin Colman*, i. 74.
Epitaph, an, for an infant. *Francis Hopkinson*, i. 218.
Evening. *G. W. Doane*, ii. 290.
Fisherman's Hymn. *Alexander Wilson*, i. 554.
Flesh, the, and the Spirit. *Anne Bradstreet*, i. 52.
Funeral Dirge *Andrews Norton*, ii. 83.
Have Faith. *Frederick Knight*, ii 160.
He standeth at the door and knocketh. *A. C. Coxe*, ii. 657.
Hymn. *N. L. Frothingham*, ii. 257.
*Andrews Norton*, ii. 83.
*Jane Turell*, i. 124.
A Morning. *Francis Hopkinson*, i. 217.
An Evening *Francis Hopkinson*, i. 218.
For the Fourth of July. *F. S. Key*, i. 664.
Of the Reapers. *H. F. Gould*, ii. 498.
On the Ascension, from the Spanish. *George Ticknor*, ii. 232.
Written during a voyage. *Mather Byles*, i. 121.
Hymns. National Judgments deprecated, and National Mercies pleaded. *Samuel Davies*, i. 272.
*William H. Furness*, ii. 328.
I would not live alway. *William A. Muhlenberg*, ii. 259.
Invocation to the Almighty. *J. B. Ladd*, i. 816.
Jeremiah x. 17. *Mary E. Brooks*, ii. 324.
Last Legacy to an Only Child. *Hugh Peters*, i. 190.
Laurel Hill Cemetery, lines written at. *Willis G. Clark*, ii. 596.

Digitized by Google

Lines. *Governor Dudley*, i. 41.
McLean Asylum, Somerville, Massachusetts. *N. L. Frothingham*, ii. 257.
Midnight. *William W. Story*, ii. 663.
Moonlight on the Grave. *Jane T. Worthington*, ii. 678.
New England Hymn. *Mather Byles*, i. 120.
Ode. *Joseph Green*, i. 123.
Ordinal, the. *William Croswell*, ii. 394.
Prayer unto Christ, a. *M. Wigglesworth*, i. 58.
Psalm xviii. *Bay Psalm Book*, i. 17.
xlviii *George Burgess*, ii. 520.
cxxxvii. *Timothy Dwight*, i. 353.
Of Life. *H. W. Longfellow*, ii. 445.
Quest of the Soul. *Sarah H. Whitman*, ii. 487.
Reflections, by Roger Williams, i. 33.
Snowfall, The First. *J. R. Lowell*, ii. 662.
Society. *John Adams*, i. 133.
Song of Degrees, a. *Bay Psalm Book*, i. 17.
Of Emptiness, a. *M. Wigglesworth*, i. 58.
Sunday in Summer. *McDonald Clarke*, ii. 262.
School. *William B. Tappan*, ii. 381.
Sunset, a. *Thomas Cole*, ii. 320.
Tallulah Falls, Georgia, lines on visiting. *S. G. Bulfinch*, ii. 500.
Thankful Acknowledgement, a, of God's Providence. *John Cotton*, i. 22.
They are passing away. *R. M. Charlton*, ii. 435.
This also shall pass away. *William Croswell*, ii. 396.
Thoughts for the City. *B. D. Winslow*, ii. 612.
To my honored father on the loss of his sight. *John Adams*, i. 134.
Traveller's Hymn. *William Croswell*, ii. 397.
Tread of Time, the. *Thomas Cole*, ii. 320.
Trinity, Old. *A. C. Coxe*, ii. 657.
True Christian, the. *Elijah Fitch*, i. 258.
Twilight. *Thomas Cole*, ii. 320.
Two Angels, the. *H. W. Longfellow*, ii. 661.
Verses to the Lady Mildmay. *Adam Winthrop*, i. 25.
Village Clergyman, the. *Timothy Dwight*, i. 364.
Volunteer's March, the. *A. C. Coxe*, ii 657.
Wedding Ring, on a very old. *G. W. Doane*, ii. 290.
What is the use? *Erastus W. Ellsworth*, ii. 711.
Wounded Spirit, a, who can bear? *Roger Wolcot*, i. 79.
Sadi, the Persian poet, i. 110.
Sadleir, Anne, Correspondence with Roger Williams, i. 34.
Salander and the Dragon, by F. W. Shelton, ii. 631.
Salem Witchcraft, i. 61.
Salisbury, Edward E., i. 90.
Salmagundi, ii. 2.
By Irving and Paulding, ii. 47.
English reprint of, ii. 280.
Salmon River. *J. G. C. Brainard*, ii. 229.
Salt Box, philosophy of a. *Francis Hopkinson*, i. 213.
Saltonstall, Gov., i. 86.
Sampson, Ezra, ii. 393.
Sanders, Daniel C., first president of University of Vermont, ii. 130.
Sanderson, John, ii. 45.
Sanford, Edward, ii. 406.
Sands, Robert C., ii. 271.
Sandys, George, i. 1.
Sannazarius, Piscatory Eclogues of, translated by S. L. Mitchill, i. 520.
Sargent, Epes, ii. 632.
Memoir of B. Franklin, quoted, i. 110.
Sargent, John O., ii. 632.
Sargent, Lucius M., ii. 283.
Sargent, Winthrop, ii. 283.
History of Braddock's Expedition, quoted, i. 430.
Saul, by A. C. Coxe, ii. 656.
Saunders, Robert, president of William and Mary, i. 84.
Sawyer, Caroline M., ii. 676.
Sawyer, Mrs., benefactor of Frederick Knight, i. 160.
Saxe, John G., ii. 629.
Saxe Weimar, Duke of, notice of David Hosack, i. 574.
Say, Thomas, ii. 575.
Scandella, J. B., i. 600.
Scarlet Letter, the, by N. Hawthorne, ii. 504.
Scene after a Summer Shower. *Andrews Norton*, ii. 82.
Schaff, Philip, ii 658.
Schiller, lectures on, by Charles Follen, ii. 243.
Schiller's Love of Liberty. *Charles Follen*, ii. 243.
Scholar, the American, by G. C. Verplanck, ii. 69.
School Committee-Man, a, and a Lawsuit. *D. P. Thompson*, ii. 217.
School for Politics, by C. E. Gayarré, ii. 401.
Schoolcraft, Henry R., ii. 151.
Schoolmaster, the. *Alexander Wilson*, i. 557.
Schuyler, Gen. Philip, an early friend of Union College, ii. 194.
Schuylkill River, poetical description of, by Aquila Rose, i. 93.
Science, Objects and Limits of. *R. C. Winthrop*, ii. 502.
Scientific School at Harvard, i. 14.
Scotch Clergyman, anecdote of a, i. 291.
Scott, Sir Walter, indebted to Philip Freneau for a Simile, i. 335.
Intercourse of Washington Irving with, ii. 48.
Mention of George Ticknor and J. G. Cogswell, ii. 230.
Scottow, Joshua, i. 46.
Scripture Illustrations by George Bush, ii. 226.
Scriptures, Sacred, MS. Illustrations of the, by Cotton Mather, i. 64.
Sea Bird's Song, the. *J. G. C. Brainard*, ii. 229.
Sea Grammar, a, by Capt. John Smith, i. 6.
Sea Lions, the, by J. F. Cooper, ii. 112.
Sea Marke, the, a poem. *Capt. John Smith*, i. 7.
Seabury, Samuel, i. 162.
Seabury, Samuel, Jun., ii. 317.
Seaman, John E., ii. 141.
Seaman's Manual, by R. H. Dana, Jr., ii. 620.
Sears, Isaac, destroys J. Rivington's press, i. 278.
Seasons, the. *Edward Maturin*, ii. 691.
Seccomb, John, i. 126.
Secession, articles against, by Wm. Elliot, ii. 103.
Second War between the United States and Great Britain, history of, by C. J. Ingersoll, ii. 41.
Sedgwick, Catharine M., ii. 292.
Life of L. M. Davidson, ii. 480.
Sedgwick, Theodore, ii. 291.
Sedgwick, Theodore, Jun., ii. 292.
Memoir of W. Livingston, i. 153.
Sedition Law, passages from speech in favor of. *R. G. Harper*, i. 639.
Self-culture by W. E. Channing, ii. 22.
Selfish Man's prayer on the prospect of war. *Sir John Honeywood*, i. 514.
Seneca Lake, to. *J. G. Percival*, ii. 215.
Senter, Isaac, i. 516.
Sentimental Epicure's Ordinary, ii. 2.
Serpent Symbol, the, by E. G. Squier, ii. 696.
Servian Songs, collection of, by Therese von Jakob, ii. 169.
Settler, the. *A. B. Street*, ii. 555.

Digitized by Google

Seventy-Six, by John Neal, ii. 162.
Sewall, Rev. Dr., lines on the death of, 1769. *Phillis Wheatley*, i. 370.
Sewall, Jonathan Mitchell, i. 286.
Sewall, Stephen, i. 12.
Seward, Wm. H., ii. 326.
Seybert, Adam, i. 579.
Shade of Plato, a poem, extracts from. *David Hitchcock*, i. 630.
Shakers, the, at Hancock. *C. M. Sedgwick*, ii. 293.
Shakespeare, William, mention of America, i. 6.
Edition of, by G. C. Verplanck, ii. 69.
Lectures on, by H. N Hudson, ii. 597.
Ode to, A. J. Requier, ii. 720.
Tempest, origin of, in Purchas, i. 8.
Works of, edited by H. N. Hudson, ii. 597.
Shark Story, a. *Wm. P. Hawes*, ii. 358.
Shaw, John, i. 656.
Shaw, Lemuel, ii. 132.
She blooms no more. *Sarah H. Whitman*, ii. 490.
She comes to me, ii. 684.
She loves him yet. *Frances S. Osgood*, ii. 561.
Shelburne, Earl of, letter to by T. Paine, quoted, i. 200.
Shelton, F. W., ii. 630.
Shenstone, W., verses in a blank book which once belonged to. *Francis Hopkinson*, i. 217.
Shepard, Thomas, i. 42.
Account of Eliot's Indian Missions, i. 40.
Elegy on, passage from. *Urian Oakes*, i. 9
Epigram on translators of the Psalms, i. 16
Passage from his Autobiography, i. 43.
Tracts translated in Indian Language by John Eliot, i. 41.
Sheppard Lee, by R. M. Bird, ii. 378.
Sherman, John, i. 46.
Ship and Shore, by Walter Colton, ii. 246.
Ship Canal, the Panama. *F. Lieber*, ii. 304.
Shipley, Jonathan, Bp. of St. Asaph, i. 107.
Latin Motto to Franklin's Portrait, i. 110.
Prophecy of America, i. 169.
Sibley, John L., i. 15.
Sidney, Sir Philip, contemplated voyage to America, i. 6.
Elegy on, by Anne Bradstreet, i. 49.
Siege of Boston, history of the, by Richard Frothingham, Jr., ii. 257.
Sights from a Steeple. *N. Hawthorne*, ii. 509.
Sigourney, Charles, ii. 136.
Sigourney, Lydia H., ii. 135.
Silesia, letters on, by J. Q. Adams, i. 557.
Silliman, Benj., i. 89.
Silliman, Benj., Jr., i. 91.
Silliman's Journal, ii. 289.
Silver Bluff on the Savannah, ii. 433.
Simmons, James W., ii. 557.
Simmons, Wm. H., ii. 557.
Simms, Wm. Gilmore, ii. 427.
Anecdotes of Mason L. Weems, i. 487.
Notice of Beverly Tucker, i. 665.
Simms, W. G., Sen., ii. 427.
Simonds, Ephraim, funeral oration on, by Daniel Webster, ii. 29.
Simple Cobler of Agawam, the, by N. Ward, i. 18.
Simple Cobler's Boy, by N. Ward, i. 20.
Simplicitie's Defence against Seven Headed Policy, by Samuel Gorton, i. 39.
Sinclair, Sir John, letters of Washington to, i. 180.
Singing on the Way. *T. Mackellar*, ii. 566.
Sinless Child, the, by Elizabeth Oakes Smith, ii. 561.
Siris, by G. Berkeley, i. 168.
*Sisyphi Opus*, a Touch at the Times, by Robert Wain, ii. 258.
Six Months in Italy, by George S. Hillard, ii. 494.
Sketch Book, by Washington Irving, ii. 48.
Sketch of Old England, by J. K. Paulding, ii. 3.
Sketches of European Capitals, by Wm. Ware, ii. 175.
Sketches of Paris, by John Sanderson, ii. 45.
Sketches of Switzerland, by J. F. Cooper, ii. 111
Skip's last advice. *Robert Dinsmoor*, i. 466.
Sky Walk, by C. B. Brown. i. 588.
Slavery of the Africans, dialogue on, by Samuel Hopkins, i. 151.
Slavic Language and Literature, by Mrs. E. Robinson, ii. 169.
Small, William, i. 239.
Professor of Mathematics at William and Mary, i. 85.
Smibert, John, i. 166.
Smith, Capt. John, i. 5.
Life by W. G. Simms, ii. 429.
Smith, E. Peshine, ii. 158.
Smith, Eli, ii. 168.
Smith, Elihu H., i. 599.
Smith, Elizabeth Oakes, ii. 561.
Smith, James, signer of the Declaration of Independence. *Alexander Graydon*, i. 355.
Smith, John Augustine, president of William and Mary, i. 85.
Smith, John B., first president of Union, i. 274; ii. 194.
Smith, John Jay, i. 179.
Smith, Lloyd P., i. 179.
Smith, Richard Penn, ii. 382.
Smith, Robert, Principal of College of Charleston, ii. 329.
Smith, Samuel Stanhope, i. 273.
Smith, Seba, ii. 561.
Smith, William, i. 388.
Smith, Worthington, president of University of Vt., ii. 132.
Smithson, James, ii. 738.
Smithsonian Institution, ii. 738.
Snare Broken, the, a sermon, passage from. *Jonathan Mayhew*, i. 145.
Snow. *Ralph Hoyt*, ii. 532.
Snow-Flake falling on a lady's breast. *Wm. M. Johnson*, i. 586.
Snow-Flakes, the. *Caroline Lee Hentz*, ii. 486.
Society, poem on. *John Adams*, i. 133.
Solitude. *James Hall*, ii. 147.
Song and Instinct. *Hector St. John*, i. 175.
Song of the Bell, translated by Wm. H. Furness, ii. 328.
Song at Mare Mount. *Thomas Morton*, i 28.
Song of Marion's Men. *Wm. C. Bryant*, ii. 188.
Song of a Spirit. *Thomas Cole*, ii. 320.
Song Writers of America, by G. P. Morris, ii. 348.
Songs:
Absent Father. *Hew Ainslie*, ii. 101.
Alice Lee. *G. W. Bethune*, ii. 404.
America, Commerce, and Freedom. *Susanna Rowson*, i. 504.
American Flag, the. *J. R. Drake*, ii. 207.
Amy. *J. M. Legaré*, ii. 720.
Bacchanalian Song, imitated from the French. *Edward Sanford*, ii 408.
Bedouin Song. *Bayard Taylor*, ii. 716.
Boston Centennial Ode. *John Pierpont*, ii. 73.
Connel and Flora. *Alexander Wilson*, i. 552.
Death of Warren. *Epes Sargent*, ii. 634.
Defenders of New Orleans, to the. *J. R. Drake*, ii. 206.
Dithyramble on Wine, a. *Thomas Godfrey*, i. 196
Forefathers' Song, i. 68.

Digitized by Google

Friendship, Love, Wine, and a Song. *Wm. Clifton*, i. 608.
From the Castle in the Air to the Little Corner of the World. *Thomas Paine*, i. 205.
Guillotine Song, attributed to Joel Barlow, i. 393.
Hail Columbia. *Joseph Hopkinson*, i. 584.
Hail Independence. *Wm. Ray*, i. 609.
Health, a. *E. C. Pinkney*, ii. 341.
Home, Sweet Home. *John Howard Payne*, ii. 144.
How stands the glass around? *General Wolfe*, i. 431.
Hunting Song. *Robert Walsh*, ii 258.
Independent Farmer, the. *Susanna Rowson*, i. 503.
Ingle Side, the. *Hew Ainslie*, ii. 161.
Iron Greys. *F. G. Halleck*, ii. 207.
Lewis, Meriweather, song on the discoveries of. *Joel Barlow*, i. 394.
Liberty Tree. *Thomas Paine*, i. 205.
Life on the Ocean Wave, a. *Epes Sargent*, ii. 634.
Love, the leaves are falling round thee. *Robt. S. Coyne*, ii. 256.
Love and Liberty. *Royal Tyler*, i. 418.
Love rejected. *Wm. Leggett*, ii. 343.
Marion's Men, song of. *Wm. C. Bryant*, ii. 188.
Mary. *E. C. Pinkney*, ii. 341.
Matrimonial Happiness. *John Lapraik*, i. 262.
Mechanic's Song, the. *B. Franklin*, i. 115.
Mother Country, the. *B. Franklin*, i. 115.
Music, from Fanny *F. G. Halleck*, ii. 209.
Mutual Love. *Wiccamical Chaplet*, i. 263.
My plain country Joan. *B. Franklin*, i. 114.
National Peace, Song for the public Celebration of the. *Sarah W. Morton*, i. 483.
Near the Lake. *G. P. Morris*, ii. 350.
New, the, and the Old Song. *J. K. Mitchell*, ii. 382.
Oh, the Spring has come again, Love. *J. Lawrence, Jr.*, ii. 462.
Old Oaken Bucket, the. *S. Woodworth*, ii. 72.
Old Year, song of the. *J. V. Huntington*, ii. 611.
Picture Song, a. *E. C. Pinkney*, ii. 341.
Pillar of Glory, the *E. C. Holland*, ii. 139.
Platonic Bacchanal Song, a. *J. G. Percival*, ii. 214.
Pride of the Valley, the. *S. Woodworth*, ii. 71.
Sea Bird's Song, the. *J. G. C. Brainard*, ii. 229.
Serenade, the. *J. G. Percival*, ii. 214.
She Loves him yet. *Frances S. Osgood*, ii. 561.
Shepherd, the. *D. Humphreys*, i. 378.
Sleighing Song, the. *John Shaw*, i. 657.
Social Fire, around a. *J. L. Arnold*, i. 530.
Soldier, the. *J. Q. Adams*, i. 558.
Sparkling and Bright. *C. F. Hoffman*, ii. 477.
Stanzas. *St. George Tucker*, i. 236.
Star Spangled Banner. *F. S. Key*, i. 663.
'Tis said that Absence conquers Love. *F. W. Thomas*, ii. 549.
To * * * *. *F. G. Halleck*, ii. 209.
War and Washington. *J. M. Sewall*, i. 288.
War Song, from Pontoach. *Robert Rogers*, i. 171.
Of the Revolution. *John Neal*, ii. 163.
Whaling Song. *John Osborn*, i. 182.
When Spring arrayed in flowers, Mary. *James Lawson*, ii. 281.
When the warrior returns. *F. S. Key*, i. 663.
Woodman, spare that Tree. *G. P. Morris*, ii. 349.
Young Thyrsis. *Thomas Godfrey*, i. 196.
Zophiel, song from. *Maria Brooks*, ii. 201
Songs, by Hew Ainslie, ii. 161.
By the Way, by G. W Doane, ii. 290.
Of the Sea, by Epes Sargent, ii. 634.
Sonnets:
Claus, to a. *J. G Saxe*, ii. 630.
Cole, Thomas. *W. C. Bryant*, ii. 319.
Day. *Jones Very*, ii. 522.
Indolence. *Park Benjamin*, ii. 500.
Jackson, Andrew. *James Lawson*, ii. 281.
Latter Rain, the. *Jones Very*, ii. 524.
Liberty. *Geo. Hill*, ii. 314.
Nature. *Jones Very*, ii. 524.
New Birth, the. *Jones Very*, ii. 523.
Night. *Jones Very*, ii. 524.
Noyes' Translation of the Prophets, on the completion of *Henry Ware, Jr.*, ii. 174.
Reproach of Venus, the. *Laughton Osborne*, ii. 466.
Retirement. *J. R. Drake*, ii. 205.
Sport. *Park Benjamin*, ii. 500.
Summer's Dead. *Paul H. Hayne*, ii. 722.
Tasso. *R. H. Wilde*, ii 107.
Wind-Flower, the. *Jones Very*, ii. 522.
Woman's wounded name. *Susanna Rowson*, i. 503.
South Carolina, history of and its revolution, by David Ramsay, i. 304.
Historical View of, by James Drayton, i. 239.
History of the Protestant Episcopal Church in, by F. Dalcho, i. 575.
South Carolina College, ii. 329.
Southern and Western Review, ii 429.
Southern Literary Messenger, ii. 538.
Southern Quarterly Review, ii. 429.
Southern Review, i. 602; ii. 248, 107.
Southey, Caroline, lines to Mrs. M. M. Davidson, ii. 485.
Southey, Robert, copy of the Simple Cobler, i. 19.
Notice of the Davidsons, ii. 485.
Opinion of Maria Brooks, ii 198.
Southwick, Solomon, gift to the Redwood Library, i. 286.
Southworth, Emma D. E. N., ii. 624.
Souvenir de Kentucky *A. Rouquette*, ii. 522.
Spain, Reminiscences of, by Caleb Cushing, ii. 291.
Spain Revisited, by A. S. Mackenzie, ii. 361.
Spanish Literature, history of, by George Ticknor, ii. 231.
Literature, the author's Key Note to. *Geo. Ticknor*, ii. 231.
Love Ballad, from the Romancero of Pedro Flores. *George Ticknor*, ii. 232.
Sparkling and Bright. *C. F. Hoffman*, ii. 477.
Sparks, Jared, ii 165.
Notices of B. Franklin, i. 104, 106, 108, 114.
Letters of Washington, i. 179.
Sparrow, the. *Robert Dinsmoor*, i. 467.
Spartacus, by R. M. Bird, ii. 378.
Speakman, John, founder of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia, ii. 575.
Spectator, influence of the, in American Literature, i. 105.
Spencer, Jesse A., ii. 630.
Spirit of Poetry, to the. *Frances S. Osgood*, ii. 560.
The. *J. G. Percival*, ii. 213.
The, by H. T. Tuckerman, ii. 584.
Spirit of Song, the. *Elizabeth C. Kinney*, ii. 685.
Spirit Rapper, the, by O. A. Brownson, ii. 336.
Spirits of the Wilderness, the, by Thomas Cole, ii. 319.

Digitized by Google

Spondee's Mistresses. *Royal Tyler*, i. 417.
Sport. *Park Benjamin*, ii. 500.
Sporting Scenes and Sketches, by Wm. P. Hawes, ii. 355.
Spottswood, Gov., efforts in behalf of Indian Education, poetically described, i. 83.
Aid to William and Mary College, i. 82.
Sprague, Charles, ii. 132.
Sprague, Charles J., ii. 135.
Sprague, William B., ii. 219.
Life of Timothy Dwight, i. 359.
Spring, Gardner, ii. 80.
*James O. Rockwell*, ii 437.
*William M. Johnson*, i. 586.
Is Coming. *Hugh Moore*, ii. 496.
In New England. *Carlos Wilcox*, ii. 182.
Of Water in Kings County, L. I., On a. *Samuel Low*, i. 534.
On the return of. *Cynthia Taggart*, ii. [illegible]
Time. *Caroline H. Glover*, ii. 181.
Spy, the, by J. F. Cooper, ii. 108.
Squier, E. G., ii. 695.
Squier, Philip, ii. 695.
Squier, Samuel, ii. 695.
St. Catharine's. *Philip Freneau*, i. 342.
St. Genevieve on the Mississippi. *H. M. Brackenridge*, i. 670.
St. John's College, Maryland, ii. 77.
St. John, Hector, account of John Bartram, i. 224.
St. John, Samuel, American Taxation, i. 461.
St. Leger, by Richard B. Kimball, ii. 677.
St. Peter's, the interior of. *H. B. Wallace*, ii 639.
St. Thomas Hall, ii. 265.
Stamp Act, newspaper collection relating to, by Ezra Stiles at Yale College, i. 91.
Sermon on the repeal of the, passage from. *Jonathan Mayhew*, i. 145.
Reception of, in America. *John Adams*, i. 186.
Stanzas. *J. G. C. Brainard*, ii. 230.
*James G. Brooks*, ii. 325.
Star in the West, by Elias Boudinot, i. 236.
State Sovereignty. *J. C. Calhoun*, ii. 36.
State Triumvirate, the, ii. 68.
Stearns, J. F., Discourse on the Presbyterian Church, Newark, i. 271.
Stearns, William A., president of Amherst College, ii. 155.
Stephens, John L., ii. 419.
Stephens, Ann S., ii. 530.
Stereotyping, letter of C. Colden to B. Franklin, i. 81.
Sterne, Lawrence, his acquaintance with Elizabeth Ferguson, i. 238.
Sternhold and Hopkins, version of the Psalms in England, 1549, i. 15.
First American edition, i. 17.
Stethoscope Song, by O. W. Holmes, ii. 512.
Stetson, Charles A., remarks on Daniel Webster, ii. 32.
Steuart's Burial. *T. W. Parsons*, ii. 642.
Steuben, Baron, induces Peter S. Du Ponceau to emigrate to America, i. 578.
Stevens, John, collection of Voyages and Travels, i. 131.
Stiles, Ezra, i. 158. 513.
Consults the Redwood Library, i. 286.
Marriage of his daughter to Abiel Holmes, i. 513.
Notice in his diary of President Williams, i. 87.
Notice of B. Franklin's religious opinions, i. 109.
Notice of J. Galloway, i. 173.
Notice of President Clap, i. 88.
Notice of the last of the Gortonists, i. 32.
Tribute to the Rev. Timothy Cutter, i. 86.
Still Day in Autumn, a. *Sarah H. Whitman*, ii. 490.
Stith, William, president of William and Mary, i. 84.
Stoddard, Richard Henry, ii. 717.
Stoddard, Solomon, i. 92.
Stone, John A., ii. 280.
Stone, Samuel, i. 46.
Lines on. *E. B(ulkley)*, i. 46.
Stone, W. L., ii. 150.
Stork, William, i. 224.
Storm, on a. *Cynthia Taggart*, ii. 353.
Story, Elisha, ii. 10.
Story, Isaac, i. 634.
Story, Joseph, ii. 10.
Contributes to the Encyclopædia Americana, ii. 301.
Life of, by William W. Story, ii. 663.
Obituary notice of Isaac Story, i. 635.
Story, William W., ii. 663.
Life of Joseph Story, ii. 11.
Stoughton, William, bequest to Harvard, i. 9.
Stout Gentleman, the. *Washington Irving*, ii. 53.
Stowe, Calvin E., ii. 305.
Stowe, Harriet Beecher, ii. 605.
Strachey, William, i. 7.
Strawberry Girl, the, from Fashion and Famine. *Ann S. Stephens*, ii. 530.
Street, Alfred B., ii. 554.
Strength from the Hills. *Elizabeth Oakes Smith*, ii. 562.
Strike. *Ralph Hoyt*, ii. 534.
Stuart, Dugald, tribute to Jonathan Edwards, i. 94.
Stuart, Moses, ii. 20.
Assisted by Edward Robinson, ii. 167.
Stuber, Henry, i. 107.
Student's Life described. *John Norton*, i. 23.
Companion, the, by the Knights of the Round Table, at Yale, i. 92.
Study. *Orville Dewey*, ii. 164.
Sukey, by William B. Walter, ii. 284.
Sullivan, John T. S., life of William Sullivan, i. 637.
Sullivan, William, i. 637.
Sully, Thomas, notice of C. B. Brown, i. 589.
Summer Midnight, the. *J. W. Eastburn*, ii. 271.
On the Lakes. *S. Margaret Fuller*, ii. 526.
Summer's dead. *Paul H. Hayne*, ii. 722.
Sumner, Charles, ii. 545.
Notice of John Pickering, i. 625.
Sumner, George, ii. 547.
Sumner, Horace, ii. 526.
Sunday in Summer. *McDonald Clarke*, ii. 262.
Scene, a, at the South. *William J. Grayson*, ii. 103.
School Hymn, a. *William Croswell*, ii. 396.
School, the. *William B. Tappan*, ii. 381.
Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands, by H. B. Stowe, ii. 606.
Sunnyside, ii. 50.
Sunrise, from Mount Washington. *Rufus Dawes*, ii. 354.
Sunset, a. *Thomas Cole*, ii. 320.
Supernaturalism of New England, by J. G. Whittier, ii. 473.
Superstition, Indian. *David Brainard*, i. 143.
Superstitions of New England. *E Turell*, i. 125.
Supplication of J. R(ivington), passages from. *John Witherspoon*, i. 279.
Susquehanna, the. *Elihu G. Holland*, ii. 640.
Home on the. *Alexander Wilson*, i. 551.
Swain, David L., ii. 104.
Swallow Barn, by J. P. Kennedy, ii. 219.
Description of. *J. P. Kennedy*, ii. 221.
Swan, to a. *L. L. Noble*, ii. 596.
Swedenborg, E., ii. 226.
Swift, Jonathan, proposed bishop of Virginia, i. 78.
Swiss Landscape, elements of the. *G. B. Cheever*, ii. 454.

Digitized by Google

Sydserfe, Walter, i. 177.
Sylphs of the Season, by Allston, ii. 18.
Sylvester, Joshua, translation of Du Bartas, i. 48.
Poem in honor of. *Anne Bradstreet*, i. 49.

Tact. *R. W. Emerson*, ii. 367.
Taggart, Cynthia, ii. 352.
Talbot, Com. S., life of, by H. T. Tuckerman, ii. 583.
Talbot, William, translates J. Lederer's Travels, i. 71.
Tales and Sketches by a Cosmopolite, ii. 280.
For the Marines, by H. A. Wise, ii. 670.
Of a Traveller, by Washington Irving, ii. 49.
Talisman, the, ii. 69, 185, 272.
Talk with the Sea. *L. H. Sigourney*, ii. 139.
Talleyrand, M., visit to Ezra Stiles, 1794, i. 161.
Talleyrand's Descent into Hell, passages from. *William Clifton*, i. 605.
Talvi (Mrs. Edward Robinson), ii. 169.
Tammany, St., address, passages from. *S. L. Mitchill*, i. 522.
Tannehill, Wilkins, ii. 665.
Tappan, William B., ii. 380.
Tappan, Henry P., Chancellor of the University of Michigan, ii. 736.
Tarantula, the. *Cotton Mather*, i. 65.
Tarring and Feathering, notices of, i. 311.
Of Samuel Peters hinted at, i. 191.
Poetical remonstrance against, i. 439.
Tasso, Conjectures concerning the Love, Madness, and Imprisonment of, by R. H. Wilde, ii. 107.
Sonnets translated from. *R. H. Wilde*, ii. 107.
Tate and Brady, version of the Psalms, first reprinted in America, i. 18.
Taylor, Bayard, ii. 715.
Taylor, Isaac, edition of Edwards on the Will, i. 95.
Taylor, J., i. 101.
Taylor, Jeremy, Liberty of Prophesying, i. 110.
Taylor, Nathaniel W., i. 90.
Taylor, Robert, allusion to Virginia, 1612, i. 6.
Tea, passage from a poem on. *William Irving*, ii. 52.
*Bernard Romans*, i. 304.
Revolutionary Ballads on, i. 438.
Sermon on, by David Ramsay, i. 304.
Teacher's Lesson, the. *S. G. Goodrich*, ii. 313.
Tecumseh, by George H. Colton, ii. 658.
Life of, by B. Drake, ii. 79.
Teignmouth, Lord, i. 110.
Temperance, addresses and tracts on, by Edward Hitchcock, ii. 157.
Temperance Tales, by L. M. Sargent, ii. 283.
Temple, Charlotte, by Susanna Rowson, i. 502.
Temptation, the, from Hadad. *J. A. Hillhouse*, ii. 120.
Ten Eyck, Catharine, lines to. *Ann Eliza Bleecker*, i. 367.
Tennent, Gilbert, notice of, i. 271.
Tennent, William, account of, i. 270.
Tenney, Tabitha, i. 504.
Tenor, Mr. Old, a Mournful Lamentation for, by Joseph Green, i. 121.
Terrible Tractoration, by T. G. Fessenden, i. 596.
Terry, John O., ii. 694.
Thacher, James, i. 378.
Thacher, Thomas A., tribute to Prof. J. L. Kingsley, i. 89.
Thalatta, ii. 450.
Thanatopsis. *William C. Bryant*, ii. 186.
History of, ii. 184.
Thanksgiving, a sapphic for, passage from. *William B. Tappan*, ii. 380.
Thatcher, B. B., ii. 496.
Thayer, W. S., ii. 462.
Notice of R. Hildreth, ii. 462.
J. G. Whittier, ii. 472.
Theatre in Massachusetts, i. 535.
Thelwell, anecdote of, by Thomas Cooper, ii. 333.
Theologia Dogmatica, by F. P. Kenrick, ii. 315.
Theory of Morals and Politics, by Richard Hildreth, ii. 460.
Thespian Mirror, ii. 141.
They are passing away. *R. M. Charlton*, ii. 435.
They Say. *J. F. Cooper*, ii 111.
Thilo, Professor, of Halle, library at Yale, i. 91.
Thirty Years' View, by Thomas H. Benton, ii. 44.
This also shall pass away. *Wm. Croswell*, ii. 396.
Thomas, F. W., ii. 548.
Thomas, Isaiah, i. 302.
Account of James Rivington, i. 279.
Thomas, Nehemiah, ii. 71.
Thompson, Benjamin, i. 371.
Thompson, Daniel Pierce, ii. 215.
Thompson, John R., ii. 713.
Thomson, Charles, i. 170.
Tutor of William Bartram, i. 224.
Thompson, Waddy, i. 662.
Thoreau, Henry D., ii. 653.
Thorn Cottage, ii. 160.
Furniture of. *Fredrick Knight*, ii. 160.
Thornton, William, i. 178.
Thornwell, James H., President of South Carolina College, ii. 334.
Thorpe, T. B., ii. 612.
Thoughts at the Grave of a Departed Friend. *John Inman*, ii. 416.
For a Young Man, by Horace Mann, ii. 224.
For the City. *B. D. Winslow*, ii. 612.
In a Library. *Anne C. Lynch*, ii. 628.
On the Poets, by H. T. Tuckerman, ii. 583.
Three Experiments of Living, by Hannah F. Lee, ii. 295.
Hours, or the Vigil of Love, a poem, by Mrs. S. J. Hale, ii. 127.
Ticknor, George, ii. 230.
Collection of American Poetry, i. 118.
Copy of *Pietas et Gratulatio*, i. 12.
Memorial of Daniel Webster, ii. 31.
Notice of J. S. Buckminster, ii. 65.
Notice of Daniel Webster's Dartmouth College Article, i. 532.
Notice of William H. Prescott, ii. 235.
Services to Charles Follen, ii. 242.
H. S. Legaré, ii. 248.
Ticonderoga, conquest of. *Ethan Allen*, i. 208.
Tilden's Miscellaneous Poems, passages from, i. 429.
Tilghman, William, i. 577.
Time. *Anna Cora Mowatt*, ii. 624
Time-Piece, by Philip Freneau, i. 351.
Timrod, Henry, ii. 140.
Timrod, William H., ii. 140.
Tinker, Nehemiah, ii. 19.
'Tis said that Absence conquers Love. *F. W. Thomas*, ii. 549.
Titus, Colonel, speech in House of Commons, i. 181
To * * * *. *F. G. Halleck*, ii. 219.
—— with Flowers. *Anne C. Lynch*, ii. 628.
An Aged and Very Cheerful Christian Lady. *F. L. Hawks*, ii. 268.
Day, ii. 462.
Him who can alone sit for the Picture. *J. W. Simmons*, ii. 558.
Juvenal. *Laughton Osborne*, ii. 467.
Mary. *Mary E. Hewitt*, ii. 624.
My Boy. *Willis G. Clark*, ii. 536.
My Mother at Christmas. *M. M. Davidson*, ii. 484.
The Evening Wind. *William C. Bryant*, ii. 188.
The Daughter of a Friend. *J. G. C. Brainard*, ii. 227.
Time. *Susanna Rowson*, i. 503.

Digitized by Google

Toilet, a Lady's, poetically described. *Mercy Warren*, i. 164.
Token, the, ii. 312.
The, N. Hawthorne's tales in, ii. 503.
Toleration, views of. *Thomas Shepard*, i. 44.
Tompson, Benjamin, i. 66.
Tonson, Jacob, Latin epitaph on, i. 106.
Tooke, Horne, anecdote of, by Thomas Cooper, ii. 353.
Torrey, Professor, Memoir of James Marsh, ii. 131.
Torrey, John, ii. 733.
Totten, Silas, Notice of Beverly Tucker, i. 666.
President of Washington College, Connecticut, ii. 732.
Professor of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy at William and Mary, i. 85.
Tour on the Prairies, by Washington Irving, ii. 49.
Touro, Judah, gift to the Redwood Library, i. 286.
Townsend, Eliza, ii. 125.
Trailing Arbutus, the. *Sarah H. Whitman*, ii. 489.
Traveller, the, from "Curiosity." *Charles Sprague*, ii. 134.
Traveller's Hymn. *William Croswell*, ii. 397.
Travelling Experiences. *Pliny Miles*, ii. 677.
Tread of Time, the. *Thomas Cole*, ii. 320.
Trees of New England, poetical description of. *William Wood*, i. 3.
In the City. *Alice B. Neal*, ii. 683
Tribute, the. *Richard Dabney*, ii. 99.
Trinity College, Hartford, Connecticut, ii. 732.
Triumphs of Superstition, the. *T. M. Harris*, i. 561.
Trollopiad, the, by F. M. Shelton, ii. 630.
Troost, Gerard, ii. 575.
Trowbridge, E., ii. 89.
True Enthusiasm. *H. T. Tuckerman*, ii. 585.
Grandeur of Nations, by Charles Sumner, ii. 546.
Trumbull, Benjamin, i. 308.
Trumbull Gallery, at Yale, i. 91.
Trumbull, Henry, life of Israel Potter, ii. 674.
Trumbull, John, i. 308.
Collection of papers for History of Connecticut, i. 91
Notice of Joel Barlow, i 392.
Joseph Galloway, i. 173.
David Humphreys, i. 375.
Trumbull, Jonathan, i. 308.
Truth and Peace, conference between, passages from. *Roger Williams*, i. 33, 36, 37.
Tryon, Governor, Expedition against New Haven, i. 88.
Tucker, Beverley, i. 665.
Tucker, G., life of T. Jefferson, quoted, i. 240.
Tucker, St. George, i. 236.
Author of a portion of the Belles of Williamsburg, i. 284.
Tuckerman, H. T., ii. 582.
Account of H. Greenough, ii. 417.
Notice of Smibert, i. 166.
Tuckerman, Joseph, ii. 582.
Tuckerman, Peter, ii. 582.
Tudor, William, ii. 268.
His life of James Otis, quoted, i. 95, 119.
Turell, Ebenezer, i. 125.
Life of Benjamin Colman, i. 72.
Turell, Jane, i. 124.
Turgot, suggests a work by John Adams, i. 185.
Latin Epitaph on B. Franklin, i. 110.
Turner, Samuel H., ii. 129.
Turner, William W., ii. 737.
Notice of Professor Stuart, ii. 21.
Turtle Club, address to, by S. L. Mitchill, i. 519.
Tuthill, Cornelius, ii. 676.
Tuthill, Louisa C., ii. 676.
Twice-told Tales, by N. Hawthorne, ii. 503.
Twilight. *Thomas Cole*, ii. 320.
Thoughts, ii. 558.
Two Angels, the. *H. W. Longfellow*, ii. 661.
"Sisters of the West," ii. 683.
Years before the Mast, by R. H. Dana, Jr., ii. 619.
Tyler, Bennet, i. 532.
Tyler, Royal, i. 415.
Tyler, Samuel, ii. 519.
Tyng, Stephen H., ii. 316.
Typee, by Herman Melville, ii. 673.
Typographical Mode of Conducting a Quarrel, by Francis Hopkinson, i. 210.

Uhland. *William Allen Butler*, ii. 718.
Ulric, by Theodore S. Fay, ii. 412.
Uncle Philip's Conversations, by F. L. Hawks, ii. 268.
Uncle Tom in his Cabin. *H. B. Stowe*, ii. 606
Uncle Tom's Cabin, by H. B. Stowe, ii. 605.
Under the Palms. *G. W. Curtis*, ii. 707.
Undeveloped Genius. *J. C. Neal*, ii. 456.
Union, appeal for, of the Revolutionary Fathers. *F. L. Hawks*, ii. 267.
Union College, ii. 194.
Magazine, the, ii. 563.
The, edited by M. M. Noah, ii. 74.
The. *Daniel Webster*, ii. 33.
Unitarianism, foundation of, in New England, ii. 64.
United States Catholic Miscellany, ii. 83.
Defence of, in Paris, by J. F. Cooper, ii. 110.
History of the, by George Bancroft, ii. 305.
Literary Gazette, ii. 184.
Magazine, by H. H. Brackenridge, i. 290.
Review and Literary Gazette, ii. 184.
Universities, influence of. *G. Berkeley*, i. 168.
University, English, Five Years in a, by C. A. Bristed, ii. 693.
Unseen Spirits. *N. P. Willis*, ii. 441.
Up the River, by F. W. Shelton, ii. 631.
Upcott, William, cuttings from American newspapers, i. 435.
Updike, Wilkins, Rhode Island Bar, quoted, i. 484.
Upham, Charles W., Lectures on Salem Witchcraft, i. 61.
Upham, Thomas C., ii. 194.
Upper Ten Thousand, by Charles A. Bristed, ii. 692.
Ups and Downs in the Life of a Gentleman, by William L. Stone, ii. 151.
Ursulines, to the. *Caroline Gilman*, ii. 181.
Utica, "No pent up," &c., couplet, by J. M. Sewall, i. 286.

Valerian, by J. B Lynn, i. 653.
Vander Donck, Adrien, i. 80.
Vanderbilt Yacht Excursion, by J. O. Choules, ii. 317.
Vane, Sir Henry, visited by Roger Williams, i. 36.
Vardell, Rev. Mr., account of Henry Cruger, i. 221.
Vaughan, William, i. 2.
Vaughan, edition of Franklin, i. 110.
Velasco, by Epes Sargent, ii. 634.
Venus, transit of, observed by Ezra Stiles, i. 162.
Transit of, 1761, observed by Professor John Winthrop, i. 136.
Transit of, poem. *Pietas et Gratulatio*, i. 12.
Vermont, S. Peters elected bishop of, i. 193.
Vermont, University of, ii. 129.
Verplanck, Gulian C., ii. 68.
Notice of John Bowden, i. 385.
Of J. M. Mason, i. 581.
Of William Cox, ii. 415.
Quotation from G. Berkeley, i. 168.
Verses on the Prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in America. *G. Berkeley*, i 168.
Very Age, the, by E. S. Gould, ii. 468.

Digitized by Google

Very, Jones, ii. 522.
Veteran, the, and Child. *Hannah F. Gould*, ii. 498.
Views a-foot, by Bayard Taylor, ii. 715.
Vigil of Faith, by C. F. Hoffman, ii. 476.
Vindiciæ Hibernicæ, by Mathew Carey, i. 641.
Virgil, translated by Caleb Alexander, i. 306.
Virginia, account of, by Thomas Harriot, i. 7.
Allusion to, by Robert Taylor, 1612, i. 6.
Banishing Tea, i. 438.
Comedians, the, by John Esten Cooke, ii. 637.
Prologue and Epilogue, to the. *John Esten Cooke*, ii. 637, 658.
Good News from, by Alexander Whitaker, i. 7.
Historie of Travaile into, by William Strachey, i. 7.
History of, and other publications relating to, by Capt. John Smith, i. 6.
Marches from, to the West of Carolina, passages from. *John Lederer*, i. 71.
Personal adventures in a survey of the boundary line with North Carolina, by William Byrd, i. 75.
University of, ii. 725.
Vision of Columbus, by Joel Barlow, i. 391.
Of Sir Launfal, the, by J. R. Lowell, ii. 660.
Of Two Sisters in a Ball Room, poem. *William Irving*, ii. 51.
Visit from St. Nicholas. *Clement C. Moore*, i. 662.
Voice of the Seasons. *Katharine A. Ware*, ii. 255.
Of Years, the. *Louisa S. M'Cord*, ii. 252.
Voices of Freedom, by J. G. Whittier, ii. 473.
Of the Dead. *E. H. Chapin*, ii. 599.
Of the Night, by H. W. Longfellow, ii. 444.
Voltaire, meeting of and Franklin at the French Academy, account of, by John Adams, i. 187.
Volunteers' March, the. *A. C. Coxe*, ii. 657.

Waddel, Moses, ii. 77.
Waddell, James, the Blind Preacher, i. 614, 619.
Wadsworth, Benjamin, president of Harvard, i. 11.
Wages, Essay on the Rate of, by Henry C. Carey, ii. 157.
Wainwright, Jonathan Mayhew, ii. 139.
And Rufus Choate, ii. 287.
Walden, by H. D. Thoreau, ii. 654.
Walker, James, i. 14.
Wallace, Horace Binney, ii. 638.
Wallace, William Ross, ii. 692.
Waller, Edward, Eulogy on, by Jane Turell, i. 125.
Waln, Robert, ii. 257.
Walpole, Horace, notice of Smibert, i. 166.
Walsh, Robert, ii 37.
Correspondence with R. G. Harper on Napoleon Bonaparte and Russia, i. 638.
Walter, William B., ii. 283.
Walton, Iz., Angler, edited by George W. Bethune, ii. 403.
Wants of Man. *J. Q. Adams*, i. 558.
War. *Charles Sumner*, ii. 547.
Song of the Revolution. *John Neal*, ii. 163.
War and Washington. *J. M. Sewall*, i. 288.
Ward, George Atkinson, Journal of S. Curwen, i. 137.
Ward, Nathaniel, i. 18.
Anagram of John Wilson, i. 9.
Dr. S. Peters's humorous story of, i. 194.
Ward, Samuel, of Ipswich, i. 18.
Ward, Thomas, ii. 455.
Ware, Henry, ii. 173.
Ware, Henry, Jr., ii. 174.
Ware, John, ii. 174.
Ware, Catharine Augusta, ii. 255.
Ware, Mary L., ii. 175.
Ware, William, ii. 175.
Warfield, Catherine, ii. 662.
Warner, Anna B., ii. 626.
Warner, H. W., i. 603.
Warner, Susan, ii. 625.
Warren, James, i. 163.
Warren, Joseph, ballad of Free America, i. 443.
Warren, Death of, by Epes Sargent, ii. 634.
By Mrs. Adams, i. 188.
Oration on the Boston Massacre, i. 442.
Warren, Mercy, i. 163.
Washington, George, i. 179.
And Napoleon. *J. T. Headley*, ii. 604.
Anecdote of, by Albert Gallatin, i. 493.
Ballad on, 1779, i. 457.
Character of. *Aaron Bancroft*, i. 407.
*Thomas Jefferson*, i. 245.
*Henry Lee*, i. 414.
*John Marshall*, i. 405.
*J. K. Paulding*, ii. 8.
*M. L. Weems*, i. 485.
Collection of pamphlets belonging to, ii. 270.
Early anecdotes of. *M. L. Weems*, i. 483.
Epigram on, by Thomas Paine, i. 200.
Eulogist of Franklin, i. 110.
Eulogy of. *George H. Calvert*, ii. 373.
*William Linn*, i. 327.
By R. T. Paine, Jr., i. 633.
By Ezra Stiles, i. 160.
Genius of. *E. P. Whipple*, ii. 664.
Head-quarters of, at Newburgh, Sonnets on. *Henry Pickering*, ii. 25.
In "The Spy," ii. 109.
Letter to, by Thomas Paine, i. 198.
Letter to Phillis Wheatley, i. 369.
Life of, by Washington Irving, ii. 50.
By John Marshall, i. 405.
By Neal and Watkins, i. 643.
By Jared Sparks, ii. 166.
Lines to a truly great man. *Philip Freneau*, i. 330.
Nominated Commander in Chief by John Adams, i. 185.
Passage from funeral oration on. *John M. Mason*, i. 582.
Poem to the memory of, by R. Alsop, i. 496.
Poetical address to. *Phillis Wheatley*, i. 362.
Poetical description of. *Wheeler Case*, i. 454.
Prediction of S. Davies in relation to, i. 271.
Present at the performance of Darby's Return, i. 539.
Reply to a dedication, i. 633.
Return from Virginia, paraphrase of Horace. *John Parke*, i. 307.
Writings of, edited by Jared Sparks, ii. 166.
*Washingtonii Vita*, by F. Glass, i. 674.
Watching. *Emily C. Judson*, ii. 627.
Water Witch, the, by J. F. Cooper, ii. 110.
Waterfowl, to a. *William C. Bryant*, ii. 186.
Waterhouse, Benjamin, i. 528.
Watertown, poem descriptive of, i. 72.
Watt, J., visit to Paris with Thomas Cooper, ii 332.
Watts, Isaac, correspondence with the Mathers, i. 62.
Hymns and Psalms, introduction in America, i. 18.
Life of, by Jeremy Belknap, i. 255.
Presents a pair of globes to Yale, i. 91.
Psalms corrected by Joel Barlow, i. 392.
Revised by Timothy Dwight, i. 258.
Reprint of Jonathan Edwards's Narrative of Conversions, i. 98.
Verses of, recited by Benjamin Franklin on his death-bed, i. 110.
Watts, Stephen, i. 129.
Way to Wealth, by B. Franklin, i. 108.
Wayland, Francis, i. 526.

Digitized by Google

Weathercock on our Steeple, to the. *Albert G. Greene*, ii. 337.
Webb, George, i. 101.
Webber, C. W., ii. 665.
Webber, Samuel, President of Harvard, i. 14.
Webster, Daniel, ii. 29.
Address on J. F. Cooper, ii. 112.
Dartmouth College case, i. 532.
Notice of Alexander Hamilton, i. 422.
On Jefferson's authorship of the Declaration of Independence, i. 240.
Statesmanship of. *Rufus Choate*, ii. 287.
Tribute to J. C. Calhoun, ii. 35.
Webster, Ebenezer, ii. 29.
Webster, Ezekiel, ii. 30.
Webster, Noah, i. 474.
Founder of Amherst Academy, ii. 155.
Weccamical Chaplet, i. 262.
Wedderburn, attack on B. Franklin, i. 106.
Epigram on, i. 106.
Wedding Ring, On a very Old. *G. W. Doane*, ii. 290.
Week, a, on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers, by H. D. Thoreau, ii. 653.
Weekly Inspector, the, i. 596.
Magazine, i. 588.
Weems, Mason L., i. 484.
Weird Sisters, the. *H. N. Hudson*, ii. 598.
Welby, Amelia B., ii. 677.
Weld, Thomas, i. 16.
Wellesley, Marquis of, John Lathrop's interview with, i. 612.
Wells, Anna Maria, ii. 559.
Wells, William Charles, i. 464.
Wendell, Oliver, i. 513.
Wentworth, Sir Charles, History of, a novel by Edward Bancroft, i. 228.
Wept of Wish-ton-Wish, by J. F. Cooper, ii. 110.
Wesley, John, Abridgment of Jonathan Edwards' life of David Brainerd, i. 142.
Described by Samuel Curwen, i. 137.
West, Benjamin, i. 169.
West, Samuel, i. 248.
West, Stephen, i. 248.
West, the, and other Poems, by F. Lieber, ii. 302.
Publications on the, by James Hall, ii. 147.
Western Monthly Magazine, ii. 25, 146.
Politician, a, of the First Growth. *J. L. McConnel*, ii. 719.
Souvenir, ii. 146.
Westover Manuscripts, the, by William Byrd, i. 74.
Westward Ho, by James K. Paulding, ii. 4.
Wetmore, Prosper M., ii. 279.
Whale, fury of the, ii. 673.
Whaling Cruise, Etchings of a, by J. Ross Browne, ii. 651.
Song. *John Osborn*, i. 182.
Wharton, Charles, i. 382.
Wharton, Francis, State Trials of the United States, i. 484.
What Cheer, by Job Durfee, ii. 127.
What is Happiness? *J. B. Ladd*, i. 517.
What is the Use? *Erastus W. Ellsworth*, ii. 711.
What saith the Fountain? *William W. Caldwell*, ii. 712.
Wheatley, Phillis, i. 367.
Wheaton, Henry, ii. 39.
His history of the Law of Nations suggested by Charles Sumner, ii. 546.
Wheaton, N. S., president of Washington College, Connecticut, ii. 732.
Wheaton, Robert, ii. 40.
Wheeler, John, President of University of Vermont, ii. 190.
Historical Discourse on the University of Vermont, ii. 132.
Wheelock, Eleazer, i. 530.
At Yale, i. 87.
Wheelock, John, i. 531.
Whig Review, the, ii. 658, 666.
Whipple, Edwin P., ii. 664.
Whippoorwill, the. *G. P. Morris*, ii. 349.
Whistle, the. *B. Franklin*, i. 111.
Whitaker, Alexander, i. 7.
White, D. A., eulogy of Bowditch, i. 627.
White Hills, the, by Sylvester Judd, ii. 589.
Jacket, by Herman Melville, ii. 673.
Slave, the, by Richard Hildreth, ii. 459.
Stone Canoe, the. *H. R. Schoolcraft*, ii. 153.
White, T. W., ii. 538.
White Washing, a letter on. *Francis Hopkinson*, i. 211.
White, William, i. 299.
Whitefield, George, i. 87.
Account of the Log College, i. 271.
Whiting, Samuel, Elegy on, by Benjamin Tompson, i. 67.
Whitman, Sarah H., ii. 487.
Whitney, Eli, i. 91.
Exhibits his Cotton Gin, 1794, i. 161.
Whitney, William D., i. 90.
Whittier, John G., ii 472.
Tribute to Samuel Hopkins, i. 150.
Why I left the Anvil. *Elihu Burritt*, ii. 553.
Wibird, Parson, remark of John Adams on, i. 186.
Wide World, the, is Drear. *L. M. Davidson*, ii 482.
Widow of Malabar, by David Humphreys, i. 375.
Wieland, passage from. *C. B. Brown*, i. 591.
Wife, a, poetically described. *William Livingston*, i. 154.
Wigglesworth, Michael, i. 57.
Wilcocks, John, i. 308.
Wilcox, Carlos, ii. 181.
Wild Flowers, by A. Rouquette, ii. 522.
Wilde, John P., ii. 107.
Wilde, Mrs., ii. 106.
Wilde, Richard, ii. 106.
Wilde, Richard Henry, ii. 106.
Wilde, William C., ii. 107.
Wilkie, David, travels in Spain with Washington Irving, ii. 49.
Wilkinson, Gen. James, bon-mot on, by John Witherspoon, i. 277.
Will, Enquiry into the Freedom of the, by Jonathan Edwards, i. 94.
Willard, Emma, ii. 481.
Willard, Joseph, presidency of Harvard, i. 14.
Willard, Samuel, presidency of Harvard, i. 10.
William and Mary College, i. 82.
Williams College, ii. 154.
Williams, Elisha, i. 87.
Williams, Ephraim, ii. 154.
Williams, John, i. 70.
President of Trinity College, Connecticut, ii. 732.
Williams, Roger, i. 32.
Spurious portrait of, i. 36.
Williams, Samuel, ii. 130.
Williams, Stephen W., edits the Redeemed Captive, i. 70.
Williams, W. F., i. 91.
Williams, W. R., ii. 425.
Williamson, Hugh, i. 169.
Willis, George, ii. 438.
Willis, Nathaniel, ii. 438.
Willis, Nathaniel, Jr., ii. 438.
Willis, N. P., ii. 438.
Tribute to James A. Hillhouse, ii. 119.
Wilmer, W. H., president of William and Mary, i. 84.
Wilson, Alexander, i. 544.
Wilson, Bird, Memoir of Bishop White, i. 301.

Digitized by Google

Wilson, John, Anagram of Crescentius Matherus, i. 59.
Lines on. *Jonathan Mitchell*, i. 46.
Talent at anagrams, i 9.
Wilson, Peter, i. 385.
Wind-Flower, the. *Jones Very*, ii. 523.
Windham Frog Story, i. 500.
Windham, Frogs of. *Samuel Peters*, i. 192.
Window-Panes at Brandon, the. *John R. Thompson*, ii. 712.
Winged Worshippers, the. *Charles Sprague*, ii. 134.
Winslow, Benjamin D., ii 612.
Winslow, Josiah, i. 45.
Winter Fire-side, the. *Samuel Lee*, i. 533.
In the West, a, by C. F. Hoffman, ii. 476.
Opportunities of, for instruction. *F. W. P. Greenwood*, ii. 285.
The cold, 1740–1. *James M'Sparran*, i. 144.
*Washington Allston*, ii. 17.
*William M. Johnson*, i. 586.
Winthrop, Adam, Verses to the Lady Mildmay, i. 25.
Winthrop, F. B., i. 388.
Winthrop, Hon. J., epistle to. *Mercy Warren*, i. 164.
Winthrop, James, i. 136.
Winthrop, John, i. 25.
Winthrop, John, Governor of Connecticut, i. 27.
Mission of, to the Court of Charles II., by Roger Wolcot, i. 79.
Winthrop, Prof. John, i. 135.
Winthrop, Robert C., ii. 500.
Compliment to B. Franklin as Postmaster, i. 110.
Passage on J. Bowdoin and B. Franklin, i. 157.
Toast in allusion to the seal of Harvard, i. 9.
Wirt, Agnes, i. 619.
Wirt, William, i. 617.
Compliment to, by Josiah Quincy, i. 611.
Life of, by J. P. Kennedy, ii. 220.
Wise, Henry A., ii. 669.
Remark on H. Melville's Typee, ii. 673.
Wistar, Caspar, i. 577.
Witchcraft, by Cornelius Mathews, ii. 646.
Memorable Providences relating to, by Cotton Mather, i. 60.
Wither, George, poem on the Juvenilia of. *J. E. Harwood*, i. 555.
Witherspoon, John, i. 275.
President of College of New Jersey, i. 273, ii. 59.
Without and Within. *C. F. Briggs*, ii. 581.
Woes of Modern Greece. *H. T. Farmer*, ii. 24.
Wolcot, Roger, i. 79.
Wolcott, John, (Peter Pindar) Dinner with. *William Austin*, i. 659.
Wolcott, Oliver, donation to Yale, i. 91.
Wolfe, General, anecdotes of, i. 431.
George Cockings' poem on, i. 533.
Lines on the Death of, i. 432.
Ode on the death of, by Thomas Paine, i. 197.
Ode on the Death of. *Thomas Paine*, i. 201.
Pastoral to the Memory of, by Thomas Godfrey, i. 196.
Wolfert's Roost, by Washington Irving, ii. 50.
Wollaston, Mount, settlement at, i. 28.
Wollaston, William, Religion of Nature, i. 107.
Woman, Eulogy on. *John Ledyard*, i. 326.
Virtuous, the. *James Bowdoin*, i. 158.
Woman's Record, by Mrs. S. J. Hale, ii. 127.
Women of the Revolution, by E. F. Ellet, ii. 610.
Wonder-Working Providence of Zion's Saviour in New England, by Edward Johnson, i. 39.
Wonder-Book for Boys and Girls, by N. Hawthorne, ii. 505.
Wonders of the Invisible World, by Cotton Mather, i. 61.
Passage from. *Cotton Mather*, i. 64.
Wood, George, ii. 295.
Wood, William, i. 3.
Woodbridge, Benjamin, Epitaph on John Cotton, i. 22.
First graduate from Harvard, i. 22.
Woodbury, Levi, ii. 128.
Woodhouse, James, i. 580.
Woodhull, S. S., i. 581.
Woodman, Spare that Tree. *G. P. Morris*, ii. 349.
Woods, Leonard, i. 636.
Controversy with Henry Ware, ii. 174.
Woods, Leonard, Jr., president of Bowdoin, ii. 193, 619.
Woods, Samuel, i. 636.
Woodworth, Samuel, ii. 71.
Woolly, Bishop, remark on, by Charles II., i. 62.
Woolman, John, i. 146.
*Elizabeth M. Chandler*, ii. 465.
Woolsey, Theodore D., i. 88.
Worcester, Noah, i. 479.
Wordsworth. *James T. Fields*, ii. 709.
Wordsworth, Wm., influence of, on W. C. Bryant, ii. 185.
World Sale, the. *Ralph Hoyt*, ii. 533.
Worthington, Jane T., ii. 678.
Wreck of the Two Pollies. *Nathaniel Deering*, ii. 336.
Wright, Elizur, i. 92.
Wythe, George, character of, by T. Jefferson, i. 239.

Yale, Elihu, i. 86.
Yale College, i. 85.
Literary Magazine, i. 92.
Yamoyden, by R. C. Sands and J. W. Eastburn, ii. 271.
Yankee, the, by John Neal, ii. 163.
Doodle, account of, i. 463.
Yates, William, president of William and Mary, i. 84.
Year in Spain, by A. S. Mackenzie, ii. 361.
Yellow Fever, history of, 1753, i. 131.
"You'd scarce expect." *David Everett*, i. 568.
Young, Alexander, ii. 316.
Eulogy of Bowditch, i. 627.
Young American, the. *A. H Everett*, ii. 322.
Young, Edward, lines from Zanga, i. 106.
Night Thoughts, in Latin, by Stephen Sewell, i. 12.
Young, John, i. 233.
Young Rosalie Lee. *P. P. Cooke*, ii. 636.
Youth and Age. *Richard Dabney*, ii. 99.
Of Jefferson, the, by John Esten Cooke, ii. 634.
Youth's Companion, the first child's newspaper, ii. 438.
Yusef, by J. Ross Browne, ii. 651.

Zara, prologue to. *General Burgoyne*, i. 451.
Zaragoza. *A. S. Mackenzie*, ii. 362.
Zenobia, by William Ware, ii. 175.
Fausta and Piso. *William Ware*, ii. 177.
Zeuma, by James Ralph, i. 103.
Zinzendorff, by L. H. Sigourney, ii. 186.
Zophiel, by Maria Brooks, ii. 198.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

JANUARY 1st, 1854,
145 *Nassau St., N. Y.*

# COMPLETE LIST

OF

# CHARLES SCRIBNER'S

## PUBLICATIONS.

A LIBERAL DISCOUNT MADE TO BOOKSELLERS—AGENTS—CLERGYMEN, AND TO ANY ONE ORDERING A NUMBER OF BOOKS—SPECIAL DISCOUNT MADE TO LIBRARIES.

*Any Book in this List will be sent by Mail,* POSTAGE PAID, *on Receipt of Price Appended. A Descriptive Catalogue will be sent to any Address on Application.*

Alexander, Rev. A.—*Outlines of Moral Science.* 1 vol., 12mo. . . $ 75

Alexander, Rev. J. A.—*The Psalms.* Translated and Explained. 3 vols., 12mo . . . . . 3 75
In Half calf, $5 25.

Alexander, Rev. Jas. W.—*Life of Archibald Alexander, D.D.* 1 vol., 8vo., cloth, . . . . . 2 50
In Extra gilt, and half calf, $3 50; Morocco, $5 00.
Also, a New Edition, 1 vol., large 12mo. Price reduced to . 1 25

——— *Consolation;* in Discourses on Select Topics, Addressed to the Suffering People of God. 1 vol., 8vo., cloth, . . . . 2 00
Full gilt or half calf, $3 00; Morocco, extra, $4 00.
Also, a New Edition, 1 vol., 12mo. Price reduced to . . 1 25

Arthur, T. S.—*(New Series.) Sparing to Spend; or, the Loftons and the Pinkertons.* 1 vol., 16mo., . . . . . 75

——— *The Old Man's Bride.* 1 vol., 16mo., . . . . 75

——— *Heart Histories and Life Pictures.* 1 vol., 16mo., . . 75

——— *Home Lights and Shadows.* 1 vol., 16mo., . . . 75

Barry, P.—*The Fruit Garden.* Illustrated with 150 figures, representing the different parts of Trees, all Practical Operations, Forms of Trees Designs for Plantations, Implements, &c., 1 vol., 12mo., . . 1 25

Beach, Dr. W.—*The American Practice of Medicine.* Being a Practical Exposition of Pathology, Therapeutics, Surgery, Materia Medica and Pharmacy, on Reformed Principles: Embracing the most Useful Portions of the former work, with Corrections, Additions, New Remedies, and Improvements; Illustrated by 300 colored engravings, in 3 volumes, royal octavo, . . . . . 20 00

Digitized by Google

Beach, Dr. W.—*An Improved System of Midwifery.* Adapted to the Reformed Practice of Medicine. To which is added, A Compendium of the Treatment of Female and Infantile Diseases; with Remarks on Physiological and Moral Elevation. Illustrated by 50 colored plates. 1 vol., 8vo., . . . . . 6 00

——— *Anatomy, Physiology and Health.* 1 vol., 8vo.; 25 cold. pl, 3 00

——— *Medical and Botanical Dictionary.* 1 vol., 8vo., . . . 1 75

Bourne, Wm. O.—*Golden Link.* A Collection of Tales and Poems for the Young. 1 vol., 16mo., illustrated, . . . . . 63

——— *Silverstring; or, Tales and Poems for the Young.* Illustrated with elegant tinted engravings. 1 vol., 16mo., cloth, . . . 63

Brace, C. L.—*Home Life in Germany.* Embracing a Picture of the Social Life, Conversations, Modes of Thought, Habits, Style of Living, &c., of the Germans. 1 vol., 12mo., cloth, . . . . . 1 25

——— *Hungary in* 1851. With an Experience of the Austrian Police. 1 vol., 12mo., cloth, . . . . . 1 25

Buddicom, R. P.—*Emanuel on the Cross and in the Garden.* 1 vol., 12mo., cloth, . . . . . 63

Burkhardt, C. B.—*Fairy Tales and Legends of Many Nations, Selected and Newly Told.* With Original Designs and Illustrations. 1 vol., 12mo., cloth, . . . . . 1 00
Colored plates, $1 25.

Cameron, Archibald.—*His Heart Trials.* 1 vol., 12mo., . . . . 75

Campbell, Hon. Wm. W.—*The Life and Writings of De Witt Clinton.* 1 vol., 12mo., cloth, . . . . . 1 25

——— *Life of Robin Hood and Captain Kidd.* An Historical Account of these Noted Characters. 1 vol., 12mo., cloth, . . 75

——— *The Border Warfare of New York; or, Annals of Tryon County.* 1 vol., 12mo., cloth, . . . . . 1 25

Canon, Rev. Jas. Spencer.—*Lectures on Pastoral Theology.* 1 vol., 8vo., . 2 00

Cheever, Rev. Geo. B.—*Voices of Nature to Her Foster Child, the Soul of Man.* A Series of Analogies between the Natural and the Spiritual World. 1 vol., 12mo., cloth, . . . . . 1 25

——— *A Voyage to the Celestial Country.* Being the Reel in a Bottle, from Manuscripts of an Old Salt. An Allegory. 1 vol., 12mo., cloth, . . . . . 1 00

Cheever, Rev. H. T.—*Memorials of the Life and Trials of a Youthful Christian,* in Pursuit of Health, as Developed in the Biography of Nathaniel Cheever, M.D. 1 vol., 12mo., cloth, . . . 1 00

Cormenin.—*The Orators of France.* Civil, Revolutionary, and Military. From the 16th Paris edition. Edited by George H. Colton, with an Essay on the Rise and Progress of French Parliamentary Eloquence, by J. T. Headley. 1 vol., 12mo., cloth or sheep. Illustrated with portraits, . . . . . 1 25

Carlen, Mrs. E. F.—*One Year of Wedlock; a Tale of Wedlock.* 1 vol., 12mo., cloth, . . . . . 75
In Paper, 50 cts.

——— *Bride of Omberg.* 1 vol., 12mo. cloth, . . . . . 75
In Paper, 50 cts.

Digitized by Google

Carlen, Mrs. E. F.—*Gustavus Lindorm; or Lead us not into Temptation.* 1 vol., 12mo., cloth, . . . . . 75
Paper, 50 cts.

——— *Whimsical Women.* 1 vol., 12mo., cloth, . . . . . 75
Paper, 50 cts.

——— *Home in the Valley.* 1 vol., 12mo., cloth, . . . . . 75
Paper, 50 cts.

Charlotte Elizabeth's Works.—*Personal Recollections.* With a Memoir, by H. J. Tonna. 1 vol., 18mo., . . . . . 50

*Helen Fleetwood,*
*Judah's Lion,*
*Judæa Capta,*
*The Siege of Derry,*
*Letters from Ireland,*
*The Rockite,*
*Floral Biography,*
*Principalities and Powers,*
*Passing Thoughts,*
*Falsehood and Truth,*
*Izram, a Mexican Tale,*
*Osric, a Missionary Tale,*
*Conformity,*
*The Convent Bell, a Tale,*
} Each in 1 vol., 18mo. 50cts.

Chasles, Prof. P.—*American Literature and Manners.* 1 vol., 12mo., cloth. Translated by Donald MacLeod, . . . . . 1 00

Conybeare, Rev. W. J., and Rev. J. S. Howson.—*The Life and Epistles of St. Paul.* 2 vols., 8vo., with colored maps and many elegant illustrations, . . . . . 6 00
In half calf, $8 00; morocco, extra, $12 00.

Dana's, R. H.—*Poems and Prose Writings.* 2 vols., 12mo., . . . . 2 50

Davis, Geo. L. L.—*The Daystar of American Freedom; or, The Birth and Early Growth of Toleration in the Province of Maryland.* With a Sketch of the Colonization upon the Chesapeake and its tributaries, preceding the removal of the Government from St. Mary's to Annapolis; and a glimpse of the numbers and general state of Society, of the Religion, and Legislation; of the Life and Manners of the Men who Worshipped in the Wilderness at the First Rude Altar of Liberty. 1 vol., 12mo., . . . . . 1 00

Duyckinck, E. A., and G. L.—*Cyclopedia of American Literature.* Embracing Personal and Critical Notices of Authors, and Selections from their Writings, from the Earliest Period to the Present Day. 2 vols., 8vo., with 225 portraits, 425 autographs, and 75 views of colleges, libraries, and residences of authors, and elegant steel engravings of J. Fenimore Cooper and Benjamin Franklin. 2 vols., royal 8vo. Sold only by Subscription, . . . . . 7 00

Dwight, Rev. H. G. O.—*Christianity Revived in the East.* Being a History of the Great Religious Reformation in Armenia, with an Account of the Sufferings, and Persecutions of the Early Missionaries and Converts. A new and revised edition. 1 vol., 12mo., cloth, . 1 00

Ellet, Mrs. E. F.—*The Women of the American Revolution.* 3 vols., 12mo., cloth or sheep, with 7 steel engravings, . . . . . 3 50

——— *Domestic History of the American Revolution.* 1 vol., 12mo, 1 00

——— *Evenings at Woodlawn,* . . . . . do. . 1 00

——— *Pioneer Women of the West,* . . . . do. . 1 25

——— *Watching Spirits.* 1 vol., 8vo., with 6 elegant steel eng., cloth, extra gilt, . . . . . 2 50

*English Woman in Russia.* Impressions of the Society and Manners of the Russians at Home. By a Lady Ten Years Resident in that Country. 1 vol., 12mo., . . . . . 1 13

Digitized by Google

Flagg, Edmund.—*Venice, the City of the Sea.* From the Invasion of Napoleon, in 1797, to the Capitulation to Radetzky in 1849. With a Contemporaneous View of the Peninsula. 2 vols., 12mo., cloth, with map and 7 engravings, . . . . . 2 50

George, Anita.—*Lives of the Queens of Spain.* 2 vols., 12mo., portraits, . 2 50

Hall, Rev. B. R.—*Teaching a Science—The Teacher an Artist.* 1 vol. 12mo. cloth, . . . . . 1 00

——— *Frank Freeman's Barber Shop.* A Tale for the South and North. 1 vol. 12mo., cloth. Illustrations, . . . . . 1 00

Hall, Rev. Dr. E.—*The Puritans and their Principles.* 1 vol. 8vo. cloth, . 2 50

——— *An Exposition of the Law of Baptism, as it regards the Mode and the Subjects.* Third edition, revised and enlarged. 1 vol. 12mo., cloth, . . . . . 75

Harsha, D. A.—*The most eminent Orators of ancient and Modern Times:* Containing Sketches of their Lives, Specimens of their Eloquence, and an Estimate of their Genius. 1 vol., 8vo. With Portrait, . 2 25

Headley, J. T.—*Washington and his Generals.* 2 vols., 12mo., cloth, . 2 50

——— *Napoleon and his Marshals.* 2 vols., 12mo., cloth. Illustrated with 12 portraits, . . . . . 2 50

——— *The Sacred Mountains.* Illustrated with 12 engravings by Burt, with designs by Lossing. 1 vol., 12mo., cloth, . . . . 1 25
Do. do., full gilt, $1 75; 8vo., cloth, full gilt, $2 50; morocco, extra, $3 50.

——— *Sacred Scenes and Characters.* 1 vol., 12mo., cloth, with 12 illustrations by Darley, . . . . . 1 25
Do. do., 1 vol., 8vo., cloth, full gilt, $3 00; morocco, $3 50.

——— *Letters from Italy and Alps and the Rhine.* 1 vol., 12mo., cloth. A new edition, revised and enlarged, with a portrait of the author . . . . . 1 13

——— *Adirondack; or, Life in the Woods.* With Original Designs from Gignoux, Ingham, Durand, &c. 1 vol., 12mo., cloth . . 1 25

——— *Life of Oliver Cromwell.* 1 vol., 12mo., cloth, gilt, with portrait, . . . . . 1 25

——— *History of the Second War with England.* 2 vols., 12mo., cloth, with 10 engravings, . . . . . 2 50

——— *The Old Guard of Napoleon, from Marengo to Waterloo.* 1 vol., 12mo., cloth, with 10 Engravings, . . . . . 1 25

——— *Lives of Winfield Scott and Andrew Jackson.* 1 vol. 12mo. cloth, with portraits, . . . . . 1 25

——— *Miscellanies.* 1 vol., 12mo., . . . . . 1 00

——— *Sketches and Rambles.* 1 vol., . . . . . 75

Herbert, Hen. W.—*American Game in its Seasons.* 1 vol., 12mo., cloth, with 12 superb engravings, . . . . . 1 25

——— *The Captains of the Roman Republic.* 1 vol., 12mo., cloth, illustrated, . . . . . 1 25

——— *The Captains of the Old World.* Their Campaigns, Character, and Conduct, as compared with the great Modern Strategists. 1 vol., 12mo., with 5 original engravings, . . . . . 1 25

Hooker, D. W.—*Physician and Patient; or, a Practical View of the Mutual Duties, Relations, and Interests of the Medical Profession and the Community.* 1 vol., 12mo., cloth, . . . . . 1 25

Digitized by Google

Hooker, D. W.—*Homœopathy.* An Examination of its Doctrines and Evidences. 1 vol., 12mo., cloth, . . . . . 63

——— *Lessons from the History of Medical Delusions.* 1 vol., 12mo., cloth, . . . . . 50

Hoffman, C. Fenno.—*Greyslayer.* A Romance of the Mohawk. 1 vol., 12mo., cloth, . . . . . 1 25

Hudson, H. N.—*Lectures on Shakspeare.* 2 vols., 12mo., . . . 2 50

Joslin, Mrs. B. F.—*Clement of Rome.* A Legend of the Sixteenth Century. With an Introduction by Prof. Tayler Lewis. 1 vol., 18mo., cloth, . . . . . 63

Kirkland, Mrs. C. M.—*The Evening Book; or, Fireside Talk on Morals and Manners, with Sketches of Western Life.* With elegant engravings, from original designs. 1 vol., 8vo., cloth, full gilt, 3 50
Morocco, extra, $5 50; do. do. in 1 vol., 12mo., cloth, with 2 engravings, $1 25.

——— *Autumn Hours and Fireside Reading.* 1 vol., 8vo., cloth. full gilt . . . . . 3 50
Morocco, extra, $5 50.

——— *A Book for the Home Circle; or, Familiar Thoughts on Various Topics, Literary, Moral, and Social.* A companion to "The Evening Book." With 8 fine steel engravings from designs by Dallas. 1 vol., 8vo., cloth, full gilt, . . . . . 3 50
Morocco, $5 50.

——— *Holidays Abroad; or, Europe from the West.* 2 vols., 12mo., cloth, . . . . . 2 00

Knox, Rev. J. B.—*Historical Account of St. Thomas, W. I.*

Lawrence, Eugene.—*Lives of the British Historians.* 2 vols., 12mo., . . 2 50

Lord, Eleazer.—*The Epoch of Creation.* The Scripture doctrine contrasted with the geological theory. With an Introduction by Rev. R. W. Dickinson, D.D. 1 vol., 12mo., cloth, . . . . . 1 00

Lynch, Lieut. W. F.—*Naval Life—The Midshipman; or, Observations Afloat and Ashore.* 1 vol., 12mo., cloth, . . . . . 1 00

Marvel, Ik.—*The Battle Summer.* Being transcripts from personal observation in Paris during the year 1848. With illustrations by Darley. 1 vol., 12mo., cloth, . . . . . 1 25
Full gilt, $1 75; morocco, $2 50.

——— *Dream Life.* A Fable of the Seasons. 1 vol., 12mo., cloth, gilt top, or red edges, . . . . . 1 25
Full gilt, $1 75; morocco, $2 50

——— *The Lorgnette; or, Studies of the Town.* By an Opera-goer (Ik. Marvel). 2 vols., 12mo., cloth, set off with Mr. Darley's Designs . . . . . 2 50
Full gilt, $3 50.

——— *Fresh Gleanings; or, a New Sheaf from the Old Field of Continental Europe.* 1 vol., 12mo., cloth, . . . . . 1 25
Full gilt, $1 75; morocco, $2 50.

——— *Reveries of a Bachelor.* A Book of the Heart. With 2 illustrations. 1 vol., 12mo., cloth, gilt top, or red edges, . . 1 25
Do. do., in full gilt, $1 75; morocco extra, $2 50. Do. do., in 1 vol., 8vo., with 25 Illustrations designed by Darley, cloth, gilt, $4 00; morocco, $6 00.

——— *Fudge Doings.* Being Tony Fudge's Records of the same, in Forty Chapters. 2 vols., 12mo., . . . . . 2 00

Mason, Rev. Dr. J. M.—*Complete Works.* With Portrait. 4 vols., 12mo. A new and revised edition. Price reduced to . . . . 4 50

Digitized by Google

Mason, Rev. Dr. Erskine.—*A Pastor's Legacy.* Being Sermons on Practical Subjects. With a brief Memoir of the Author, by Rev. Wm. Adams, D.D. 1 vol. 8vo., with a portrait, . . . . . 2 00

Maxwell, J. S.—*The Czar, his Court and People.* Including a Tour in Norway and Sweden. A new and revised edition. 1 vol., 12mo., cloth . . . . . 1 00

Mitchell, Prof. O. M.—*The Planetary and Stellar Worlds.* A Popular Exposition of the Great Discoveries and Theories of Modern Astronomy. In a Series of Ten Lectures. In 1 vol., 12mo., cloth, 1 25

March, C. W.—*Daniel Webster and his Contemporaries.* 1 vol., 12mo., with portrait, . . . . . 1 00

Macleod Donald.—*Life of Sir Walter Scott.* 1 vol., 12mo, cloth, with portrait . . . . . 1 00

——— *The Idler and the Alps; or, Pynnshurst and his Wanderings.* 1 vol., 12mo., cloth . . . . . 1 25

——— *The Bloodstone.* 1 vol., 12mo., cloth, . . . . . 75

Morris, George P.—*Poetical Works, complete.* With thirteen superb engravings, from original designs by Weir and Darley, and a portrait of the Author, by the late Henry Inman. Elegantly printed on fine vellum paper. 1 vol., 8vo., cloth, full gilt, . . . . . 5 00

Morocco, extra, $7.

Magoon, E. L.—*The Orators of the American Revolution.* 1 vol., 12mo., cloth or sheep, with 6 portraits, . . . . . 1 25

——— *The Living Orators in America.* 1 vol., 12mo., cloth or sheep, with 6 fine portraits, . . . . . 1 25

More, Margaretta.—*The Household of Sir Thomas More.* 1 vol., 18mo., 50

Macdonald, Rev. Dr. J. M.—*The Coming of the Lord.* A Key to the Book of Revelation. With an Appendix. 1 vol., 12mo., cloth, . . 75

——— *My Father's House; or, the Heaven of the Bible.* 1 vol., 12mo., . . . . . 1 25

Do. do., cloth, full gilt, $1 75.

McConnell, J. L.—*Talbot and Vernon.* A Novel. 1 vol., 12mo., cloth, . 1 00

Paper, 75 cents.

——— *The Glenns.* A Family History. 1 vol., 12mo., cloth, . 75

Paper, 50 cents.

——— *Grahame; or, Youth and Manhood.* 1 vol. 12mo. cloth . 75

Paper, 50 cents.

Myrtle Minnie—*Myrtle Wreath; or, Stray Leaves Recalled.* 1 vol., 12mo., 1 25

Newcomb, Rev. H.—*Cyclopedia of Missions.* 1 vol., large octavo, double columns, 700 pages. Embracing a Comprehensive View of all the Missionary Operations in the World, with Geographical Descriptions, Condition of the Unevangelized, &c.; together with the Religious Movements of the Age; under Alphabetical Arrangement. Illustrated with an original frontispiece from Rev. xx. 1–3, and thirty missionary maps, . . . . . 3 00

Nieritz.—*Stories for Children.* Translated from the German, by Mrs. H. C. Conant.

——— *The Little Drummer; or, Filial Affection.* A story of the Russian Campaign. 1 vol., 16mo., cloth, illustrated, . . . 50

Digitized by Google

Nieritz.—*The Plum Woman; or, the Child with Three Mothers.* 1 vol., 16mo., cloth, illustrated, . . . . . 50

——— *The Rat-Catcher.* 1 vol., 16mo., cloth, illustrated, . . 50

——— *Alexander Menzikof; or, the Perils of Greatness.* 1 vol., 16mo., cloth, illustrated, . . . . . 50

*Our First Mother.* 1 vol. 16mo., . . . . . 63

Paulding, J. K.—*Puritan and his Daughter.* 1 vol., 12mo., . . . 1 25

Peck, George W.—*Melbourne and the Chincha Islands.* With Sketches of Lima, and a Voyage round the World. 1 vol., 12mo., cloth, . 1 00

Peep of Day Series.—*The Peep of Day; or, a Series of the Earliest Religious Instructions the Infant Mind is capable of receiving.* With verse illustrative of the Subjects. 1 vol., 18mo., with engravings, 50

——— *Line upon Line.* A second series, . . . . . 50

——— *Precept upon Precept.* Third series . . . . . 50

——— *Here a Little and there a Little; or, Scripture Facts.* 1 vol., 18mo., with engravings. Fourth series . . . . . 50

Perce, Elbert.—*Gulliver Jr.: his three Voyages.* Being an Account of his Marvellous Adventures in Kailoo, Hydrogenia, and Ejario. 1 vol., 16mo., cloth, with six tinted illustrations, . . . . . 63

——— *Old Karl the Cooper, and his Wonderful Book.* 1 vol., 16mo., cloth, with 9 engravings, . . . . . 63

Post, Rev. T. M., D.D.—*The Skeptical Era in Modern History; or, The Infidelity of the Eighteenth Century.* Indicating Despotism and Unbelief, or Liberty and Faith, the future destiny of Society. 1 vol., 12mo., . . . . . 88

Prentiss.—*Life of Seargent S. Prentiss.* Edited by his Brother. 2 vols., 12mo., . . . . . 2 50

*Princeton Pulpit.* Original contributions from the pens of Rev. Samuel Miller, D.D., Rev. James Carnahan, D.D., Rev. Charles Hodge, D.D., Rev. John MacLean, D.D., Rev. James W. Alexander, D.D., Rev. J. Addison Alexander, D.D., Rev. Archibald Alexander, D.D., &c., in 1 vol., cloth, . . . . . 1 50

*Primitive Church Offices, Essays on the.* In 1 vol., 12mo., uniform with "Alexander on the Psalms." . . . . . 63

Ruffner, Rev. H.—*The Fathers of the Desert; or, an Account of the Origin and Practice of Monkery among Heathen Nations, its Passage into the Church, and some Wonderful Stories of the Fathers concerning the Primitive Monks and Hermits.* 2 vols., 12mo., cloth . . 2 00

Rodman, Ella.—*A Grandmother's Recollections.* With Six tinted illustrations. 1 vol., 16mo., cloth, . . . . . 63

Samtine, X. B.—*Woman's Whims.* 1 vol., 12mo., cloth, . . . . . 38

Seaman, E. C.—*The Progress of Nations in Civilization, Productive Industry, Wealth, and Population.* Illustrated by Statistics of Mining, Agriculture, Manufactures, Commerce, Coin, Banking, Internal Improvements, Emigration, and Population. 1 vol., 12mo., cloth, 1 50

Scott, Rev. Wm. C.—*Genius and Faith; or, Poetry and Religion.* 1 vol., 12mo., cloth, . . . . . 1 00

Digitized by Google

Schaff, Rev. Dr. P.—*Schaff's Church History.* History of the Apostolic Church, with a General Introduction to Church History. Translated by the Rev. Edward D. Yeomans. 1 vol., 8vo., 700 pages, . 3 00

——— *America: Social, Political, and Religious.* 1 vol., 12mo., 1 00

Shimeall, Rev. R. C.—*The End of Prelacy; or, a Treatise on Ministerial Parity and the Non-efficacy of Sacramental Grace,* versus *the Romanism of the Prelatical Dogma of an Unbroken Succession, and its Cognate Sacramentarianism.* 1 vol., 8vo., . . . . . 2 00

Sigourney, Mrs. L. H.—*Examples of Life and Death.* 1 vol., 12mo., cloth, 75

Saxton, L. C.—*The Fall of Poland.* Containing an Analytical and a Philosophical Account of the Causes which Conspired in the Ruin of that Nation; together with a History of the Country from its Origin. 2 vols., 12mo., cloth, . . . . . 2 50
Sheep, $2 63.

Simms, Wm. G.—*The Huguenots in Florida; or the Lily and the Totem.* 1 vol., 12mo., cloth, . . . . . 1 25

Street, Alfred.—*Frontenac, the Atotarho of the Iroquois.* A Metrical Romance. 1 vol., 12mo., cloth, with portrait, . . . . . 1 25

Stanton, H. B.—*Sketches of Reforms and Reformers of Great Britain and Ireland.* 1 vol., 12mo., cloth, . . . . . 1 00

Tyler, Samuel.—*A Discourse on the Baconian Philosophy.* 1 vol., 12mo., cloth, . . . . . 1 00

——— *Burns; as a Poet and as a Man.* 1 vol., 12mo., . . 75

Shelton, Rev. F. W.—*Peeps from a Belfry; or, the Parish Sketch-Book.* 1 vol., 12mo., cloth, . . . . . 1 00

——— *Crystalline; or, the Heiress of Fall-Down Castle.* 1 vol., 12mo., cloth, with original illustrations from designs by Billings, . 88

——— *Up the River.* 1 vol., 12mo., cloth, with 36 elegant engravings from original designs, . . . . . 1 25

——— *The Rector of St. Bardolph's; or, Superannuated.* 1 vol., 12mo., cloth, . . . . . 1 00

Tupper, M. F.—*Proverbial Philosophy.* A new edition, with 40 original illustrations. 1 vol., 8vo., morocco, . . . . . 3 00
Cloth, full gilt, $2 50; cloth, plain, $1 75.

Taylor, Geo.—*Indications of the Creator; or, the Natural Evidences of Final Causes.* 1 vol., 12mo., cloth, . . . . . 1 00

Tuthill, Mrs. L. C.—*Tip-Top; or, a Noble Aim.* 1 vol., 16mo., cloth, . 63

——— *Braggadocia.* A Book for Boys and Girls. 1 vol., 16mo., cloth, . . . . . 63

——— *Beautiful Bertha.* 1 vol., 16mo., cloth, illustrated, . . 63

——— *Queer Bonnets.* A Book for Girl. 1 vol., 16mo., . . 63

——— *Joy and Care.* A Book for Young Mothers. 1 vol., 16mo., 63

Van Santvoord, Geo.—*Lives of the Chief Justices of the United States.* 1 vol., 8vo., cloth, with portrait, . . . . . 2 25

——— *Life of Algernon Sidney.* With Sketches of some of his Contemporaries, and Extracts from his Correspondence and Political Writings. 1 vol., 12mo., cloth, with portrait, . . . . 1 00

Van Doren, Rev. W. H.—*Mercantile Morals.* A Book for Young Merchants. 1 vol., 16mo., cloth, . . . . . 88

Digitized by Google

West, Rev. Nathaniel.—A Complete Analysis of the Holy Bible, containing the whole of the New and Old Testaments, collected and arranged systematically in thirty books (based on the work of the learned Talbot), together with an Introduction, setting forth the character of the work, and the immense facility this method affords for understanding the Word of God. Also, three different Tables of Contents prefixed, and a General Index subjoined, so elaborated and arranged in alphabetical order, as to direct at once to any subject required. 1 vol., royal 8vo. A new edition revised and enlarged, with a scriptural index and parallel tables, about 1000 pages, . . . . . 5 00
In half calf, $6 50; in morocco, extra, $10 00.

Wheeler, Gervase.—*Homes for the People in Suburb and Country; or, the Villa, the Mansion, and the Cottage.* Adapted to American Climate and Wants. 1 vol., 12mo., with 100 engravings, . . . 1 50

——— *Rural Homes.* Sketches of Houses Suited to American Country Life. With original designs, plans, estimates, &c. 1 vol., 12mo., cloth, . . . . . 1 25

Ward, Rev. F. De.—*India and the Hindoos.* Being a Popular View of the Geography and History, Government, Manners, Customs, Literature, and Religious Observances of that Ancient Country. 1 vol., 12mo., cloth, with map and numerous illustrations, . . . 1 25

Willis, N. P.—*Rural Letters, and Other Records of Thoughts at Leisure.* Embracing: Letters from under a Bridge, Open-Air Musings in the City, Invalid Rambles in Germany, Letters from Watering Places, &c., &c. 1 vol., 12mo., cloth, . . . . 1 25

——— *Life Here and There; or, Sketches of Society and Adventures at Far-Apart Times and Places.* 1 vol., 12mo., cloth, . . 1 25

——— *Famous Persons and Places.* 1 vol., 12mo., cloth, . . 1 25

——— *Fun Jottings; or, Laughs I Have Taken a Pen To.* 1 vol., 12mo., cloth, . . . . . 1 25

——— *A Health Trip to the Tropics, &c.* 1 vol., 12mo. cloth, . 1 25

——— *People I Have Met; or, Pictures of Society and People of Mark.* Drawn under a Thin Veil of Fiction. 1 vol., 12mo. 3rd edition, cloth, . . . . . 1 25

——— *Pencillings by the Way.* 1 vol., 12mo., . . . . 1 25

——— *A Summer Cruise in the Mediterranean, on Board of an American Frigate.* 1 vol., 12mo., cloth, . . . . . 1 25

——— *Out Doors at Idlewild; or, the Shaping of a Home on the Banks of the Hudson.* 1 vol., 12mo., . . . . . 1 25

——— *The Rag Bag.* 1 vol., 12mo., cloth, . . . . . 1 25

——— *Hurrygraphs; or, Sketches from Fresh Impressions of Scenery, Celebrities and Society.* 1 vol., 12mo., . . . . 1 25

Warren, J. E.—*Vagamundo; or, the Attaché in Spain.* 1 vol., 12mo., cloth, 1 00

Wisner, Rev. Dr. Wm.—*Incidents in the Life of a Pastor.* 1 vol., 12mo. 3rd edition, cloth, . . . . . 1 00

Woodworth, F. C.—*Uncle Frank's Home Stories.* A Beautiful Series of Juvenile Books. 6 vols., square 18mo., cloth, a set, . . . 3 00
1. Budget of Willow Lane Stories; 2. A Peep at Our Neighbors; 3. The Miller of Our Village and Some of His Toll; 4. The Strawberry Girl; or, How to Rise in the World; 5. Boy's and Girl's Country Book; 6. The Little Mischief Maker.

*Young Emigrants — Madelaine Tube — The Crystal Palace.* 1 vol., 16mo., cloth, with illustrations, . . . . . 63

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

3 2044 011 999 109

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google